

My Perfect Rock Bottom

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My Perfect Rock Bottom

by [Inell](#)

Summary

Together, they're both a cautionary tale of what can happen to humans who get mixed up with the supernatural as well as an example of how dysfunction can somehow be the most beautiful thing in the world.

Notes

Teeny fic written for wifeacrossthe sea. The random song that came up:

'Cause these tough
Times they keep comin'
Last night
I might have messed it up again
Some days like I'm barely breathin'
But after we were high and the love dope died it was you

Beautiful Trauma by P!NK

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

There's a scratch on Stiles' cheek that's raised and red, freshly done last night, and Allison can't stop staring at it. His skin is underneath her fingernails; the bright red she chose during her manicure with Lydia the other day already starting to chip off. It's her mark on him, which she likes, but she feels guilty because it shouldn't be there. She went too far, this time, and maybe it's too much. Maybe *she's* finally too much.

He feels her watching him, she can tell, because he's chewing slower, his eyes darting between his phone to her face and back again. He's texting someone, probably Scott, but maybe another member of the pack. It's still early, and she's finished her breakfast already, but he's still chewing on a piece of toast like it's his job or something he has to do perfectly, trying to avoid talking probably.

She wonders if he's going to leave her this time.

The scratch had been intentional. Their relationship has been volatile from day one, both riding a high of surviving another battle with the pack, fucking against the wall of an abandoned warehouse with blood dripping off their wounds. The human who runs with the wolves and the hunter who sides with the creatures that go bump in the night. Together, they're both a cautionary tale of what can happen to humans who get mixed up with the supernatural as well as an example of how dysfunction can somehow be the most beautiful thing in the world.

"You're staring, Ally," Stiles says, voice quiet, a bit hoarse from the screaming he'd done last night. It had been the good kind of screaming, the pleas for more and begging that was like music to her ears, but it still leaves his voice husky and gravelly in a way that makes her nerve ends tingle with want and need.

"I hurt you," she says simply, looking at the deep scratch. "I shouldn't have done that."

He arches a brow, a confused expression on his face as he looks at her. "This little thing?" he asks, motioning to the scratch. "It's nothing."

"It *is* something," she corrects. "I had your blood under my fingernails this morning when I took a shower, Stiles."

“Not the first time, and I’m sure it won’t be the last.” He shrugs a shoulder. “You got a little wild. We both do sometimes. No reason to look so intense this morning. It’s fine.”

“I was mad.” She frowns at him. “You were late coming home, and you didn’t text like usual, so I got annoyed with you. I was worried, and I just wanted to hurt you.”

Stiles sighs, putting down his phone and looking at her steadily. “We both get mad, Allison. It’s just a scratch. We’ve done much worse to each other during sex, and, yes, some of those times were out of anger as much as they were out of passion. If you’d wanted to truly hurt me, you’d have done any number of other things. You wanted to mark me, I get it. I know you. The thing is, I’m not going anywhere.”

“You’re too forgiving.” Allison makes a face because that’s not true. Stiles can hold a grudge, and he’s one of the least forgiving people she knows, so maybe she’s dwelling on nothing. But still. “Do you ever worry that we’re going to burn out? That we’re just too much to each other, and we’re going to end up like some kind of star and just explode?”

“Yeah,” he admits, running his fingers through his hair. “I worry that you’re going to wake up one day and remember that I almost killed you, and you’re going to decide you can do better. Or that we work so well because we’re both fighting our own demons, and how it’s going to be if we ever actually conquer those.”

“The Nogitsune almost killed me, not you,” she says firmly, unconsciously moving her hand to her abdomen where she still has the scars from dying. She’d been dead for several minutes before she’d come back, not that she can remember what that was like beyond darkness.

“Same difference. I let him in, and he used my body like a meat-skin puppet,” Stiles mutters, tapping his fingers against the table. “Now I’ve got this body that’s mine but not mine, and I still feel sometimes like my skin doesn’t fit right and that he’s still there, crawling through my veins just waiting for another opportunity.”

“Three years,” she tells him, reaching her leg out so she can press her foot against his calf. “We’ve been together three years, and I still feel like I’m on fire whenever you touch me. It’s

like I'm riding this wave of emotion that I never want to end. Even when it's calm and quiet, I still feel it when you touch me."

