

## Soul Marks Are a Bitch

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# Soul Marks Are a Bitch

by [CinnamonLily](#)

## Summary

Stiles Stilinski isn't the typical swooning omega the old stories paint people of his status being. He also has the weirdest fucking soulmark ever, and watching yet another boyfriend stumble upon their soulmate is discouraging as fuck.

But maybe this time, it's a blessing in disguise? After all, he has to find a place to live, and there's an apartment available in one of the A/B/O buildings in town. He just doesn't count on the two alphas with a serious hardon for each other being his neighbors. Could it be that both of them also have weird soulmarks?

## Notes

I had this idea for Stetopher week, actually, but then I never wrote it for that event. When I got your prompts, I realized I could finally write it and it even fit, at least I think so? I hope you like it, in any case.

Thanks Mads, for betaing it for me!

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

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Stiles had the strangest soul mark ever. It was sort of like half of a heart shape, but bisected by an arc, maybe? Like Fate herself hadn't known what exactly to draw on his skin.

Everyone but him had something clear and simple. Like his friend Lydia and her girlfriend Kira, they both have the exactly same arrowhead design on their skin.

Stiles's mom and dad had had a sort of a flower. It hadn't been as clear as some, but they were identical in any case. Anything obviously nature related was considered a blessing, like a good sign from the gods and goddesses of the olden times, when werewolves and humans walked the Earth together.

Soul marks were supposed to match or at least form a cohesive pattern when their edges were put together, much like two halves of a heart. What Stiles had was a bad omen.

Stiles had weird squiggly lines that made no sense, and a row of exes who had found their soulmates and dumped Stiles.

He sighed into his glass of Scotch. Ironical, because he only drank it after being dumped and he'd gotten used to it in the last few years, when he couldn't stand it most of his life before that. His dad had indulged a bit too much after his mom died, and... yeah. Childhood sob story. Boo—fucking-hoo.

Stiles heard a familiar laughter from across the pub and looked over. There was his boyfriend of six months, Theo, with his soulmate Liam. They were leaning to each other like they were drawn by magnets. Stiles scoffed. In the beginning of the night, those two hadn't met before.

"What did they do to upset you so?"

Stiles turned to look at the source of the amazing, low voice. The man sitting next to him was a total silver fox. He had icy blue eyes, stubble for miles, and crow's feet that told Stiles he was a happy person. Something else about the guy suggested that there was more to him than that happiness, though, and that alone made him worthy of an answer, despite the fact that Stiles could tell he was an alpha. He idly wondered if there was 'wolf in the man's heritage.

Stiles snorted, took a sip of his Scotch and turned to look at the silver fox again. "The taller one, that's my boyfriend of six months and the other guy, we bumped into him when we were waiting for our drinks. They're soulmates."

The alpha hissed loudly and frowned. "That can't be easy."

"Nope."

"Your ex is an alpha?"

Stiles leveled him with a look. “Obviously.”

“No, I’m just asking because you seem more....”

“Less typical than most? Free spirit? Modern omega?” Stiles huffed. “Yeah. See, I never got it why it would be horrible to date someone who wasn’t your mate. Or inside your status, even.”

The last remark made something weird happen in the guy’s gaze, and Stiles’s interest perked even more. He extended a hand. “I’m Stiles.”

“Hi Stiles, I’m Chris.” The crow’s feet intensified as Chris shook his hand.

There was a weird sort of mild buzzing between their palms, but it went away as soon as Stiles let go, startled.

“Wait....”

“That was weird,” Chris stated, looking at his own hand. “What’s your soul mark like?”

“It’s weird squiggles that don’t connect to anything. On either side.”

“Is it really odd if I say mine isn’t connected either. I mean, it’s closed on one side but open on the other,” Chris rumbled thoughtfully.

“Yes. It is definitely odd.” Stiles frowned. “Do you have any ‘wolf ancestry or anything like that?”

Chris’s expression did something difficult looking while managing to stay pretty neutral on the surface. “No, not that I know of.”

“Me neither, so maybe it’s just general purely human weirdness?”

“Well, here’s to that.” Chris grinned, lifting his glass at him.

