

You're the Closest to Heaven that I'll Ever Be

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You're the Closest to Heaven that I'll Ever Be

by [ahhhnorealnamesallowed](#)

Summary

Derek is running through the woods, the smell of smoke still heavy in the air. He wasn't at the house when it was burning, but he was there by the time the fire trucks and police officers were arriving, had witnessed the last of the flames being smothered under the weight of the water from the fire hoses.

Laura was the alpha, now. His alpha, but Peter's, too. And Peter was burnt, flesh melted and skin smelling of heat and rot and wood, and Laura needed to look after him now. So, Derek had slunk back into the forest before the cops or the firefighters or his—last, *only*—family could notice him. He tore off his clothes, tore off his skin, and, for the first time ever, became a wolf.

*

Set immediately post Hale fire, Derek is fleeing the ruins of his life and knowledge that he had lead the huntress to the house, when he finds a boy in wood whose grief rivals Derek's own.

Read the tags! Both Derek and Stiles are underage in this fic and this shit is fucked up

Notes

Title from Iris by the Goo Goo Dolls

Shout out to the tumblr mutuals that kept me going, Alex and Mili you are both gems and I hope you both love the finished product!

Click the arrows for more information about some of the tags/archive warnings, and some that aren't included but might be helpful to know!

Warnings:

- ▶ Underage Sex
- ▶ Rape/Non-con & Sexual Abuse
- ▶ Xeno/Monsterfucking/Bestiality
- ▶ Breeding Kink & Come Inflation

Please let me know if I missed any tags, or if there are any that should have more details!

All that being said: **Don't like, don't read**

Any rude comments will be deleted with prejudice

Enjoy!

Edit: February 15, 2026 Happy Valentines Day to us all!! The amazing and talented [asyndetonic](#) has created the most beautiful and sexy art of the final scene of this fic!!! There is now, officially, **Explicit Art** at the end of the fic, right before the end notes, so keep that in mind! It has been embedded, so please let me know if you don't see it

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Derek is running through the woods, the smell of smoke still heavy in the air. He wasn't at the house when it was burning, but he was there by the time the fire trucks and police officers were arriving, had witnessed the last of the flames being smothered under the weight of the water from the fire hoses. The smoke, and the damp, charred wood, and the burn plastic and hair and flesh, the cooking meat smell of his family lingered in his nose and on the back of his throat, coating his tongue. They had all been dead by the time he arrived, only Laura and Peter left, but he thought he could still hear his family's screams, their dying cries ringing in his ears and carried on the wind.

Laura was the alpha, now. His alpha, but Peter's, too. And Peter was burnt, flesh melted and skin smelling of heat and rot and wood, and Laura needed to look after him now. So, Derek had slunk back into the forest before the cops or the firefighters or his—last, *only*—family could notice him. He tore off his clothes, tore off his skin, and, for the first time ever, became a wolf.

It would be freeing, in any other circumstance. But under the smoke in his mouth, the taste of ashes and blood, was the taste of *her*. She'd pulled him aside after classes let out, called out some excuse about needing to confirm something with his homework, then leaned over her desk, boobs practically falling out of her blouse as she leaned forward and he leaned over her. Once the last straggler had left, she'd stood, walked to the door and flipped the lock. He'd been on his knees under her desk with his lips on her cunt before she could even shift her chair all the way in.

She'd come so quickly under his tongue, squirting like she only did when they were fucking somewhere risky. Then, she'd put her hand in his hair and told him that she wouldn't get him off yet, that he couldn't come until tonight. That she'd booked a room at the motel outside of town, and that if he was there at 6:30, she'd let him fuck her, raw.

He'd been waiting at the hotel, almost thirty minutes out of town, for over twenty minutes, when the first pack bond had snapped. By the time he made it to the house, where he could just barely smell traces of her perfume lingering in some of the bushes near the back door, he understood what had happened.

She'd killed his family.

She'd killed his family, and he'd let her.

She'd killed his family, and Derek had *helped* her.

Laura could never know.

Laura could never know.

And that is when he'd run, when he'd shifted and shifted and *shifted* until he had four legs and his vision changed and his emotions were—different. Not duller, not less pronounced. Simpler, maybe. It was easier to focus on the grief, on the mourning, rather than the heartbreak and the betrayal.

But her taste on tongue and down his throat is more prominent, too, with his senses heightened beyond even those in the beta shift. And, despite everything, he was...*unfulfilled*. It wasn't quite horny, but it also probably was, just twisted by the wolf and its instincts. He wanted to fuck, but he would also be satisfied with a hunt, a kill.

