And here they are now. Conversing easily yet privately as if they’re the only two holding a secret. Eyeing each other as if they’re both wanting to create more.

(Derek's wolf decides it wants to lay a claim on Stiles. At a New Year's Eve party. In front of Jackson and Danny.)

Notes

The Foursome tag doesn't exactly pertain since Derek/Stiles are having sex exclusively together and Jackson/Danny are having sex exclusively together. Both pairs are just in the same room.
This is actually based off of a porno I saw where one of the girls was pretty damn annoying. This PWP has been readapted quite a bit, but just know Jackson is meant to be the annoying girl.

Also, for those of you who would like the porn without the plot, the second chapter is where you'll want to read.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Stiles is nursing a bottle of perspiring Firestone, Scott jabbering at his ear when *that girl is a real crowd pleaser* starts up for what has to be at least its second go-round. It’s not that Stiles is particularly annoyed, but now he has to consider whether or not Best I Ever Had being played earlier was truly a stroke of throwback genius or merely result of the playlist maker being sorely not with the times.

“…in a few weeks. Should I call her?” Scott’s volume piques toward the end of his spiel as if it’s the thumping bass rather than selective hearing that’s coming between Scott’s issues and Stiles’ fucks to give.

Not even bothering to hold in a groan, Stiles belatedly hopes Scott doesn’t pick it up past his Woe-Is-Me lamenting.

Look, Stiles tries to be as supportive as he can of his bro. But after five years of Scott and Allison’s on/off relationship, he doesn’t have anything else to say about them. Any advice Stiles offers goes unheeded, and it never ends up mattering anyway because Scott goes back to forgetting to water their friendship as soon as Allison is officially his girlfriend again.

“I just think I should see how she’s adjusted, y’know?” Scott bumps their elbows together as he positions himself further in front of Stiles, head bobbing casually, which gives the illusion that he hasn’t spent the past four months gearing up to this exact conversation.

If you ask Stiles, Allison partaking in the semester abroad program in France is the best thing that could have happened to her and Scott’s relationship. They’ve been attached at the hip since they met, so either the distance would’ve drawn them close enough to quit squabbling every other day or allow them to drift apart. And – not to brag – Stiles’ predictions have been spot on as always. Except Scott wants to be closer and Allison is drifting.

Stiles is gearing up to tell Scott just that when, by the divine grace of God himself, an escape route is spotted coming in from the backyard. Or, well, it’s hard to be sure what with all of the body paint and neon lighting, but.

Kira Yukimura was met last year in the library right before midterms, and since she and Stiles both preferred scattering notes and textbooks all over the rug in the top floor’s most secluded section, it was inevitable they struck up a study-buddy friendship. She volunteers at a local humane society once a month, and Stiles has frequently thought her and Scott might get on, but Scott has always been too wishy-washy with Allison for them to be set up.

Now that Scott and Allison have been broken up for a solid two months with no relapse in the foreseeable future, though…

“Kira!” Stiles calls just as she pops through the condensed dancing crowd, waits to receive a smile of recognition before motioning her over. “This is Scott. He wants to be a vet.”

After hands are shaken and greetings exchanged, Stiles waits for Scott’s tentative conversation attempts to flow freely before he excuses himself to the restroom.

The second story of the ZBT house is understood to be off limits, but Danny’s room connects to a bathroom that is cleaner, quieter, and less – er – occupied than others, and Stiles has been milking their friendship for too long to stop bending the rules now.
Despite the abhorrent amount of alcohol that should have muddled Stiles’ memories of the night from over a year ago, Stiles vividly remembers his first college party. He hadn’t known anyone but Scott, so finding a familiar face in Danny was quite nice. They weren’t exactly friends back in Beacon Hills, but they were both on the lacrosse team, so it wasn’t awkward when one thing led to another and they ended up in Danny’s room.

Okay, so Stiles can’t exactly recall details of the night, but the bonding experience the following morning where he and Danny laughed about not being able to get it up and both wanting to bottom anyway has stayed with Stiles since then.

And, truthfully, Stiles is grateful that they’ve developed a friendship rather than experienced a one-off because Danny’s ease and openness with his sexuality has given Stiles confidence in himself that straight friends just can’t instill.

Once in aforementioned off-limits area, Stiles’ reflection startles a laugh out of him, so it seems like the alcohol has done its job in loosening his reserve. Or, actually, maybe it was an in-this-lighting-you-look-like-an-idiot laugh. Not that he’s uptight about holiday costumes, but the pink feather boa, gold beads, and light-up glasses proclaiming the New Year are a bit much considering he started the night sans all of the accessories.

After doing his business and washing his hands, Stiles is nearly out of the bedroom when he backpedals to the closest mirror. On second thought, he’s not inebriated enough to pull off the glasses. He rests them on top of his head. Suddenly he’s transformed from an incapacitated wreck to a buzzed hot mess. Better.

Back downstairs there’s increasing noise coming from the foyer, so Stiles is naturally drawn to it like a moth to flame. Unsurprisingly, Danny is dominating at beer pong, which means this is his first and only round for the night. Equal parts because alcohol affects Danny’s motor skills like nobody’s business and because the boy’s a notorious sore loser, so he avoids the circumstance as much as possible.

Stiles waits until Danny has one last cup to hit before he makes his presence known, hands settling on the latter’s shoulders. “Alright, Young Padawan, all of your training has led up to this moment,” Stiles rasps fatefully.

Danny doesn’t even flinch, seamlessly falls into his role as he bounces on his toes, shakes his arms out, and exhales deeply. The cluster around them hushes, his opponent developing a nervous twitch in his eye as he wipes his forehead with the back of his hand.

As soon as the ball goes in Danny falls to his knees, palms raised heavenward in victory. The crowd bursts into cheers as if the Times Square Ball has just dropped, and the opponent is on the ground as well, fists banging the linoleum as he wails.

Thespians.

After a solid five seconds of holding the scene Danny pops back up laughing, slaps at Stiles back and pulls him into a bro hug. “Where’ve you been, man? We could’ve done doubles.”

Stiles shrugs his shoulders good-naturedly. “Nah. I was keeping Scotty company. He’s still taking the split pretty roughly.”

Danny squeezes at Stiles shoulder, rolls his eyes jokingly. “Straights, man.”

“Like you’re one to talk,” Stiles can’t help but snort, cuffing Danny’s shoulder as they veer left.
“Your relationship status is permanently ‘Complicated.’”

“Hey, that’s not even my fault,” the boy defends, “Besides, Jackson’s dropping hints like mad crazy, and I’m pretty sure Lydia is hooking up with Erica Reyes as we speak. Everyone knows they’re together for the status, but even that’s wearing thin since nobody gives a fuck anymore.”

Yeah, Stiles is aware. He doesn’t say that, of course, just to fuck with Danny. “Whatever you say, buddy.”

Danny side-eyes him before pushing Stiles into the living room wall. “Now you have to wing for me.”

Stiles is too busy chortling to reply, leans his head back against the wall after a pause and groans exaggeratedly. “Jackson is such a dick, though.”

“And I want him to dick me down so bad, Stiles,” Danny whines right back, even stomps his foot. Probably. His friend looks like such a diva right now, hot pink feather boa looped around his neck, green headband with two firecracker antennas looking ridiculous.

This night is apparently bent on making Stiles reevaluate his cornerstone life principles, because he wonders for a few seconds whether or not he’s too harsh on Jackson. After all, Stiles isn’t friends with him, and he doesn’t know how Jackson treats the people close to him.

Either way, if anyone can handle Jackson, it’s Danny. So, “Fine,” he heaves a sigh.

A wicked grin plasters over Danny’s face as he grabs onto Stiles’ bicep and pulls him around the corner to the kitchen. “Good, because you didn’t have a choice.”

Immediately upon turning into the kitchen Stiles locks eyes with Jackson, the man giving him an up-down before sneering.

Nope, Jackson is definitely an asshole through and through, and Stiles probably isn’t hard enough on him.

Naturally, Danny goes straight to the demon and even receives a faux-angelic smile in return.