Stiles snorted and did the same.

There were still rumors that werewolves were around. Underground, hiding in plain sight, or just passing as humans with heavy ‘wolf ancestry. Pure humans, well, the ones that were speciesist, wanted to “breed out” the werewolf genes and some said there were even some sort of hunters out there, trying to get rid of the people who obviously had some wolf in them. Stiles wasn’t sure and didn’t care much. Racism and speciesism was wrong at all counts. It just had never been an issue in his personal life, other than when his friend Danny got racist shit thrown at him by drunk idiots at a bar once.

Chris was gorgeous, not pushy like some alphas, and definitely interesting. Stiles would’ve gone home with him. Fuck with his so-called reputation as an omega and all that, but it was much too soon.

“Do you want to shoot the shit in a booth somewhere? Drink until you forget about them?” Chris asked, nodding toward where Theo and Liam were openly canoodling by a wall.

“What’s in it for you?” Stiles asked, feeling mild suspicion rise.

“I don’t have to go home alone yet.”

Stiles thought for a moment. “Yeah, okay.”

They refreshed their drinks and took them to a corner booth in the back where it was quieter.

“Where do you live anyway?” Stiles asked, then literally facepalmed. “Fucking shit,” he grunted.

“What?”

“I just realized I’m out of a place to live.”

Chris made an annoyed sound on his behalf. Then he looked at Stiles thoughtfully for a few beats.

“Okay, do you mind if I go talk to your ex for two minutes? Sort that one out for you?”

Stiles looked at Chris blankly. Then it hit him: something about him made Chris’s alpha side protective, and he didn’t want Stiles to have to go to Theo with Liam there.

Sighing, he nodded. “Fine.”

Chris excused himself, and Stiles pointedly avoided looking toward where he’d gone. Even though society had come a long way from days where omegas were second class citizens, some rules still applied. Even now, unmated alphas and omegas lived with either family or in apartment buildings with a beta couple occupying one apartment per floor to balance it all out.

It was a bit archaic, and frankly Stiles didn’t think he needed betas, or anyone, looking after his omega ass. He worked from home these days, doing coding for his beta friend Danny’s tech company and writing freelance articles to a slightly controversial omega magazine. He’d been living with his dad after the breakup before meeting Theo. He’d only lived with Theo for two months, and already he needed another place. *Shit.*

“Alright, here’s what’s going to happen,” Chris said and sat down again. “Apparently Liam lives with his parents, and they’re going to go there for next week. You have until the end of it to move.”

Stiles swallowed hard and nodded. “Thanks. I…”

“He seemed like a bit of an asshole, Theo, I mean. I’m glad I could help.”

Stiles snorted. “Yeah, I wouldn’t have been surprised if he’d just tossed me out immediately with nowhere to go.”

They chatted a while about where Chris lived—in one of the A/B/O buildings in town—and other random things until going home alone didn't feel that daunting anymore, for either of them.

At the end of the night, long way after Theo and Liam had cleared out, Chris dug out his wallet and paid for both of their tabs. It wasn't done in a sleazy way, so Stiles let him. He'd had... if not fun, then a good time. Hesitantly, Chris got a business card out of his wallet and handed it to Stiles.

"Look, I know there was something weird going on when we touched. If you figure out what it was, let me know?"

It was as subtle as flirting could be, as safe and as... *Chris* as Stiles could've imagined. He smiled and took the card, letting their fingers touch for two seconds. It was enough for the small flicker run up his arm.

"Thanks. I'll keep that in mind."

Chris made sure he got into a cab safely, and when Stiles looked through the window once the car started to move, Chris stood on the curb, looking thoughtful.

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The next day, Stiles called his dad, told him what had happened, and got a too-familiar "Oh, kiddo." as a response. He also let his dad know that he wouldn't be moving home to him. Instead, he got an apartment from one of the A/B/O buildings, and moved his stuff with the help of Danny, and couple of other guys from the firm.

The building was one of the older A/B/O ones, and each floor was set up so that there were two doors on each side, with the stairs and the rickety elevator bookending the landing. The beta couple turned out to be elderly, Mrs. and Mrs. Simon. They were happy together, it seemed, and both were quite motherly when they saw Stiles.

