

## The Dangers of Leaping Before You Look (Or: Werewolves Don't Teach Sex Ed)

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# The Dangers of Leaping Before You Look (Or: Werewolves Don't Teach Sex Ed)

by [MaxNeedsALife](#), [thePurebloodPrat](#)

## Summary

*"Derek's eyes flash red in the semi-darkness, shiver running through Stiles like a feather-light touch at the heat in his glare.*

*"Come on, big guy," he taunts, still breathless. "I'm not done with you yet." Derek rumbles in his chest, deep and compelling, and Stiles tucks one heel beneath his ass and lets his knee fall to the side, spread and waiting."*

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An alpha biting a human puts the werewolf saliva directly into the bloodstream, i.e. 24 hour werewolf turnaround.

an alpha having sex with a human, however, takes much, much longer, because skin absorption of alpha saliva just isn't potent enough.

Derek was never meant to be an alpha, he never got the full explanation on how to make a beta.

Stiles is just really excited that his boyfriend can neither catch nor transmit any STI's.

The restlessness around the full moon is kinda weird though...

## Notes

Hello hello! thank you for stopping by my fic. <3

The idea for this one came to me as like... a shitpost in my dreams. and i DID make the post on tumblr! and then.... pitched it as a prompt for the Sterek Collaborative Big Bang, and my wonderful artist partner Max picked it out for us to work on.

And the rest is history! lol

But anyways! As a general heads up, this fic is about 90% smut. There is TECHNICALLY a plot, but... barely.

I never really specify Stiles' age, but I gave it the underage warning because he is in high school. He's a senior though, so if you wanna think one way or the other, you're welcome to. I don't like writing about dysphoria especially in my smut, so I don't really mention it at any point, but this is very firmly a trans!Stiles fic and it does come up with some regularity.

Lastly, for the love of all things good in the world - please don't lecture me about safe sex in my comments. You should not be taking actual advice on sex from a fanfiction, and if someone isn't old enough to understand that, they aren't old enough to take your advice, either. I am writing unrealistic fantasy erotica.



# Chapter 1

## Chapter One:

The cool, damp air of the abandoned train station in which Derek still squats is pervasive and unpleasant, but Stiles can't be too bothered by it when Derek's face is lodged between his legs, tongue deep inside his cunt. His breath is heavy, moans oozing from between his lips like syrup-sweet nothings, entirely unconscious of his control.

Derek's lips press deeper, pry Stiles apart like he's speaking a language only he knows, and tremors wrack through Stiles' spine. His thighs twitch, soft skin scraping over Derek's ever-present stubble only eliciting more stimulation. His tongue presses against Stiles' dick before his mouth moves and sucks and *sucks* and Stiles can't help but squeeze his thighs even tighter, freezing Derek in place as he loses his breath to an orgasm.

As his heartbeat rings in his ears like a wave of tinnitus, Derek begins to pull away. Stiles manages to relax his legs enough to let him, still trembling for a moment as he melts into the dirty mattress on the floor of the train car. He watches, can't help but stare as Derek rolls back onto his knees, abdomen clenching and shifting with the movement, and cracks his neck to the side.

Another wave of heat rolls through Stiles' gut, and he's pretty sure he's good to go again.

Derek's eyes flash red in the semi-darkness, shiver running through Stiles like a feather-light touch at the heat in his glare.

"Come on, big guy," he taunts, still breathless. "I'm not done with you yet." Derek rumbles in his chest, deep and compelling, and Stiles tucks one heel beneath his ass and lets his knee fall to the side, spread and waiting.

"Menace," Derek scolds, but any genuine frustration is smothered by the fact that he's already leaning forward again, pressing his mouth to Stiles' and licking into him. Stiles can taste himself on Derek's tongue, heat immediately coiling in his gut at how *dirty* that feels, and he brings his hands up to hold either side of Derek's head. He pets through his hair, ungentle and floppy, exhausted but eager, and shivers as Derek's denim-clad crotch presses into his own bare flesh. The heat he puts off is immense and Stiles is almost ready to squeeze

him and rut against him through the fabric, but he's already come once and turnabout is fair play as far as they both are concerned.

"How do you want it?" Stiles asks, finally pulling back from Derek's lips to take a breath. Derek grunts, pressing an open mouthed kiss to Stiles before he pulls away enough to speak.

"I hate condoms," he says, and Stiles huffs a laugh because that's not *really* an answer, but he knows what he means.

"Yeah, okay," he says. "Lube's in my back pocket."

Derek scrapes the blunt edge of his teeth over Stiles' throat before pulling away just enough to fish a packet of lube out of Stiles' discarded jeans, as well as pushing his own down his hips. Stiles waits, content for the moment to watch as Derek's muscles ripple beneath his skin, slick with sweat and contorting in the dim light as he tears open the little foil packet and pours the viscous fluid over his thick, erect cock. Stiles watches it twitch in the grasp of Derek's fingers, feels himself get a little bit wetter, and momentarily wishes Derek didn't hate condoms so much.

Nevertheless, he knows he'll be taken care of well when Derek can barely restrain himself from frotting into his own fist, groaning when he forces himself to let go of his cock. He wipes his lube-wet fingers over Stiles' asshole, and even that bare touch is enough to have him squirming.

"Roll over," Derek grunts, and maybe if he hadn't already come he'd be brattier, but Stiles loves the feel of Derek inside him, regardless of how, and complies. His knees press into the threadbare mattress as he turns over, stressing the weak springs, and his shirt and hoodie pool around his shoulders as he presses his face into the bundle of Derek's shirt that serves as a pillow when they come here.

Derek has a loft now, and it's passable as an abode, but too many pack members spend time loitering there even when Derek's not home, so they can't really go at it as much as Stiles wants.

He hisses slightly at the blunt press of Derek's cock against his hole, but it's entirely worth it as he bears down and the soft head pops inside. Stiles' favorite part of doing anal is that first push, and Derek knows it, so even though he's hot and ready and raring to go, he waits, pushes in slowly, and makes sure Stiles feels every millimeter of his length as it pushes inside.

Stiles croons into the dirty mattress, feels his breath caught in his throat when Derek finally pulls out, friction almost burning and dick so hard he feels impaled on it. Derek lets himself rest for only the barest of moments, rolling his hips as if to press in further, but there's nothing left to give, so he only succeeds in rocking Stiles forward, putting pressure on all the right places inside him.

Stiles pants, breath almost as wet as his cunt, drool threatening to spill.

"Come on, come on," he urges, reaching back a hand to swat at Derek's grip against his hips. "I know you can do better than that."

He wants to smirk and tease Derek more, but unfortunately (read: fortunately) Derek accepts the challenge, pulling out until just his head remains inside before slamming home and driving Stiles' face back into the mattress. It takes him a few thrusts to form a rhythm but once he does it is *relentless*. His hips pound into Stiles' ass with a harsh slap of skin, rapid and almost mechanically smooth, driving home *exactly* how hard Derek wants to come.

Stiles struggles to catch his breath, feeling a bit like his organs are being shoved aside for Derek's cock and relishing every minute. He's already come once but he's already teetering towards it again. His cunt flexes in time with several of Derek's thrusts and he knows from experience that if he slipped his fingers inside himself he'd be able to feel Derek reshaping him from behind, and just the knowledge of it is enough to have him slicking further.

He kind of wants to know what it would feel like just once for Derek to bend him over like this, rubber free, in his cunt instead of his ass, but there are certain lines he's not willing to risk crossing, and that's one of them.

Derek's fingers flex their hold on Stiles' hips, the pressure telling him how close Derek is getting. Stiles can't wait, eager to have Derek holding him tightly, knot locking them together and filling him up, but he wants to come too and he won't be able to manage if Derek goes

first, the aftermath fading too quickly into *gross* territory to be satisfying, so he tries to unfold one arm from under his head to reach down and tug at his own little cock.

Derek takes that moment of brief instability to drive home even harder, pelvis almost bouncing on impact and driving Stiles' into the mattress, spine bowed.

“D-Derek,” he whines, asshole clenching on each thrust. Derek grunts, leans over him again to press his teeth to the back of Stiles' neck. He shivers at the touch, bucking his hips back into Derek as the thrill of dangers shoots straight to his groin.

Stiles pants and drools and loses all trains of thoughts held previously. He knows he can't come from anal alone, but as Derek starts mouthing and sucking hickies into Stiles' skin, he lets go with one hand as well, slipping down to pet through the trail of hair on Stiles' stomach. His fingers carefully slip lower, an odd juxtaposition to the almost violent nature of his thrusting, and Stiles can only keen breathily when he slips down and fingers over his dick, thumb and forefinger tugging gently at the sensitive flesh.

Stiles gasps and bucks backward, uncontrollably thrust towards climax almost unexpectedly at the barest touch, but Derek doesn't relent even when it starts to be too much.

He whines pitifully, but Derek doesn't stop and soon his pace begins to stutter, knot swelling and catching at Stiles' rim. Derek growls again, almost a suppressed howl, as he pounds home one last time with a loud squelch and can no longer slip out.

Stiles trembles with the aftershocks, Derek's cum pouring into him as he rocks their hips adding even more pressure, teetering Stiles towards another not-entirely-unwelcome orgasm, though much milder than the two previous.

Derek holds firm on his knees for a long moment, but Stiles is officially exhausted, entirely wrung out and tender and beginning to enter the 'ew gross' phase that always follows the most mind blowing orgasms. It's his turn to grunt when Derek wraps his hands around Stiles' middle and flops them both over on their sides, spooning almost tenderly even as his cock still jerks and trembles, filling Stiles with even more currently ineffective seed.