Stiles rolls his eyes to let out some tension, wrestles the refrigerator open, considers nabbing a Gatorade but then figures someone else will be in grave need of it tomorrow morning. He settles for digging into a Taco Bell 12 Pack that he knows for a fact is at least a whole 24 hours old, but.

Turning back around, Stiles wishes he had a bit more finesse, but instead a pleasantly surprised “Derek!” spills past his lips.

Originally told Derek wouldn’t be at the party, it makes sense that he’s occupying the only available room not containing black lights. Sensitive eyes to match a sensitive nose to match sensitive ears, and – oh, fuck – Derek can totally smell Stiles’ excitement as well as hear the uptick in his heartbeat.

The man in question holds their gaze, lifts a black plastic cup to his lips and leaves it there. To most people the gesture would seem dismissive, but Stiles has studied Derek’s eyebrows enough to know that he’s amused.

“Hola!” Stiles greets more formally as he approaches Derek’s perch on the counter, runs his eyes over a dark leather jacket and red sweater. “¿Cómo estás?”

“Eh,” Derek jerks one shoulder, sets his glass down and spreads his thighs wider, definitely trying to
tease Stiles closer.

And Stiles plays along enough to stand between them, but he doesn’t fold yet in continuing conversation.

Off-handedly, he’s tempted to question how Derek is able to wear his signature sheathing in such a warm room. That trail of thought just makes Stiles want to push his hands under the offending material, beg Derek to undress for him, though, and they’re not quite there yet, so he jerks his eyes away only to find the window above the sink open. Investigation settled.

After a few moments of watching wordless meditations flicker across Stiles face, Derek must be close to smiling because he quirks one eyebrow and lifts his drink again. “¿Y tú?”

Stiles tilts his head slightly, wonders how long they’ll be able to keep it casual for tonight. Not that he’s in a rush; it’s nice just standing here, a warmth filling Stiles’ stomach that’s entirely unrelated to the limited alcohol in his system. “Muy bien ahora.”

Derek finally breaks at that, bright grin lighting up his countenance. “Yeah?” He lets his eyes take in Stiles’ festive gear, tugs lightly at the necklace.

“Yeah,” Stiles confirms, slightly relieved that they’ll continue in English since he isn’t fluent enough to carry on much further.

It’s basically a miracle that Stiles has been able to retain as much Spanish as he has. As with ADD, Stiles hyper-focused on learning the language just before his Senior year of high school, and he was somehow able to haggle himself into the school’s Advanced Placement Spanish class. *Narcos* kept him interested over the summer before his first year of college, and he’d scored high enough on the exam to be eligible for the Spanish V class offered at UCLA, so he figured he’d take it.

Out of a hundred people enrolled, he’d been one of ten freshmen, and he remembers that being recognized by Derek Hale made the course seem a bit less daunting. Of course, Derek didn’t actually speak much and his eyebrows fused together whenever Stiles would tap his pen against the table or reiterate phrases under his breath, but the Alpha chose to sit next to Stiles each day of class.

And here they are now. Conversing easily yet privately as if they’re the only two holding a secret. Eyeing each other as if they’re both wanting to create more.

A decent beat picks up from the main room, and Stiles is a bit distracted by more people entering the kitchen. Two guys and a girl that are vaguely familiar and that Jackson and Danny seem to know, which means –

“Hey, Whittemore. Hale,” one of the guys gives an awkward salute with two fingers, steps closer as he completely ignores Stiles.

Probably from the baseball team, then.

Stiles looks away, rests his hand on Derek’s thigh. Which is gratuitous because even though they’ve hooked up four times now, neither has tried to put a label on it. It’s easy and it’s fun, and Stiles doesn’t want to fracture a good thing, so, yeah. No labels.

But Stiles thinks it’s also unnecessary for someone to interrupt two people just to throw eyes at one and ignore the other, so he’ll leave his hand wherever he damn well pleases.

Shit, he’s totally reeking of annoyance right now – jealousy as well. Stiles doesn’t want to kill the mood, and he most definitely doesn’t want to turn Derek off by coming on too strong. Trying to ease
the edge off of his emotions, Stiles watches Danny sway to the song, shoulders shimmying.

“Simmons,” Derek nods his head, tone curt as he again swigs his drink. His right arm drapes along Stiles’, thumb nudging under the pushed-up sleeves of Stiles’ Henley to trace circles into his elbow.

Stiles has to bite his lip to keep from laughing haughtily, and as if Derek’s show of scent-marking isn’t enough, the black cup is pushed toward Stiles, which he promptly swallows down without so much as a sniff of the mystery substance. Water, by the way.

The subtle show of possession and trust settles Stiles significantly. With the reassurance he edges slightly closer to Derek, turns more toward the new person.

Almost leering at Derek, apparently Simmons can’t take a hint, so Derek follows up with, “You know Stiles, don’t you?”

A hysterical bubble of laughter has to be clamped between Stiles teeth, and he gives a squeeze to Derek’s thigh admonishingly. Though Stiles has upped his social status and appearances on the rumor mill with each public encounter with Derek, few people have actually gone out of their way to initiate conversation. But people like to impress Derek, so it’s been an ongoing joke between them ever since Stiles’ first attendance at one of Derek’s baseball games to see who will lie about knowing Stiles just to seem cooler.

Stiles and Simmons have without a doubt never laid eyes upon each other before, but Simmons works through a complicated expression before feigning recognition. “Oh, hey, man.”

“Hey,” Stiles nods back, takes a cue from Derek and hides a smile behind the cup as the werewolf’s heel presses in at the back of his knee.

“So,” the dude’s attention shifts back to Derek with renewed vigor, “You didn’t tell me you’d be here tonight.” He shoves his hands in his pockets and garners a half-smile that is just shy of being sleazy.

This guy is most definitely human, because his knowledge in werewolf mannerisms is severely lacking. And it’s kind of painful to watch, so Stiles again twists to see what Danny is doing. Except Danny is leaning against the counter between Jackson’s legs, Unknown Man Two and Woman One flanking their sides. All watching the interaction between Derek and Simmons.

Derek makes a show of taking the drink back from Stiles, rotating it around slowly and resting his mouth against the spot Stiles drank from. “I found out someone special might be here.”

Fuck, now Stiles is going to start clogging up the kitchen with the smell of giddiness. He tucks his chin and slides his hand under Derek’s thigh, hitches it wider so he can press their torsos together, let his nose bump Derek’s ear.

In return, Derek sets the cup down and molds his cool palm to the side of Stiles’ neck, dips slightly to press his mouth in the juncture between shoulder and neck.

Simmons pays no mind to what’s literally right in front of him. “How about we get out of here? I can show you my pitch.” Then he laughs as if the innuendo is fresh, new, hip rather than cringey.

A sharp exhale comes from Derek’s nose, chills Stiles’ throat as Derek tenses up. “No. How many times will I have to tell you I’m not interested?” The Alpha is starting to get angry, which, yikes.

Finally accepting rejection, Simmons demeanor shifts nastily as he coughs out a wry laugh. “So you’ll get it on at a party, but not in the locker room?”
Irked by the admittance that the asshole’s already tried hitting on Derek, Stiles just can’t hold his tongue. “Actually,” he simpers, jerking around to face the baseball player while laying his forearm against Derek’s thigh, clutching a sturdy hip, “the right to see Derek and me fuck is exclusive. You have to be invited to join the club, so your best bet is to leave us the hell alone and talk to Whittemore and Mahealani, who will receive the honor in an hour.”

Danny cracks up, and even Jackson begins to smirk, but apparently Simmons just doesn’t know when to quit. He locks eyes with Derek, sneers hideously. “I should’ve known you’re just a cock tease. Or maybe I have to booze you up before I get any, huh?”

You’ve got to be clinically insane to insinuate something like that to a werewolf. Or to say it in Stiles presence, apparently, because he’s not fucking around with that. “Listen, jackass,” he hears his voice deepening authoritatively, finger pointing, “that sounds suspiciously like a threat, and if you don’t quit harassing us then I’ll file a restraining order against you, which I’m sure won’t be a problem to attain since we’ve got video evidence of what’s happened.”

