

Making the Best of a Bad Situation

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Making the Best of a Bad Situation

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Summary

When Stiles' best friend handcuffs him to his bed and leaves him there as a prank, he has to call his dad to come set him free. But his dad is too busy and sends Deputy Hale in his stead. Derek can't resist such a perfect opportunity.

Re-edited 21st September 2021.

Notes

As always with this series, don't judge me for the depravity I have written...

Don't try this at home, folks! This is make-believe. If you want to get kinky with some restraints, *don't* use metal handcuffs, especially not police-issue. You could get seriously hurt and if you lose the key, you're fucked. This has been your weekly PSA.

Chapter 1

After playing video games all day and night with his best friend Scott, Stiles' eyelids begin to droop the next morning, the day of his eighteenth birthday. He glances at his nightstand and is dismayed to find that they've already gone through all the snacks and cans of Red Bull they brought up earlier. He doesn't want to nap yet—the time it'd take would be much better spent continuing their video game marathon—so he pauses the match they're currently playing and sends Scott downstairs to get another six-pack of energy drinks from the fridge in the kitchen. Scott goes, grumbling that he's only doing it because it's Stiles' birthday and he has to pee anyway.

This leaves Stiles by himself. He leans his head back against the headboard and shuts his eyes, just to rest them, but when he opens them again, he has to blink repeatedly to bring his vision back into focus. He must have accidentally drifted off.

Oops.

The sound of suppressed sniggering reaches his ears. He turns his head toward the open doorway to find Scott standing there with a hand over his mouth. Scott's cheeks are ruddy and his eyes water with how hard he's trying to hold back his laughter, but when he notices that Stiles has woken up again, he lets it all out. He hunches over with his arms wrapped around his stomach and his shoulders shaking violently.

Stiles' brow furrows. "What's so funny? Did you get the Red Bull?" He goes to sit up, and that's when he realises his predicament: he's slumped down slightly, head on his pillow, and his right arm is stuck above his head, his wrist bound to one of the slats in his headboard by what looks like his dad's spare handcuffs. They're police-issue, so there's no way he's getting out of them without the key.

"Dude, what the hell?!" Stiles exclaims, glaring at his supposed best friend. "Unlock me!"

Once Scott has recovered from his laughing fit, he holds up his phone. There's the sound of an artificial camera shutter, then he exits the room with an evil grin and not another word.

"Scott!" Stiles yells after him. He shakes his cuffed hand, rattling the metal links in the sturdy chain. "Where are you going?!"

"Home!" comes Scott's reply, incensing Stiles further. "My mom got off her shift early. We're having lunch."

"You're leaving me like this?!" Stiles screeches.

Scott peeks his head around the doorjamb with a chipper expression. "I left you the key."

On Stiles' nightstand, all that's there are candy wrappers, empty Red Bull cans and his phone. "Where?"

“Over there.”

Following Scott’s finger, Stiles clenches his jaw when his eyes alight on the handcuff key next to his MacBook on his desk. On the other side of the fucking room. “How’s *that* gonna help, you jackass?”

“I dunno. You’ll figure it out,” Scott says with a shrug. “Happy Birthday!”

Stiles shouts all sorts of obscenities as his friend disappears again. He can’t believe him. He hopes that the main part of this prank is just Scott *pretending* he’s going to leave him like this, that he’ll wait a few minutes, then come back to set him free. But that isn’t what happens. Stiles goes quiet to regain his breath after some more yelling, and it’s just in time to hear the front door downstairs slamming shut and the sound of Scott’s spare key in the lock.

“Motherfucker...” Stiles seethes. “He’s really doing this to me.”

After rattling the handcuffs again, he determines that, yup, there’s no way he’s getting out of them unless he wants to dislocate his thumb or go all *Gerald’s Game* on his hand. Which... fuck no. That only leaves one option, and Stiles feels pretty damn good about taking it. He stretches his other arm to reach his phone, unlocks it and finds his dad’s number. Scott is going to seriously regret this prank when Stiles’ dad finds out and inevitably tells Melissa, Scott’s mom. Serves him right.

What an asshole.

* * *

Deputy Derek Hale drives toward the Stilinskis’ house. He was almost finished with another routine patrol when Tara Graeme, a fellow deputy, got in touch with him over his radio and informed him of the quandary the sheriff’s kid has got himself into. Or rather, the quandary Stiles’ best friend got him into. Derek got a damn good chuckle out of it, and he’s now coming to Stiles’ rescue because John Stilinski is firmly entrenched in a time-sensitive case and can’t get away until the dinner they’re all going to have to celebrate Stiles’ birthday that evening.

Derek is a-okay with that. He likes Stiles, and since his shift is basically finished now, maybe they can spend the afternoon together. It wouldn’t be the first time.

Soon after Derek became a deputy several years ago, he got close to Sheriff Stilinski. He suspects the sheriff felt bad for him because of what happened to his family, but it was nice to have a pseudo father figure looking out for him again, so he didn’t complain. He’s been over to the Stilinskis’ for dinner more times than he can count, which always beats eating by himself in his apartment. It’s great to feel included, and Stiles has always been a riot, seemingly unable to sit still or stop talking for more than five seconds at a time. For Derek, who’s always been quiet and surly-looking, it makes for a nice change of pace. And lately, well...

As Stiles grew up, Derek couldn’t help but notice the man he was turning into. Stiles still acts the same—maybe *slightly* more mature, if Derek’s being generous—but his physical

appearance has altered a lot, and all of it has been for the better. He's taller now, has a small bit of muscle on his lithe frame, and his face went from cute in an innocent, childlike way to cute in an I-want-you-in-my-bed kind of way. Derek was shit at hiding his feelings, and John had confronted him about them one day. Derek remembers it like it was yesterday.

"I don't have a problem with you pursuing a relationship with my son," John had said after calling Derek into his office. "In fact, I think you'd go well together. But not until he's eighteen. I'd hate to have to arrest one of my own deputies for statutory rape."

Derek agreed, and that was that. He's sure that Stiles wants him too, but neither of them has done anything about it yet. Maybe the sheriff had a similar talk with Stiles.

Derek thinks gleefully that things are going to change very soon. Maybe even today. After all, Stiles *did* turn eighteen mere hours ago, so nothing's holding them back anymore.