He needs an outlet, so he stops running. Tunes back into the forest surrounding him, listening for game to hunt or another predator he can fight. Something to tear into and destroy. Something warm and beating he can sink his teeth into and swallow. Anything to get her taste out of his mouth, to get some semblance of control over himself.

But it wasn't a buck or a bear he smelt on the wind. It was the smell of alcohol and pot and *grief*. It was the smell of sweat and tears and *boy*. It was—captivating.

Before he could consider it, with his human brain and his rational thought, he was already bounding towards where the preserve met the residential areas outside town. He ran, paws pushing him faster than he needed for prey that wasn't moving, but his instincts wouldn't be denied. The wolf had locked onto the boy, the smell of him, and as Derek approached, the sounds of him.

Hitching breaths, gulping inhalations followed by shakier exhales.

The soft swish of liquid in a bottle.

The stuttering of a heartbeat fighting between panic and forced relaxation.

Derek sunk down on his haunches when he could just barely make out the shape of the boy, sprawled and hunched at once, resting against the trunk of tree. He stalked forward, as if he were hunting rabbit or deer, wary of startling his quarry into fleeing. Derek wouldn't be opposed to a chase, but the boy didn't seem to have any light on him and Derek didn't want to kill the boy, or wound him.

Derek just wanted him.

Mine, the wolf insisted, prowling forward. Derek couldn't disagree. His mother had always told him to trust his instincts, to trust his wolf, and when *she'd* approached him the first time, his wolf had balked. Had tried to snub her, had fought Derek every step of the way, until the first time Derek had fucked her outside, her face pressed against the bench seat in the back of her car, her legs on the ground of the parking lot behind the public library, Derek standing completely outside, only his fly undone, fucking her into the seat and rocking the car with every thrust into her. The wolf had been compliant, after that, if never truly content.

And look how that had turned out.

So, if the wolf said the boy was his, who was Derek to disagree?

He approached silently, from behind the boy. Part of him wanted to face the boy, approach from head-on and watch the boy as he saw Derek coming. But as much as the wolf in him relished the idea of the chase, the *hunt*, for their boy, Derek was able to rein his instincts in enough to prioritize the boy's bodily safety over the wolf's desire to get the boy's blood pumping, to make him sweaty and adrenaline high before Derek mounted him.

Before Derek *claimed* him.

As he made his way closer, Derek could smell more of the boy, the subtler scents hidden under the booze and pot smoke and the now aching familiar miasma of *pain-guilt-grief* that Derek had smelt on himself since before he had even left the motel. The boy smelt faintly of gun oil and shoeshine and leather, but not like he ever handled those things himself. He smelt like the cheaper

store brand detergent, and Irish Spring soap, and a spicy boy-sweat smell that wasn't covered by layers of body sprays.

The implication that the boy must be young, younger than Derek at least, had barely made it into his rational mind when the wolf caught the boy's base scent, warm and perfect and *ripe*, ready to be plucked and picked. Ready to be claimed and mated.

And Derek was helpless to the strongest of the wolf's instincts, especially while he was still carry the taste of slick and come on his molars, while his ponds sang empty and gaping in his chest and his sister—his alpha—was broadcasting fear and desperation and loss in the very back of his soul. Fucking, Derek probably could have pulled back from, could have diverted to a hunt, but to mate...

To grow the pack, after such a devastating loss?

One that Derek himself had caused?

He would please his alpha, by adding to the pack. He would honor his family by listening to his wolf, by upholding the traditions of claiming and mating the one that called to their wolf.

Usually, there was courting and a ceremony and *time* between finding a mate and mounting them, but Derek's wolf would not be stalled. The pack was decimated and the alpha afraid, and the hunters were still a threat. Their mate must be claimed, now, or else they may be stolen from Derek.

The way everyone else had been stolen from Derek.

In complete silence, Derek *pounced*.

The boy was fine-boned and wiry, stronger than Derek expected as he trashed beneath Derek's weight. If Derek had been human, or even human-shaped, the boy may have had some chance of getting free of Derek's hold.

But Derek wasn't human, and it was time to make sure his mate knew it. A growl, warning but not malicious, rolled from his chest and out his snout, lips pulling back, not that the boy could see from where he was pressed to the ground on his stomach.

The boy stilled at the noise, his rabbit heartbeat skittering past the lethargy of the pot and the whisky. Fear sweat broke out along his back, under his arms, at his hairline. Derek lowered his head, snuffling at the damp skin and dragging his tongue along the salty trail between the top of the kid's shirt to the edge of his buzzcut. The whimper from the boy was echoed by Derek's pleased rumble.