Okay, so it wouldn’t classify as a threat, and there’s really no solid substantiation for a restraining order to be placed, but the point is to scare Simmons out of doing shit like this again. And it doesn’t hurt that at least half of the people that have come to witness what’s happening really are filming it. Lies are more believable when certain aspects are true and all that.

A scoff, backward steps. “I wouldn’t want that ruined ass anyway,” the douche tries to save face, but now he just looks pathetic as he shoulders back through the crowd. And since the distance has made him braver, or maybe because he wants the last word, he shouts, “When your charity case has hopped onto another dick don’t try for me!”

Flabbergasted, Stiles is about to turn around, is prepared to exhale his anger and wait for all the randoms to skedaddle when something pings in his brain. “Oh,” he focuses on the first pointed phone he sees, “and for the record, it’s water.” He promptly shakes the glass and lets some of the liquid spill onto the counter, which he regrets that he’ll have to clean up later.

“How do we know it’s not vodka?” Some guy asks.

Most people would probably ignore what could be taken as a taunt. Some would deck him. But Stiles morphs into teaching mode. “One second,” he leans to his left to open a few drawers, finds a lighter and holds the flame to the spill. “Any trace of alcohol would’ve carried the flame, but it’s water, so it put it out.”

“Nice,” someone else says.

Aaannnd then it’s awkward. “Right, so,” Stiles claps his hands, “show’s over, but we’ll be selling tickets to the next one via our social medias. Goodbye.”

After about thirty seconds the only people left in the kitchen are Danny, Jackson, and Derek. And Stiles stiffens up, because Derek has been silent for too long save for a steady growling. Before Stiles has a chance to pull away and gauge the man’s reaction, though, he’s being spun around and pushed against the counter, heavy werewolf burrowing into his neck and running hands over his back.

Stiles is at first stunned by the action, but after a moment he relaxes into the embrace and laces his fingers into Derek’s hair, one palm flat between thick shoulder blades. “All right, big guy,” Stiles hums against Derek’s ear, tries to be discreet about checking for Beta shift.

A low rumble shakes Derek’s chest, and when blunt teeth bite into the flesh of his neck, Stiles falls pliant. He’s also growing hard, which totally isn’t his fault; no man would be immune to such a firm
body pressed against theirs, a full beard dragging over their collarbone, and a plush mouth at their neck. And Stiles is a man, so.

Guttural hums roll out of Stiles’ throat in hopes that they’ll soothe Derek, but it seems they only serve to arouse him if Derek’s fat dick and undulations of the hips are anything to go by. Or maybe Derek is just responding to the scent of Stiles’ lust, which in turn makes Stiles hornier.

It’s one big positive feedback loop. Or is it negative? Fuck, Stiles doesn’t think anything about this situation could be described as negative, and either way he knows he’s about to delve much more in-depth into human anatomy than his first semester has taught him thus far.

“Der,” is a little too breathy to be appropriate. “I’m not letting you have sex with me in the kitchen of a frat house.” Stiles tries to eye Jackson so he’ll push Derek into going upstairs, but Jackson looks zoned out as well with his nose in Danny’s neck, both of them fondling the outline of his dick.

Okay, so it’s entirely possible to be annoyed that you’re about to get some, Stiles decides. Trying a new tactic, he lets out a whine of distress and licks at the hollow behind Derek’s ear. “Alpha, please take me to a bedroom.”

Immediately Derek responds by pulling Stiles’ legs around his waist, growling out a “Beta” and starting for the stairs.

Stiles doesn’t bother telling Derek to put him down even though he’s doing The Absolute Most right now. It’s useful to know that Stiles can play a damsel in distress and call Derek Alpha in order to gauge how close his wolf is to the surface, and it’s endearing that Derek is taking care of him. But, still: The Most.

On the way upstairs Stiles sees Scott – the only one of his friends that has a problem with Derek – because of course. Stiles assumes it has something to do with the fact that they’re both Alphas, and Scott probably feels threatened by a rival rounding on his property. Not that Stiles is a possession. He knows that and Scott knows that, but it’s hard to fight instinct.

Not even trying to be a little shit, Stiles throws him a thumbs-up when he sees Scott’s still chatting with Kira.

Finally upstairs, Derek waits until he’s glared Danny and Jackson into the room before locking the door. Then he promptly opens the window by Danny’s bed and settles Stiles into the spot he occupied last night when he stayed over, is careful to keep most of his weight off of Stiles.

Afterward it grows increasingly uncomfortable, which Stiles didn’t think was possible considering the situation in the kitchen. But now the walls are doing a great job of blocking out music, so it’s near silent. And Derek has kind of claimed Danny’s bed, and Jackson isn’t stupid enough to test his Alpha.

Holding back a groan since he’s apparently the only one with an ounce of sense right now, Stiles tries to convey with his eyes and brows that Danny and Jackson should turn the fuck around right now. When they just stare at him wide-eyed he flaps his hand around to shoo them off.

Of course that’s the moment Derek happens to come back to himself, jerking Stiles’ flailing hand between their chests and giving a decidedly-human grunt.

“Don’t be mean to me, Derek,” Stiles grumbles petulantly, “I’m only trying to help.”

Derek just bites at Stiles’ neck again and allows his chest to vibrate in what assumedly is meant to settle whatever ends up under the Alpha wolf.
Stiles is already growing fidgety, so he tucks his left hand against Derek’s chest as well, traces circles over his pec. Hopefully being upstairs in a room with one predominant smell will ease Derek’s psyche. Trying to send out Good Pheremones, Stiles thinks thoughts of contentedness and safety. Sit-down dinners with his Dad, video games with Scott, that sort of thing.

Thank Jesus Stiles doesn’t have to strain himself for too long, Derek lifting his head to sweep his eyes over Stiles’ body before darting in for a biting kiss.

Breathless after mere seconds, Stiles moves his hands to Derek’s neck in order to push him back. He doesn’t expect for Derek’s eyes to flare red, for him to bare his throat so beautifully. And Stiles is awed, because even by human standards the act reveals such vulnerability.

Endlessly cognizant of their audience, Stiles removes his hands and looks to Jackson. “Turn around and don’t listen.”

Visage souring, Jackson is about to spout off when Derek pulls to his knees and stares the Beta down. Always a common denominator the lack of actual dialect is. Must be a wolf thing, because Jackson quickly shows his back, Danny following suit. The former also plugs his ears just to be a smart ass, but you win some and lose some.

“Talk to me, Derek,” Stiles beseeches under his breath, hopes Jackson isn’t straining to hear. He reaches for the wolf’s forearms more to show that he still wants contact rather than actually try to control Derek. “Tell me what you want.”

Derek lets his stony mask fall, brows tugging together as he lowers himself to his elbows. “Fuck, Stiles, do you even know how hot you are?” he groans, hips twitching as if he’s looking for friction but also trying to hold himself back. “My wolf is so turned on from how you defended me back there. And then when that prick suggested you were going to fool around with someone else, I just –” he cuts off, grits his teeth and squeezes his eyes shut.

“Oh,” Stiles breathes, pleased flush working his cheeks. He knows he should probably have something more intelligible to say, but Derek’s nuzzling into his throat again, and he’s just warm.

“Hey,” is a murmur into Derek’s ear, “You’d be able to smell it if I were with someone else, and I wouldn’t be able to lie about it anyway.”

Despite claiming, “I know. I trust you,” Derek inhales audibly to confirm what Stiles said. “It’s not exactly rational. The way you draw a crowd, the desire radiating off of my Beta made my wolf want to claim you in front of everyone.”

The confession is rather dirty, but the lilt of Derek’s hushed tone is sweet, and Stiles could swear he’s a werewolf himself with the way he preens.

And it hits him suddenly that they’re standing at a precipice in their relationship. The only way to survive the fall is to jump together, work together. Or they could both turn away and resort back to their respective comfort zones. But where’s the gratification in that?

“Derek,” Stiles starts, breath hitching over the firmer set to his words even as his fingers track through the man’s hair gently, “Do you really want me, or is this just a whim drawn up from the situation?”

