

## Deep vibrations

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# **Deep vibrations**

by [Jeah](#)

## Summary

A cheating story of Scott and Derek fucking behind Stiles' back. Some Derek/Sheriff action and a mention of Derek/Jackson.

“So, are you going to tell me who she is?” Stiles asked. He knew Scott didn’t mind if he tried to fish for some answers. After all, they were best friends since childhood.

“I think you should pay more attention to the game,” Scott said and pushed some buttons on his controller which made his character on the screen hit the other repeatedly.

“Hey! Not fair,” Stiles exclaimed and tried to maneuver a counterattack. The two of them had spent the last two hours playing the latest Mortal Kombat at Scott’s room and so far, they had each won the same number of rounds, but with this attack, things tipped into Scott’s favor.

“And there we go!” Scott yelled as the words FINISH HIM popped on the screen. “The final victory goes to McCall!”

“Gyahh!” Stiles couldn’t believe it. So far, he had been the undefeated champion ever since they had started to play their first Mortal Kombat game. “Fuck!” he shouted.

Scott beamed and punched Stiles playfully in the shoulder. It didn’t hurt much but Stiles rubbed the area where the punch landed.

“Hey, no werewolf powers allowed,” he said half-jokingly.

“Wasn’t using them,” Scott said and winked.

Stiles could tell that his best friend was telling the truth. Scott had gotten stronger ever since he had gotten his powers thanks to the bite, but time spent at gyms and battling monsters had also left a mark and transformed his body from a lanky teenager into a muscular young man. Stiles couldn’t help but feel a tinge of envy as he examined Scott’s arms. They were well well-trained and toned like the rest of his muscles and compared to Stile’s own arms they were on a league of their own.

“I guess I’ll take your word for that,” Stiles said flatly.

“Hey, don’t start with that.”

“Hmph. Well now that I’ve let you win...”

“You let me win?!”

“Yes, Scott, now let me speak. Now that I’ve let you win will you now tell me about your new boo?”

The topic of Scott’s love life was of keen interest to Stiles. Over the past months, Scott had acted suspiciously and made sudden disappearances and had always come back from his escapades with a certain grin and a relaxed attitude. It didn’t require a detective to deduce that what Scott was sporting was his 'I got laid' look and that he was clearly dating someone — either that, or he was having a really active sex life, and in that case, Scott would have definitely told him all about it. After weeks of pestering, Stiles hadn’t gotten far on finding

out the identity of Scott's girlfriend, but he was adamant about getting the full story. After all, he hated nothing more than not knowing things.

"Stiles! There is no one. And I won fair and square," Scott said.

"Yeah, yeah, keep telling yourself that. I just don't understand why you can't tell me. You know you can tell me anything?"

"Stiles, there's nothing to tell!"

"Yeah right," Stiles said. It was time to hit him with a curveball. "OK, what if I'll tell you something that you don't know and in return, you'll tell me something about her?"

"Again, there's nothing to tell."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Even my information involves someone, we know... Someone close to us?"

Scott tried his best to look like he didn't care but Stiles could tell he was interested.

"Dad's dating someone."

"What!" Scott shouted.

"Yeah, I know. He tried to act all sneaky and hide the fact from me, but I know."

"How? Who is it?"

"Latter part I don't know yet, but the first part was easy. There were used condoms in the bathroom trash can."

For a moment Scott remained silent and his face paled ever so slightly. It had taken Stiles a good amount of time to recuperate after finding out that his dad had a sex life and he could tell Scott was as bamboozled as he had been.

"Wow," Scott said finally.

"Yeah. Can't wait to find out who's going to be my stepmom," Stiles said sarcastically. Deep down he was happy that his dad had finally found someone, but he couldn't stop feeling conflicted about it. This was the first time his dad had brought some woman into their home after mom's death.

Stiles pushed those thoughts away. After all, he was on a mission.

"Now, you know the rules Scott, I've spilled the beans and now it's your turn," Stiles said and gave his best friend the old 'puppy eyes' look. "Please, in the name of the bro code, tell me something."

“Nope.”

“Why?!”

“Because... there’s nothing to tell,” Scott said.