He nosed at the boy, at the bare skin of his neck and ear, sniffing at the shorn hair and pressing his nose against the cheek Derek could access. Damp tears ran down the boy's face, warm and salty, mixing with the sweat. Derek licked it up, swiping his tongue everywhere it could reach on the boy's face. When it brushed over the boy's lips, the wolf barely noticed, except for the changing of the texture and the hint of sour weed and stale booze.

But Derek knew the boy was human.

Not a werewolf, like Derek. Not a human born into a pack, like some of his cousins. Completely human, and completely unaware.

He would continue to be scared, terrified of the beast Derek was in this moment, fearing for his life. Afraid that Derek was going to kill him, to rip him apart and eat him. Derek had to reassure the boy that, while Derek intended to consume him, he would remain alive. Whole. Safe, protected, cared for.

Forever.

The wolf would not give up the claim, would not recede into the back of Derek's mind and instincts. This was Derek's mate to mount and the wolf *was* Derek. So Derek had to work with the wolf, the body and the mind, to ensure that his mate would calm down. Would understand.

He licked at the boy's lips again, with more intent. Trying to angle his muzzle in a way that was unnatural for a true wolf, trying to get his tongue into the boy's mouth without cutting into his pale skin with sharp fangs.

It was a challenge, but one he conquered. The boy let out a gasping sob and Derek quickly licked into his parted lips, tasting the whisky and the weed, and spaghetti from the boy's dinner, and so many other flavors left over from his day. It was addicting, the feel of the boy's breath against Derek's sensitive tongue, the shape of the boy's teeth and jaw tongue. The way Derek's wolf tongue was so much longer and thicker than his human tongue, than his boy's mouth, that Derek could almost lick into the kid's throat despite the awkward angle.

He could choke the boy with his tongue, the way he'd choked *her* with his dick. The way she'd looked on his knees for him in the boy's locker room showers, in the middle of basketball practice, her skirt flipped up so he could watch her rub her clit through her panties as she gagged around his cock, the sound of the whistle echoing through the walls. The fact that she couldn't get enough of him, had risked getting caught so blatantly, the way she moaned after every choking trust of his hips, had been the hottest thing he'd ever experienced.

The thought of this boy, *his* boy, choking on his wolf tongue, sobbing into Derek's canine maw, completely destroyed that belief.

Derek's hips humped forward completely instinctively, his dick beginning to engorge and escape his sheath. It felt weird, different from how he felt when he was hard in his human form, but it was still natural. Still Derek.

The tip of his cock brushed against the boy's denim-clad ass when he humped forward again. The jeans were harsh against the sensitive tip and Derek reared back in shock, withdrawing his tongue from the boy's mouth and pulling his weight back just the barest amount.

His boy was wily, though. Strong and cunning, even afraid, and he used that moment of Derek's inattention to shift to his hands and knees. He would have made it to his feet, sprinted off into the woods, if Derek weren't as fast as he is.

But now Derek had the boy pinned under him again, this time on his hands and knees. With his ass up, shins trapped under Derek's rear paws, chest pressed to the ground under one of Derek's front paws. Right there, under Derek's cock.

The denim scraped uncomfortably against Derek's dick, again, when he rutted forward. Using his free hand and his mouth, Derek carefully hooked his fangs into one side of fabric, while using his claws as carefully as his canine shape would allow, to rend the jeans apart, leaving his boy's ass before him, completely bare to the elements and leaking head of Derek's cock.

The boy had screamed, when Derek tore his clothes. Pleading words that barely registered had culminated in a cry that actually reached Derek. He couldn't stop himself from pressing his dick to the soft skin of his mate's ass, rubbing his scent and come into the boy's cheeks and rutting as he dick continued to grow and his sheath receded. But now he lowered his head so it lay between the boy's shoulder blades and listened to what he was saying.

"Oh god, oh god, oh my fucking *god*," the boy was muttering, and Derek could smell fresh tears. "Oh my god, I was tongue-fucked by a—a—a wolf? What the fuck?" A laugh, something pained and hysterical, that almost had Derek's hips stilling, despite the fact that the wolf was pushing to mount the boy *now*. It couldn't, not until Derek managed some prep, but for now spreading his slick and his smell was enough to get the wolf settled. "My first kiss, with a fucking *wolf*," and Derek couldn't hear anything over the wolf's triumph ringing in his ears. *He* was his mate's first kiss.