After he pulls into the driveway next to Stiles' Jeep and cuts the engine of his cruiser, Derek gets out and tries the front door. It's locked, so he walks over to the old flower pot that's on the left side of the porch and searches beneath it for the spare key the sheriff keeps hidden there. It's not exactly the most secure system, but it works—and anyone ballsy enough to break into the sheriff's house wouldn't have a problem with breaking a window anyway.

Once he's inside, Derek takes the stairs two at a time and heads down the hall to Stiles' bedroom. The door is open.

"Derek, hey!" Stiles says when he sees him, relief clear in his voice. "Did my dad send you?"

"Yup. You might want to say your goodbyes to Scott. I don't think he's gonna be breathing much longer."

"Eh, he has it coming... Speaking of what he did, the key's on my desk."

Derek snaps it up and approaches the bed, but he doesn't unlock Stiles right away. Something about this situation is incredibly tempting, seeing Stiles laid out on his bed like this, trapped, in an excellent position to be taken and ravaged... Derek has major trouble convincing himself to pass this up.

"Uhh, Derek?" Stiles calls warily. He waves his free hand in front of Derek's face.

Derek snaps out of it. "Sorry, what?"

"Are you gonna unlock me, or...?"

"I will. If you really want me to."

Stiles regards him like he's crazy. "Of course I do! What kind of question is that?"

"Then I will." Derek's dick twitches with interest in the confines of his tight boxer-briefs. "But..."

"But?"

Deciding to just go for it, Derek takes off his shoes and crawls onto the bed. He insinuates himself between Stiles' coltish legs and leans down so their faces are inches apart. Stiles peers up at him with wide eyes and his lips parted out of shock. "But before I let you go," Derek says, his voice low and husky, "I wanted to ask you something."

Stiles nods slowly. "W-what's that?"

Derek cups the side of Stiles' face. "D'you want to wait to get out of those cuffs? You're eighteen now. We could have some fun before I let you out."

"Some fun?"

Derek laughs softly. "Are you gonna keep repeating what I'm saying?"

"No," Stiles murmurs. "I just think you broke me."

"I'd say I'm sorry, but that would be a lie. So? What's it gonna be?" Derek strokes his thumb over the elegant slope of Stiles' cheekbone. "You can say no and we can just go out for lunch or something."

Stiles swallows around the lump in his throat, his Adam's apple bobbing. "Like— Like a first date?"

"If you want it to be, then yes. Exactly like a date."

Stiles surges forward and crashes their mouths together. "Sexytimes first," he demands against Derek's lips. "You have no idea how long I've waited for this."

"I think I can guess."

When they kiss again, Stiles' inexperience very quickly becomes apparent. He doesn't know how to move, and what he *does* do reeks of equal amounts of passion and insecurity. To help him, Derek brings his other hand to Stiles' face and tilts his head slightly to the side, leading the kiss. He coaxes Stiles to open up for him and slides his tongue past Stiles' lips, both moaning when they get their first tastes of each other.

It's better than Derek could've ever imagined. He would still want Stiles even if he wasn't untouched, but knowing that he's Stiles' first in every way taps into something possessive inside of him. That he's the first one to taste Stiles like this, and he'll be the first one to be inside of him...it has Derek getting rock-hard in his underwear. He grinds his dick against Stiles' crotch and smiles into the kiss when he feels that Stiles is hard too—and packing, from the feel of it. Derek wants to see it.

He wants to see *everything*.

With a final peck, Derek draws back and gets to work undressing his new lover as much as he can. He unbuttons Stiles' plaid shirt and pulls it open to reveal his pale torso. He can't get the shirt all the way off because of the handcuffs, but that's alright. He can see enough. Stiles' chest is thin with a small patch of brown hair in the middle, his nipples are dusky and

pebbled, and his stomach has almost no definition. It's still soft, and Derek loves it, loves the differences between them.

Next, Derek brings his hands to the button of Stiles' jeans. He slips it through the placket and undoes the zipper, and when he doesn't hear a protest, yanks the garment down Stiles' legs, leaving him in just his underwear.

"I think you're a bit overdressed," Stiles comments, licking his lips.

Derek smirks. "Definitely, but I'm gonna make you wait a bit longer to see me."

"Aww, c'mon! Unfair!"

Derek puts his index finger to Stiles' mouth. "Patience."

With a glare, Stiles parts his lips and takes Derek's finger inside. Stiles may be a virgin, but he apparently still has some tricks up his sleeve.

Breathing harshly, Derek watches raptly as Stiles sucks on his finger, his cheeks hollowing. He imagines sliding his cock past Stiles' lips and feeling that wicked tongue licking over him. From the way Stiles looks up at him, satisfaction in his pretty whiskey-coloured eyes, he knows exactly what he's doing to Derek. Little fucker. It figures that, even when he's restrained and in a position that would usually be submissive, Stiles is still a cheeky shit.

"Thin ice, Stiles," Derek warns him. He's so close to ripping off the rest of their clothes and fucking the boy within an inch of his life, and that's not the first time he believes Stiles should have.

Stiles lets go of Derek's finger with a wet *pop* and flutters his eyelashes coquettishly. "Oh yeah? What're you gonna do about it?"

Derek arches an eyebrow at him and removes his own handcuffs from his belt. He holds them up so Stiles can see them clearly, then takes Stiles' free hand and secures one end of the cuffs around his wrist. "If at any time you genuinely want out of them, say 'red' and I'll free you. Alright?"

"Like a safeword?"

"Smart boy. Say 'red' and it all stops. Got it?"

Stiles nods his assent, so Derek secures the other end of the cuffs to the same slat his right wrist is bound to. It's better doing it this way instead of using one set of cuffs, gives Stiles more slack.

"There," Derek says, pleased with himself as he sets both keys amongst the empty cans on Stiles' nightstand. "Now I've got you completely at my mercy."

"What're you gonna do to me, Deputy Hale?" Stiles asks lasciviously.

"Does someone feel like doing some roleplay?"

“Maybe... You *are* still wearing your uniform. That always gets to me.”

“Does it?”

“Yup! You don’t even wanna know the amount of times I’ve jerked off thinking of you whenever you came over here for dinner still dressed like that. That whole thing about a man in uniform being sexy is definitely true in your case.”

“That’s tempting, but we should save the roleplay for another time,” Derek says. He runs his hands up Stiles’ bare legs, fine brown hairs tickling his palms. “Now, I’m not gonna tell you what I’m gonna do to you.”