Body tensing automatically, Derek pulls again to his knees. His eyebrows are nearly always strung together, but Stiles thinks he’s beginning to notice slight variations of expression that indicate Derek’s emotions. Kind of like with Ron from Parks and Rec, which – focus, Stiles.
“My wolf and I, Stiles –” confusion, contemplation, “– we’re one and the same. I don’t know how…” he trails off, fists tightening as he looks out the window.

Stiles rests his palms on Derek’s thighs as a silent comfort, show of acceptance.

He remains staring out into the night. “It’s like my wolf is the more primal side of me, my core urges. But my human is rational, has deeper understanding.” Derek must have found what he was looking for, because he focuses back on Stiles’ wide, open eyes. “Yes, my wolf’s desires were sparked by the specifics of event, but my human side is always able to control how I react.”

A moment passes for that to sink in.

Yearning to decrease the distance between them, Stiles props up on one elbow, again reaches up with his other hand to caress Derek’s forearm. But it tracks on its own accord up to Derek’s face, draws on a sharp jaw and carves out a cheekbone.

Derek covers Stiles’ hand with his own, presses it firmer to himself more so than halts its path. “I do want you, Stiles.”

Heart pounding, Stiles doesn’t need anything more. The look on Derek’s face says it all. So he nudges his fingers from Derek’s temple to grip the back of his neck, pulls until the werewolf begins lowering himself on top of Stiles once more. “Then claim me, Alpha.”

Whining from Derek is something Stiles never thought he would experience, but here the man is, a new delicate curve to the brow that matches his moue. His light eyes are intense, though, and the palm on Stiles’ jaw is firm. “Yeah?”

“Sí,” Stiles confirms, a playful hiss as he nudges his thighs wider apart for Derek to fall into.

And just like that it’s back to easy between them. Truly, Stiles believes Derek’s smile is a possible solution for world peace. Stiles can’t help but grin back, which makes their kiss just a press of wide lips. It doesn’t stay that way for long, though, Stiles throwing his arm around Derek’s neck so he can lick into such a pretty mouth.

Derek must be able to tell that Stiles wants privacy, because he plants his elbow beside Stiles’ head and angles their faces sideways just in case their guests decide to turn around early.

Pulling back after a few more dragging suckles, Derek voices the inevitable: “What about them?”

Careful of how he responds, Stiles takes a moment to form his answer – a technique he practices on rare occasions. While he feels the need to keep certain things sacred between him and Derek, such as their more intimate feelings and actions, there’s a certain thrill that comes along with imagining people watching Derek take him. He doesn’t have a problem with Danny seeing him laid bare, and he’s confident enough in himself as well as Jackson’s respect as Derek’s Beta for Jackson to see him naked.

But although he knows both Danny and Jackson have likely gotten an eyeful of Derek in locker rooms over the years, Stiles is zapped with a lightning bolt of jealousy when he pictures them drooling over Derek’s length.

“I want you to show your Beta that I’m yours,” Stiles concludes, features contorting because he knows he’s making an odd request, “but I don’t want them seeing your dick.” For good measure, Stiles pushes up against Derek’s crotch. “What are your rules?”

Fortunately, Derek doesn’t question Stiles’ reasoning but acknowledges it with a nod. “No one
“Alright,” Stiles smirks into a kiss. And then one more because he’s allowed to. “Can I do the honors of turning them around?”

This time Derek’s mouth pulls up with humor as he initiates a deeper lip-lock, feels around the bed before holding out one of Danny’s old socks.

Stiles eyes him dirtily before finding the other one, bites onto Derek’s bottom lip and pushes the man back to his knees before pegging the sock pair at Jackson’s ass.

The reaction kind of disappoints Stiles when Jackson doesn’t offer so much as an eye-roll, just stares blankly at Stiles before looking to Derek. Danny at least complains about how he’s not even hard anymore.

Squeezing the underside of Stiles thigh, Derek gets straight to the point, “Locker Room Rules: No touching, no excessive staring.”

Though this could totally be weird and not what the other two get off on, Stiles doesn’t have to spend too long fretting about it since Danny jumps is with, “Right, let me see your dick, Jackson.”

Derek unceremoniously tugs Stiles to the end of the bed and rotates them sideways presumably because there’s not optimal space on a full-sized mattress for two grown couples to fuck.

Stiles is aware of this, but he complains just because he can, just so they don’t fall into a mortifying silence. “Damn, Daniel, why’d you have to leave your king at home? Also, Derek, easy on the rump; I don’t want rug burn.”

“Really, Stiles? How old is that video? That was weak, even for you,” Danny replies. A bit less accommodating than usual, but maybe that’s because he’s sitting on the bed with Jackson stood in front of him, already fondling Jackson’s dick, two seconds away from shoving it down his throat.

“I’m nervous, okay?” Stiles confesses before he can guard against it. And he is. His heart is pounding, and he wants this, he does, but he just can’t look at Derek.

That’s when the Alpha speaks up, of course. “Let me relax you, babe,” he suggests, solid palms running up and down Stiles’ thighs as he crawls toward Stiles’ head.

Stiles doesn’t respond, lays Derek out on top of him and immediately goes for his lips. He tries to lose himself in a heavy kiss, but Derek is being conservative with his tongue, has turned them on their sides and is soothing his hand along Stiles’ spine.

“Mm,” is a low whine against Derek’s closed mouth as Stiles wriggles a leg between Derek’s.

“Shh,” is how Derek answers, squeezes at the base of Stiles’ neck and layers chaste pecks to his cheek. “How has your break been?”

“Fine,” Stiles grumbles, a bit off-put by the slurping sounds he can hear from the other side of Derek. “Dad still has long shifts, Melissa is still pretending they aren’t dating, and Scott is still lovesick over Allison.”

Derek leans in to press their mouths together sweetly, traces his thumb along Stiles’ cheekbone. “I would’ve visited you if I was there.”

A long sigh. “That would’ve been nice, but I’m glad you got to see Laura. How was New York, by
the way?” Stiles cranes his neck to grab a stray pillow and props an elbow on it.

Because he has to sate his curiosity, he glances over toward Jackson and Danny. The two have moved onto the bed, Danny shirtless as he goes to town on Jackson’s prick, which seems to be average-sized. Hah, take that, Jackass!

Except Danny’s cheeks are hollowed out as he bobs with vigor, and, fuck, Stiles is definitely at half-mast now. And he probably just got close to Excessive Staring. Subtly he angles his pelvis away from Derek.

A peck is placed on the hinge of Stiles jaw, lips trailing up for Stiles to lean into. And Derek uses his strong hand to press them flush together. “Cold. Kind of nice, the anonymity. Her apartment is too small for four people, but we made it work. It’s actually a good thing Cora’s in Brazil because otherwise she would’ve kicked Peter or Malia out for more space.”

No matter how smoothly Derek ignores it, Stiles is quite embarrassed at being caught getting all hot and bothered. Accordingly, he tries to make a joke. “How were the buildings?”

Derek doesn’t deign that with an answer, rolls his eyes. “Every day I regret telling you my major.”

“Okay, first, I’m not making fun of you, Mr. Architect,” Stiles tries booping Derek’s nose, gets his hand smooshed to a firm chest for the effort, which, not bad. “Second, it’s sweet that you think about me every day.”

Another eye-roll, but there’s also a goofy smile tugging the corners of Derek’s mouth as he slots his lips with Stiles’.

The latter lets it linger, doesn’t try to make it filthy. Since Derek’s grip on his wrist has gone slack, Stiles flattens his palm over Derek’s heart and tilts down to where he’s half-laying on Derek. “I missed you, y’know,” comes out hushed.

The last time he saw Derek in person was three weeks ago just before he left for New York. Because Derek would be twenty-five hundred miles away for Christmas, he and Stiles got together at Derek’s place for their own celebration. They had agreed on no presents, so of course Stiles bought Derek an eggplant-colored cable knit sweater and Derek bought Stiles a pair of NMDs, which Stiles vehemently argued was too extravagant then spent an hour riding Derek’s cock to make up for.