He would be his mate's first everything.

Always.

Derek shifted his face forward, to lick at the boy's skin and sweat and tears. When Derek tried to lick into his mouth again, the boy turned his head away, pressing his face into his shoulder to avoid Derek's tongue. Derek let him have his rebellion, knowing that it was only temporary. Soon, this boy would be opening under Derek's tongue, no matter where he put his mouth.

The thought had Derek jerking his hips forward again, dragging the full length of his cock out of its sheath and sliding it over the top of the boy's ass and onto the small of his back.

The full weight of his engorged dick felt enormous to Derek, the shape of it and the way it hung completely different than he was used to when erect as a human. He pulled back his head, reared up a bit, to peer down at the way his dick looked against the boy's body. Derek couldn't tell if it was *actually* bigger as a wolf cock, but the way it seemed to go halfway up the boy's back made Derek think it probably was longer, at least.

If he'd taken the boy's first kiss, it was pretty safe to assume he was still a virgin. Derek had kissed so many people—Paige, girls and boys at summer camps and high school parties, cousins and kids from other packs during truth or dare at full moon events—before *she* had taken his virginity. Before he had given it up to her with barely a thought, without thinking about why she wanted him to fuck her for the first time in the washroom of the public library, minutes before closing, after she had finished tutoring him on the extra credit assignment she had assigned him during class earlier that day. He hadn't thought about why she had a condom and lube tucked into her bra when she was the one to invite him to a 'study date' at the library. He hadn't thought about what it meant, that she had already taken off her panties before following him into the men's room and locking the door with barely a cursory check to make sure no one was in any of the stalls.

What it had meant, that she hadn't been worried about the camera in the hallway leading towards the washrooms and water fountain and lobby.

He'd been so distracted by the smell of her, the dampness of her cunt, the wet of her almost potent enough for him to taste, unrestricted by even the barest hint of fabric. The way he could hear her folds pressing against her clit as she stalked toward him, hips swaying and bra completely visible as she unbuttoned her shirt. Her nipples had been hard under the lace of her bra, the pink of them stark against her tanned skin and the black of her bra. The foil packets of the condom and lube barely drawing his attention, despite their bright colors peaking through that same lace.

That was the first time he'd tasted her, her ass barely perched on the counter next to the sink, him on his knees at her feet, the wolf growling and pacing in his mind. But his tongue had been inside her, tasting everything she was feeling as she humped his face, his nose full of her scent as she rubbed against him. She'd let him fuck her after she'd come, bent over the counter, legs spread and head down, while her juices dried on his face and warmed his stomach.

They hadn't kissed, and Derek hadn't thought about that, either.

It takes some maneuvering, and some growling, to get to the boy into a position where Derek was able to start licking him open but the boy couldn't scramble away or hurt himself trying to hurt Derek. But, finally, he managed it, and now his snout was pressing against the boy's pale ass, snuffling the smell of Derek's own precome on his cheeks and in his crack. It was heady, and the wolf was growling in pride as Derek began licking the boy's ass, tasting himself on the skin.

The boy was shaking, thighs trembling and shoulders shifting with his hiccuping sobs. Derek tried to rumble soothingly at him, but that didn't seem to help.

Derek would just have to prove his care with actions, since he had no words in this form.

Decision made, Derek began the delight task of licking his boy open in preparation for the claiming.

He could hear his boy chanting *no no nonononono* as Derek dragged his tongue from behind his balls, along his taint and crack, to his hole, but as much as Derek wanted to pause, to shift back to human, or at least to beta, his wolf would not be dissuaded. The boy was his, and the sooner the claiming was complete, the sooner the boy would know it. The boy would learn how much Derek already cared for him, how important he was to Derek, during the claiming. By the time Derek was mounting him, the boy would be calling for him.

Derek had learned, hard and fast, just tonight, to always trust his wolf. Derek's human instincts had lead him astray in a way that ensured he could never admit his mistake to his alpha; he could only trust his wolf, now.

So, he ignored the pleas of his mate and continued to lick him, from balls to hole. Every pass, he linger a little longer at the tight muscle of his boy's asshole, not pressing in, not forcing it, just *pausing*. Feeling the clench and minuscule release of it as the boy held himself tightly closed. But Derek was patient by nature, doubly so when he was able to concentrate on something else.