Stiles pouts. “That’s mean.”

“That’s life.”

Stiles widens his legs and shudders when Derek skates his fingers up the insides of his thighs, getting closer and closer to the considerable tent in his boxers. He makes a frustrated noise when Derek bypasses his cock and lays his hand flat on Stiles’ stomach, feeling the slight give that’s there. Stiles sucks his gut in and ducks his head, radiating teenage insecurity. Derek won’t have that. Stiles is the most stunning specimen he’s ever seen, and he wants to prove it to him.

Rising up on his knees, Derek plants his hands on either side of Stiles’ head. He waits until Stiles looks up at him again to kiss him, keeping it gentle and tender.

“Just relax,” he whispers. “I’ll take care of you, baby.”

Stiles shudders again. “Oh God...”

“You like when I call you that?”

“Uh— Uh-huh.”

“Well get used to it, ‘cause you’re gonna hear it a lot. You’re mine now, baby.”

Stiles makes a choked noise and eagerly tips his head back when Derek noses beneath his jaw. Derek kisses down his neck and sucks once on his Adam’s apple before moving lower and nibbling across Stiles’ collarbones, leaving faint red marks in his wake. Stiles arches up into him, all insecurities apparently forgotten when Derek is touching him, which is exactly what Derek was going for. Stiles should never feel bad about himself, and Derek pledges to make sure Stiles will always see himself as the wonderful, funny, kind, mischievous man that Derek knows he’s turning into.

And Derek gets to call him his. How lucky is he?

Nosing even further down, Derek captures one of Stiles’ nipples in his mouth and flicks his tongue over it. Stiles moans, and the metal of the handcuffs rattles like he wants to fist his hands in Derek’s hair and keep him there. Fortunately for him, Derek has no intention of leaving just yet. He stays where he is and gives Stiles’ nipples the attention they deserve,

biting them, sucking on them, even scraping his facial hair across them to make Stiles whine prettily for him.

“The noises you make...” Derek cups himself through his slacks. “So fucking sexy.”

A blush colours Stiles’ cheeks. “R-really?”

“Yeah. I might be able to come just from hearing them.”

“I was worried I’d be too loud in bed.”

“Why would you think that?”

Stiles looks away briefly but then returns his gaze to Derek’s. “I’ve been told before that I’m too loud, so I was worried it would carry over into sex.”

“Whoever told you that is stupid,” Derek asserts, leaving no room for argument. “Have I ever made you feel that way?”

“No...”

“There you go, then. You know I like you for you, so be as noisy as you want. I like knowing I’m making you feel good.”

Stiles’ blush gets more pronounced. “Okay.”

Satisfied, Derek kisses Stiles’ abused nipples and traces his tongue down Stiles’ sternum to his navel. He nuzzles his soft stomach.

“Derek...”

The nervousness in Stiles’ voice has Derek lifting his head again. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. It’s just... No one’s ever looked at me like this before.”

“I find that hard to believe.”

“It’s true. I’m not exactly like the other guys on the lacrosse team.”

“That’s a *good* thing, Stiles,” Derek reassures. Seems he’s going to have to work much harder than he initially thought to raise Stiles’ self-esteem, but he’s up to the challenge. “I want *you*, not any of those other guys.”

“But they all have abs and stuff... I don’t.”

“Not everyone is interested in guys with abs,” Derek apprises. “There are a variety of body types out there and tastes to suit every one. Besides, it’s not like you’re out of shape.”

“But—”

“No buts, Stiles,” Derek interrupts. “If you really want to, you can start coming to the gym with me and tone up a bit more or something, but I don’t think you need to. Your body is perfect the way it is.”

“I wanna believe you...”

“But you don’t yet, and that’s okay. I remember what it was like at your age. Everyone’s riddled with insecurities in high school. I know I was.”

This seems to shock Stiles. “You were? But I’ve seen pictures of you from back then!”

“Like I said, *everyone* has things they wish were different in high school, from the nerds to the popular kids. Even if you gained some weight, I’d still like you because you’re *you*,” Derek affirms. He’s glad when some of the disbelief in Stiles’ eyes vanishes. “I’m proud of the body I have, and I work hard to maintain it, but as weird as it might sound, I’m also proud of your body. I’d love to have you on my arm when I take you on dates so that I can show you off. You’re worth showing off.”

Stiles worries at his bottom lip, an action that’s still sexy even though it’s born of nerves. “I’ll take your word for it.”

“I’ll prove it to you, no matter how long it takes,” Derek promises.

With nothing else to say, he kisses Stiles’ belly and finally curls his fingers beneath the waistband of Stiles’ boxers. Stiles’ cock has softened slightly because of the serious turn things just took, but it perks right back up when Stiles sees what Derek is about to do.

Stiles lifts his hips to allow Derek to take off his underwear. His cock smacks against his stomach when it’s freed and Derek tosses this last article of clothing over the side of the bed. Derek doesn’t give a damn where on the floor it lands—Stiles’ bedroom was messy already, and all of his attention is focused on the big cock in front of him.

Derek knew from earlier that Stiles was well-endowed, but the real thing is better than anything he came up with in his head.

“Look at you...” Derek says, sitting back on his heels to get the full visual.

Stiles is made up of miles of pale, easily marked skin, and it reaffirms to Derek that everything he just said was true. Stiles truly is without flaw.

Stiles fidgets uneasily atop the sheets. “You, uh... You like what you see?”

“Definitely. I like it a lot.”

Unable to resist such temptation, Derek wraps his hand around Stiles’ cock and angles it up to get a better look at it. With a nest of brown curls at the base, its girth is substantial, and Derek guesses it’s somewhere between eight and nine inches long. At seven-and-a-half inches himself, Derek has always been happy with his endowment and has never had any complaints, but he has nothing on Stiles. He isn’t intimidated or emasculated, though. It just

makes him want Stiles more, and he can't wait to discover what all those thick inches feel like sliding in and out of his hole.

His desire to impale himself on such an impressive cock almost has him changing his plans for the day, but in the end, the need to fuck Stiles after so much pining wins. He'll save riding Stiles' brains out for another time.

Derek descends on Stiles' cock without another thought, taking several inches past his lips at once. Caught off-guard by the suddenness of his first blowjob, Stiles bucks into the warmth of Derek's mouth with a choked gasp and accidentally gags him on his cock. It's something Derek was foolish not to expect. To prevent it from happening again, he presses his hand to Stiles' stomach and holds him down while he tries again.