"Who else lives here?" Stiles nodded toward the doors opposite from his and the betas'.

All the doors had were the apartment numbers on them, so Stiles had no clue.

"That would be two alphas, dear. Mr. Hale is a lawyer, and Mr. Argent is—"

"In the arms business," Stiles said, grinning. What were the odds?

"Oh, you know Mr. Argent?" The Mrs. with slightly more gray in her hair asked, looking pleased.

"Yeah, we've met."

“Well isn’t that nice,” the other Mrs. cooed. “At least this way you know one of your neighbors.”

The elevator doors opened then, and a man in a business suit walked out, looking something between curious and calculating.

“Mr. Hale, we were just talking about you!” One of the ladies said, smiling at him.

“All good things, I hope, Anya.” He grinned at them as he leaned to kiss her cheek, then the other one’s, and said, “Miranda.”

“All good, so far,” the less gray lady, Miranda, teased.

“This is Mr. Stilinski, he just moved to the empty apartment.” Anya gestured at Stiles with a flourish.

Mr. Hale turned his whole attention to him, and it both unsettled and excited Stiles something fierce. An alpha, no doubt about it. He would’ve felt the man’s power even without the ladies’ confirmation.

“Welcome to the fifth floor,” he said and gave Stiles a smirk. “I’m Peter Hale, you can call me Peter.”

“Hi, I’m Stiles.”

The alpha lifted a brow at his name, but didn’t ask. Interesting.

“Well, if you need anything, just let me or the ladies, or Christopher,”—Peter nodded at the fourth door—“know.”

“Yeah, sure.” Stiles felt a bit tongue tied around Peter Hale, and he wasn’t sure how to feel about it.

Peter’s cell phone rang, and he excused himself to take the call inside his apartment.

Stiles talked with the ladies for a while, then retreated to the apartment to finish unpacking.

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The first week living on the fifth floor went fine. He didn’t see anyone but Miranda and Anya, and when Danny visited, they gossiped about the alphas across the hall.

Maybe something should’ve rang a bell inside Stiles’s head when he started to get annoyed by the more lewd comments Danny made about Peter and Chris. Or when he got agitated by Danny wondering out loud if he could make one of his other omega friends somehow cross paths with “Stiles’s alphas.”

But being the king of self-denial that Stiles was, he didn't get any of it.

Not even when he had to go get groceries one afternoon after working all morning, he went to fix himself lunch and there was nothing edible in his fridge. He whined at his own stupidity, got dressed, and decided to take the elevator down to the garage.

He pressed the button and waited for the thing to get to fifth floor. Stiles rocked on his heels, tried not to fidget too much, and made a huffing noise when the doors started to open.

He was unprepared to find someone inside. When it was two someone's, Stiles's eyes widened. The alpha pheromones rolling out of the small space hit him like a sledgehammer, and he grasped at the door, partially to stay upright, but mostly to keep the doors from closing again, because the two alphas inside weren't getting out.

No, Peter Hale and Chris Argent stood on opposite sides of the space and stared at each other. For two seconds, Stiles thought it was aggression, but then he saw how Chris's gaze flickered to Peter's lips and back to his eyes. *Oh....*

Suddenly the way Chris had looked like that night at the pub when Stiles mentioned dating inside one's status made much more sense.

"Are you guys getting off or...?" Stiles asked, hating to break the moment but immensely satisfied by his double entendre.

It was Chris who tore his concentration away from Peter first. "Oh, Stiles, hi." Chris smiled with what looked a sort of daze. His expression was as close to flustered as Stiles had ever seen an alpha being.

"Hi. I need food. Thus, the elevator." He could be an asshole sometimes, for an omega at least. He waited patiently, holding the door open, until the alphas started to move.

Chris brushed past him, and the scent of him teased Stiles's omega senses. Jesus, it was like bathing in the pheromones. Peter, on the other hand, purposefully leaned closer when he went past Stiles, so that their shoulders rubbed.

"Stiles." Peter nodded, and something in his gaze made Stiles feel like prey in the best possible way.