It tingles a little, and Stiles could almost be encouraged to go again, but he knows it'll be far too soon for Derek. Even so, he can't help but flex his hole a little, thighs wet and sticky from his own fluids enough to make his mind wander into not unpleasant but currently unwelcome places. He sticks his hand down there anyway and strokes over his own hot wet flesh.

“Are you serious?” Derek pants into his neck, followed by another jerk and pulse of cum. Stiles' face feels hot, but he refuses to feel guilty.

“Shut up,” he bites. “I wanna get a hysterectomy.”

Derek pauses, physically and verbally, before relaxing into the mattress with a deep sigh.

“Yeah?”

Stiles nods.

“I wanna know what it's like for you to stuff me with your knot and fill me with cum but I am *not* getting pregnant. Ever.”

Derek is silent for a moment, but his dick twitches again, sharper than before, and he hisses, rolling his hips.

“Fuck,” he grunts, squeezing his arms around Stiles harder. Stiles laughs breathlessly, stars blinking behind his eyelids for a moment until Derek stills again.

“Yeah,” Stiles moans dopily, grinning.

“You're gonna kill me,” Derek complains, nosing at the hair on the back of Stiles' head.

“Yeah,” he agrees again, settling in. He kind of wants to gnaw on something, an unfortunate but not unusual side effect of being the little spoon. Almost as if reading his thoughts, Derek lifts the arm beneath Stiles up and presses his fingers into Stiles mouth. He welcomes the touch and sleepily chews on Derek’s fingers.

## Chapter 2

## Chapter Two:

Hours later, after Stiles has parted ways with Derek to do their own things, Stiles feels something niggling in the back of his mind, like an awareness something has been forgotten but without any hint of what it could be. It's irritating, like an itch he can't scratch, leading to him grumbling his way through hand washing the dishes from dinner. His dad is home for the evening, upstairs and changing into pajamas for the night while Stiles washes up, though he'll most likely be back downstairs to watch TV before bed.

He has a little flat screen in his room but swears watching it makes his sleep bad. Stiles is convinced he just stays up too late watching bad cop dramas being annoyed at the inaccuracies.

Stiles is scrubbing at a particularly difficult spot in the glass casserole dish dinner had been cooked in, a bit of the sauce really baked on and black from burning, but it's being stubborn and won't budge despite how much he's scrubbing at it. He grits his teeth and scrubs harder and harder, chest tight with frustration. He groans, so annoyed it almost sounds like a growl to his ears, and scrubs harder still, until –

*CRACK* –

The dish shatters in his hands.

He freezes, eyes wide and staring at the ancient Pyrex, hot water still pelting the stainless steel basin and steam wafting up. The break is pretty clean, all things considered, but the break was *loud*, especially when the majority of the dish slammed back down into the sink. A moment later, he hears his father's steps on the stairs, hastening down over the carpet, so he places the broken edge of the dish still in his hand off to the side, rinses the suds from his hands, and turns off the tap.

He turns just as his father's concerned face passes around the corner into the kitchen.

“What was that?” he asks, and Stiles shrugs.

“I dunno,” he says, then gestures at the sink. “The casserole dish just kinda broke while I was washing it.” Stiles’ dad comes further into the kitchen, squinting down at the broken dish.

“Damn,” he says. “That was a wedding gift from your great aunt Mary.” Stiles immediately cringes.

“Sorry,” he offers with a shrug. “It was an accident.” His dad is immediately shaking his head, taking a step to wrap a warm palm over Stiles’ shoulder.

“It’s fine,” he soothes. “I just meant that it was really old, probably already a hand-me-down when we got it.” Stiles frowns at his explanation, tilting his head to the side slightly.

“I don’t even know what happened.”

His dad shrugs, squeezing once before pulling his hand back to rest on his hip as he surveys the damage.

“Sometimes old stuff just breaks,” he finally says, shrugging. “It’s fine. We’ll just get a new one.”

Stiles’ frown deepens, but he doesn’t know why he’s so bothered. “I’ll pick one up after school tomorrow.”

“Sure, kiddo.”

Stiles opens the cabinet under the sink and digs around until he pulls out a fresh trash bag.

“Hold this open while I toss the pieces?” he asks, and his dad steps forward to shake out the plastic and hold it open while Stiles carefully tosses the heavy, broken dish inside, then drops in the smaller piece. His dad ties it off while Stiles dries his hands again and holds out his hands. His dad hands over the bag and Stiles goes outside to toss it in the barrel, separate from all the other slightly more biodegradable garbage so hopefully no enterprising critters wind up cutting themselves on the sharp edges.

When he slips back inside, his dad is already set up at the TV, remote in hand and head thumped back in slumber, and he feels calmer, suddenly. Like the irritation from before has slipped entirely from his mind, barely more than a passing thought.

He doesn't think of it again, heading up to his own room to spend time pretending to do homework while goofing around online.

He pushes open the door and immediately stiffens before smirking.

“You're such a creep,” he scolds, flicking on the light switch and revealing Derek sitting in his desk chair, swiveling towards him for a dramatic reveal.

His lips quirk up in a quiet smirk, but he doesn't argue the point.

“Missed you,” Derek says, standing up as Stiles approaches and circling his arms around his waist. He presses a kiss to Stiles' head, then cheek, then presses his lips to Stiles' neck. Stiles preens at the attention, wants to roll around in it like clean sheets after a hot shower, naked and tender. He can feel himself getting turned on at the barest thought of nudity in Derek's presence.

“Me too,” he says, voice a little hoarse already. Derek hums in response, lips already moving across Stiles' skin, teeth and tongue leaving a tingling trail as he goes. “Mmm, but it's only been like four hours.”

Derek growls into the skin of his throat, fingers kneading into Stiles' hips almost like a cat. “Too long.” Stiles hums in response, hands dragging over Derek's back.

“It’s a school night,” he reminds, but Derek doesn’t slow his movements, rocking forward slightly so the hot line of his stiff cock is pressed into Stiles through many layers of clothing. He hisses when Derek’s hands slip lower and squeeze at his butt.

“I can be persuaded,” he mutters, breathless. Derek hums in response, accompanied by a pleased rumble. Stiles relishes that noise, feels himself melting a little at the knowledge that he’s made his alpha happy, and the thought feels kind of odd but also perfectly normal and *right* so he doesn’t acknowledge the strangeness at all.

Derek lifts a knee and presses it into Stiles’ thigh, nudging him backwards towards his bed, and Stiles accepts the instruction willingly, though reluctant to pull away. He steps back, and the air feels especially cold when he pulls his tee shirt over his head, but Derek rumbles again, still pleased, and Stiles shivers not from the chill. He smirks at his boyfriend, hands tugging at his waistband and dropping the loose pants to the floor.

He’d worn nothing underneath, hates wearing underwear with his pajamas, and when Derek twitches seeing him bare himself for him, clearly more than eager to ravish him, it fills Stiles with a sense of pride he’s growing more and more familiar with.

He takes another step back, dropping himself onto his covers and spreading his legs in invitation. Derek doesn’t hesitate before sliding between Stiles’ thighs, letting him wrap his legs around Derek’s waist. One warm hand covers Stiles’ thigh, just below the knee, hitching it up slightly while the other bares Derek’s weight as he leans down, pressing into Stiles’ space to touch their mouths together. Stiles is already primed to moan, lips parting immediately and encouraging Derek to lick inside. He’s maybe a little louder than he means to be, but he cares a lot less when Derek’s tongue vibrates with his satisfied growls.

Stiles pets his fingers through Derek’s hair, coarse and thick, and relishes his weight pressing him into his mattress. He moves both hands lower, gripping over Derek’s shirt and digging his fingers into his back as they kiss, writhing against the bedcover. When Derek pulls back, their mouths separate with a wet sound that has blood rushing too many places for Stiles to keep track.

“Turn around,” he orders, patting Derek’s flank twice as he sits up on his knees. Derek scoffs, but pulls off his shirt, letting Stiles drink his fill of the sight of his rippling muscles.

“Bossy.”

Stiles hums, gaze tracking salaciously over Derek’s torso as the skin is revealed.

“You like it when I boss you around,” he quips, watching Derek toss his shirt toward the door. “Besides, I wanna suck your dick.”

Derek’s still-clothed hips roll against Stiles’ at the remark and he smirks, long fingers curling over the waistband of his jeans. Derek glares at him but sits up further anyway, undoing his fly and shucking the tight denim down enough to free his already hard cock.

Stiles can’t help but lick his lips in anticipation, and finally, Derek turns over, shifting so his head is lower and his cock is level with Stiles’ mouth. Stiles wastes no time in popping the button of his fly and pulling the zipper down, more than eager to unwrap his lewd gift, and Derek would perhaps feel embarrassed if he wasn’t equally as interested in slipping Stiles a little tongue of his own.

Stiles wraps his lips around the head of Derek’s cock and can’t suppress the groan the taste elicits. He doesn’t know what it is, exactly, but the musky tang and salt of Derek’s skin, the hint of cum pearling in his slit salty and sensual, it drives him wild. He feels it, deep in chest and satisfied, almost like the bestial sounds he hears from the werewolves in his pack, but obviously different.

Stiles is human after all.

He suckles at the head of Derek’s length for a longer moment than perhaps he should, savoring the silky skin and spongy flesh before pulling back to slather his tongue along the rest of it. It’s easier to really get Derek going when he can suck down more of his cock at once, and it’s easier to do *that* when properly lubricated, and bottle lube tastes like ass and not in a fun way. He lips along the prominent veins he finds, pulling gently at Derek’s balls before getting those in his mouth too. The prickle of pubes isn’t the most pleasant, but drives him wild not dissimilarly to when he does it to the stubble on Derek’s chin, so maybe he just has a thing for body hair.