"J-Jesus fucking Christ, so this is a blowjob, huh?" Stiles stammers, hips still twitching. "Fuck..."

Derek pulls off long enough to say, "Feels good, doesn't it?"

"Really fucking good."

With a look that clearly says, "You haven't felt anything yet," Derek takes Stiles' cock back into his mouth and bobs his head up and down. He wriggles his tongue against the thick vein on the underside and swipes it over the leaking slit every time he draws back. He enjoys the bitter taste of Stiles' pre-come and uses his other hand to fondle Stiles' balls, rolling them in his palm and tugging lightly on them when he susses out that Stiles likes it.

"Don't stop. For the love of God, don't stop!" Stiles wails, pulling so hard on the cuffs that the headboard creaks.

With no plans to do so, for the next minute or two, Derek puts his everything into pleasuring Stiles and savours every moan and whimper he gets for his efforts. He wasn't kidding earlier. Each sound is a blessing, like music to his ears.

"I'm getting close," Stiles warns him soon, his balls drawing up.

Wanting to taste his new lover for real, Derek redoubles his efforts and is rewarded when Stiles makes a broken sound and his cock jerks wildly in his mouth, the first spurt of come hitting his tongue. It's thick and salty, and Derek drinks down every drop he can. Some of it leaks out past his lips as he keeps bobbing his head, but he gets enough.

By the time Stiles' orgasm ends, he's panting and his skin is covered in a fine sheen of sweat. He looks sexier than ever.

"That was amazing," Stiles rasps, his eyes shut.

Derek chuckles and crawls up Stiles' body again. "I'm not done with you yet."

Stiles opens his eyes halfway. "Y-you're not?"

“Nope. If it’s okay with you...” Derek grinds his clothed groin against Stiles’ softening cock. “I’d really like to fuck you now.”

This gets him an ardent nod, Stiles’ tiredness receding. “Hell to the mother-fucking yes!”

Derek pecks him on the lips. “Alright then.”

“That means you’re gonna get naked now, right?”

“Yup.”

“Fucking finally, dude!”

Derek crawls backward and gets off the bed, ready to put on a small show. He starts with his beige shirt, unbuttoning it from the top with his attention on Stiles the whole time. Stiles’ excited face falls when he sees that Derek has an undershirt on.

“Hurry up!” he whines. “Wanna see you already...”

“Don’t you just wish you had your hands free so you could undress me yourself?” Derek teases, not speeding up at all.

“Ugh!” Stiles pulls against the cuffs again.

Still smiling, Derek finishes unbuttoning his shirt and allows it to slide off his broad shoulders to the floor, leaving him his plain white undershirt. He grabs the hem and peels it up his torso, slowing his movements down even further because he knows that Stiles is getting more and more impatient.

“You fucking suck,” said boy complains.

“Yup.” Derek winks. “And I just gave you firsthand experience of just how much.”

Continuing to strip, Derek has to break their eye contact to get his undershirt off over his head, then his torso is bare. He stands still so Stiles can take him in, and from the naked desire on his face, Stiles wants him *bad*. With how Derek looks, he’s used to being lusted after by a lot of different people, but he almost never reciprocates their lust or the passes they make at him. It feels completely different seeing Stiles’ want. It actually means something here, has him puffing out his chest with pride.

“Fuck, do I wanna touch you...” Stiles says, running his eyes up and down Derek’s torso.

Derek is curious. “Where would you touch me first?”

“Uhh... I’d start with your chest.”

“Oh yeah?” Derek raises his hand and puts it there. “Describe how you’d touch me.”

Catching on to what Derek is doing, Stiles’ cock fills with blood again and his pupils dilate so wide that it’s hard to see his irises. “I’d run my hands through your chest hair, feel it

between my fingers.”

Derek plays out Stiles’ fantasy on himself. “You like a hairy chest?”

“Fucking *love* it! You have no idea what it did to me when you stopped shaving yours. Best day ever.”

Derek grins. “Best decision ever, then.”

“I’d play with your nipples next, see how sensitive they are.”

Derek obeys, pinching and twisting the pebbled nubs. “They’re *very* sensitive,” he says, his toes curling as pleasure shoots down his spine.

“I’d play with them until they’re so sore you’d beg me to stop, and then I’d play with them just a little bit more.”

Derek groans and tips his head back. “Goddamn...”

“Next, I’d push your arms above your head, rub my face against your chest hair, and then go up to your pits.”

This surprises Derek. He never even suspected that Stiles had a thing for that, but he has no problem with it. He raises an arm and puts his hand behind his head, showing off the dark tufts of hair in his armpit. He ruffles them with his other hand. “Like this?”

“Just like that.” Stiles is fully hard again now, his face flushed. “I’ve seen you after a workout a few times...all hot and sweaty. I wanted to stick my nose right in there.”

“Kinky.”

“Yeah. I dunno why. It’s never been a thing before, but something about yours just gets me going like crazy.”

“I’ll shower at home next time, then,” Derek says, already imagining it. “Call you over before I do.”

Stiles moans. “You’re gonna let me?”

“I am. I’ll come home all sweaty and let you have free reign of me like I have of you right now. I’ll let do whatever you want to me.”

Stiles looks like he might come again then and there, a bit of pre-come dripping from his slit into the fine hair below his bellybutton.

“What would you do after you’ve had your fill of my pits?” Derek prompts.

“I’d take your pants and underwear off,” Stiles says. He looks pointedly at said articles of clothing.

Derek removes his holster and puts his gun on Stiles' desk before unbuttoning and unzipping his slacks. He pushes the front of them and his boxer-briefs down just enough for the top of his untrimmed pubes to become visible. "How's this?"

"I'd do it faster than you, but yeah."

Giving in, Derek pushes his slacks down his legs and steps out of them before kicking off his underwear too. All he has on now are his black socks, held up over his calves by sock garters. His cock sticks out straight and hard from his pubes, the head still partially hidden by his foreskin and his hairy balls hanging low and heavy between his muscular thighs. While he waits for Stiles to tell him what to do next, he runs his hands over his chest again and gives his sore nipples another twist.

"I'd suck your cock, worship it like it deserves," Stiles says, riveted as Derek brings one hand down and wraps it around the aching length.

Derek leisurely fucks his own fist. "How much of me d'you think you'd be able to take?"