Yeah, he should have known then they were practically married.

“Oh?” Derek pulls a faux-contemplative face. “Did you miss me, or did your dick?”

“Ha, ha!” Stiles enunciates, isn’t too bothered since Derek is putting pressure on his length now, taking off an edge he didn’t even realize was there. “We’re one and the same, Sarcasticwolf.”

Again, that smile, and Stiles thinks he’s going to die because of the mischievous twinge to it. Derek rolls them over, is at the end of the bed quick enough to give Stiles whiplash. “Why don’t I show you how much I missed you?”
“Fuck,” Stiles throws his head back. He’s not sure there will ever be a time where the sight of Derek between his legs doesn’t make his dick jump. Especially with that beard and those lashes.

Looking over at Danny and Jackson this time, Stiles makes a conscious effort to let himself enjoy the scene. Because they all agreed that this was okay, and if his friends are going to get off on him, why shouldn’t he allow himself the same pleasure?

And they’re definitely hot. It seems Danny’s throat needed a break because now he’s laid on his back, knees up as he fingers himself open. Jackson is unusually quiet, stroking himself while his gaze sweeps over Danny.

Derek’s kisses on his stomach become too pronounced to ignore then. Thick fingers slowly ease up Stiles’ Henley, fluffy facial hair tickling just above his underwear.

Suddenly too hard to lay comfortably, Stiles works to move things along by sitting up and throwing his shirt off of himself. “Oh, yeah,” a wicked grin pushes up Stiles cheeks, “I’ve got a surprise for you. Although you shouldn’t be surprised at this point.”

Derek probably knows what he’s talking about considering he begins working deftly on Stiles’ jeans, unbuttoning and yanking them to mid-thigh before Stiles can get another word in. “Happy New Year,” Derek reads the front of Stiles’ white bikini briefs as a crooked smirk forms.

Stiles lifts up his legs just as knowing eyes flick to his own. As soon as Derek pulls his pants off the rest of the way, Stiles flips onto his knees, stretches like a cat for the sole purpose of teasing his werewolf.

The Christmas pair had Naughty List written on the front and Spank Me on the back, but these just say Kiss Me. It’s a lot less kinky than the others, but Derek’s got a thing for eating Stiles out, so Stiles figured it would be a hit.

Maybe a larger one than he originally anticipated, because even Stiles can hear the growl that’s coming from Derek, and his rough fingers are sneaking up under the fabric, blunt teeth biting high on one of his cheeks.

“Shit, Der,” falls past Stiles’ lips breathlessly, eyelids slipping closed as he rests his forehead on his arm, cants back into Derek’s hands reflexively.

Thankfully, Derek actually tugs the underwear down Stiles’ legs rather than claws them apart. Before Stiles can even lift his knee to get the material completely off, Derek’s palms are smacking back down on his ass, hot breath puffing just above his crack.

“Oh, my god, get them off!” Stiles urges, feels as if he’ll suffocate if he can’t spread his knees wider.

Derek’s growl switches to a soothing hum immediately, a gentle kiss pressed to Stiles’ lower back as he helps him out of the offending article. “Look at you,” coos Derek, fingers reverent on Stiles’ outer thighs.

And Stiles swears he can feel lashes flutter against his skin when Derek’s mouth settles at the apex of his cheeks, kisses trailing down at a snail’s pace.

“Damn,” Danny breaks the silence.
The noise almost startles Stiles as his head is somewhere else now. He takes it in stride, though, turns his neck to eye his friend who is getting to his knees. This probably counts as Excessive Staring, but that rule was meant for the others eyeing Derek. So Stiles lets himself enjoy seeing Jackson lean against the bedroom wall, Danny position himself over outstretched legs with his back to Jackson’s chest.

“Let me see you sink down on that cock,” is out of Stiles’ mouth before he can think about crossing any lines.

Derek seems to huff a laugh, kiss open-mouthed and firmer now that he’s close to Stiles’ taint.

“Fuck, yeah,” Jackson groans, presumably in response to Stiles’ comment as well as Danny holding onto his prick as he eases onto it.

“Let me see that ass get eaten,” Danny propositions lazily, jaw dropping low as he bottoms out and leans forward to grab at Jackson’s knees.

Stiles sinks into the mattress as far as he can, arcs his butt up and widens his stance. He knows his abductors will be sore as hell later, but it’s worth it for the rumble Derek bites off as his nose digs in between Stiles’ cheeks. “You heard him, Wolfie. Give the people what they want.”

Not much a fan of orders apparently, Derek nips at a mole on the underside of Stiles butt cheek, lands a stinging slap to the other side that has Stiles recoiling instinctively and gasping out an embarrassing moan.

They’ve played around with spanking before, and Stiles thinks it’s something he’d like to go in-depth with later on. But not right now. Not when he’s in front of Derek’s Beta and the act could be seen as punishment for Stiles’ lack of, well, worth.

And suddenly that’s where Stiles’ mind takes him. Too inadequate to serve as even a fucktoy for a widely-admired Alpha. Too –

“Look at that,” Derek murmurs, tone commanding still, “Stiles takes it from me so well, pinks up so pretty.”

“Would’ve taken my frustration out on him with my hands if I knew he was that good,” Jackson volleys back easily almost immediately.

At that Danny slams down on Jackson and receives a groan.

Derek is emanating a vibration somewhere between a purr and a growl, and Stiles can imagine his expression now – jaw set but eyes alight. If he had to guess, Stiles would say Derek is likely proud that his Beta approves but territorial over the passion behind the statement.

And just like that, in a span of ten seconds Stiles is back to normal – entertained, even. Abashed by Derek’s praise, oddly settled by the normalcy of Jackson’s shit-talk, and amused by Danny’s antics. And it makes him wonder just how strong werewolf smellers are if they’re able to pick up on anxiety so quickly, makes him question how they know the best way to react for optimum results.

Hell, he’s definitely thinking too much. But Stiles is still caught up on the fact that Derek is damn near perfect, knows just how to turn a situation around with a flick of his tongue. And speaking of tongues…

“Der,” is uttered as Stiles pushes back into the man’s palms, “want you to lick me.”
“As you wish,” Derek indulges teasingly, spreads Stiles’ cheeks apart and gives one hot lave across his hole before closing a sucking kiss on it. “Turn over.”

Stiles is all set to complain, his lips already beginning to pout when Derek flattens out a “Stiles” that is a hair’s breadth away from being stern. As if that isn’t enough, his fingers dig into the flesh of Stiles’ ass as well.

On the one hand, Stiles doesn’t want to challenge Derek’s authority when this whole scenario began by the Alpha needing to assert dominance over his Beta. And Stiles gets that, he does; he can relate somewhat to primal urges, and there’s one telling him to show everyone how good he can be for the Alpha, make an impression and stake his own sort of claim.

But on the other hand, when Stiles told Derek he wanted to be eaten out he meant *devoured*, not sampled.

As Stiles rolls over to sit Derek grabs at his chin, leaves his eyes open and places careful yet firm lips to Stiles’ mouth. “I want to see your pretty face;” he leans left to place another kiss in the middle of Stiles’ cheek.

Stiles takes it as a reassurance that Derek knows what he’s doing, that he’s purposeful in their sex. And Stiles knows an apology when he sees one, so he lets Derek have his way. “As long as I get to see your hairy chest,” is how he replies, blunt in tone and coy in visage, fingers already tugging at the hem of Derek’s sweater.

Derek gives Stiles a knowing, lazy grin as he slinks off his leather and pulls his top over his head, allows Stiles fingers to immediately begin their routing of muscle contours and happy trails, his tongue to lick teasingly into Derek’s mouth.

“Lay down, Stiles,” Derek eventually commands. “I want them to see you spread out. See your cock leak.”

A new thrill zings up Stiles’ spine, and he falls back while thinking to contain a blush that will surely arise.

Knowing his effect, the bastard, Derek wriggles out of his jeans and crawls onto the mattress between Stiles’ legs, locks gazes as he presses kisses to the inside of each knee. Slowly Stiles’ feet are pressed flat against the bed, and Derek mouths down his thighs before cupping his hands under Stiles’ knees and pushing them back to his chest.

