

## We Collide

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# We Collide

by [swarls](#)

## Summary

Stiles goes looking for a one night stand. He doesn't expect what comes at the end of the night.

## Notes

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

The bar was pretty shady, but it was the only place Stiles knew of that sold wolfsbane brews. Wolfsbane brews meant werewolves, and that was exactly what he was craving. He had come here looking for something shady, something he could just go in, get it, and get out. Honestly he probably could've done this much more safely like getting back on grindr or something. But the last person he met on the app had been a creepy stalker guy who hadn't left him alone even after Stiles had ended their coffee date midway through due to major creepy vibes. His particular brand of creep hadn't felt safe in the least.

Not like the kind of creep factor the guy with broody eyebrows and a scowl at the bar had. Stiles had set eyes on him almost immediately and he was pretty sure the guy was a wolf because his nostrils flared before he turned away casually, as if he hadn't just tried to get a big whiff of him when he walked in and passed him by to sit at the other end of the bar. He liked seeing the door when he was in an unfamiliar place, especially a place where wolves were almost certainly going to be.

It only took another few minutes for him to get a beer, then him tilting his neck back to chug half his beer before the guy was looking at him again. When Stiles set his drink back on the bar and looked at him, he held eye contact for a second longer than strictly necessary. He tilted his head to the side and showed off his spattering of moles and the vulnerable part of his neck and flicked his eyes aside, showing submission before looking back at the man across the bar. His eyes glowed blood red. Alpha.

Stiles swallowed hard and licked his lips before finishing off his drink and sliding over a bill to cover the charge as well as tip. He got off the stool and made his way to the bathroom, letting just a finger trail along the man's shoulder as he passed. Stiles didn't know if he would be followed, but he hoped to god that he was. This was honestly a bad idea. Stiles didn't think about it.

The bathroom was surprisingly clean. Stiles hummed and went to wash his hands quickly. Just as he was reaching to grab a paper towel, the door opened. The first thing he saw was those bright red eyes. Stiles smirked, finished drying off his hands, and walked to the large handicap stall without looking back. He held the door open and let the man walk past.

Before he could really register what was going on, he was pushed back against the tile wall. Instinctively his head tilted forward so it wouldn't crash and give him a massive headache, but he felt fingers threading through his hair and pulling backwards. The gasp it elicited was a perfect opening for the man to delve his tongue inside Stiles' mouth and claim him filthily.

Stiles' hands immediately went to the man's jeans, cursing him silently for wearing a fucking belt. He deftly undid it before unbuttoning the stupidly tight jeans that no doubt showed off an incredible ass. The dude was clearly packing, and Stiles had a quick thrilling thought at the slight bit of burning pain that would come with only having prepped with three fingers beforehand.

He didn't focus too much on that yet, because he was too busy letting all of his weight drop towards the floor so he could pull the denim down and away from the dick in front of him.

The only reason he wasn't worrying about a condom was because he knew wolves couldn't carry or host diseases.

The hand in his hair tightened when Stiles opened his mouth and greedily took him completely to the base. They moaned in unison as Stiles swallowed around his length and rubbed his nose in the neatly trimmed dark hairs along his pelvis. He smelled like expensive soap, so warm and inviting, and Stiles immediately knew he was going to want more than just one night of this cock in his mouth, with this perfect tasting, perfect smelling man inside him. Whether he'd get it or not, he was unsure, but hell if he wouldn't fucking try.

As soon as he was done revelling over how amazing the throbbing cock inside his throat felt, he pulled off to flick his tongue over the man's leaking head. Stiles' eyes had closed of their own volition, but as soon as he heard soft cursing, he flicked his eyes upwards and noticed the clenching of muscles in the man's stomach. With one final lick of his head Stiles looked up at the man with blazing red eyes.

"Fuck my mouth, Alpha," he said. "Please," as if it was a request and not an order.

There was some hesitation so Stiles took him to the base again, not taking his eyes away from the mystery alpha, just to show him he could take it. He palmed himself through his jeans and whined another plea before his face was finally cradled and a soft, aborted thrust had the cock fucking into the back of his throat.