"Not much at first, but I'd practice as long as it took until I could deep-throat you, bury my nose in your pubes."

"Would you play with my balls?"

"Yeah... I'd suck on them too."

"And then?"

Stiles raises his gaze to Derek's face, looking him right in the eye as he says, "Then I'd flip you over and eat your ass."

Derek squeezes his hand around the base of his cock to stave off a premature orgasm. "Fucking hell, Stiles..."

"What? It's what I'd do," Stiles defends, swiping his tongue out over his lower lip.

Once he's recovered, Derek turns slowly around, showing Stiles his back. He bends forward slightly and reaches behind himself to grab one of his ass cheeks and pull it to the side, displaying his tight little hole. "You wanna rim me, Stiles?"

"Damn, your ass is hairy too," Stiles observes reverently.

"Just for you, baby."

"Good. I like it. You wax or shave anything and I'll kill you," Stiles tells him sternly. "I'd eat you out until my jaw was sore. God, I really wanna do that right now..."

They've both been riled up enough by this little session of exhibitionism and dirty talk, so Derek turns back around and returns to the bed, ready to proceed with the main event. "D'you have lube?"

“In my nightstand.”

Derek hastily opens the top drawer and rummages around inside until he finds Stiles’ bottle of lubricant. It’s half-empty. Once he has it in hand, he gets back onto the bed and straddles Stiles backwards so he’s facing the end of the bed. He shuffles back and pulls his lover’s legs back so he’s basically curled up underneath him like a pretzel and he can access Stiles’ hole. It’s tight, and Stiles’ crack is lightly dusted with more brown hairs.

“You’re gonna rim me while I prep you,” Derek says, pushing his own ass toward Stiles’ face.

“Oh fuck yes... Please!”

When Derek feels the first lick of Stiles’ tongue over his ass, he pumps some lube out onto his index and middle fingers and smears the clear, viscous fluid over Stiles’ hole. It’s tough to concentrate with Stiles’ clumsy but enthusiastic tongue swirling around his rim, but Derek does it. He pushes two fingers into Stiles’ body right away, pauses to gauge Stiles’ reaction, and when all the boy does is moan and keep rimming him, Derek thrusts his fingers in and out a few times. He scissors them apart, stretching Stiles for his cock with unanticipated ease.

Derek thought it would be harder than this. He thought he’d have to go slower, but Stiles doesn’t once request a break or that he stop, not even after Derek inserts a third finger.

“Derek, please...” Stiles begs when all three fingers fit comfortably inside his ass. His head falls back onto his pillow. “Need you.”

Releasing Stiles’ legs, Derek turns to face him and positions himself between Stiles’ legs again. “Shh,” he soothes, kissing him. He likes the taste of himself on Stiles’ tongue. “I’ve got you.”

After he’s sure that Stiles has calmed down, Derek gets some more lube and slicks up his cock. He aims the head at Stiles’ prepped hole and rests their foreheads together as he begins to push inside. Right away, the heat and tightness is exquisite. Derek has never felt anything like it before, and this isn’t his first time fucking an ass. Maybe it’s because it’s Stiles’ ass this time and things between them aren’t just physical. Being with Stiles like this comes with emotions and feelings. It’s the culmination of so much pining that there’s no way it could be anything other than explosive.

Derek isn’t going to last long.

When the last inch is inside, Derek stays where he is so Stiles can get used to him. Stiles has his eyes clenched shut tight and his mouth is a thin line.

“It’s okay,” Derek comforts, peppering kisses all over Stiles’ face. “It’ll feel good soon.”

Stiles huffs breathlessly. “I know. It’s just a lot. You’re a big guy all over.”

“You’re bigger.”

“Yeah, well...”

Derek keeps talking, aiming to distract. "I bet you're the envy of all the other boys in the showers at school."

Stiles cracks open his eyes and his ass loosens ever so slightly. "I've caught some of them staring once or twice, I guess."

"They're jealous."

Managing a smile, Stiles clenches and unclenches his hands above his head. "Are you?"

"Nope. I can't wait to feel your huge cock inside of me the next time we have sex," Derek responds honestly. "I bet it's gonna fill me up so well."

Turned on by Derek's words, Stiles picks his head up off his pillow and kisses him deeply. Derek is impressed by how much Stiles' technique has already improved. He was obviously paying close attention when Derek took charge of their first open-mouthed kiss earlier. Derek kisses him back happily, feeling the most connected he's ever felt to another person.

It doesn't take much longer for Stiles' body to relax all the way. "You can move now," he says, curling his legs around Derek's hips.

Cautiously, Derek withdraws his cock from Stiles' body until just the head remains inside, then thrusts back in slow as molasses. He fights the urge to pick up the pace, not wanting to cause Stiles any unnecessary pain. He stares down into Stiles' eyes the entire time, neither one of them able to look away. He catalogues every minute reaction he gets, how Stiles' features lose the last of their tension. How his eyes go wide when, with a well-aimed thrust, Derek hits his prostate dead-on

"There!" Stiles gasps. "Right there!"

Derek angles his next few thrusts for the same spot and is smug when he very quickly has Stiles moaning his name.

"Derek! Fuck, that feels so good..." Stiles says, his eyes rolling back in his head. "No wonder all the bottoms in porn always scream their heads off."

"Well, there's a reason anal sex is a thing," Derek points out.

"Yeah, yeah... Just don't stop, okay?"

"I hadn't planned on it."

For the next few minutes, Derek keeps things exactly as they are. He fucks Stiles a bit faster, but his movements are still slow, all things considered. They share more kisses as time goes on, and Derek can't help but think that this isn't just fucking. It's something else entirely.

The things Stiles does to him...

After a while, Stiles tightens his legs around Derek's hips. "Harder," he whispers, their lips still touching.

How can Derek ignore such a command?

Derek finally gives in to the urges of his body and ups the pace of his thrusts until his heavy balls slap against the top of Stiles' ass cheeks. Stiles moves with him, pushing back into every thrust as much as he can while restrained as he is. The headboard smacks into the wall, creating so much noise that, were anyone else in the house, they'd have no trouble discerning what was going on inside Stiles' bedroom.

"The handcuffs!" Stiles cries eventually, desperation taking over. "Need to touch you. Please!"

Fuck it, Derek thinks. Their game was fun while it lasted, but he'd really like Stiles to touch him too.