When he deems Derek's dick slobbered over enough, he returns to the head, tonguing through the foreskin for a moment before wrapping his lips all the way around.

Stiles drools too much on an average day, his inability to keep random objects from between his teeth triggering too much saliva as is, but here, he thinks, it's truly worth all of his experience putting weird shit in his mouth. He lets himself drool, sucking Derek down wet and sloppy style, and loves the weight against his tongue. He's so invested in getting Derek's dick as deep in his mouth as possible he almost doesn't recognize the feel of Derek slipping his fingers between his thighs and pulling them apart until he feels Derek's tongue lap over his own cocklet.

Stiles shudders, unable to prevent himself from rolling his hips into the sensation, and he groans deep in his chest again. Derek mirrors the sound shortly after.

"You still smell like me," he groans into Stiles' skin, pulling back to catch his breath.

Stiles hums and pulls off Derek's cock, popping his lips at the tip.

"Guess you got it real deep, huh?" he quips, voice a little shaky. He bites his lower lip and refocuses his attention on Derek's cock. "Now do it again."

He waits a minute, basks in the pleasure of watching Derek's dick bounce in response to his words, and smirks to himself before wrapping his lips around his cock again.

He loves the sounds Derek makes when he sucks his dick. Loves the feel of hot, velvety skin in his mouth. He thinks if given the opportunity he could spend a whole day just holding it, slobbering on it, and be perfectly happy, but it's much harder to focus when Derek starts giving back as good as he gets. Stiles can't quite lose himself in the feel of hot flesh on his tongue when Derek already has two fingers buried inside him along with his tongue.

He's almost abnormally wet, and while Derek's saliva certainly adds to it, he feels like he can't stop gushing.

It's like earlier, when he felt almost driven wild by how badly he wanted to come, but now it's almost worse. He doesn't just want to come, he wants Derek to come inside him, to fill him up, and he feels the heat moisture in his eyes before he realizes how desperate he is for it.

Derek's hips suddenly twitch, driving his cock into the back of Stiles' throat and almost choking him, something that's happened before a few times and never ended well, but the thought of Derek pulling out now, when Stiles is as close to coming as he can tell Derek is, drives him wild. He whines, plaintive and desperate, sinking his fingers into the meat of Derek's ass and pulling him forward, forcing his dick deeper down his throat.

He hears Derek choke on a breath, mouth pulling away and absently driving his fingers deeper. His dick flexes in Stiles' mouth and he can taste Derek beginning to come. It's hot and salty and for some reason today it tastes unbelievably good. Stiles moans into it, suckling even as he lets Derek pull out slightly, lips fastened to throbbing flesh and moaning all the while.

Stiles almost doesn't realize the need to come himself is gone until Derek finally slips from his mouth and he's faced with the sticky reality of Derek's cum still painting his lips and blood no longer pulsing in his ears.

"Wow," he says, voice rough. He almost sounds like one of the wolves, growling their way through full moon conversations. Derek grunts in response, rolling slightly to the side. Stiles sits up on his elbows and looks down at him, a measly pulse of interest thrumming at the vision of Derek's exposed skin until he growls low in his throat and Stiles automatically averts his eyes.

He's not usually so polite, would normally just rib Derek at losing the stamina battle to a human, but maybe he's finally wrung out enough himself that he's ready to take the L.

After a moment, he turns back to Derek, letting the heat simmer down as he stifles a jaw-splitting yawn.

"You staying over?" he asks, voice still rough. He clears it a few times to try helping. Derek finally blinks his eyes open, but doesn't sit up.

Stiles grins. Derek isn't going anywhere.

“Alright, fine, but you gotta jet before my dad gets up,” he acquiesces easily. He shifts around, shoving at Derek to try and get him to move so they can settle into bed properly. Once their heads are both facing the right part of the bed, Derek presses his face into Stiles' neck and curls his arms around him, ready to snuggle in.

“You've been really big on the scenting lately, huh?” Stiles says behind another yawn. Derek snuffles down harder for a moment before pulling back enough to speak.

“Dunno,” he says. “I guess. You smell good.”

Stiles laughs.

“Because you keep covering me in your cum?” he quips. Derek growls but Stiles can tell it's playful.

“Shut up, Stiles,” he grunts into Stiles' skin. Stiles yawns again and wiggles until he's more comfortable, dragging his blanket over them both. Derek doesn't budge once he's tucked in, content to hold Stiles tightly and breathe him in, and Stiles thinks it's maybe a little bit romantic.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Three:

When Stiles wakes in the morning, Derek is long gone, but even his dull, human nose can still smell him on the sheets.

To be fair, he can also smell the dry cum on his pillow from drooling all night after sucking Derek and not brushing his teeth again, and that's pretty rank even if it sort of gets him going.

It's too early to think, though, and the next full moon is – serendipitously – on the coming weekend, so he'll be seeing too much of Derek soon enough. Stiles feels another twinge of want as he dresses and wonders if perhaps he's also encountering his own unfortunate monthly cycle, since he's usually unreasonably horny just before. He decides not to care. He's already running late from snuggling his pillow too long before getting out of bed, so he tosses on something that smells mostly clean even if he found it on the floor and crosses the hall to brush his teeth.

He doesn't realize he hadn't turned on the vanity light until he's spitting water and foam into the sink and wiping his face, but at that point he just shrugs and decides he needs to pack an extra coffee for the road.

He thunders down the stairs, manages not to lose his balance jumping off the second to last step, a rare feat, and grabs a tumbler to throw under the single cup side of the coffee maker, setting that to brew while he grabs a bowl of cereal for breakfast.

He goes through two extra bowls before grabbing the filled travel cup, his backpack, and his keys and slamming out the door to drive to school.

Scott wrinkles his nose when they meet up in the hall, but nobody else makes a comment or a face throughout the day, so he figures Scott's just being weird about knowing he's having regular sex and he doesn't actually smell that bad.

The rest of the day is uneventful, which is generally a good thing as far as Beacon Hills' resident supernatural populace is concerned, but it's also easy to get bored when nothing happens. Stiles' leg jiggles its way through all of his classes, anxious fidgeting more frequent than usual, but Stiles chalks it up to too much caffeine to compensate for the poor sleep.

At least, he's able to do that for Monday. Tuesday, well, sure his sleep wasn't great, but it wasn't awful either, and he's just as much of a mess. He doesn't really understand why, but he really misses Derek.

He's probably hormonal.

Wednesday isn't great, but it's also shot day, so he does his best to reign in his temper until after school. He doesn't quite succeed, but he's sure Scott will forgive him for nearly biting his head off when he apologizes tomorrow. Lydia he's less sure of, but he suspects she's just as – if not more – likely to get him back at some point before she calls it even.

Stiles tries not to storm into his house; despite his unreasonable agitation, the door didn't do anything wrong, no matter how good it might momentarily feel to slam it shut behind him. Instead, he tugs it shut maybe a little more roughly than he needs to and turns the lock. The click is gentle, but it brings him at least a little bit of satisfaction in how it echoes in the quiet house. Though, thinking about it more carefully, the house feels particularly noisy today.

The whole school had felt noisy today as well, but at least that had the excuse of troubled teens filling up every hall. At home, he's the only living occupant right now, but that doesn't stop the whole building from creaking and squeaking, the buzz of the fridge seemingly amped up.

It sets his teeth on edge, so he grits them and stomps up the stairs. He wants to do his shot then sleep until tomorrow, homework be damned, and he's so focused on his plans he almost doesn't notice his boyfriend sprawled over his bed before he throws himself on top of him.

Derek grunts at the impact, but readily wraps his arms around Stiles' waist, holding him tightly.

“Hey,” he offers. Stiles stares at him.

“It’s so creepy how often you break into my house,” he says, pressing his chin into the divot between Derek’s pectorals. Derek rumbles in his chest before replying, the vibrations immediately soothing Stiles’ agitated state.

“You don’t mind,” Derek responds, squeezing slightly. Stiles shudders, nuzzling deeper into the gentle swells.

“Yeah,” he agrees, muffled by cotton and skin. He feels Derek shake beneath him, and thinks he’s probably laughing. “It’s kinda hot.”

Derek sighs, but Stiles knows he isn’t actually that exasperated.

It’s more, *fond* exasperation.

The exasperation is still there, though.

“You’re a menace,” Derek croons, lifting a warm palm to cup the back of Stiles’ head and pet down his spine. Stiles feels like he’s melting into a satisfied puddle at the touch, though knowing himself as well as he does, he knows it’s a hair trigger before turning into a different kind of melting.

Derek’s palm trails its way just past Stiles’ waist, to the hem of his jeans, and that’s it. He rolls his hips into it, lifting slightly until Derek gets the idea and pets over his butt, squeezing the cheek through the denim. The heady wash of want is immediate, and Stiles hums with pleasure.

“I meant to talk to you,” Derek says, voice rough with his own blatant desire.

Usually they're better about not seeing each other on weeknights. Usually Stiles doesn't feel like he's going to burst out of his skin if Derek doesn't immediately fuck him.

“*Fuck*,” Stiles moans, pushing himself up slightly so he can grind against Derek. “Talk to me after, fuck me now.”

Derek's hips thrust up, seemingly almost without his control, and he growls, wrapping his hands around Stiles' hips and flipping them both over.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Stiles chants, pulling up his shirts but abandoning them in his armpits to start grabbing at Derek's waistband. “Off, off, geddit off *now*.”

Derek lifts up, standing on his knees and batting away Stiles' uncoordinated attempts to disrobe him, instead pushing down his pants and letting his cock, already more than half-mast, bounce straight and proud. Stiles' eyes lock onto his, face warm and mouth wet. He wants to suck him off again, but he can feel himself growing wetter at the same time, and knows he's not gonna be able to settle for anything but full debauchery.