And the taste of the boy's skin at his balls, the way sweat gathered in the creases of his thighs, the smell of his skin so close to his cock—there was so much for Derek to focus on and explore. He could take his time, learning how to suck on the boy's balls without touching them with a fang, tracing meanderings trails of spit and drool across the cheeks of his ass and insides of his thighs, testing his reaction to careful nips to his ass cheeks.

By the time his boy's hole was relaxing, Derek could smell his arousal, could catch faint tastes of precome as it dripped down his dick to his balls. The boy was still sobbing, panting pleas for Derek to stop and for Derek to keep going, interspersed with curses and recriminations. The boy called himself *a fucked up nympho getting hard for an animal* in the same breath he called Derek *a fucking cocksucker wolf who better stop fucking around*. "Desperate fucking slut," the boy grunted when Derek finally pushed the tip of his tongue into the boy's asshole, and Derek didn't know which one of them the boy was referring to.

It didn't matter, because it was definitely true for Derek, and it seemed like it might be true of his boy, too. What a pair they made. Desperate fucking sluts, indeed.

But the kid's asshole was relaxing around Derek's tongue, even as he continued talking. But Derek couldn't pay enough attention to parse the words, now. His tongue was inside his mate, and he could *taste* him.

It probably should have been gross, *she* had always said it was gross when he'd try and lick her asshole while he was eating her out, but he was a wolf—now, more than ever before. It wasn't gross, it was warm and tight and he wanted his tongue *deeper*.

And with his wolf tongue, he could go deeper. He just had to work up to it, and pay attention to his fangs. His muzzle wasn't designed for this kind of intimacy, this kind of sex, but Derek was willing to work hard to make it work. He didn't mind a little discomfort to get to what he wanted—what he *needed*.

It was slow and careful work, getting his boy open enough to take in more than just the tip of Derek's tongue. To get him open and wet and sloppy, loose and relaxed enough for Derek to mount and claim him.

But it was enjoyable, too.

Getting to taste his mate, to feel the sweat gather with arousal and exertion as he spread his legs and bore down on Derek's tongue. To hear his sobs become sweet moans as Derek found a spot inside him that made his mate scream in ecstasy. To learn how to lick and trust his unfamiliar tongue, work around his unfamiliar jaw, become comfortable in his new form.

It felt like it lasted forever, that shift in the boy's body, that slow push from the tip of Derek's tongue to the way he opened up enough to allow Derek to lick inside and not close up immediately. His was relaxed, just barely closed, and Derek was so tempted to try something...different. *She'd* like to ride his face, liked it when the tip of his nose just barely went inside her, and he'd liked it, too, being able to smell her so intimately.

This would be different, so different, and Derek couldn't stop himself from licking his chops at the idea of it, could feel his cock dripping and his hips jerking and he couldn't resist. He licked in deep, again, leaving behind as much drool and saliva as possible before pulling back and shifting his face lower, trailing his snout along his mate's ass until his nose—cold, canine, was pressed against his mate's hole.

The boy stilled, quieted—and Derek pushed forward, into that relaxed muscle. His nose was not the best shape for this, but he managed to turn his head, twist in such a way, that the tip of his nose was inside the boy. That his nostrils were pressed flat against that, until Derek, virgin hole.

It was hard to breathe, but Derek almost wanted to stay there until he suffocated. So close, able to smell and taste so much of his boy, inside of him with a part of his body she had never touched. Opening his boy up any way he could, despite the limitations of his current form.

But the wolf was whining and the boy was crying and Derek pulled out, licking his own nose as best he could to taste himself and the boy on his skin, before lapping into the boy once again.

He wanted to fuck his boy while looking at him. Wanted to see his face as Derek pressed into him the first time, wanted to watch him come, wanted to be able to lick into his mouth and taste his tears and kiss him.

For the wolf, mounting and claiming were done with his mate on his hands and knees in front of him, but he was willing to let Derek begin the process with the boy on his back, as long as the position changed before the claiming was complete. It would be hard on his mate if he was still on his back when Derek knotted him.

His boy was much more malleable when Derek positioned him this time, barely even attempted to escape or attack, just put up a nominal struggle before allowing Derek to remove what was left of his pants and position him on his back. The kid whimpered a bit when Derek used his forelegs and paws to spread his legs open, but he didn't open his mouth until Derek began to lick his dick.

"Fuck," he cried, "fuck fuck *fuck*. What the fuck? This can't be natural—" he finally lifted his head to look at Derek, to meet Derek's eyes properly for the first time. The boy's eyes were wet, his long lashes dewy with tears, rimmed red and so beautiful. The black of his pupil engulfed his iris, but Derek could see the amber at the edges, bright as a beta's. Derek didn't know what his eyes were like in this shape, if they were the glowing blue of his own beta shift, or if they were a more typical wolf's eyes. But the way the boy hiccuped when their eyes met, the way his heartbeat found a way to ratchet up higher, lead Derek to believe they were blue.