Stiles eyes rolled to the back of his head and he moaned low and needy. Both of his hands went to grab tightly at the alpha's ass, he knew it would be firm and perfect, and flexed hard on the muscle there grounding himself while his throat was fucked hard and quick. His throat felt raw and he melted into it the longer it went on. The quiet, stuttering curses filled the bathroom for a few minutes until the hand in his hair was tightening hard enough to make Stiles' eyes water. A warning.

Stiles looked up at him again and squeezed his ass, silently asking for it. He needed it like he needed air in his lungs.

Another few stuttering thrusts and Stiles felt hot liquid shooting down his throat. A few seconds later he was pulling away and nursing the head of the cock to get a few extra drops of come; he wanted to taste him.

Then he was being hauled up by his hair and pushed up against the wall again. A whine escaped his mouth at the loss before he was flipped around and facing the tile. His fingers grabbed uselessly at the wall for something to hold onto and finding nothing as the man started working open Stiles' jeans. He was glad to have gone commando, just like the alpha. He was lucky his pants weren't ripped open--that had happened at least three times before--and as soon as his jeans were at his ankles, the man was spreading his cheeks and lining himself up. "You're still hard?" he asked incredulously, but god damn if that wasn't the single hottest thing he had ever felt.

"You smell fucking incredible," the guy said, as if that was a perfectly reasonable explanation. Stiles tilted his head to the side to allow the man to run his nose along the column of his throat. "I knew the second you walked in that i was going to fuck you." Stiles



pushed back onto the man's cock even though he knew he wasn't prepped for it. He almost welcomed pain at this point as long as it meant getting that cock inside him. "You smell like you're in heat, like you're ready for my cock already," Two fingers slid between his cheeks and teased his rim. "You're wet for me," he whispered and scraped his teeth against Stiles' throat enough to send a shiver down Stiles' spine and have his cock jumping in anticipation. "I bet you'd have let anyone fuck you, wouldn't you? Just wanted to get a cock in you."

The man's fingers penetrated Stiles and they were thick and perfect. "Fuck." He clenched around the fingers slowly pushing inside him.

Lips touched his ear and another shiver went down him. "Answer me." his voice was a low and dangerous growl. "Would you let just anyone fuck you?" his fingers curled and massaged Stiles' prostate slow and steady, just like he liked it.

After a few seconds of mindless keening, Stiles nodded. "Anyone... as long as you watched." Stiles clenched around the two fingers inside of him again and pushed back trying to get more.

"Fuck," the man hissed. His fingers slipped out and Stiles whined pathetically until he felt the spit-slick cock line up against his entrance.

"Come on, Alpha, fuck me like you mean it. Mark me, come on." Stiles let his head drop forward so the back of his neck was exposed completely. It was stupid and reckless and it felt so fucking good. A snarl erupted from behind him, he could feel it vibrating through the man behind him. Sharp teeth pressed against his neck and Stiles felt himself leaning into it, a small drop of blood swelling where his neck was pricked. The sting of pain made him moan for a second. The next he could barely feel it because he was being filled completely with one long, hard thrust of that beautiful fat cock into him. There was no pausing for him to get used to the size, just sharp thrusts that made him dizzy.

The pain dissipated after a few minutes and all he could feel was the hot pleasure of the alpha cock filling him up and fucking into his prostate with every stroke. It was like the man knew exactly where to position himself and he did it with every stroke.

The teeth at his neck became blunt at some point, Stiles couldn't remember when exactly, and the man started sucking a huge bruise on the back of his neck. It was mixed with slick stripes of his tongue soothing a rough bite and hard suck and there was no pattern to follow. It was mind numbingly good and made Stiles' cock drip steadily between his legs.

"Need to come. Please, please.... Please Alpha, I need to come, need it, need to be touched." Stiles whined but didn't move to touch himself, instead clawing at the tile against the wall.

"You'll come on my cock like a good little slut." he growled. Stiles whined and clenched tight around the cock still pistoning inside him.