“God, you look hot, dude,” Danny approves, does a final twirl of his hips before popping off of Jackson’s length.

“Yeah?” Stiles prompts, voice tight as he’s in between giddy from Derek’s lips on his chest and rigidly hard from Derek’s lips on his chest. “You look like you know how to work a dick.”

Danny huffs out a laugh as he leans back over Jackson from the side, gets a hand around a pale prick. “That’s what I’ve been trying to tell this ‘straight’ boy for years now.”

“Ugh, I should’ve gotten you on mine when I had the chance,” Stiles half-jokes, half-bemoans as he sees Jackson twitch out a fat blurb of pre-cum.

There are two simultaneous warning snarls as soon as the words are out of Stiles mouth, and then his world is literally turned upside down, knees either side of his head with Derek biting his ass hard enough to leave marks.
Stiles’ yap is dignified, okay!? He may have jumped a little too, but so did his cock, so he’s not complaining. “I take that back, Danny, but you can enjoy the view of my perky cheeks.”

Licking once over the bite as if it’s a wound that needs healing, Derek doesn’t waste further time and instead nuzzles his nose just below Stiles’ balls, drags his bottom lip just above Stiles’ rim and over his taint.

And Stiles thinks they’ll definitely have to consider mirror sex in the near future because as much as he gets off on the sensations of Derek fucking him, he’s not a werewolf and therefore still a predominately visual person.

Plus, he’s just really into his own body. He went through a kind of awkward stage at the beginning of high school, but he’s proud to say that he’s grown into his limbs and shaped up his muscles.

And he’s blessed in the Privates Department as well: decently-thick, straight length that blushes a nice color at the head when he’s really turned on. His hair isn’t too thick, isn’t too thin, is manageable. Although he’s average length – five and a half inches soft, six or so hard – his penis is versatile. Big enough to give pleasure, small enough for daddy doms to feel good about themselves. It’s a justice to humanity, really.

Most of all, though, Stiles loves his hole. It’s beautiful, alright? A pink, cute little pucker with a light smattering of hair around it. Stiles isn’t ashamed to admit he watches himself play with it pretty regularly, is enamored with splitting it open on toys and calmed by stroking over it. Since his ass sees regular use, it’s kind of a pain to keep up impeccable hygiene and stick to a strict eating schedule twenty-four/seven. But his little hole deserves the care and attention.

Derek obviously knows its worth, has since day one. It’s evident in the way he stares at it, treats it, talks about it. Of course, Stiles doesn’t think he’ll receive that worship tonight, doesn’t want such intimate devotion in front of other people, anyway. But the thought does make him significantly hornier.

A lot of teasing is what Stiles has had to put up with thus far tonight – Derek kissing all around his pucker, gripping fingers a mere centimeter from where he wants them, hot breath puffed directly over his hole, and he’s about to jump out of his skin.

As if reading his mind, Derek finally gives a firm lick over Stiles’ sex, goes at it again a few more times before using his thumbs to spread enough to suck at the rim.

Stiles has melted into the advance, has unconsciously allowed his jaw to drop, a low keen working its way out of his throat. He can sense Derek’s eyes on him, hadn’t even realized his eyes were shut but is loath to open them lest he cum his brains out as soon as he catches the wolf’s gaze. Thoughtlessly, Stiles reaches up to cup his hand on the back of Derek’s head, massage the scalp tenderly.

Pushing into the silent praise, Derek runs a palm up and down the underside of Stiles’ thigh. He pulls back enough to lay a soft kiss over the slickened pucker and then smooshes his nose to Stiles’ taint to dart his tongue into the hole.

Bucking into Derek’s face isn’t planned, but Stiles can’t say he regrets it – not when he hasn’t felt a tongue inside of him since Derek took him home after a Friendsgiving celebration and played with him from the moment birds started chirping to when the sun settled high in the sky. He can’t say he planned a whimpering gasp either, but.

Derek doesn’t reprimand what could have broken his nose, instead rubs a circle over Stiles’ ass in
what’s likely an effort to calm. In fact, he’s humming into Stiles’ sex and wiggling his tongue around slightly in a way he knows makes Stiles squirm. “You’re loose, baby.”

It’s a simple comment, but it startles Stiles a bit, and he’s really got to get a hold on himself. Also, when did Danny and Jackson start at it again? Because they’re definitely fucking hard if Jackson’s grunts and the shaking mattress have anything to say about it. And where the fuck did Derek’s mouth go? Oh, right, he asked a question.

“Uhh,” Stiles responds eloquently. Eyelids open gingerly and he twists his fingers further into Derek’s mane in efforts to come back to reality.

“Your hole,” Derek prompts, tilted head and slightly-amused tone, “have you been stretching yourself?”

Stiles must look utterly lost because without further ado Derek is edging his forefinger into Stiles’ sex knuckle by knuckle. Oh, god – that is just what he needs. His head drops back onto the pillow as he tries sucking the digit in further even though it’s already buried to the hilt.

“Hm?” Derek pulls his finger out slightly and pushes back in before trying to wiggle it around.

Right, question. “I needed you, Der,” is all he can think to answer with, pants it out, “You were gone too long, and I felt too empty.”

“Oh,” is crooned back, middle finger circling around Stiles’ relieved rim, “poor thing.”

Down-turning automatically is what his brow does, Stiles’ body tightening up. “It’s not funny, Derek.”

The wolf’s head swivels up from where it was staring at his fingers in Stiles’ pink sex. His mouth falls open in what looks like confusion, bunny teeth ridiculously adorable. Then Derek’s countenance sobers up and he’s purposefully slow when he pulls his fingers out of Stiles, eases the boy’s legs onto the bed and sinks down on top of him, chest to chest.

Stiles accepts the touch, doesn’t add another comment. Which just enables an even weirder encounter because Danny and Jackson have the libido of dogs in heat (heh), and the latter sounds as if he’s auditioning for a low-budget porno with the absurd phrases he’s moaning: “Eat my dick!” “Swallow my dong!”

Okay, Stiles is lying about the second one.

If Derek hasn’t already tuned out their friends then he sure has now, gaze intent on Stiles’ face as he tries to catch the younger’s attention. When Stiles finally relents, Derek hushes, “I wasn’t trying to make fun of you, Stiles.”

Which, yeah, Stiles kind of caught on to already and has been since trying to repress whatever psyche had him jumping to such conclusions. In response he looks away, skims his nose over Derek’s right shoulder.

Derek doesn’t push, plants his left elbow beside Stile’s head and once again serves as a barrier between them and the lewd fucking two feet away. Thick fingers mold to the back of Stiles’ neck and keep them pressed together as Derek turns them on their sides. After a moment, seemingly dropping the subject, Derek reveals, “I thought about you a lot over the break.”

Assuming there’s more to be said, Stiles doesn’t butt in. He does, however, curl as close to the human furnace as possible, lips to Derek’s clavicle as he guides a large hand back to the flesh of his
A rough laugh. “I’ve been thinking about you a lot for the past year, actually.” To accompany the sentiment he hooks Stiles’ knee over his own, drags two fingers up and down a wet sex.

Understandably appeased by the prodding of two digits, Stiles rejoins conversation: “Was it my dashing good looks or charming personality?”

“Both,” Derek answers without hesitation. “It’s also your scent, though. Pine trees and the smell of rain-soaked pavement. The ocean. Cherry pie.”

Stiles’ nose wrinkles. He hates that wet asphalt stench. Planning on informing of that much, Stiles gets side-tracked when he hears the loudest moan from Jackson yet, which is accompanied by, “I love cumming in your fucking ass.”

“Oh, my God,” is a near-cackle, Stiles hiding his face in Derek’s neck, cheek already starting to tingle from beard burn, “you were totally trying to be romantic and your Beta ruined it by nutting off all over our friend.”

Apparently unamused, Derek bites down on Stiles’ earlobe and inserts the start of two fingers into his hole, which earns a hiccup before a groan from Stiles.