It was probably better that his boy learned he was not a typical wolf now, rather than after Derek had claimed him. At least this way, he wouldn't scare the boy too much when he shifted back to his human appearance.

The fear spiked again when Derek returned his snout to his boy's dick, nosing at his balls and licking at the soft skin of his cock. He was half-hard but covered in precome, probably from the pendulum of his emotions, fear and adrenaline and pleasure. The excitement of newness and the forbidden, which Derek could relate to. Had experienced first hand, even if his taboo had been different.

But for now, he would focus on his boy's dick, on getting it hard and dripping, on learning how to wrap his canine tongue around its length and how to swallow it down without worrying the kid he'd bite it off. He wanted to make his mate come, to taste his release and lick into his mouth while the boy's come was still on Derek's teeth. He wanted to feed the boy his own spend, mixed with Derek's spit, wanted them to combine in his boy's flat stomach.

He couldn't fuck the boy's mouth, not tonight, not this first time at least. He was going to knot the moment he came and he didn't want the kid to *drown*, or to bite Derek's dick in a panic. Derek couldn't get his own seed down his mate's throat, couldn't coat his mouth and tongue and stomach with Derek's hot release, so he would have to settle for getting to kid to eat his own come off Derek's tongue. And to do that, the boy needed to *come*.

Derek had never sucked a dick before. *She* had mentioned owning a strap-on, had told him that one day, if he was naughty enough, she'd fuck his face with it, rather than letting him eat her out. He'd been half terrified and half aroused, unsure that he wanted something plastic and *cold* in his mouth when he was so used to her heat, her softness, her wetness and sweat and slick.

His boy's cock was nothing like he had imagined her toy. It was soft, silky smooth, with fine curls growing at the root of it. It was hard, under that softness, firm yet tender—fragile, so fucking

fragile, in a way he had never considered his own dick. The veins were *right there*, barely beneath the surface of the pale skin, the blushing head.

He was cut, unlike Derek, and he wished he had human hands, so that he could explore that difference, how it felt to touch a bare cockhead without first pulling back the foreskin, how the rest of the skin on his cock moved with the excess to contend with.

Derek was mesmerized, but in his wolf shape he didn't have the ability to act on his ideas. He couldn't trust that the boy wouldn't buck up and cut himself on Derek's fangs if he tried to stick the tip of his tongue into the boy's urethra. It was hardly settling to lick his boy hard, though, to nose at his balls and to lick that same line from asshole to cock in the opposite direction, testing the kid's looseness.

Derek was going to make his mate come before mounting him, make him relaxed and sex stupid, the way Derek always was after his first orgasm. The kid was younger than him, could probably get hard again immediately with the right kind of attention, the way Derek could the first couple times *she'd* sucked his cock under the bleacher, milking him through his orgasm and right back into hardness with just the pressure of her lips and the flutter of her throat around him. He always lasted longer the second time, until he had learned how to last long the first time.

His boy, this *kid*, was lasting so much longer than Derek had, that first time in the library bathroom, or the first time she'd jacked him off in the classroom, right after the final bell, his back against the wall just inside the door while his classmates streamed by in oblivious waves. Derek thought the stamina had a lot more to do with fear, with the boy's terror and desire and fascination and horror all being jumbled together. Even now, there were incredulous huffs of "a fucking wolf" and "what the hell" alongside the moans and the pleas.

But the kid was hard and dripping and he was all Derek could taste, all Derek could smell—sweat, salt, musk, tears, arousal, panic, *need*. His boy was going to come under Derek's tongue, and Derek was going to flip him over and mount him, fuck him, knot him, *claim* him.

Mine.

As though he could sense Derek's growing fervor, as though his possessive thoughts were enough, his mate *came*. He was sobbing through it, begging Derek to stop as his tongue continued to lick him through the aftershocks and into oversensitivity. Derek pulled back, conceding, because he still had other plans.

God, but his mate looked perfect, all spread out on the ground, cock gleaming with Derek's spit, cheeks flushed a rosy pink Derek could barely discern, mouth hanging wide open as he panted. His lips were so plump, swollen from being bitten—Derek could smell the hint of blood on them, as though the boy had broken the skin. Derek hoped he'd taste it, taste the iron and life of it, even with his mouth coated in his mate's release. The picture was almost too perfect to destroy, but that sweet mouth wouldn't be parted for long and Derek knew to use the opportunity it presented.