He pets a hand over his own stomach, fingers scratching through his happy trail as he tries to smother the swell of desire that's lighting him on fire from the inside.

“Jesus,” Derek groans, hips twitching despite neither of them touching yet. “What is going on with you?”

Stiles hums in response, unbuttoning his jeans and shoving them down at the same time as his briefs. They come away sticky, and he knows Derek is into it because he watches as his pupils dilate. Derek finally moves, leaning down to help drag Stiles' pants off and away, tossing them somewhere in the room. He grabs Stiles' knee and hoists him up, spreading Stiles' thighs and burying his face between them.

Stiles knows he's sweaty and probably a little rank, but Derek obviously *loves* it, licking through his folds and sucking on Stiles' own hard cock.

“Fuuuuuck,” Stiles groans, fingers clenching and unclenching on nothing before they find their way into Derek’s hair. He tugs on the short length, pulling until Derek gets the message and pulls away, crawling forward to press his mouth to Stiles’. They pant into each other, lips, tongues, and teeth clashing with warm breath and quiet wimpers.

“Derek,” Stiles moans again, when he presses a sucking kiss to Stiles’ chin before scraping his teeth over his jaw. “*Derek* .”

“How do you want it?” Derek pants into his ear. Stiles shudders, hands gripping desperately at Derek’s clothes over his back.

“Naked,” he groans, rolling his bare hips into Derek’s still covered stomach. “I wanna feel your skin.”

He doesn't want to let go when Derek pulls away, but he does as asked, stripping completely bare. Stiles also takes the moment to pull off his shirts, nearly getting tangled in them when Derek puts his knee back down on the mattress, the weight making Stiles slide down slightly.

His eyes rake over Derek’s skin; he doesn’t wax anymore, something Stiles is immensely thankful for, and he wants to run his fingers through the hair on Derek’s chest and stomach every minute of every day. Now he’s sweating, too, a light sheen glistening in the afternoon light, highlighting every curve and dip of his body.

Stiles almost thinks he could come from just looking at Derek, but an angry pulse between his legs assures him that’s just fantasy.

“Condom today,” he says instead, and Derek’s brows pinch before understanding relaxes them. He’s perfectly eager to lean forward, pressing his heavy muscles into Stiles’ face to tug open his bedside drawer and pull one out of their stash.

Stiles smirks a little at the idea of them investing in condoms together like some sort of hypersexually domestic pair, but he’s distracted by a dusty brown nipple inches from his face, so he laves his tongue over it and blows. Derek shudders and he scoots back down, but the nipple is now hard and perky, begging for more attention, and that was the point.

Stiles lifts a hand and pinches Derek's nipple, tugging on it, and Derek grunts, cock slotting into the vee of Stiles' hips and rocking into it at the attention.

"I bet I could make you come with just my fingers," Stiles says almost wistfully, continuing to play with Derek's nipples.

Derek grunts.

"Some other time," he says, and he sounds pretty strained, so Stiles pulls the condom from his clenched fingers and tears open the wrapper.

"Is that a promise?" he teases, pinching the tip and rolling the latex down over Derek's length. His cock is so hot in Stiles' palm he almost worries it'll melt the rubber, but as his skin slips against the slick material, he feels too hungry for it to worry.

"So hot," he mumbles under his breath. Derek leans down and noses against his jaw, chaste kiss pressed to the skin only moments before the scrape of blunt teeth follows. He rumbles in his chest and Stiles feels the yearning to croon back. He spares a thought to help line Derek up, raising his leg to hook around Derek's hips to keep himself spread open.

Derek grunts, rocks forward just slightly, and Stiles feels himself part around the head of his cock. He sucks a breath in through his teeth, both hands coming up to wrap around Derek's neck and anchor himself as Derek pushes his way inside.

They don't have sex like this very often despite how often they have sex, because neither of them really like the feel of condoms between them, but sometimes Stiles needs to feel Derek so deeply inside of him that his lungs burn with it, and this is the best way to do it for them. He's so wet that there's almost no burn at all as Derek slowly pistons himself inside. Stiles can feel the blunt pressure of it, the immense heat, but it isn't enough until Derek grunts and sits up slightly, driving in so deep it almost *hurts* .

"Oh, *fuck* ," Stiles moans, voice shivering. His head is pressing so hard back into his pillow he thinks he's going to have a headache later. "Move, *move* !"

Derek rolls his hips at the command, still so gentle, but Stiles thrashes his head side to side.

“ *Harder* ,” he demands, kicking the heel of his lifted leg into Derek’s butt to push him forward. The thrust steals Stiles’ breath for a moment, but when Derek slides only to thrust in again, just as sharply, he’s able to catch it for a moment.

Stiles hadn’t realized how badly he’d wanted this, Derek’s cock pistoning within him like a smooth machine, each thrust slamming home hard enough that he can feel his butt sliding up his sheets inch by inch. Every joint in his body feels tight and stiff, his very soul teetering on a precipice just waiting for a push that seems to get closer and closer without being enough. He pants loudly, pleasure building in his core like an overheated battery, and he worries he’ll explode. His fingers dig into Derek’s back, running over his muscles for a moment or two before clutching harder, nails piercing into skin and he seeks a firmer hold.

He throws his head back and fights for breaths between moans and calls of Derek’s name.

Derek, meanwhile, buries his face in Stiles’ throat, stubble rough on tender skin, hot breath steaming against him and drawing shivers through his overworked system.

Stiles wants to urge him to bite, to sink his teeth in, but he knows the risk there, doesn’t want the supernatural gift if it might come along a premature death, so he shakes his head to dissuade himself from begging for it.

All he’s doing is laying back and holding on, but somehow Derek’s cock feels like it’s wringing him dry rather than the other way around. Derek’s skin is hot, so hot, it’s making him sweat and burn from the inside out. Werewolves may run hotter, but this feels unreal.

He can feel Derek moving, but his eyes are clenched shut, trying to brace himself against the onslaught of pleasure-pain that drowns him, doesn’t realize perhaps he should be paying attention until both of Derek’s palms hook beneath his knees and push, folding him almost completely in half and somehow letting Derek’s cock reach even deeper.

Stiles' eyes fly open and he stares at the ceiling, back bending taught like a bow, and each hammer of Derek's hips feels like it's reverberating in his throat.

He keens loudly and long, sharp and almost canine, and instead of saying anything else, Derek simply growls, deep and loud. For some reason, that's what does it for Stiles. He stiffens completely, choking on the breath that freezes in his throat, and stars dance behind his eyes. His fingers dig deeper, burrowing into Derek's skin, and he feels his rhythm stutter, Stiles clutching so tightly that he can't pull out as easily as before. Instead, he keeps grinding into Stiles, prolonging his orgasm until every roll of hips is overwhelming.

He still can't catch his breath as Derek slowly stills, still tightly wrapped around Stiles, skin sticky where it's pressed together and unwilling to part. Stiles thinks he can feel Derek's heartbeat where it pulses in his still hard cock still buried inside him, but it almost hurts when he tries to pull out he's so tender.

"Derek," he moans, voice hoarse and gravelly. Derek stills, unnaturally so, and Stiles thinks maybe he can tell how overwhelmed he is.

"Stiles," Derek says slowly. There's something in his voice, an unusual timbre he doesn't quite recognize, but Stiles doesn't think much of it until Derek starts trying to pull away and sit up. A sudden, violent panic bursts in Stiles' chest and he wants to react, wants to *growl* at Derek for trying to pull away.

It isn't until Derek stills completely again and Stiles feels himself settle that he realizes... he *did* growl.

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Four:

They lay together in frozen silence for a long, long time. Not long enough for Stiles' dad to come home, or for his stomach to rumble for missing dinner, but long enough that when Derek finally manages to sit back and pull away from Stiles' shell shocked grip, neither of them are sweaty and Stiles is actually a little cold.

“Uh,” he starts, bewildered, but Derek's expression quiets his urge to babble pretty quickly.

“Who bit you?” he asks, eyes flashing red for a brief moment, and Stiles frowns.

“What are you talking about?” he asks. He's trying not to be overly conscious of the fact that Derek is still buried inside him, but that is clearly not relevant to the shift in conversation, so he holds his tongue. Derek rolls his eyes briefly and then pulls out, seemingly unreactive to the feeling despite his cock still standing hard and proud despite the interruption. Stiles makes a face at the feeling, but doesn't move much more than shifting his legs into a slightly more comfortable position as Derek stands.

He turns and bares his back to Stiles and –

*Woah .*



Deep, bloody grooves are carved down Derek's back, though even as he watches they close up, leaving only the dried red trails behind. Derek turns his head back toward Stiles who remains slack jawed and wide eyed.

"Who bit you? When?" he asks again, and Stiles just shakes his head.

"Nobody? I-I don't know?" he says, worried. Derek narrows his eyes, but Stiles can tell he's just thinking. They're both quiet for a long moment before Derek sits back down on the edge of Stiles bed.

"I can't think," Derek finally says with a sigh. Stiles nods, opening his arms when Derek crawls towards him. "Nothing feels wrong." Stiles hums in agreement, pressing a kiss to Derek's cheek, then to his mouth. It quickly devolves into making out again.

"Okay," he says, after a moment. "Let's give little Derek a break so big Derek can work better again, okay?" Derek pushes himself up so he can look at Stiles' face.

"What are you talking about?"

Stiles waggles his eyebrows suggestively before wrapping his hand around Derek's dick and squeezing.

"I am so ready to go again," he says, turning the single squeeze into a long, tight stroke. Derek groans, elbows threatening to drop his weight back onto Stiles.

"You're impossible," he says, but Stiles knows it's fond. "We're not done talking about this."