Stiles rolled his eyes. “Scott, you’re talking shit. I know a thing or two about dating someone and keeping it a secret. I mean I’m dating Derek and we kept that under the wraps for months. Sure, at first the secrecy is hot and all but that wears down quickly after your dates keep getting canceled because of monster attacks or hunters or because people keep coming back to life and wreaking havoc. Have you ever tried to reschedule a date after a witch attack and do it on the down-low because you’re keeping the relationship a secret? It’s a nightmare. Trust me, it’s a lot easier to schedule new dates now that we don’t have to hide our relationship. Like today for an example. We’re finally going on a date after the last one got postponed because of that stray werewolf Derek had to take care of.”

Scott smiled to himself, but Stiles didn’t notice this and continued on.

“Before, setting a new date would have been a hassle. Now, not so much,” Stiles said and steered the conversation back to the topic at hand. “So, tell me already. Who is it?”

Scott licked his lips and his eyes darted to his closet. He took his sweet time before answering.

“Ok, fine. I won’t tell you a name, but I will tell you three words to describe them,” Scott said.

Stiles leaned closer. He was on the edge of his seat and held his breath. He couldn’t believe his pestering had finally worked.

“OK, What’s the first one?” Stiles asked.

“Hot...”

“Well that was a given,” Stiles scoffed. He knew Scott could pull anyone he wanted these days.

“...Older...”

“Uuuu! Scott!” Stiles replied and clutched his imaginary pearls. “How scandalous! What’s the last one?”

Scott smiled to himself as he thought of the last word.

“...Insatiable,” he said after a long pause and cupped his very large bulge suggestively.

“Holy...” Stiles said as his eyes went wide. He gulped. He had seen Scott’s pornstar-sized cock enough times in the showers to know it was more than a two-hand job and anyone who could take it and remain insatiable... Wow.

“And that’s all you’re going to get from me,” Scott said as Stiles opened his mouth to ask for more information.



It didn’t take long after this conversation that Stiles had to leave to get ready for his date with Derek later that day. As soon as Scott heard Stiles drive away, he locked the door to his room. His mom wouldn’t be back until late in the night when her shift ended so he had plenty of time for what was going to happen next. For a moment Scott thought about Stiles and his newfound interest in the identity of his latest conquest. He had managed to buy some time by giving Stiles some information, but he knew his best friend was like a bloodhound and wouldn’t give up until he found out the truth. Still, it amazed him how Stiles had missed all the clues he had provided for him over the months, like how the missed calls, the odd excuses, and the rest of see-through lies happened when someone else was also MIA at the same time... Like taking care of a stray werewolf, Scott thought wickedly. Stiles could be so oblivious when it came down to noticing certain things. Hell, he would have found out the truth then and there if he had paid attention to his surroundings and listened to the faint noises coming from the closet instead of trying to pump information out of him.

Scott opened the doors to his closet to reveal a naked man inside. He was a sight to behold. A jockstrap, soaked in a mixture of Scott’s cum, wolfsbane, and some special popper, covered his face and a black rope, tied to his feet and hands, left his legs spread and his glorious big ass on display as a very large vibrating dildo buzzed in his hole. The only thing that messed up the picture-perfect sight was that most of the lengthy and girthy dildo had come out and Scott eyed it disapprovingly.

“Tsk-Tsk. Now how would I have explained this if this had popped out and started to vibrate on the floor?” Scott asked as he crouched down and pushed the dildo slowly back in. The man made desperate sounds and trashed his head from side to side as the dildo filled him once more.

“Stop it. You know you like it so tighten up and keep it in place,” Scott ordered.

The man sobbed but did what Scott asked and clenched his hole as tight as he could, keeping the vibrator in place. Scott sneered victoriously. He was amazed that the man could still keep it in considering that it had been inside him for over two hours. His muscles must be in agony after being in the same uncomfortable position for so long, Scott thought.

Beads of sweat trickled down the man’s body, pooling in his carved abs before trickling down, and Scott caught one of the beads with his finger and licked the salty nectar. Mmm. Tasty. But what looked even tastier was that magnificent ass and the hard cock right in front of him. The angry-looking cock had a large metal cock ring that prevented the man from coming but it didn’t stop his cock from leaking precum in a steady stream. Indeed, the man had managed to produce an impressive amount of it as it dripped down his cock to a small puddle on the floor. Yes, the man looked ripe after over two hours of sexual frustration and

Scott thought it was time to taste the fruits of his labor as he removed the jockstrap from the man's face and revealed the handsome face of Derek Hale.

"Did you like smelling my old jockstrap? I wore it for days and dosed it with your favorite concoction," Scott said.

Derek trashed his head back and forth as tears and drool poured down his face. The concoction had made its work and it was evident that Derek was flying high on his own personal trip. Or so Scott thought. Suddenly Derek began to make noises.