He continues to fuck Stiles' ass as he grabs both keys from the nightstand and fumbles to unlock each of the cuffs around Stiles' wrists. It misses the locks a few times before he gets it right, but soon enough, both of Stiles' hands are free. Stiles fists one of them in the hair on the back of Derek's head and drags him down again into a messy kiss, teeth clacking as all finesse abandons Derek and he just chases the pleasure Stiles' hole provides.

"I'm getting close," Stiles warns him. He scratches the nails of his other hand down Derek's sweat-slick back, creating red trails.

"Me too," Derek says.

He reaches between their bodies and jerks Stiles off in time with his thrusts, his hand aided by all the pre-come Stiles is producing. As Stiles said, it only takes a few strokes before he goes off like a rocket, painting their torsos with his second load. His ass clenches unbearably tight around Derek's cock. It's so tight that it's honestly difficult for Derek to keep thrusting, but he does, and it's Stiles' face in the throes of ecstasy that sets him off as well.

Derek's thrusts become wild and uncoordinated as his orgasm overtakes him and he fills Stiles with his come. His vision whites out and it seems to go on for so long that he loses track of time. It's unequivocally the most intense orgasm he's ever had.

After it's over, he collapses atop Stiles and breathes in the combined scent of them. It's sex and sweat.

It's absolute perfection.

"Fuck, Der..." Stiles mumbles, stroking his hands up and down Derek's back. His touch makes Derek shake.

"I know," he says, nuzzling Stiles' neck.

When he's recovered enough, he picks himself up and rolls off to the side, his softening cock slipping from Stiles' body. He smiles at the ceiling when Stiles immediately curls into him and rests his head on his chest.

Stiles slings an arm over Derek's stomach. "So...are we boyfriends now?"

“If that’s what you want to call us, then yeah,” Derek says, running his fingers through Stiles’ hair. “As I said before, I’m yours.”

“And I’m yours.”

“We should get up and shower,” Derek suggests after five minutes have passed.

“Nu-uh. Not yet. Still basking in the afterglow here, dude.”

Derek rolls his eyes. “Alright.”

“Where are you taking me on our first date later?”

“You still want to go out?”

“Duh. I wouldn’t have asked if I didn’t.”

Derek contemplates their options. “We could have that lunch date I talked about before. I’m sure we both worked up an appetite.”

“True.”

“And we could go see a movie or something after. We just have to be back in time for dinner with your dad in the evening.”

“Oh yeah.” Stiles makes a quiet noise of distress. “Ugh, he’s gonna give us so much shit when he finds out how long it *didn’t* take for us to get together now that I’m eighteen.”

“Was the wait worth it?”

When Stiles looks up so their eyes meet, Derek is amazed by the emotion there. “It was more than worth it.”

They share one last kiss before Stiles rests his head back on Derek’s hirsute chest and wiggles in place to get more comfortable. It’s like he’s settling in to sleep.

Derek presses his lips to the top of Stiles’ head. “Happy Birthday, Stiles.”

Stiles’ grin is audible: “Thanks for making it my best.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Now that he and Derek are finally together, Stiles walks everywhere with a spring in his step. Nothing brings him down, not even his asshole of a chemistry teacher, Mr. Harris, or his lifelong bully, Jackson Whittemore. He walks on air with the knowledge that Derek—fucking sex-on-legs *Derek Hale*—likes *him*, is interested in being with *him* over any of the other hundreds of people he could have.

They go on dates.

They spend nearly all of their free time together.

It doesn't feel real sometimes, but then Stiles will get a text message from Derek, wishing him a good day, and he knows it is.

After a whole week of this, Derek takes Stiles on another date and then back to his apartment to cuddle together like saps on the sofa, their bellies full of good food. How Stiles can go from having no love life to speak of to perfection like this is beyond him, but with Derek's arm around his shoulders and Derek's heartbeat in his ear, he's not complaining.

"You getting tired?" Derek enquires after another episode of *Rick and Morty* has finished.

Stiles hums and lifts his head from Derek's chest to look at his face. "Not really, but I wouldn't say no to, uh...going to bed."

It's not very subtle, but it gets the job done, Derek's pupils dilating and his tongue flicking out over his bottom lip. They haven't had sex again since that first time, and Stiles has been jerking off several times a night now that he knows what it's really like. He wants it again, wants to do all those things to Derek that he described back in his own bedroom.

"I guess we can do that," Derek says, switching off the TV. He gets to his feet and holds out a hand to help Stiles up as well.

It takes a few minutes for them to get ready. They take turns in the bathroom, relieving themselves in the toilet and brushing their teeth. Derek goes first, so he's already in the bedroom when Stiles finishes his turn and ventures across the hall. When he walks through the doorway, his breath is stolen from his lungs when he finds Derek already lying naked on the bed, his hands tucked behind his head, his legs spread apart and his cock hard and leaking.

"Fuck." Stiles cups his own dick through his chinos.

"Isn't that the idea?" Derek says, smirking.

"Y-yeah."

“Then get over here. I know you’ve got some things you wanna do to me...”

So Derek remembers what Stiles said their first time too, and he’s obviously on board with it all. Good. Stiles has already experienced what it’s like on the bottom—in a word: amazing—and now he desperately wants to experience the reverse, what it’s like to feel Derek’s hole clamped tight around his cock. He nearly comes just thinking about it.

Stiles scrambles to get out of his clothes, all the self-consciousness he had during his first time gone. It’ll probably return later, but he doesn’t have room for it right now, not with how turned on he is. When he’s naked, his nine-inch cock waves back and forth as he walks determinedly toward the bed. He gets on at the end and crawls forward until he’s between Derek’s legs and their faces are close. He leans down and kisses Derek, moaning as their hard cocks brush together.

“You’re bottoming this time, right?” Stiles murmurs against Derek’s lips.

“Hell yeah, I am,” Derek confirms, still relaxed. “I can’t wait to take that huge cock you’re packing.”

Stiles laughs giddily. “But first...”

He gives Derek another chaste kiss, then insinuates himself beneath Derek’s jaw, enjoying the scrape of his stubble. He breathes in Derek’s spicy scent and kisses over the vulnerable skin of his neck, adding a few sucks and bites here and there to mark him up. Derek tips his head back to give him more room to work with, which Stiles takes advantage of. He sucks harder on the left side of Derek’s neck, on the spot he discovers makes Derek’s whole body quiver with desire.