Over Derek’s rude behavior already, Stiles fucks back onto those sturdy fingers, sinks all the way down because he’s so ready to get pounded into next year. Literally. “I’m still waiting for my sonnet, sweetwolf.”

“I think I’ve got something better,” Derek imparts. And then promptly works a third finger into Stiles ass.

“Fuck,” Stiles hisses. Actually, it sounds more like a mewl. Has he mentioned he really loves the stretch of Derek’s knuckles on his rim? “Der,” is huffed over parted lips that have found their way to Stiles.’

Because they can’t stay away from each other for more than five minutes at a time, Derek slots their mouths together, tongue roving over Stiles’ and tracing his bottom lip. “I can’t tell you how many mornings I’ve woken up fucking my fist and imagining it was you.”

Stiles’ moan is nonsensical, bottom lip stinging from a nip that succeeds in distracting him from three heavy fingers far into his ass. But when they curve, graze over his prostate expertly, he is completely and utterly done for, eyes close to tears and vocal cords begging to shout in surprise.

“Shh,” Derek is trying to soothe at his ear, plush lips leaving warm kisses on his temple, high on his cheekbone, at the corner of his mouth. The hand not trying to kill him with pleasure is rubbing at the top of his spine, massaging the back of Stiles’ shoulders. “You respond so well for me, sweetheart.”

Fingers are scrabbling along Derek’s back, and Stiles regrets that the marks won’t stay long enough for him to admire. Unless Derek holds off his healing factor, which is a possibility if Stiles begs prettily enough. Which reminds him – “Alpha,” he whines out, “I need you to fuck me.”

Derek, who has been lazily running his pinky around Stiles pucker for a bit, halts his movements and cant his dick against Stiles’ belly, slide aided by the pre-cum that’s literally soaked through Derek’s briefs.

And again with the growling – which Stiles is totally not complaining about, by the way.
Instead of answering verbally, Derek licks up the length of a prominent neck vein while manhandling Stiles upward until his cock and Stiles’ hungry sex can kiss each other.

Stiles doesn’t think he has it in him to be annoyed right now, might never become angry with Derek as long as they get to the sex before sharp words can escalate to flying fists. And shit, when did he start deciding on a long-term future with Derek? He could probably make himself believe it’s got something to do with pheromones werewolves give off, creatures that mate for life. But it’s so much simpler to be honest with himself.

And right here, right now, sinking the fat head of Derek’s prick into his heat, Stiles can admit that he was Derek’s the moment they laid eyes on each other. Or maybe not exactly then, but it’s pretty fucking hard to think in-depth when he’s splitting himself open on the biggest cock he’s ever felt that’s attached to the sexiest face he’s ever seen that’s owned by the only soul he believes he could never get tired of learning.

Suddenly Stiles is laid on his back once more, both legs wrapping around Derek’s flexed waist, heels struggling to find purchase on the smooth fabric of Derek’s underwear. Hah, “This is such a shitty porno, dude,” Stiles blurts out, eyeing Derek’s fuzzy balls he tucked the band of his Armani briefs under.

But then, of course, Stiles thinks of the tip of Derek’s prick, the fact that he didn’t get to play with the foreskin nor suck down copious amounts of pre-cum. And he’s not going to cry, okay?! He’s just allergic to Alpha pheromones.

“Stiles, what’s wrong?” Derek ceases his movement when he’s only halfway into Stiles’ ass, which should be a sin!

An arm is thrown over Stiles’ face so that he has the courage to answer and ultimately get this show on the road. “I didn’t get to suck your dick,” comes out so pitiful he thinks he’s automatically nominated for an Oscar. He’s briefly reminded of that chicken nugget vine where the man doesn’t have enough money.

Rather than ridiculing in any increment, Derek runs one hand over Stiles’ flank and uses the other to escort the younger’s clenched fist to where they’re connected, uncurls Stiles’ fingers and wraps them around the base of his cock. “Does that help, baby?”

Actually, it does. Stiles likes feeling the hot girth in his hand, tight balls tickling his knuckles. It gives him a semblance of control, makes him feel as if he’s the one determining how the following events play out. With the knowledge that he can give Derek back the reigns at any time, Stiles lets himself enjoy what’s landed in his palm.

Stiles doesn’t understand what it is, but something about Derek’s balls really gets him going. The way they hang down and tense up and redden so easily consistently makes Stiles’ length twitch. They’re just so heavy in Stiles hand and warm in his mouth, and, yeah. There goes Stiles’ dick, two seconds away from orgasm.

Wanting to hold off, thank you very much, Stiles has to remove his hand from Derek’s member in order to grip the base of his own prick and stave off climax. His mind wanders to cockrings: will he enjoy one if Derek gifts it?

As soon as Stiles has successfully calmed down his testicles, Derek bottoms out. Lucky his fingers are still choking the hell out of his beaten prick because otherwise he would have exploded when Derek grazed his prostate. So it goes, a groan was not able to be tamped.
“Fuck,” Derek breathes, grinds into Stiles’ ass, “Can I see those pretty eyes now?”

Ugh, Stiles is going to die before 2017! Derek turns into such a sentimental wolf when they sex it up, and Stiles might actually be a puddle of goo right now.

Instead of responding, he removes his hand and slurps on his clean fingers while his eyes readjust. Not so much by random chance, Stiles’ gaze lands on Danny and Jackson. Who are such a gorgeous sight together, skin tones contrasting nicely. And their sex – oh, God – cum is still thick on Danny’s taut abs, caught in the thick bush around his dick with even more viscous fluid seeping out of Danny’s heat. Stiles has to stroke at his poor buddy while watching Jackson’s legs flex repeatedly.

Undoubtedly catching on to where Stiles’ attention lies, Derek gives a harsh thrust that reaches new depths, opens him even wider, has Stiles’ dick creaming all over its head. Stiles gives his tip a few tight pumps before gathering up what he can of his sticky fluid on two fingers. Without thought, Stiles offers it to the werewolf.

Derek’s already panting for it, one step ahead of the game as his jaw drops open beautifully to welcome Stiles’ pre-cum soaked digits. His growl reverberates up Stiles arm and goes straight to his groin.

“Cherry pie,” Stiles presents idiotically, and they both must be ridiculously far gone considering Derek doesn’t even react to the snark, merely closes his eyes and sucks reverently as he pulls out and pushes back into Stiles’ hole.

“What the fuck?” is a derision that comes somewhere from Stiles’ right. “I’ve heard you say some pretty non-sequitur things, but I think that takes the cake.”

So, it turns out Jackson is still alive. And has even taken the time to read a dictionary.

The former statement may not hold up much longer, though, because Derek lets loose a ferocious snarl as his eyes bleed red, pierce into Jackson’s soul. Derek’s hips are consistent in their sweet pounding of Stiles’ prostate all the while, which is impressive even for a werewolf.

Since Derek has just defended his honor, Stiles takes his chances with mouthing back at Jackson: “I think you mean it takes the pie.”

Jackson doesn’t make a peep and neither does Derek, the former fucking into a panting Danny and the latter swiveling expertly into Stiles’ heat, avoiding his prostate like he knows Stiles could spew any moment now but would like to save the grand finale for later.

When Stiles remembers that the sticky fingers resting on his chest were actually meant to go somewhere else, he takes care to lick them back up before pushing his palm against his taint and spreading his first two fingers around Derek’s dick so that it slicks up even more as it glides in and out of his ass.

Derek purrs at the sight, likely the sensation too. “You’re so perfect, Stiles,” he groans, pumps his hips extra hard and has Stiles choking out a hitched moan. “So fucking warm and wet and filthy.”

Stiles’ cock demands to be jerked off in response. Glans a deep red and veins more pronounced than ever, Stiles doesn’t know where to start. He gets himself so hot all the time by just staring at his slit and dipping into it for more pre-cum.

After taking a few moments to bask in the praise and rest his palm flat on Derek’s abdomen, Stiles bites again at Jackson, “And fuck you, Jackass. You just wish you had your fuckbuddy blabbering to the high heavens because you’re dicking him down so good.”
Something like a roar screeches its way out of Jackson’s throat and past descending fangs, brow bone bulging and ears ascending out of freshly grown hair.