"P... P..."

Scott lifted his eyebrows in surprise. He was sure Derek was so high he was beyond words by now.

"P... what?" Scott asked.

"P... Pl..." Derek said as he squirmed. "P... Plllllll... Plllleeeaaaaassee."

Scott listened intently. Even after months of fucking and testing Derek's limits, he was constantly surprised by Derek. Any other person would have been a blubbering mess right now.

"Please what? Use your words, Derek."

Derek tried desperately to speak. His cock throbbed painfully in search of release, his muscles cramped, and the continuous vibrations kept him on the edge, but still all that was secondary for what he had to have. He had only one thought and he had to say it. His mind was yelling as loud as it could for it.

"Please ... fuck ... me," he finally groaned.

The words send a shiver down Scott's back. It was a major turn-on knowing that he could get the hottest alpha to this state, pleading for him and only him, and every time he did so intensified his sense of pride as a man and need to dominate.

"Fuck you? You want me to fuck you?" he asked and reached for his pocket.

"PLLEEEAAAASSEE!" Derek suddenly shouted. "PLEASE FUCK ME! FUCK ME! FUCK MEEEE!"

Scott pressed the remote in his pocket again and Derek made high-pitched noises as the vibrations inside him changed again in intensity and rhythm. During his and Stiles' gaming, Scott had adjusted the settings with his remote at random times and reveled in the small, almost inaudible noises that Derek had made as his boyfriend was only a few feet away from him, oblivious of what was happening around him. It had been exhilarating but nothing compared to when Derek let loose and voiced his need for him as loud as possible.

"FUUuuckKK MEEEEEeeeeEEEE!" Derek shouted as he tried desperately to create friction by moving the dildo, but it was all in vain. The ropes were too well placed and too strong and

stopped him from moving, just like Scott had planned. For a moment Scott looked at Derek's frantic despair and how he tried to wiggle his ass towards him, seeking to inch his way to him, and a satisfied look formed on Scott's face. He so loved seeing Derek like this.

"If you insist," Scott said, and Derek gave him a look of pure happiness. Scott remembered the first time he had seen that expression. It had happened months ago just when Stiles and Derek had started to date. He was the only one Stiles had confided in about dating Derek and he had to listen to how Stiles went on and on about how good Derek was in bed and how great he was. Stiles was a talker so Scott knew every inch of Derek's body by description, but he wouldn't have guessed he would get the opportunity to see it quite soon after that. He had only wanted to borrow the Bestiary when he made a surprise visit to Derek's loft but instead of getting it, he had caught Derek red-handed riding the same dildo that was inside him now. Their eyes had locked, and it was then that Scott had realized what a bottom bitch Derek was as even though he had been caught, Derek hadn't stopped fucking himself with his dildo.

*"Scott... please," Derek pleaded.*

While he was stunned by the surprising scene, Scott found quickly that he didn't need an explanation. It was all there in Derek's eyes, the whole story. Stiles had bragged how great Derek was in bed, but he had failed to notice that his own talents were far from good and now his poor boyfriend was so desperate for some good fucking that he couldn't stop riding his dildo. How could Stiles do this to Derek? How could his best friend leave his boyfriend in a state like this where a piece of plastic was better than what he could offer? Scott's heart ached for the situation and as Derek bounced on that dildo, he knew then and there that he had no other option. In order to save his best friend's relationship, he would have to take Stiles' place in Derek's bed and fuck him in ways that Stiles couldn't. It wasn't the best solution to this problem, but Scott knew from Derek's eyes that he would soon crack and find someone who would satisfy his needs, and that would break Stiles' heart. Scott steeled his resolve. It was his duty as his best friend to guard Stiles in any way possible, even if it meant fucking his boyfriend. He dropped his pants and the look of bliss Derek had made was identical to the look he was sporting now. Scott's sizeable member was even bigger than the huge dildo inside him and he wasn't even hard yet.

That night had been the start of all of this and as Scott had fulfilled Derek's primal needs, again and again, the thought of Stiles as his best friend and his initial motivations had slowly subsided as a new thought began to take root. He tried to fight against it but as weeks and months went on, that thought had started to blossom and Scott found himself liking the situation more and more to the point where Stiles ceased being his best friend, and simply became the cuckold of the man he was having sex with.

"But there is one thing I need you to do first," Scott said as his thoughts returned to here and now. He tapped the dildo. "Push it out."