"No," Stiles agrees, rolling over between Derek's arms until he can press his bare ass against Derek's hard cock and rock them together. "But we're not done doing *this* either."

Derek rumbles in his chest, clearly affected, but he lifts his hips away from Stiles for a moment, and Stiles almost wants to panic. Derek's wide palm pets down his flank and soothes Stiles' anxiety before it really takes off, though, letting him melt into the rumpled sheets beneath him. He waits, hears as Derek's strips off the condom and sighs with relief.

"I hate condoms," he says, nestling back down to press his face against the nape of Stiles' neck. Stiles hums pleasantly in response.

"Yeah?" Stiles teases, and if he weren't well aware by now.

"They smell bad," Derek defends, even though he doesn't have to, and Stiles laughs into his pillow as he drags it from the head of the bed to slightly under his chest. Derek reaches around him and opens the drawer of his bedside table again, this time pulling out an almost empty bottle of lube.

They really are going through it at an alarming pace.

He pops the cap and dribbles a healthy amount over Stiles' crack before capping the bottle and tossing it aside. Stiles arches his back, presents himself more readily for Derek's attention, and he's glad he got his ravishing already because now it feels like Derek just

wants to play around for a while and if he was still waiting for his first orgasm, he wouldn't be quite up for it the way he is now.

He likes it hard and fast, Derek likes it long and slow, but fortunately neither of them really mind the other way as long as they do both at some point, so it all evens out.

Stiles hums pleasantly to himself as Derek massages through the trail of lube, fingers spreading it around from his asshole almost to his cunt, pressing at the thin flesh between them, and Stiles thinks he's *really* ready for whatever Derek has in mind. Derek slowly presses his fingers into Stiles' ass, one at a time, pulling at the muscle gently and methodically until Stiles is panting for air and unable to prevent an intrusion even if he really tried. He feels not just wet but sloppy, turned on with a slow simmer, eager for more but not desperate for it.

Derek pulls away for a moment and Stiles wiggles his hips, shifting until he's slightly more comfortable.

For some reason, Derek hesitates before pressing in.

Stiles turns his head, a slight frown pouting his lip. He starts to ask what's wrong, but is interrupted by a sharp tug, pulling his hips up higher than he'd positioned them. He doesn't give Stiles any time to adjust, immediately pressing forward into Stiles' loosened hole and this time, it feels like coming home.

Something resonates inside him, a bone deep satisfaction that pulses stronger with every thrust until it feels suffocating. The pleasure he's feeling is almost two-fold, the friction in his ass a heady sensation that drives him towards orgasm, but there's an emotional aspect to it that feels like it's coming from somewhere else.

Derek grunts almost in time with Stiles' realization.

“*Alpha*,” he croons, mouth pressed to cotton and wet lips dragging against the dry fabric.

Derek growls deeply, the vibration pulsing through his cock as he snaps his hips forward, grinding as deep as he can go.

“I feel it,” Derek rumbles, all wolf and without the man. Stiles rumbles back, an unfamiliar yet natural sensation. “Pack.”

“*Pack*,” Stiles echoes, face hot. He wants to curl up, hips rolling slightly to try and feel Derek even deeper. “*Derek...*” he whines.

“Shush,” he whispers, bending low over Stiles and pressing his lips to the back of his neck. Normally, the danger of Derek’s inhumanly sharp teeth so close to Stiles’ pulse has it ratcheting up, the tease of danger just another kink in the shoebox, but this time it’s different. That same, bone-deep satisfaction pulses again, and Stiles lets his head roll sideways, baring his throat as well as he can to someone that has him thoroughly pinned to the mattress face-first.

Derek rumbles louder in his chest, and Stiles knows if his father was home, there would be no hiding anything about this – their relationship, werewolves, *nothing*.

But the idea of everyone knowing how well Derek possesses him is as potent as the cock grinding into every erogenous bundle of nerves that exists within him.

He moans and shudders, and Derek’s thrusts have begun to slow, not for any lack of effort, but because his knot has once again begun to swell, threatening to lock them together. Usually, Stiles might whine and beg for something else, a push to make him come before the pressure gets to be too much and he loses the orgasm he’s on the cusp of, but this time his hindbrain is screaming how badly he wants it, how that knot tying them together will *complete* him.

It’s an unexpectedly and relatively unwelcome thought, since Stiles knows he’s got a lot more worth than just a cockwarmer, but whatever instincts are driving him right now are *wild* and desperate for it and, well, he can’t say it isn’t any fun.

“ *Stiles* ,” Derek grunts, more teeth than tongue, and Stiles can only keen in response. Derek’s cock shoves in once more, twice, and on the third attempt to pull out, remains firmly lodged. Derek shakes above him, tense and tight for a moment before he rolls his hips forward, grinding himself impossibly deeper, and Stiles can’t hold back his moaning. The hot rush of Derek’s cum feels like it’s burning as it pours out inside him, flooding every part of him.

There’s something about this he doesn’t understand, but Derek’s knot feels bigger than normal, impossibly large as it continues to swell and spill, pushing and stretching his hole to unbearable lengths and then *further* . Stiles’ breath catches in his chest, his insides too full of cock and cum to contend with asinine things like *air* .

Stiles is almost dizzy with how close to coming he is, so he barely notices when Derek shifts, nuzzling into the side of his neck and pressing his teeth – no, his *fangs* against the skin there. Stiles whines, pleads with him, for what he’s not sure, until Derek’s teeth slip seamlessly into his flesh and everything inside of Stiles bursts.

Every joint in his body locks up and his skin feels like it’s about to burst like an overfull balloon until it all comes rushing out in an absolutely overwhelming, breathtaking orgasm.

A long, long moment passes before Stiles’ body unlocks, and as he collapses to the bed Derek follows, body loose and pliant. They lay together unmoving in silence, broken only by an occasional whimper from Stiles as Derek’s cock twitches and more cum dribbles out.

Stiles feels so full he doesn’t even have a post-coital craving for Taco Bell *or* Reese’s.

“Holy *shit* ,” he eventually breathes, face still smushed into his pillow.

Derek’s only response is a grunt.

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Five:

By the time Stiles' father is home from work, Derek is long gone, Stiles has already had dinner, successfully ignored his homework, and taken care of all his other business.

He's in bed when the sheriff knocks on his door, fucking around on his phone.

"You're put up early," he comments after toeing open the door and standing in the threshold for a moment.

Stiles grunts and doesn't look up from his phone until he realizes his dad isn't leaving. He drops his phone on the blanket he's buried under and rubs over his face, stifling an ear-splitting yawn.

"Yeah, I'm beat," he says, voice hoarse. The sheriff raises his brows and tilts his chin down.

"Jesus, kid, you sound it," he consoles. "You gonna be good? Need me to call you out tomorrow?"

Stiles smothers another yawn behind his hand before letting it flop uselessly against the covers.

"Nah, I think I'll be okay in the morning."

His dad snorts. "All that temper wear you out?"

Stiles rolls his eyes.

“Something like that,” he snarks, picking up his phone again. His dad offers a few more sarcastic but endearing quips before wishing him good night and closing the door. Stiles really is exhausted, so after only a few more minutes, he puts his phone away and lets himself drift off.

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When Stiles gets to school the next morning, now that he knows what’s wrong with him, his frustration over the last few days makes way more sense, but he still doesn’t know how it happened.

When he and Derek had finally managed to separate the night before, Derek took a once-over of his body and *winc*ed .

“Well that’s one way to make a guy feel special,” Stiles had snarked to Derek’s immediate apology. It turns out, regardless of how werewolf he may now seem, not all of the perks had come through, and Derek’s bite had left a pretty gnarly mark.

In Stiles’ experience, if the shift took, it didn’t take very long for the expedient healing to kick in. Stiles still doesn’t have any recollection of being bitten and Derek has always been careful not to break skin with his teeth, so they were fresh out of ideas before Derek went home that night.

And unfortunately for *everyone’s* sake, when Stiles woke up, he was still sporting deep, bloody gouges in his throat.

Admittedly, they were less gnarly than the night before, and the blood could be attributed to not cleaning up properly or wrapping it before sleeping, but he still needed to cover it up with a gauze patch before leaving his house. His dad raised his eyebrows over his cup of coffee before Stiles got out the door, but he dodged around it with some excuse about dreaming of itching powder that was explicit and gross enough that he’d been waved off without a finished explanation.

As he walks into the hall, he's greeted by both Scott *and* Jackson wrinkling their noses.

"Shut the fuck up," he says before either can make a quip. Scott tries to school his expression but Jackson just scowls.

"Would it kill you to shower?" he complains, and Stiles rolls his eyes with his entire body as he pushes him out of the way to get to his locker.

"I have showered twice since last night," he states matter-of-fact. "It's not my fault you're weirded out by your *Alpha* having sex with me."

Jackson tries to scowl more, but his cheeks flush bright red and he drops his gaze to the side, trying to look aloof and failing. Inwardly, Stiles is grinning, but even teasing Jackson with the word has him tingling a little bit in places he shouldn't focus on in school.

"Dude," Scott calls, folding his arms and pulling Stiles out of his head. "It's not just that."

Stiles shoulders his freshly laden backpack and slams his locker shut, glancing at the old clock on the wall to gauge the time left before they need to be at homeroom. He leans forward, into Scott's space, and lowers his voice.

"What else is it?" he asks genuinely. Scott frowns at his shoes, thinking over his response before just blurting out the first thing to enter his head.

"I don't know exactly," he says, looking up. "You smell *way* too much like Derek," Jackson snorts loudly, but continues standing nearby and pretending to ignore them while obviously being part of the conversation. "But you also smell... different. Like, not like you, but also like you, but... not?" He makes a pained face so Stiles takes pity on him, clapping his shoulder before turning them both towards their homerooms and beginning to talk.