Derek’s answering bellow is even more frightening, sends a chill of ice down Stiles’ spine, is definitely that of an Alpha werewolf asserting his dominance as he snaps his shifted jaw at Jackson’s neck.

“What the fuck?!” Danny adds to the yelling, jerking back reflexively with horror-rounded eyes.

“I’ll show you how to fuck somebody!” Jackson ignores Derek to snap at Stiles with a gravelly, shifted voice as he wraps long fingers around Danny’s waist and flips him onto his knees.

Danny, for his part, allows the sudden turn of events and only moans out an “Oh, God,” head resting in his elbow when Jackson’s rhythm is set to brutal.

Stiles, knowing what’s coming, is totally pumped about it, so it’s more of Derek helping him scramble into position than being thrown around like a ragdoll – which Stiles would like to try one day, but not now. The thick cock that Stiles has come to know and love sinking back into him is equivalent to the gates of Heaven opening up, and he knows there have never been better results come from wounding a Beta wolf’s ego.

Though Derek’s chest is still vibrating when it presses along Stiles’ back, he can tell that the Alpha is no longer half-shifted, merely letting off steam, warning Jackson against anymore disrespects to authority and letting Stiles know that he doesn’t want any more sass. The last assumption is confirmed with Derek’s teeth pressing into the juncture between neck and shoulder like a predator would do to snap its prey’s neck.

And Stiles is hurtling toward his climax. Stuck on the knife’s edge between pleasure and pain, he knows he won’t be able to take the stinging slap of Derek’s hips against his ass nor the small bits of rapidly-building euphoria every time Derek’s perfect cock hits at his prostate much longer.

Grunts are tumbling out of Jackson’s mouth as he pistons into Danny, who has given up pushing back against Jackson in order to lay there and get fucked nice and hard. He’s enjoying it as well, moans pouring off of his tongue to match Jackson.

The sight of Danny letting his body roll with the punches is so very appealing to Stiles because at this point he is worn and he wants to cum.

But he also wants his wolf to come out on top, so Stiles locks his arms to the bed and allows Derek to huff against his nape, focuses on the rapid pounding of Derek’s heart against his shoulder. Allows himself to be used for something he knows is much more than physical and mental.

If Derek needs someone to rest on when his emotions are a whirlwind, Stiles will joyfully be that someone.

Except Stiles is all too aware that he won’t be able to outlast Derek. His balls are about to burst, dick fucking weeping as it bobs in the air, and animalistic keens have been flowing nonstop for a while now.

Stiles knows he’s too far gone for hope when Derek stations his fists on either side of Stiles’ cock, the mere presence of Derek’s hand in the vicinity of where he craves them the most is what makes Stiles well and truly believe one hundred percent that if he doesn’t climax in the next second he’ll die.

And then that’s when he explodes, orgasm shooting through his dick and onto the bed in front of
him, asshole spasming around Derek’s relentless length, groan of blissful relief rent the room.

Derek allows Stiles to fall like a puppet whose strings are cut, draws himself up tall and grips Stiles’ hips roughly but slows down his thrusts. Derek’s purring like a fucking cat, and Stiles’ climax must have been exactly what he was waiting for, because five seconds later he’s spilling inside of Stiles. Arcing over him and swiveling his hips, pumping his fat cock in and out of Stiles’ abused hole irregularly.

Overstimulation has never really bothered Stiles, but with Derek’s girth tugging at his rim and still pressing into his prostate he feels tears prick at the corner of his eyes, breathing hitching as if gearing up for water works to flow.

Before it comes to that, though, Derek is slipping out of him at a steady pace, dropping down to caress Stiles’ ass and brush lips over each cheek. And then he’s turning Stiles onto his side and sinking down beside him with just the right amount of space between them where they’re able to be comforted by the proximity but Stiles doesn’t have to stab Derek in the throat for touching his sensitive dick or aching hole.

Danny and Jackson must have busted at some point as well because throaty grunts have been replaced by breathless pants.

After that, reality is a blur filled with debauched huffs and muted music.

Eyes dragging open, Stiles assumes he fell into a cat nap because the next thing he feels is a lightweight throw spanning his lower body, Derek gently maneuvering them until Stiles’ left leg is hooked over his hip and their groins are pressed together. His dick is no longer so fragile and the press of Derek so intimately against him is comforting, so he sighs into the embrace.

There’s also stilted conversation that Stiles tunes out until Derek’s chest begins rumbling in a baritone growl.

“Yes, Alpha,” Jackson, now fully dressed, folds loud and clear with his neck bared in submission.

Derek stares his packmate down as he bows out, leads a half-asleep Danny from the room with their fingers entangled.

Possibly not ready for words, Derek lays a warm arm protectively across Stiles’ back and unceremoniously eases his fingers between tacky cheeks to catch leaking come.

And Stiles arches into the attention while nuzzling at Derek’s neck with a mewl. He doesn’t know if it was the long-awaited orgasm or what, but Stiles is so fucking content cocooned in Derek’s arms.

Thick cum is deposited onto Stiles’ abdomen and swirled around with the seed that’s already there. Fingers rubbing insistently and almost tickling. Derek is still purring audibly as he spreads their combined release as far as it will travel.

Too tired to comment, Stiles basks in his afterglow, which is kind of new for them. With Derek’s werewolf refractory period and Stiles’ wandering mind, they’re usually right back at it or just hanging out casually not even five minutes after climax. But this is nice, and Stiles doesn’t want to ruin the moment.

By the time people downstairs have started their one-minute countdown to the New Year Derek is nearly done with scooping their mixed come from Stiles’ torso and popping it in his mouth.

Stiles has made it known before that he’s not really into eating aged nut unless he’s feeling
particularly nasty, but Derek had looked so hopeful when he offered his digits to Stiles, and the latter was feeling accommodating, so he suckled from Derek’s fingers and enjoyed the pleased grin he got in return.

The crowd downstairs hits forty-five before Stiles speaks up. “Yo quiero besar a tu,” he mumbles behind Derek’s ear, hand running up and down the wolf’s flank, fingers easing into muscular divots.

Slightly surprising is the fully-length reply: “Yo quiero besar a ti.” Derek’s teeth bite at Stiles’ jaw teasingly before he pulls back to look Stiles in the eye.

For his part, Stiles can only let his lips tug into a small smile. He was expecting Derek to be in a more primal mindset what with his crude scent-marking.

Thirty seconds.

“O,” Derek tacks on just to be a little shit, “quiero besarte.” But his palm is massaging the small of Stiles’ waist, so the younger isn’t too bothered.

Stiles manages to roll Derek onto his back. With both hands free, Stiles tucks his left between their chests and grabs Derek’s fluffy chin with his right thumb and forefinger. Turning it to one side and then the other, Stiles presses his lips lingeringly to each cheek.

Fifteen.

With their eyes locked, Stiles enunciates, “Yo quiero besar tu pincheboca.”

“Oh, yeah?” Derek smirks, plays hard-to-get and tucks one hand behind his head, multiple -eps bulging and armpit hair only adding to the sex appeal.

Stiles doesn’t reply, feigns unaffected as he scratches at Derek’s beard.

There’s a gentle nosing at Stiles’ cheek with five seconds to spare.

At one, Derek finally nudges in for a thorough kiss, lips locking firmly and sucking lightly.

But then the cheers from the bottom floor are too jubilant to ignore, and Stiles is too blissed out not to smile. They have a pretty fucking awesome anniversary date, which –

“I can’t believe my boyfriend hasn’t fucked me since last year!” Stiles exclaims in irritation, brow pulling together with a moue.

Derek’s growl picks up menacingly as his fingers dig into the meat of Stiles’ thighs, and, yeah, it’s going to be a good year.

End Notes

I would love helpful critique. Specifically, any suggestions for how I can make the sex scene better?

tumblr: rogueziam

fic post: x
All kudos, comments, and bookmarks truly are greatly appreciated!

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