Derek didn't need any more instructions than that and the vibrating tool glided out of his well-used hole and dropped on the floor with a heavy thud. Derek's grunted in relief as he was finally free from the large object, but also immediately missed the feeling of fullness it had provided. It had been his faithful companion in times of need, but it was time for it to make room for something better and Derek licked his lips as he eyed Scott's bulge.

“Push them all out,” Scott ordered as he turned the dildo off.

Derek grunted again. His hole twitched as he slowly pushed the other objects out of him and the vibrating love eggs dropped one by one and onto the floor where they rattled, buzzed, and vibrated before Scott turned them off. Derek sweated heavily as he did what Scott ordered and pushed another out of him. He couldn't believe how many there were. Scott had filled him to the brim after tying him up and Derek had no choice but to keep them all in, especially when he had heard Stiles come in.

*“You're going to love this,” Scott had said as he stuffed the dildo inside him and put on the jockstrap on his face. The fumes and the ropes did their work and soon Derek was helpless as the multiple vibrators buzzed inside him. He could hear Stiles walk into the room and go past him and his cock twitched violently as the sensations inside him changed. He tried desperately to keep his voice down. It felt so good. As the two friends started their game, Derek couldn't do anything but enjoy the sensations and stay silent.*

Scott had been right. He had loved it, every second of it. After half an hour, he had been so delirious that he would have barged out of the closet and started to ride Scott right then and there if it weren't for those ropes. After one hour, his strength had faded and the dildo started to slide out of him, and after two hours...

Derek pushed one more egg out of him and finally, he had all but one left inside him. This one had been the furthest inside him and it was the most powerful of them all. As it moved closer and closer to his prostate, Derek bit his lip. It felt really good and he couldn't stop his shout as the egg moved past it. He breathed heavily. It was now just near his entrance. After this, he would get his prize after those two hours of pleasurable agony. After this, he would get to suck Scott's cock and ride it. One more push and he could get what he wanted, but just before the egg passed his puffy rim, Scott used his fingers to keep it in place.

“Actually, I think we'll have use for this one,” Scott said and pushed it back inside. Derek's eyes rolled back as the egg was now stuck vibrating right on his prostate and he gasped and moaned as the wicked toy did its work. His legs started to shake as the pleasure intensified.

“FuuuuuuUUCKKK MEEEEEEEE!” he shouted. He could feel as Scott ran his hands all over his body and traced his muscles as he listened to his pleas.

“You have a beautiful body,” Scott said as he finally traced a circle around Derek's inviting hole and admired Derek's swimmer's build with well-defined muscles and to die for ass that was begging for a good pounding.

“It's... all... yours,” Derek managed to grunt and then gasped loudly as the egg moved inside him. Scott couldn't detect any lie from what Derek had just said.

“You know what you do to me when you say things like that,” Scott said as he sunk two long fingers inside Derek's hole.

“Scott, SCOTT! Yes PLEASE! Oh, God! Right there, Jesus, right THERE! AAAAH! Don't stop... it feels so good!” Derek's mouth ran a litany of pleas and encouragements as Scott's fingers worked his hole in a way that only an experienced lover could do. His skilled touch

heightened Derek's arousal to the point where his hips began rocking back and forth, and Derek's breathing became very ragged, accompanying the sounds of Scott's fingers working his wet hole.

After what felt like an eternity Scott pulled his fingers out of Derek, untied him, and walked to his bed. "Get in here," he said and tapped the bed invitingly.

Derek was a mess after what had just happened, and he breathed heavily as he gathered himself. It took him a moment to move. He had been tied up for so long that he couldn't walk, so he crawled on all fours towards Scott. By now he was desperate and couldn't stop staring at Scott's obscenely large bulge. He knew what kind of massive weapon Scott wielded and his mouth watered just thinking about it. It was his drug of choice of which he couldn't get enough of it and as soon as he had crawled close enough, he started to suck Scott's bulge through the material of his sweatpants.

Scott loved seeing this side of Derek. A cock hungry slut who didn't care about how he looked as long as he had a hard cock to play with. He had made sure to utilize this side of Derek by fucking him in inventive ways and in different places, like on the lacrosse field after a game while Derek was wearing Stiles' lacrosse shirt and gear. He had even fucked him on Stiles' bed while Stiles had waited for Derek in a restaurant on Valentine's Day, and made Derek give him a blowjob as he had consoled Stiles on the phone when Derek had to cancel their romantic date. Derek was truly marvelous and never denied anything that he had asked him.