"I actually might know a little bit about that," he says as they all fall into step. Jackson splits off when they pass Lydia at her own locker, but he nods in a way that indicates he's still

listening even as they separate. “It’s hard to explain and we don’t know how it happened, but, I might also be... joining the club?”

He censors himself abruptly as they enter their relatively quiet classroom and a few people look up. He locks eyes with Scott as they approach their desks toward the back of the class, only moments before the final bell signals the start of homeroom and several stragglers come rushing in.

“We’ll talk more after school,” he says, and he expects the nod Scott gives him before they both redirect their attention to the homeroom teacher that’s passing out yearbook forms. What he doesn’t expect is Scott leaning over when they get their forms.

“Lunch,” he says pointedly. Stiles blinks at him and then Scott tilts his head, universal puppy language for listening to something.

Stiles rolls his eyes, but blinks and tries to listen in as well.

It’s way easier to ignore random noises now that he isn’t so cranky about it, but honestly Stiles is usually in a pretty good mood the day after getting railed, so that might have something to do with it. He doesn’t know what he’s listening for, so he doesn’t manage to catch it before Scott is leaning over to whisper at him again.

“Lydia,” is all he says before he’s straightening up, pretending he was paying attention to their teacher the whole time. She gives Stiles an equally unimpressed look when she catches him as well, but he just shrugs. He’s acing her class, so he doesn’t really care if she’s annoyed with him before it even starts officially. She clears her throat right as the bell rings again, signaling first period, and just sighs before changing gears to the first lecture of the day.

Stiles does his best to keep notes, but his mind continues to wander. He spends a few minutes every half hour or so trying to test if he can hear exceptionally well or smell chemosignals or anything else, but mostly he just feels really... touchy. Maybe a little more sensitive to sounds and smells, but nothing overly exceptional.

When they move on to second period, he spends a lot of time in his own head thinking about all the weirdness he's been dealing with this week, and realizes – he's been showing signs for maybe a lot longer than he'd thought.

When the bell rings for lunch, he's vibrating with unanswered questions and shooting out of his seat before the teacher can officially dismiss them. He's not the only one, though, so he just sighs and waves the crowd of hungry teenagers away. Stiles practically races to the cafeteria, grabbing his hot lunch in record time and only stepping on like, three peoples' toes (with hasty apologies of course), but he's the first one to sit at their usual table.

His leg bounces rapidly as he starts eating, practically inhaling his lunch as Scott, Jackson, Erica, then finally Lydia and Allison finally sit down. Isaac and Boyd had unfortunately been assigned second lunch this semester, so they aren't physically present, but at least they can both listen in if there are any concerns.

“Cool cool cool,” he greets, rapid fire. “So, now that we're all here, let's get chatting. About things. Conversational things. Things that definitely need to be talked about in the middle of the school cafe, because that's a reasonable place to have these sorts of conver–”

“Stiles,” Scott interrupts, exasperated. “Chill.” Stiles nods, folks still settling down with their lunches. Allison looks a little bit alarmed, but she brought lunch from home so she just has to unzip the box and pull out a sandwich.

“I'm chill!” he defends. “Totally, ice cold, definitely not anxious or worried about anything.”

Scott and Lydia exchange a look, but Scott nods indulgently as Stiles gnaws on his pizza crust.

“So, you stink,” Jackson starts the conversation. Lydia elbows him sharply, but he doesn't apologize. “In a *weird* way,” he defends. “And you think you know why?”

Stiles lifts a hand and seesaws it back and forth with a ruffled expression.

“Kinda?” he says.

“Are we really talking about cum stink during lunch?” Erica snarks, biting into her pasta salad. She leers at Stiles slightly and he blanches.

“Oh my god,” Allison whispers to herself, putting down her sandwich.

“We’re not talking about... *that*,” Scott says, face red. “We’re talking about why Stiles doesn’t smell like... well, *Stiles* lately.”

Erica frowns, putting down her fork and inhaling deeply through her nose.

“Huh,” she says, tilting her head to the side. “Weird.”

“Right?” Jackson says, fishing for acquittal. Lydia rolls her eyes at him but doesn’t say fight him on it.

“What’s your theory?” she asks, redirecting the conversation. Stiles swallows, stomach suddenly tying itself in knots.

Haha, knots...

Stiles flushes.

“I think I’m turning into a werewolf,” he says slowly, still not sure how he feels about it. Jackson immediately snorts.

“Really?” he mocks, and Lydia elbows him sharply.

“Don’t be a dick,” she warns before turning to Stiles. “Why?”

She raises her brows at him, and he pales under her gaze, but everyone else is focused on him as well, so he just shrugs.

“I literally growled and tore up Derek’s back last night,” he says, suddenly extremely interested in the hard, inedible remnants of crust on his styrofoam lunch tray. He moves them around slowly through a smear of pizza sauce, but doesn’t try eating them.

“Stiles,” Lydia says slowly, and he looks up. “That’s not that... unusual.” Everyone looks embarrassed and uncomfortable to be having this conversation over lunch, and certainly Stiles agrees, but he immediately shakes his head.

“Not us, and not like *that*,” he defends. “Like, they weren’t scratches, Lyds, they were *gouges*. And I don’t even have any nails! And also—” he freezes, not really wanting to reveal the most prominent evidence he has, as it feels even more intensely personal, but he lifts his hand to tug at the adhesive around the gauze on his neck.

“Derek, uh, bit me, like, for realsies with the— you know,” he lifts his hands near his mouth to make a curling gesture with his fingers. “All out, and uh, it isn’t, like, *totally* healed, but it isn’t festering either, and it’s definitely not as bad as it was last night.” He peels back the edge of the gauze and clocks several wide-eyed expressions.

“There’s nothing there,” Scott says, brows pinched.

“Huh.” Stiles pulls the patch the rest of the way off and runs his fingers over the smooth, unblemished skin. “Weird.”

The table is quiet for a long moment.

“Do you think werewolves have sex magic?” Erica says, snapping a baby carrot with her teeth. Lydia makes an unpleasant face and Scott and Allison both turn beet red.

“No,” Lydia says definitively. “This is something else.”

Stiles shrugs.

“I really would have preferred waiting until after school for this conversation,” he says, wiping his hands over his jeans. Scott nods, and after a little while, regular conversation begins to trickle back in, Lydia asking Allison about going shopping, Scott and Jackson discussing team strategies, and Erica going between them to make fun of Jackson’s lacrosse plans and enthusiastically approve of Lydia’s boutique list.

For once, Stiles is comfortable just quietly listening, letting his mind wander to places he normally tries to avoid sharing a school with werewolves, and wonders how obnoxious he’s going to be if he starts being able to smell whenever his friends are horny too.

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

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

## Chapter Six:

Classes end with as much fanfare as any other day, but half the pack is immediately called away to lacrosse practice, including Stiles, so the rest end up tagging along.

Scott managed to convince Boyd to join them last year, so it seems like this year they really might stand a chance at nationals, let alone regionals, so even Stiles has been trying to up his game. He's still feeling pretty off center and out of sorts with this whole spontaneously turning into a werewolf thing, but he tries not to let it distract him and focuses on the mini scrimmage they're playing with each other.

There are a lot of promising underclassmen this year, which definitely helps fill out their ranks, especially for practices like this one, and he thinks a few of them might even make the starting line.

Unfortunately for those excitable freshmen, he's also been working his ass off, and may or may not have gotten himself a supernatural boost which will undoubtedly help his game. The whistle blows, both teams rush into action, and... absolutely nothing new or exciting happens, though the increasingly common trend of Stiles not failing miserably and getting benched continues, so he still counts it as a win.

He's exhausted, sweaty, and panting by the time he and the others leave the field, but unlike most of the underclassmen and a few other peers, he's not a literal puddle on the grass, so maybe this whole supernatural transition has been happening longer than he'd realized.

He's still pretty quiet when half the pack piles into his Jeep to drive to Derek's loft after practice, Erica making googly eyes at Boyd who's sitting in the front, and praising his performance as provocatively as possible to the point where Stiles is immensely glad that at least at this moment, he can't hear the bits that are whispered between them judging by the color of Isaac and Scott's faces.

When they arrive, they aren't the first, so they all have to wait a little longer for the elevator to come back down to their level before bringing them up. Every step has Stiles more and

more agitated, foot frantically tapping against the concrete floor as they all wait in relatively companionable silence. Isaac sends him a few concerned looks, but then the freight doors open and they all pile in.

As the elevator lifts, creaking and groaning and complaining about needing to move in a way that is entirely relatable, Stiles grows more and more agitated, crossing his arms and trying not to pace in the tight box, until it finally grinds to a halt. He lurches forward, grabbing the handle to roll the door up quickly, not even bothering to check if it stayed up before he's darting out and running to Derek's door. He grabs the handle with a white knuckled grip, throwing it aside, ignoring the slam as it bounces at the end and rolls back toward closed.

He doesn't pause on the threshold, skin itching as he races to the kitchen, knowing innately that's where Derek must be.

There is no hesitation as he launches from the floor and flies at him. He thinks Derek may have been holding something, but it doesn't matter, because now he's holding Stiles, arms looped over his shoulders and face pressed into his throat.



He doesn't realize he's practically purring until it's interrupted by Derek's shifting his grip to hold Stiles' bottom more securely, and the sound stutters in his chest.

His eyes blink open, unaware they'd been shut, and he looks over the loft's kitchen in a dreamy haze. He hums, tasting skin and something metallic and satisfying on his tongue before trying to pry his face away.

He doesn't want to move, but Derek is uncomfortably stiff, and that's never a good sign.