By the time Stiles is done, he’s created a very obvious hickey that’ll have leave no one with any doubt that Derek is already taken. He’s Stiles’, thank you very much. Always has been, and if Stiles has anything to say about it, Derek always will be. There’s no way he’s letting such a kind, handsome man go now that he has him, not for anything or anyone.

“Stiles!” Derek gasps when he bites his collarbone.

“Be patient,” Stiles rumbles, riding the rush of power Derek is allowing him to have. “We’ll get there.”

Moving his attention even further down, Stiles nuzzles into Derek’s well-toned chest, loving the sensation of Derek’s fine chest hairs tickling his cheek. He seals his lips around a nipple and gives it the same treatment he’d given Derek’s neck, sucking on it and biting lightly. He catalogues each of the sounds he’s able to pull from the man beneath him, sometimes repeating the action that caused a particular sound so he can hear it again. Even during their first time together, Stiles never heard Derek whimper like he does when Stiles tortures both of his nipples at the same time, one with his mouth and the other with his fingers. It’s arousing as fuck, and Derek’s nipples are red and swollen when Stiles finishes with them.

Now, Stiles’ eyes alight on a particular part of Derek’s body that had interested him last week. He’s glad Derek has kept his hands behind his head so far, because it means he has

unfettered access to his sexy armpits. He brings his face close to one of them and breathes in the mixed scent of deodorant from that morning, sweat from throughout the day, and the base woody scent that's just *Derek*.

Stiles takes his cock in hand and strokes himself slowly as he lowers his face the rest of the way and sticks his nose right in the tuft of dark hair. He rubs his face all over it, letting the alluring scent soak into his pores. He even brings his tongue into play after a while, licking over the fine hairs like he's grooming Derek. It tastes slightly salty and of chemicals from Derek's deodorant, but Stiles still repeats the process with his other pit until he's had his fill of that too.

When he sits back on his heels, he grins. Derek's face is flushed and his mouth hangs open slightly, his pupils now blown so wide that only thin rings of hazel are visible.

"I'm definitely doing all of that again, just so you know," Stiles says, still stroking himself.

Derek's voice is low and gravelly. "It— It met your expectations, then?"

"Oh, you bet it did."

"That's good."

"More than you know." Stiles releases his cock and rests his hand on Derek's stomach. "Now, can you remember what I said I was gonna do to you next?"

Derek's mind must be too clouded with lust to think properly because he can't seem to muster the willpower to reply. Stiles takes pity on him and gives him a clue, sliding his hand down over Derek's hair-dusted abs to his erect cock.

"Can you remember now?" he queries, watching the way Derek's eyelids flutter as he begins stroking him.

"Y-yes!"

"Good."

Stiles wastes no more time talking. He scoots backward and leans down so his face is near Derek's glorious cock. It's perfectly proportioned to the rest of him at seven-and-a-half inches—smaller than his own, but still enough to fill his ass to the brim and bring him untold pleasure. Derek's balls hang low over his taint, dusted with more dark hairs and swollen with come. Stiles wants to taste it and has half a mind to suck Derek off to the best of his admittedly limited—or non-existent, if he's being honest—ability and make him come. But the other half wants to prevent Derek from orgasming until he's inside of him, and it's this half that wins out. The idea of Derek's body tightening around him as it seizes with pleasure is too much to resist.

Up this close, the scent of Derek's sex is pungent. Stiles inhales, then licks a long line up the underside of Derek's cock. When he reaches the head, he wraps his lips around it and flicks the tip of his tongue over the slit, tasting the pre-come that had beaded there. The salty

bitterness assaults his taste buds and entices him to take Derek deeper into his mouth, until the head hits the back of his throat and triggers his gag reflex. He has to quickly pull off, his eyes watering.

“Don’t hurt yourself,” Derek cautions, looking worried.

Stiles shakes his head and blinks several times to clear the moisture from his eyes. “Not gonna hurt myself,” he denies. “I just need practice.”

Derek knows very well how stubborn Stiles can be, so he doesn’t bother warning him again. “Don’t let me stop you, I guess.”

With a huff, Stiles narrows his eyes. “Wow, can you sound any less enthusiastic about getting a blowjob?”

“Yes.”

“Well...don’t.”

Before Derek can say something sarcastic, Stiles descends on his cock again. He’s warier this time, goes slower, which pays off when the head hits the back of his throat again and he doesn’t gag. It’s tough, and he can still feel the beginnings of the convulsions, but he counts it as a win and bobs his head up and down experimentally. He finds a rhythm, using one of his hands to stroke the few inches he can’t manage yet.

“Fuck, that feels good,” Derek moans, shutting his eyes.

Stiles continues to give his first blowjob until he sees Derek’s body tensing up, at which point he pulls off to stave off Derek’s impending orgasm.

Said deputy glares at him. “Why’d you stop?”

“Because I don’t want you to come until I’m inside you,” Stiles answers, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. His jaw aches.

Derek’s spit-shiny cock twitches in the air and more pre-come forms at the slit at Stiles’ words. “Oh.”

“Yeah. *Oh*.” Stiles shakes his head fondly and taps Derek’s hip with a finger. “Now c’mon. Turn over.”

Derek positions himself on his hands and knees before Stiles, and Stiles is left awestruck by the round globes of Derek’s ass. He’d seen it before, but he was at Derek’s mercy then and couldn’t really take the time to admire it. That’s not the case now.

“God, look at you,” he murmurs reverently, his hands itching to touch.

Derek chuckles and sways his hips from side and side, shaking his ass in Stiles’ face. That’s all he can take. He has to get his hands on Derek’s hairy ass *now*, and he doesn’t deny himself. He takes a cheek in each hand and squeezes them, testing their musculature. Just like

the rest of Derek's body, each cheek is well-toned and comprised of pure muscle, not a single bit of give at all. He spreads them apart and his mouth waters when the tight little hole between them is revealed.

He licks up Derek's crack a few times, matting down the dark hairs and getting a preliminary taste of his wrinkled pink pucker. Because Derek's personal hygiene is above reproach, it tastes exactly the same as when Derek sat on his face: like skin, but a bit...tangier, Stiles supposes is the word. He licks up Derek's crack again and stops when he reaches his hole. He swirls his tongue around it to really get a taste of it and, yup, a bit tangier than skin, but skin all the same.