"You make me sound like I'm some kind of drug," he gently teases. He tilts his head slightly. "What's really going on in your head, Ally?"

She shrugs. "I don't know. I got worried when you were late yesterday, and I had a bad day overall. My first class was cancelled without notice, then we had a pop quiz in my second class. I was just frustrated, and really needing you here when I got home."

"I didn't expect to be late, so I didn't send a text." Stiles looks down before glancing back up at her. "My last class ran long because we had a guest lecturer, and then I ran into traffic just off campus. I should have forced a conversation when I got home and you immediately pounced, but I was tense, and I'm not likely to resist you anyway."

"I am pretty irresistible," she agrees, getting up and walking around the small table to his side. He scoots his chair back, the scrape against the tile loud in the otherwise quiet kitchen. She straddles his lap, pressing her lips against the scratch on his cheek. "I'm not going anywhere, either."

"Good." Stiles leans up to kiss her, his hands moving behind her. She feels him grip her ass, and she shifts closer, deepening the kiss. It's Friday, and neither of them have class today, so she's just wearing one of his flannel shirts half-buttoned and a pair of panties, and he's got on a pair of loose sweats and nothing else. She takes advantage of that, rolling her hips slightly as she licks into his mouth.

She laughs into their kiss when he stands up suddenly, his chair falling to the floor as he holds her up. She wraps her legs around him, reaching down to shove his sweats down. The table is soon under her, his hands kneading her ass cheeks as he begins kissing his way along her jaw and down her neck. She feels his cock against her panties, rubbing back and forth, getting her so wet.

"Fuck me," she demands, using her legs to pull him closer. He just chuckles, his breath warm against her breasts as he licks and sucks on her nipples. She moans when she feels his hand on her inner thigh, his long fingers drawing circles on the damp crotch of her panties, applying just enough pressure to make her go wild. She whines when he pulls the material to

the side, his fingers sliding inside her. She's so wet that they go in easy, knowing her body so well that he plays her like an instrument he's mastered.

"Yeah, open up for me, baby," he murmurs, sucking on her nipple while his fingers drive her crazy. He looks up at her, a sexy smirk on his lips, and she growls softly when he slows his fingers down, teasing and taunting her instead of giving her what she wants—what she *needs*. She reaches down to tangle her fingers in his hair, tugging on it as she tries to push his head lower. He laughs, surging up to kiss her as his thumb starts to rub her clit with firm strokes.

"Stiles," she whines into the kiss, riding his fingers, so wet that she can feel her ass sliding on the table. She kisses the scratch on his cheek, licking it, pressing soft kisses over the mark she left last night. She comes with a whimper, shuddering around his hand, not even having time to catch her breath before he's pushing inside her, his cock so big that it stretches her despite her orgasm. He fucks her hard, deep thrusts as he snaps his hips, the table starting to slide across the floor as she kisses him.

She grips his back, lightly scratching him, not wanting to mark him deep like she did last night. He starts to roll his hips, grinding against her, and she kisses him again, licking into his mouth and sucking on his tongue as she meets every thrust. One particularly sharp thrust sends the table sliding faster than they can keep up. It's suddenly out from under her, and his arms quickly move under her ass as he stumbles towards the cabinet, buried deep inside her as she wraps her legs tighter around his hips.

They laugh as he finally finds purchase, and she looks into his pretty brown eyes, not saying anything. Just staring. And he looks back, his smile tender despite the force of their coupling. She kisses him again, whining into his mouth when he begins to move, the cabinet a much sturdier presence beneath her. He can go a little harder now, and he does, letting himself go as he fucks her hard and deep. She loves it.

His hair is soft as she brushes her fingers through it, and he whines softly when she tugs on it, knowing exactly what turns him on and what gets him off. It doesn't make longer before his strokes become more erratic, not so controlled, and she loves this wild side, riding it with abandon as he comes with a grunt, his cock pulsing inside her. She follows soon after, having her second orgasm as he sucks on her neck, hard enough to leave his own mark. No blood under his fingernails, just swollen lips after.

When he finishes, he kisses her, and she holds him against her, close as she can. She wishes she could kiss him even deeper, somehow get inside him the way he gets inside her, and she thinks maybe she does anyway, because they're like that. They're passion and violence and laughter and fucking and yet also tender and gentle and strong.

They're beautiful.

The End

End Notes

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