“What’s wrong?” he asks, finally separating from Derek’s shoulder to blink up at him. Derek’s brows are furrowed, but the vee of them deepens at Stiles’ question.

He blinks for a moment before the reality of how he got into his position sinks in, and he glances at the floor to see two shattered mugs of coffee.

“Well this is interesting,” Peter snarks from the entrance to the kitchen, an arch so wide it barely counts as a doorway.

Stiles flails, but Derek’s grip is unyielding despite his inability to control his wayward limbs, so he doesn’t fall, but it’s a near thing. Peter chuckles, leaning against the frame of the arch, and continues watching them with an uncomfortable leer that his Stiles’ skin prickling.

He grumbles at him, eyes barely flashing, before he realizes what he’s doing and the sound cuts off.

“Peter,” Derek warns, hands still firmly planted beneath Stiles’ butt. Stiles shifts in his grip slightly, enjoying the pressure a little too much for a moment.

Geez, what is up with his libido lately?

Peter watches for another long moment before he shakes his head to himself and straightens, preparing to leave.

“Sometimes I forget how young you were,” he mutters, turning his back to the pair and walking off. Stiles is pretty sure he wasn’t supposed to be able to hear that, and from the way Derek stiffens further, he certainly did.

“Der...” he mumbles, trying to draw his attention back. Derek blinks a few times and rumbles softly, eyes focusing back on Stiles.

“I’m fine,” he says, lips barely parting around the words. Stiles lifts a hand and holds his face, trying to evoke a certain sort of tenderness he often lacks but feels necessary in this moment.

“Let’s go settle this with the pack.”

Reluctantly Stiles climbs down, briefly embarrassed by how violently he had reacted to – what, Derek’s scent? His ‘alpha’s’ proximity? He doesn’t know, and frankly, can’t be bothered to care, especially when Derek slips his fingers into his, warm palms pressed together. It seems so juvenile to feel giddy over holding hands, like school children, but it also satisfies something deep inside him that always wants to consume Derek whole, or be consumed by him.

Stiles absently licks his lips as they round the corner into the main living area of the loft, remembering the taste of sweat, skin, and *blood* on his teeth. He flushes when he looks up and Erica is making direct eye contact with him, brows raised and lips twisted into a smirk.

In lieu of other, more embarrassing responses, he sticks out his tongue and promptly ignores her, turning to climb into Derek’s lap when he settles onto the leather armchair he usually occupies during meetings. Derek sighs, but Stiles thinks he should know better by now, since *his* favorite seat is always Derek’s lap. The chatter filling the space slowly recedes, eyes focusing on Derek to follow his lead.

“No perimeter breaches,” he starts, business as usual. “No unusual activity in the preserve. No more out-of-towners that aren’t the usual hikers. Nothing weird.”

Jackson snorts, crossing his arms when a few others look over to him briefly. Even Derek raises his brows for a moment before continuing.

“Which makes what’s happening to Stiles... concerning.”

Scott frowns immediately.

“What’s so concerning about it?” Scott asks. “You bit him, right?”

Derek’s lips press tightly together, and Stiles knows he’s trying not to say something scathing, but he can’t bring himself to feel too upset with how things are going. He knows that probably he *should*, that this sudden slow transition means something nefarious is likely afoot, but as he’s nestled in Derek’s lap, surrounded by his warmth, he mostly just feels... at peace.

He squirms slightly in his seat, mostly just to feel Derek’s hands tighten around his hips to keep him still, and feels a thrum of satisfaction. He presses his face to Derek’s cheek and only realizes a moment after that Derek was mid-sentence as he did so, and he’s being absurdly obnoxious about this whole conversation.

Oh well, that’s nothing too unusual.

“Should we check out the bestiary?” Allison asks, prompting Stiles to tune back in.

“For what though?” Isaac snarks. “Werewolf amnesia?”

“Something that can erase or tamper with peoples’ memories,” Lydia cuts in primly. “Or something that can cause a shift, like a werewolf, but much... slower.”

Everyone pauses, discussing things quietly amongst themselves while Derek listens in and Stiles nuzzles up under his chin.

“Maybe we should look up something that causes an extreme and irrational increase in libido,” Lydia comments drily, and Stiles realizes he’s vaguely grinding into Derek’s lap in front of everyone. He blinks and pulls away slightly, Derek’s cheeks coloring pink.

“Yeah, actually that’s probably a good thought,” Stiles agrees. He tries to smile but can feel his embarrassment twisting his lips into something that doesn’t quite manage to cover it.

Derek's mouth quirks sharply down before he schools his expression, but Stiles still catches it. His own lips twist into a smirk.

“Aw, don't feel bad, big guy,” he teases. “It's not that I don't absolutely love—”

“*Stiles!*” Scott hisses sharply and Stiles grins.

“I just would like to maybe do other activities, like homework so I don't flunk senior year.” Derek rumbles deep in his chest and Stiles presses against him to feel it, pleased.

General chatter begins to resume, levity sufficiently injected into the mood, until a throat clears from the spiral staircase.

“If I may interject,” says Peter, a smug twist to his lips putting Stiles on edge. Lydia seems to mirror his feelings, as her own lips tug down at the corners.

“What is it, Peter?” Derek asks, head thumping into the back of the chair as he closes his eyes to thwart the immediate headache.

Peter waits until there's complete silence before he continues.

“There is a creature that ticks all of these boxes incredibly neatly,” he explains, standing up slowly and sauntering into the main seating area. Nobody is happy to watch him but he thrives on the attention regardless, and for a moment Stiles thinks if Lydia was even a fraction more homicidal she'd be a mirror image of him. Well, and if she was also in her thirties and brunet and a man—

“Something that can gift their shifter abilities to another, albeit slower than a bite,” he continues, lifting a hand and holding up a finger as he circles through the seating area. “Something that can tamper with an individual's memories,” — he lifts another finger —

“That can trigger ‘werewolf amnesia’,” — he smirks as he lifts a third finger — “And yes, that can cause an ‘extreme and irrational increase in libido.’”

All eyes are on him, albeit many half lidded and annoyed, and Stiles is tempted to close his as a form of protest.

“Say it,” he mutters under his breath. “Out loud.” Peter shoots him a dirty look and Stiles grins.

“An alpha werewolf,” Peter finishes, crossing his arms against the immediate chorus of groans and rebuttals.

“But there have been no new wolves in the territory,” someone defends, but Stiles frowns and thinks on it further.

“I definitely wasn’t bitten,” Stiles says slowly. “So... There are other ways to turn. Right?”

Peter grins and Stiles feels himself begin to sweat.

“Oh I am so gonna regret asking about this,” he mutters under his breath. Derek’s hand wraps around his knee and squeezes, a warm band of reassurance that has him turning to press a chaste kiss against his cheek. Derek rumbles at the token of affection and they lock eyes for a moment before Stiles silently nods.

“Peter,” Stiles pauses, clearing his throat. “How else can an alpha turn a human into a werewolf?”

Peter smiles, smug and insufferable, but he doesn’t hold it over their heads any longer.

“Lycanthropy works similarly to viral infections,” he explains. “The power to turn someone is carried in an alpha’s bodily fluids, and it’s fastest when it enters the bloodstream directly.

Saliva, blood—” he pauses and smirks. “Other bodily fluids.

“And they don’t need to enter the bloodstream directly,” he continues, taking a few steps backwards toward the sliding door at the front of the loft. “It just has to enter the body somehow. Skin can be incredibly absorbent. And you know...” He trails off, one foot on the lowest step. Stiles can feel his blood draining and his cheeks flaming in unison, suddenly incredibly uncomfortable with this topic being discussed so openly in front of all his friends.

“This is just a rumor, but they say that werewolf semen is an incredible aphrodisiac, especially an alpha’s.”

With that last quip he turns and swiftly marches out of the loft. The space he leaves behind is so quiet, so charged that Stiles thinks he can hear Peter scuttling away like a rat in a portside warehouse when the lights are suddenly flipped on. After a beat, suddenly everyone else is leaping to their feet and fleeing as well, Allison a moment behind than the others, unable to lift her jaw from the drop she’s found it in.

Stiles isn’t sure if he wants to bury himself alive and never have to look at any of his friends in the eye again or something equally dramatic, but he lets himself fall limp and sprawl over Derek’s lap, he nearly falls to the floor when instead of catching him, Derek bounces him. After a moment he realizes the bouncing is because Derek is laughing.

“There is absolutely nothing funny about this!” Stiles squeaks, outraged. He wants to flail his arms around but he also sort of feels like dying still so he doesn’t. Derek shifts his arms to hold Stiles more securely, but lets his head fall back, laughter breaking free and sounding so clear and loud that Stiles is pulled from his impending panic to marvel at him instead.

“It’s not funny,” he whines when Derek finally gets control of himself and stops laughing, though his smile is still broad and warm. Stiles feels his heart stutter and knows he’s fallen a little bit more in love.

“It’s a little funny,” Derek teases, leaning in and nuzzling Stiles’ jaw. Stiles huffs but tilts his head back to allow better access, wrapping his arms around Derek’s shoulders so he doesn’t fall back.

“I can’t believe you gave me a lycanthropic STD,” he whines, and Derek laughs against his skin before turning his nuzzling into close mouthed kisses. Stiles has yet to not be in the mood.

“Not a disease,” Derek defends, mouthing at Stiles’ neck before dragging his tongue across it. Stiles shivers, fingers digging into the fabric at Derek’s shoulders.

“I guess we really should’ve been using protection,” he sighs, letting Derek maneuver him so he can run his teeth over the junction between shoulder and neck.

“Are you mad?” Derek asks, suddenly stopping his ministrations. Stiles shivers at the chill as the air hits the wet patch of skin.