The boy cried out when Derek shoved his tongue deep into that perfect mouth. He flailed again, tried to shove at Derek's shoulders and neck as Derek fucked his tongue in deep. Derek growled, hoping to stop the boy he managed to nick his face on one of Derek's fangs, because Derek was not pulling back until the boy tasted like himself. Until he tasted like Derek and him combined.

The warning growl stilled the boy, and with the return of his stillness was the return of his tears. Derek wanted to lick them, again, but he couldn't, not if he wanted to ensure every inch of the kid's

mouth and throat and stomach was coated in the delicious mixture of Derek's saliva and the kid's come. Derek wanted to be able to smell it on the boy's breath for *hours* after this.

Getting the kid back on his hands and knees was almost as much of a challenge as it had been the first time. Rather than making him more pliant, the orgasm seemed to have reinvigorated him. He was much more present than he had been when Derek was blowing him, even when Derek was rimming him. He was louder now, and more coherent, and even more afraid.

He knew what was coming, and it frightened him. Derek didn't have words to calm him, to promise not to hurt him, to tell them that he was Derek's to care for, to protect, forever, and that Derek would never hurt him. He tried anyway.

He rumbled the soothing growl his mother used to use to calm him after nightmares. He rubbed his face, his cheeks, against the soft skin of the boy's back and thighs and ass, leaving kitten licks the way he'd seen his aunts soothe their pups. He let out a quiet, warbling whine, right into the boy's ear, trying to make him understand.

No matter what Derek tried, the boy continued to beg Derek to stop. To let him go. To leave him alone.

Derek's wolf grew impatient.

His mate, young and ripe and *perfect*, was alone in the woods, smelling of intoxicants and pain. If Derek didn't claim him now, after preparing him, after making him fragrant with lust and come—someone else would. Someone would swoop in and steal his mate.

Maybe it would even be *her* that stole him. She'd already stolen Derek's family from him, had tried to steal Derek from his mate. She had no problem going for Derek, barely older than the kid under him, and if Derek left him now, primed and perfect, who was to say that she wouldn't snatch him.

Ruin Derek's life a second time.

Leave him with *nothing*.

It was easier, then, for Derek to ignore the boy's crying, his sobs of "no, please, no, stop, don't don't *don't don't don't*" as licked into him once more before shifting his position, bringing forelegs over the boy's shoulders and using his haunches to shove the boy's thighs wider apart.

Mounting.

Claiming.

The sensitive tip of the wolf's tapered cock brushed against his boy's hole, wet with Derek's drool. It was barely a twitch of his hips to press into that enticing muscle and suddenly Derek couldn't even hear the boy anymore. All he could hear was the pounding of his own heart, echoing the beat of his mate's; the blood rushing through both their veins. He jerked forward hard, holding the kid down by his shoulders with his paws.

There was a shriek, the sound of pain and fear, and Derek's blood *sang*. He wasn't especially dominant by nature, always more likely to please than to fight, but the way his mate's body submitted to Derek made his baser nature *purrr*.

But his mate was young and fragile, virgin and human, and Derek didn't want to *hurt* him, so he forced his hips still, waiting for the boy to relax, to adjust to the feeling of Derek's dick inside him, pressing deep into that tight clench. The wolf wanted to chase—his pleasure, his mate's heat, the new bonds of a completed claiming—but Derek wanted the boy to stay with him, always, without fear or pain or resentment. Derek preferred to please, Derek had patience, and Derek had learned from the best how to coax an unwilling boy into bed.

So, he stopped. He forced his breathing slow and even. He licked at the nape of the boy's neck and any skin he could reach, long strokes of his tongue a repetitive motion in time with his breathing. After the first time in the library washroom, he'd been shaken and ashamed, his wolf restless and discontent, even as his orgasm left him floating and slow. She'd brushed his hair back from his forehead, helped straighten his clothes, hands lingering on his body. It had felt like connection.

It had felt like *care*.

Derek uses those same tactics now, calming his mate, soothing his fear, comforting him. Derek *did* care about this kid, and that made him different from her, but he still felt—

The boy sighed below him, relaxing, even as tears continued to run down his cheeks, muddying the ground under his face. The panicked heartbeat was slowing, echoing the strong beat of Derek's own heart.