"Please." Stiles reached behind him to grab a fistful of the man's hair. "P-please, need it, please," he begged. He was shushed softly and a hand came up and cupped his jaw. The man's hips became slower, deeper, something more intimate as their lips crashed together. Stiles moaned and quickly invaded the alpha's mouth with his tongue.

When he pulled away to finally breathe, Stiles turned back to the wall and braced both hands against it to push back into the quickening pace. "So good," the man said. Stiles felt a thrill go through him sharp and hot at the praise. The man seemed to sense it because he was leaning forward and pressing his lips against the shell of Stiles' ear. "You like being good for me?" Stiles could only nod with eagerness. "You like being my good little slut, don't you? Like spreading your legs like a whore for me and getting fucked like a good boy." Stiles whined and clawed at the wall. "You want me to fill you up for being a good boy?"

"Yes, Alpha, please, fill me up. I need it. Need it, need it, need it..." Stiles breathed a slew of pleas before turning his head and locking eyes with the alpha. "Please, Alpha, breed me."

Red flared in his eyes as he snarled and fucked into Stiles with a vigor he hadn't shown before. A strong arm wrapped around his middle as the alpha fucked up into him. Stiles' vision started blurring and greying out at the edges. "Can i... can i..." he could barely speak he was so overwhelmed, his body on fire.

"Come for me."

His orgasm wrecked through him like a fucking train. His entire body went tight and he clenched around the thick cock inside him. He could vaguely feel the swelling at the base of the man's cock, but it never penetrated him as he felt his ass get filled with seed.

The next few minutes were a blur, really. He could hardly feel anything other than the continuous pumping of come in his ass and the slick dripping down his balls and thighs. The man was still coming when Stiles finally did come to his senses. "Holy shit, dude." He looked back and down to where the man fisted his knot. They were quiet while Stiles watched with fascination as the hand around the knot flexed. "I thought that was a myth." When there was only silence, Stiles looked up at saw red eyes glowing. Stiles raised his eyebrows and pushed backwards, testing to see what the alpha would do, almost challenging.

"Don't, or I'll be tempted to fuck you with it and that will do nothing but hurt you."

"I bet i could get my mouth around it," he said nonchalantly. Stiles watched as the grip on the knot tightened significantly and another spurt of come dripped lazily out of Stiles' already slick hole. "So, you'd like that, huh. Do you always have one?" he asked looking pointedly down to his fist. Stiles started to turn his body so he could look at it better,

"No." it was clipped and the grip around his waist tightened. "Stop moving."

Stiles faced forward with a sigh and let his head drop again. Instantly a warm mouth was pressed against his neck, gentle and comforting. Stiles' hand reached back and lightly ran through his hair. "So how come you got one now?" he wondered. "The knot i mean."

A long, wet sigh was pressed into his skin. For a few seconds there was nothing but silence and Stiles figured he wasn't going to get an answer until the guy as finally pulling away and sliding out of him. "How much do you really know about werewolves?" he wondered. Stiles shrugged and pulled up his pants even though they were all but ruined. He didn't bother trying to clean himself. "I don't live far from here. I can explain it to you there, if you want."

“Will it come with more sex?” he wondered with a waggle of his eyebrows. The guy rolled his eyes but Stiles noticed the uptick of his lips at the corner. “Good. I’m Stiles, by the way. Part of the McCall pack down in Beacon Hills.” his throat tilted sideways once more as he formally introduced himself.

“Derek Hale, of the Hale pack.” he said. Stiles’ eyes widened with recognition of the name and gaped stupidly. The Hales were notoriously secluded, way back in the preserve of Beacon Hills. He had never actually met anyone involved with the pack until now. Stiles' jaw only dropped further when Derek lifted his chin and tilted it away, exposing his throat. Not a single alpha had ever exposed their throat to the lowly human of the McCall pack, even if he was second in command. “Of Beacon Hills.”

## End Notes

thank you to everyone who leaves kudos and comments (ノ●ㄣ●)ノ\*:・° ✧

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