Scott tapped Derek's head and Derek stopped sucking long enough for Scott to pull down his pants, but the moment that Scott's cock plopped out of his underwear, Derek jumped forward and put the mammoth cock in his mouth, and deepthroated him in one go. He was like a man who got a glass of water after a drought and made loud slurping noises as well as moans as he bobbed his head up down frantically. Derek truly loved having Scott's cock in his throat as it filled him up in ways no other man could or had.

Scott leaned back as he let his personal slut do all the work. He had trained Derek's mouth to perfection and felt a sense of pride for this feat. Derek's throat was like a second home to him now.

"Your big cock tastes so good..." Derek said before taking it all in his throat again. This time Derek stayed put for several minutes as he used his throat muscles to massage Scott's cock, and it wasn't until he ran out of air completely that Derek pulled back and started to gasp. "I love having it in my mouth," he said after he caught his breath and then resumed his frantic blowjob while making happy little noises.

Scott's ego surged. The position added fuel to his role as Derek's master and was further increased by Derek's words. After ten minutes of this Scott was feeling like the king of the world, but while Derek's mouth and tongue felt amazing as he nuzzled his balls in his mouth, Scott was ready for the main course.

"That's enough," Scott said.

Derek reluctantly let Scott's balls slip out of his mouth but as he did so, the last vibrating egg dropped out of his puffy hole and started to rattle on the floor. Derek had felt it moving closer to his entrance and tried his best to keep it in, but sucking Scott's cock and balls had preoccupied him and he hadn't concentrated on keeping it in.

"Pick it up and clean it," Scott ordered firmly.

Derek felt shame for dropping it and he picked the egg with his mouth without any hesitation. He could taste his own taste as he licked the egg clean before presenting it to Scott while it was still in his mouth.

Scott couldn't stop himself from smiling. Derek looked just like a dog with a ball, he mused and asked Derek to waggle his ass. To his surprise, Derek did so, and Scott thought that he was truly blessed to have Derek in his life.

"Turn around," Scott said after taking the egg from Derek's mouth and Derek went on all four and presented his ass to Scott. It was an incredible sight and Scott took it all in. Derek had such a gorgeous ass, big, round, and inviting and he never got tired looking at it. Derek surely knew how to rev his engine as he breathed in the scent of Derek's lust.

Scott placed the egg on Derek's ass and pushed it inside. He noted that Derek felt ready for him. Just loose enough that he could take him with ease but tight enough that the sex would be pleasurable. Scott was very grateful for werewolf healing that made Derek's hole back to virginal tightness no matter how much he abused it.

Scott assumed the position and lapped his shaft up into the hole, rubbed its girth against the opening, and then slowly penetrated him while pushing the egg further inside.

"Uggghhh, god! Fuck!" Derek said loudly as Scott was still feeding him more of his python. This was the moment Derek had waited for.

"It's so big. So big!" Derek moaned.

The combination of the egg and Scott's dick was heavenly at first but as Scott's dick pushed it the egg moved further inside. It was now getting closer to his second hole. Derek had never felt this kind of sensation. It was like his whole being was vibrating. Scott reached for the remote and as soon as he pushed the button Derek let a loud scream as the egg vibrated with different settings. The cock ring still prevented him from coming and Derek was teetering on the edge of insanity as he felt pleasure, unlike anything he had felt before.

"Oh god, you always feel so good," Scott said as he continued to fill him.

The egg was now pushing harder on Derek's second hole, aided by the length of Scott's dick. Just as it was about to happen, Derek suddenly realized his lover's intentions, but he didn't have time to brace himself. Just as Scott was rooting his cock fully in, he pushed his cock back and with a sharp thrust bottomed out and pushed the egg past Derek's second hole.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Derek screamed as he felt the egg vibrate in a place that had previously been untouched. The never-before-felt sensations were too much and were

amplified as Scott began to fuck him.

“That’s what you get for not getting rid of those condoms properly when we last fucked on Stiles’ bed,” Scott said as Derek babbled incoherently between his moans. Derek could barely hear what Scott was saying. The synapses in his brain were fired up and he tried his best to cope with the new sensations. “You left them in the trash can? The least you could have done was to suck their contents and take them with you,” Scott said as he pistoned in and out of Derek.

Derek's head was spinning. It was too much. He couldn't think. All he could do was feel.