Derek changed his licking, going from soothing to something meant to titillate, switching from long, even brushes to soft, ticklish kitten licks. He aimed for the area behind the boy's ear, under his jaw, lightly over his lips. And he began to trust again—softer, slower, but still sinking incrementally deeper into the hot embrace of the body under him.

It didn't take long for the boy to be thrusting back onto Derek's dick, grunting as the tapered cock widened closer to the base. He was babbling again, soft moan of "fuck, you're so fucking *big*" and "so *deep*, damn" and "no one will ever fuck me again after they found out I lost my virginity to a fucking *wolf*." Derek thought the last one was more of a complaint, but the boy was admitting that there hadn't been anyone before Derek and that there wouldn't be anyone after.

Derek was shaping the kid's virgin hole to his wolf cock, and his dick would be the only one that ever used it.

Derek's hips moved faster, his thrusts getting harder, more forceful. If he didn't have his paws holding the boy down, he'd be shoved across the forest floor from the power of Derek's humping. Derek's cock was slamming all the way in on each jerk forward, pulling out almost all the way. He was definitely bigger in this form, his dick shoving deeper in the boy than he'd ever had into *her* pussy. He wanted to do this again, fuck his boy with his wolf cock in a room of mirrors, wanted to watch the way the boy looked at every angle while spread open and panting as a wolf fucked him raw.

Wanted to see if the kid's stomach bulged when Derek was seated all the way inside him. Wanted to see if that bulge grew when Derek came inside him.

The thought of it, the boy's stomach bulging with Derek's dick and spend, was the last push he needed for his knot to begin to grow in earnest. He was going to claim this boy, mate him and claim him and add him to the pack, grow the pack with him—rebuild the pack with him. Fill him up and make him smell like Derek and mate and *taken* and full.

Full, full, *full* of Derek's care and protection and come and kids.

His mate *screamed* when the knot expanded as Derek pushed in deeper, fighting against the clinging of the boy's tight hole. Derek couldn't be gentle now, not with his knot stretching the boy open wider with every jostle of Derek's hips. Reshaping him inside and out to accommodate Derek, Derek's claim.

It wasn't long before they were locked together, Derek's cock pressed even deeper into the boy as he came.

The kid was sobbing again, noises of pain and protest a muffled melody as Derek's ears rang with his wolf's triumphant howl. He was locked with his mate, filling him up and forcing him to stay full until his seed took.

His boy was mated, but the claim wasn't complete. Not yet.

Derek felt like he was coming *forever*, the echoes of his howl dying out long before he stopped coming. But, eventually, he felt the barest tingle of oversensitivity where his cock was still buried deep in the boy, surrounded by a new wetness. He was still locked in, his knot still fully engorged, but he wasn't concerned. It would go down eventually, and in the mean time, there was still one more thing to do.

Derek licked across the nape of the boy's neck, picking out the perfect spot. He would need to be careful—if he bit too hard in the wrong spot, he could snap the boy's neck or hit his spine or nick an artery and have him bleed out while trapped on Derek's knot. Keeping the boy locked on him forever was tempting, but Derek wanted his mate *alive*, and alive took effort.

Derek would have preferred to do this in his human body, or even in the beta shift, but the wolf's instincts were strong and Derek wasn't sure if he could pull back a little without shifting completely, and that was not something he could even consider in this moment. Human bodies don't have knots, even when the human is also a wolf, and even the briefest contemplation of losing this tie before his knot naturally deflated could not be borne.

So he licked and nuzzled his mate's neck and shoulders until he found somewhere meaty, where there was muscle to protect the fragile bones and veins under that soft, pale skin. Then, he opened his great maw—

Teeth gleaming in the dark, drool pooling on his tongue from the smell of his spend deep inside his mate and the thought of his taste in Derek's mouth—

And bit down.

Hard.

Hard enough to break skin, to make his boy scream and shout and jolt on his knot.

All Derek could taste was the flooding rush of hot blood on his tongue, better than the hints from the kid's cut lip, so full of life.

All Derek could hear was his own heartbeat, the rumbling of his own growl, the gasping sobs ricocheting from the boy's lung and lips and bouncing into Derek's body from all around him.

All Derek could feel was the bond. Blooming new and full and pure and beautiful.

Derek had thought that he would be afraid of fire, now, after this evening and what happened to his family. What he'd *done* to his family.

But the bond he made with his mate came to life as an *inferno*, hot and rushing and spreading heat and glowing connection into Derek's very *soul*. This bond, this boy, could burn him alive, set him alight from the inside, and Derek would revel in it.

This, Derek realized, *is love*. This is what love feels like.



End Notes

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