“I feel like I should be,” he says slowly. “But honestly I can’t really think about anything but your dick right now, so, whatever.” Derek blows a sharp breath through his nose before pressing in again, dragging his lips over Stiles’ and letting his tongue slip easily into his mouth. Stiles lets him, of course, too infatuated with Derek’s everything to deny him.

“Do you think I’ll be less horny when, I dunno, I fully transition or whatever?” he asks when Derek finally pulls away. Derek stares at him blankly for a moment before dropping his head onto Stiles’ chest and laughing again. Stiles slowly blinks at him several times before he realizes what Derek is laughing at and shrieks, slapping Derek’s back several times. “Oh! You! Asshole!” he yells.

Derek tilts his head back and laughs even louder before rolling back slightly and tugging Stiles forward, rocking their bodies together and reminding Stiles of the hot, hard cock waiting in Derek’s trousers for him to have his way with it. He moans slightly and ruts forward, the mood easily shifting back towards heated

“Your asshole, actually,” Derek grunts, yanking on Stiles’ waistband and tugging him into a better position astride his lap. Stiles’ breath stutters at the motion, but he sinks into the new movement easily, fluidly, like they know this song and dance as intimately as, well, they do.

“Oh, so *now* you like puns,” Stiles snarks, but any cutting edge he may have wanted is blasted apart by how breathy his voice is, already pulling his shirt higher and baring his stomach and the thin trail of hair covering his navel. Derek rumbles with satisfaction, loud and open, and Stiles— for once, Stiles rumbles in response, a low sound, from deep in his chest, and Derek feels like he’s going to go crazy with how good it makes him feel. His fingers twitch, dig into Stiles’ hips sharp enough to have him whine, long neck tilting back and baring his throat. His fingers fumble, arching his back slightly as he instinctively bares himself for Derek, offering submission that Derek drinks in like cool, clear water in a drought.

He presses his lips to Stiles’ throat again, places one chaste kiss before he opens his jaw, scraping his teeth against the skin. Stiles shivers then seemingly recalibrates, hands feeling their way to Derek’s waistband and popping the button on his jeans. Derek follows his leads, pulling apart Stiles’ pants as well but unable to pull them much further than the top of his ass.

“Up,” he says, patting Stiles’ butt with an open palm, and at first Stiles lifts so he’s standing on his knees, but his knees are spread too wide to pull the denim any further, so he sighs and climbs off.

“This is the worst part of sex,” he complains, bending over and shoving his pants down, along with his underwear, and awkwardly toeing off his shoes with pants around his ankles. He doesn’t bother stripping his shirt until he’s climbing back into Derek’s lap, dropping the overshirt behind him and then tugging his tee over his head. Derek remains seated the entire time, watching hungrily and freeing his cock from his open fly, letting it stand ready and proud for Stiles’ return.

As Stiles fully settles himself in Derek’s lap, he rubs their cocks together, his own slick easily smoothing the glide without any real effort. He moans softly, almost surprised at how good it feels despite how many times he’s gotten off on nothing but rubbing himself against the ridge of Derek’s cock.

It takes monumental effort for Derek to hold himself back, but he manages, letting Stiles control the pace, at least for the start. Stiles wraps his fingers around Derek’s length, pumping it a few times as he tries to settle into position again. Derek isn’t having it though, he needs more, needs something else, so without another thought he reaches forward and slides his palm beneath Stiles, pushing two fingers directly into his cunt and grinding the heel into his cock. Stiles jerks with the push, his gasp trailing into a moan almost before he realizes he’s doing it.

He grinds down on Derek's palm and fingers, thick appendages pushing and prying inside of him as they shift.

"*Derek*," he whines, almost breathless. "I don't have a condom." Derek growls, thrusting his fingers in and out rapidly in response until Stiles is bent over him, hands fisted into his shoulders to try and support himself.

He shifts his thumb, rubbing over Stiles' cock as he teases a third finger at the edge of Stiles' cunt with each thrust. Stiles can feel how insanely wet he is, is almost terrified that he's peed himself from how slick he is, but he knows that sometimes he's just turned on enough to really feel it right, and hope this is one of those times. He pants, loudly, but can't control his breath. He's on the edge of coming, sensations powerful enough to have him reeling, hurtling towards climax and seeing stars, but just as he teeters on the precipice, Derek slips his hand free, leaving Stiles feeling empty and shocked.

"Hey!" he starts to complain, but when he pries his lids open and locks eyes with Derek, he feels like he's slammed face first into a new wall of heat. Derek is often the first to say, they aren't killers, but he's still a predator, and Stiles feels pinned like a deer in the hunger of his gaze. His jaw hangs loose, not sure if he's going to say something or not, but then Derek looks down, drags Stiles' attention to where he's stroking his own cock with Stiles' slick, and Stiles can't help the involuntary moan and hip roll the sight pulls from him. Derek leans forward, nudging Stiles' face up so he can lick along his neck. He shivers when both of Derek's hands grip at the meat of his ass, pulling his hips forward further than they want to, but so he can feel the heat of Derek's cock and then the slick skin against his hole.

"I want--" Derek groans, removing one hand to hold himself steady so he can push up into Stiles' ass despite the resistance. They've had so much sex lately that it takes barely any effort, but Stiles still hisses at the sting, no matter how much he loves it.

"What?" Stiles breathes, barely holding on as Derek pushes him down on his cock, not pausing for a moment until he's sunken all the way to the way. He feels it in his throat, and God, he loves it when it feels like Derek's cock is going to ruin him.

It kind of already has.

“Whaddya want?” he slurs, thighs shaking where they rest around Derek’s. Derek grunts and lifts him up, letting his cock slide out of Stiles as he pants along with it before pushing him back down, faster than if he’d let himself sink.

“I wanna bite you,” Derek says, voice more growl than speech, but Stiles understands him anyway. He nods, head practically flapping like a bobblehead toy, and imagines what it would feel like to have Derek’s teeth sinking inside him the same way his cock is. To be consumed from both ends, stuffed so full he doesn’t have any space left for more.

“Yeah,” he breathes, fingers digging into Derek’s shoulders as he lifts him up and pushes him down again, faster, building a rhythm with Stiles practically bouncing in his lap. He can’t control a single thing about the pace but God, it feels so good to be used like that, to feed his alpha’s whims, and — woah, that’s a weird thought, but it’s hot as hell and Stiles can’t help but moan loudly at a particularly rough thrust. “Yes, yeah, bite me, it’s okay.”

“It’s okay?” Derek grunts, making absolutely sure. Stiles can tell he wants it though, can feel as Derek’s thrusts get sharper, faster. Derek is practically bending him in half backward from the pressure he’s putting behind each thrust, not just lifting Stiles up and down but rolling his hips into it too. Stiles keens, feeling raw and open.

“It’s okay,” he agrees, nodding even as Derek moves his hands from his hips to wrap his arms around his waist, pressing their stomachs together. Stiles’ cunt and cock drag against Derek’s skin as he folds them closer, almost impossibly tight together. “I want it, I wanna feel your teeth, bite me, fuck—”

He loses his voice as Derek bounces forward sharply, his entire sense of gravity flying away until he realizes Derek has thrown them both to the floor. He growls again, deep and gutter, utterly beastly, and when Stiles blinks his eyes open again, the ridges of Derek’s beta shift greet him, the length of his ears increased and — with a less subtle push — the girth of his cock slightly increased.

He lets his head drop back against the floor, unwilling or unable to register any pain from it, and something about the sight must be too much for Derek, because he lurches forward and sinks his teeth into the milky skin at the base of Stiles’ neck, right where it joins with his shoulder. And it hurts, of course it does, but it also lights something within him on *fire*.

It burns, but it also *bursts* inside him and he feels himself gush, not like an overflow but like a bursting dam. His hips feel like they lock, and he can hear the sudden, slick squelching as Derek continues to thrust, even with his teeth lodged in the meat of Stiles' shoulder shaking him apart. Stiles can't breathe for a moment until he feels the telltale pressure of Derek's knot swelling and the friction lessens until it stops, only a nigh-unbearable pressure in its place.

It feels not just warm, but hot, the rush of Derek's cum filling him up, and even if he didn't know the bite was enough to finish turning him into a werewolf, he thinks this would have done it. His entire body feels flooded with *Derek*, not just seed or cum or magic, but everything that makes Derek *alive*.

It's overwhelming, but also addictive. He wants to feel this way forever.

After several long moments of panting, stewing in the sweaty afterglow as they struggle to catch their breaths, Stiles finally opens his eyes. The ceiling looks wrong, and it takes a reasonably but unexpectedly long time for Stiles to realize that's because the color has shifted. He blinks a few times before it goes back to normal and looks down to see Derek watching him, chin resting against Stiles' chest.

"Hi," he says, voice cracking. Derek just grunts, unblinking. Stiles smiles at him dopily, and then gets him to smile too.

"I'm a werewolf now," he says, leaning his head back to stare at the ceiling again.

"Yeah," Derek says. "Fully... transitioned." Stiles snorts, but rolling his eyes would be pointless right now since Derek can't see them.

"Yeah," he agrees instead. "You complete me."

Derek is silent for a moment before he sighs with exasperation, making Stiles giggle softly. Or at least, he does until it makes him move too much and tug on Derek's knot, causing them both to groan and Derek to involuntarily rut.

Eventually, Stiles sighs, petting through Derek's hair as he thinks.

“What are we gonna tell my dad?”

## Chapter End Notes

The omake is Derek sitting down to dinner with Stiles and his dad and everyone is super uncomfortable the whole time. The sheriff can tell something is wrong, but Derek and Stiles are both so bad at communicating that he's a werewolf now that the sheriff thinks he's pregnant instead, and offers to babysit.

Nobody is happy with this outcome LOL

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