“Maybe you’re enjoying this punishment too much?” Scott said mostly to himself as Derek was lost in his pleasure. An idea popped into his head. “Maybe I should let the sheriff actually fuck you? Would you like that? You’re already getting fucked by your boyfriend’s best friend so might as well do it with his dad?”

Suddenly Derek’s hole clamped tightly around Scott’s cock and his inner muscles clenched and released repeatedly as if his hole was trying to suck Scott deeper inside. Even though Derek’s mind didn’t know what to do, his body knew exactly what he wanted.

“You like that idea? Then how about we amp it up with Jackson?” Scott said as he ground his pelvis against Derek and stirred his insides. “He’s practically Stiles’ nemesis and already an asshole towards him. Could you imagine what he would be like after fucking you? After you’d screamed his name in bed?” Scott amplified his message by unsheathing from Derek and with the help of his powers, quickly slammed back in.

Derek made a high-pitched voice and Scott took his hands and pulled them behind his back. He was now completely in Scott’s mercy as all he could do was to take it as Scott railed into him uncompromisingly. Derek’s cock bounced hard and slapped rhythmically against his washboard abs as he moaned and screamed like a whore in heat. He was so desperate now. He had to cum.

“PLEASE!” he shouted. “I’ll do anything... just let me cum! I’ll fuck anybody!”

Scott fucked Derek’s ass like a champ. Months of relentless fucking had provided him a comprehensive map of Derek’s weak points and he was putting that knowledge to good use.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“YES! Fuck me, whore me out! I don’t care! Just let me cum!” Derek shouted. He didn’t care anymore. He was too long gone for that. He would do anything for Scott, and he would fuck anybody he wanted. His hole twitched violently. He was his whore. He was his.

Derek’s whole body ached for release and he started to sob.

“I love you!” he shouted. “I love you!” The words he had buried deep burst out for the first time. He truly loved Stiles but he could no longer hide his feelings towards Scott and repeated those words over and over as Scott fucked him at a brutal pace. Just the way he liked it.

Scott gave a hard thrust and remained sheathed as he reached for Derek's cock ring.

"And I love owning you," he said as he removed the ring.

It was all Derek needed and his entire body vibrated with orgasmic energy. The rush of emotions from the tip of his hair to the tip of his toes crashed in the middle and Derek's cock spurted out wave after wave of cum as he came.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHH," Derek groaned. It was one of the most intense orgasms he had had in his life. It was like all his energy was leaving him as his dick spurted cum after cum. Everything felt so good... He loved this... He loved Scott... He loved... Mmm... He loved his cock...

Scott pulled him upwards and kissed his neck. "You're mine," he whispered in his ear and Derek's body shuddered with pleasure and his eyes fluttered shut as he passed out. He would have fallen hard to the ground if Scott wasn't still holding his hands and Scott lowered him slowly to the ground to a pool of his own cum.

"Tsk-Tsk. Guess there's a limit of how much you can take," Scott said and pulled his still hard member out of Derek. He lifted him on his bed and climbed on top of him.

"Since you came before me, I guess I'll just have to think of another punishment for you," he said as he pushed his cock back into the familiar heat of Derek's hole.

The bed rocked, the headboard banged against the wall, and it wasn't long until Derek's shouts of ecstasy joined the chorus as he woke up, screaming out how good it felt.

In the end, Scott managed to think of a perfect way Derek could repay him.



The doorbell rang again before Noah Stilinski could open it. *Oh, this better be important*, he thought to himself as he was about to enjoy some quality time by himself. He opened the door and was mighty surprised to find Derek Hale standing on his porch.

"Derek? What are you doing here? If you're trying to find Stiles you just missed him. I thought you were supposed to meet him at the movie theater?" he asked.

Derek gave him a smile. He was dressed in some sinfully tight jeans and a tight t-shirt. Even Noah had to say that his son's boyfriend looked mighty fine.

"Oh? Well, I'm in luck then as I came to see you. May I come in?" Derek asked.

The sheriff looked puzzled but said "sure, come on in." There was something in the way Derek smiled that made his heart beat a little faster. If he had to describe it, he would have said it looked a bit... seductive.

Half an hour later Scott's phone buzzed, and he smiled as he read the message. It was a picture of Derek sucking the sheriff's big cock with the caption [*One down, one to go*].

*"That's my eager slut,"* Scott thought. Just then Stiles happened to call him.

"Hey man. Derek's late? I'm sure he'll come any minute now..."

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