Just as he's done with every act so far, Stiles listens attentively to the sounds Derek makes in order to bring him the most pleasure possible. When he seals his lips around Derek's rim and sucks on it, Derek releases a particularly plaintive whining sound that goes straight to Stiles' cock. He's leaking pre-come all over the sheets, but he doesn't care. He'd stay eating Derek out for much longer, but unfortunately, his aching jaw prevents him from being able to. He'll need to get used to using his mouth like this so he can go for longer, and luckily for him, he doesn't think Derek will have a problem helping him with that.

Stiles pulls back. Derek's pink hole is all shiny and slightly looser than it was before. "Where's your lube?"

"Bedside drawer," Derek says, pointing with a shaky hand.

Stiles gets off the bed, walks around to the nightstand and yanks open the drawer. The bottle is right there on top, mostly empty. "Must get a lot of use."

"Especially this week."

Returning to his previous position, Stiles pumps some lube out onto his fingers. "You ready?"

Derek looks back over his shoulder and nods. "Yup."

Stiles swirls his index finger around Derek's rim, slicking it up, then slides it inside to the first knuckle. Immediately, the first thing that strikes him is how warm Derek is inside. It makes him even more impatient to feel that same heat around his cock, so he thrusts his finger shallowly in and out, going steadily deeper each time until it's buried to the last knuckle.

"Doing okay?"

"Stop— asking," Derek pants. "Just assume I am. This isn't my first rodeo. I'll tell you if I'm not."

"Okay, okay, sheesh," Stiles says. Even as he rolls his eyes, he's glad for the banter because it helps normalise this. It's a big deal, sure, and it should be serious to some degree, but Stiles thinks it's good to be lighthearted about sex too. It should be fun.

One finger soon becomes two. Stiles scissors them apart and ponders how on earth he's going to fit his cock in there. It takes some time for him to be able to fit a third finger in alongside the other two, and by that point, he thinks they're both about as desperate for the main event as each other. Derek pushes back again and again onto his fingers, fucking himself on them. It's probably the hottest thing Stiles has ever seen, Derek's little hole clinging to his long digits every time Derek moves forward. It's like his hole is a hungry mouth trying to suck him back in.

When Stiles squeezes in his pinky finger too, he can't spare any more time for prep work. He slides all four fingers out of Derek's body, squirts some more lube onto his palm and slicks up his cock, staring at Derek's stretched hole all the while as it clenches around nothing. Stiles shuffles forward on his knees so he's directly behind Derek, the head of his cock poised to enter him. "Okay, here we go," he says, taking a deep breath.

Before he can push slowly inside, Derek takes matters into his own hands. He backs up onto Stiles' cock with alarming speed, tired of waiting. Stiles gasps as he's suddenly surrounded by overwhelming heat and tightness.

"Fucking hell!" he cries out. He fits his hands to Derek's hips and digs his nails in. "You could warn a guy!"

"Sorry," Derek says, not sounding it at all.

"Asshole."

"You love it."

Stiles scoffs breathlessly. He kinda does, not that he'd ever say it.

For a minute or so, they remain exactly as they are, Derek on his hands and knees with Stiles' nine-inch cock all the way up his ass. Then, Stiles slackens his grip on Derek's hips and dares to pull out halfway, ready to cease all movement at the slightest sign of a spontaneous orgasm. When nothing of the sort happens, he feels confident enough to start thrusting properly. The movements of his hips are awkward as he gets used to it, as he comes into his own and finds something more coordinated that doesn't scream, "Virgin!"

"Stiles..." Derek groans when that happens, bowing his head. "God, you feel even bigger than I thought you would."

"S'that a good thing?"

"Definitely. Don't stop."

Stiles laughs shakily and picks up the pace a little, fucking his boyfriend hard enough for their skin to create an audible slapping sound when it connects. He watches, entranced, as the flesh of Derek's ass cheeks ripples with each thrust.

Eventually, Derek does something unexpected. Before Stiles knows what's happening, he finds himself pushed onto his back with Derek in his lap, one hand behind his body so he can

grab Stiles' cock and bring it to his needy hole again. Stiles shouts when Derek slams himself down, taking his cock all the way in one fell swoop.

"Gonna ride the shit out of you 'til you come," Derek says, already bouncing up and down.

No complaints here, Stiles thinks. He's unable to say the words around his constant moans.

His orgasm comes quickly, somehow still a surprise even though he was prepared for it before Derek first impaled himself on his cock. It's the sight of Derek riding him that does it—specifically, how Derek's weeping cock smacks against his abs, getting pre-come in his treasure trail.

"I'm gonna—" is all Stiles gets out before his orgasm is upon him.

He throws his head back and screams as his cock jerks wildly within the clutch of Derek's hole, painting his insides with his release. He blacks out temporarily, and when he comes to, it's to the sensation of warm fluid spurting all over his front. He cracks open his eyes just in time to witness the last of Derek's come flying from his cock, then it's over, Derek sitting firmly in Stiles' lap as he recovers. Stiles admires him, how content he looks with his ass full and his balls emptied, his chest heaving.

What an amazing way to end the day.

Derek catches his breath again but doesn't get off of Stiles' cock, even as it softens. "You good?"

"Uh-huh." Stiles nods tiredly. "Don't think I can move, though. You broke me."

Derek laughs softly. "That was the plan."

Finally, Derek gets off Stiles' lap. They both make sounds of disappointment as their bodies separate, but Stiles takes comfort in the knowledge that they'll do this again.

And again.

And again and again and again.

Derek lies down next to Stiles and rests his head on Stiles' chest, his breath ruffling the small patch of hair Stiles has in the middle. "Time for a nap," he mumbles.

"And then?"

"And then I'll ride you again. You've awoken the beast."

Stiles smiles lazily. "The beast that's a massive slut for cock?"

"You know it."

"I do. You just proved it to me."

Derek smacks Stiles stomach, then goes quiet, his breaths slowly evening out until they're steady and slow. Stiles soon joins him in sleep, not even bothered by Derek's jizz drying on him. He'll wash it off in the shower after round two.

Chapter End Notes

And here it is, the highly requested second part of this PWP! I hope it met everyone's expectations. :) I definitely love writing bottom!Derek, so I was glad for the demand. It gave me an excuse to write Derek riding Stiles again, which is such a hot visual to me.
drools

P.S. Don't forget to subscribe to me to be notified when my future fics go live, which will all be Sterek. And please check out my past fics if you haven't already and are interested.

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