"Peter," he replied, then got the fuck into the elevator and pressed the button to the garage.

If the alphas hadn't had such an obvious hardon for each other.... But they did.

So, Stiles would do everything in his power to get them together.



He asked Miranda and Anya about the alphas' relationship. Of course, he wouldn't outright say what he thought Peter and Chris could be—not soulmates, but something explosive outside the soul bond, anyway—and rather asked if they were friends and such.

It turned out that Anya wasn't much of a gossip, but as soon as Miranda got Stiles alone, it became glaringly obvious that Miranda was.

“They've lived here for the last three years, give or take. I think they've both tried dating, but whenever they're in the same room....” Miranda widened her eyes in a knowing gesture.

“Oh yes, I could tell,” Stiles, who had filled her in with the elevator thing, agreed.

“If they weren't both alphas, I'd say they're soulmates. I've never seen that kind of chemistry between two people that weren't,” she mused quietly.

Stiles hummed thoughtfully. Despite his extensive research, he hadn't found any cases of two alphas or two omegas being soulmarked for each other.

“Oh, before I go,” Miranda said once they were done with their chat—Stiles didn't want to call it gossiping session. “The gym on the third floor is open again. I forgot to tell you about it when you moved in, because it was being renovated.”

“Okay...?” Stiles wasn't much for gyms, if he was completely honest. He looked down at himself and wondered what gave Miranda the impression he would be.

“It's just that every evening around nine on the weekdays, Peter and Chris both like to exercise there.” She looked at him with a mischievous little grin.

“Oh....” Stiles grinned right back. “Thanks.”

“Have fun!” she called over her shoulder as she exited Stiles's apartment.

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It took him two days to gather enough courage to go scope the situation at the gym while the alphas were there. Now, he wasn't scared of them, not like he might've been with two alphas he didn't know at all. The type of alphas he didn't like were the “alphaholes” who thought that their status gave them the right to lord over everyone else, especially measly omegas who only existed for sex and procreation.

Neither Chris nor Peter gave out that sort of vibe, so Stiles thought he'd be completely safe with them, even if nobody else was at the gym.

He got dressed in his running gear and grabbed a water bottle and a towel. Might as well work out while he was there, eh?

The gym turned out to be pretty great. It was obvious it had been renovated recently, and all the machines gleamed, so it was likely they were new as well.

“Wow,” Stiles said as he stepped inside.

“Hey, Stiles,” Peter called from the treadmill he was currently on nearby.

“Hi.” Stiles smiled and went to the treadmill next to Peter’s.

He couldn’t see Chris yet, but maybe the guy was just late tonight?

“Christopher told me you two met at a pub?” Peter said in a conversational tone when Stiles got a nice, steady rhythm going with his warmup walk.

“Yeah, we did. He helped me through yet another break up, or at least the very first moments of it.” Stiles snorted and shook his head.

“He hinted that it’s not the first time that had happened to you.” It wasn’t a question, and being the son of a sheriff, Stiles was familiar with interrogation tactics. Peter might’ve been a lawyer with skills to get people to talk to him, but he hadn’t counted on Stiles.

“Mhmm, soul marks are a bitch,” he just replied, and pressed a button to alter the elevation a little.

Peter seemed surprised when he didn’t say anything else. For a moment, it was silent except for the humming of the machines and their breathing and steps, but then Peter seemingly decided to try again.

“Christopher said you both have weird soul marks.” Another statement, not a question.

Stiles grinned inwardly.

“Uh-huh, seems like it’s not as uncommon as I thought.” Then, because he could, he asked, “What’s yours like?”

“Mine is a bit strange as well. Not really a pattern as much as random lines it seems.” Peter didn’t seem to notice that he rubbed his hip where his high-end gym shorts covered his skin.

Stiles’s mark was on his hip, too. On the same side, even.

Soul marks weren’t necessarily on the same spots between mates. It was just weird that Peter’s seemed to be in a similar spot.

“Do you know where Chris has his?” he blurted out without thinking.

“I don’t, why?” Peter peered at him curiously.

“No particular reason, just realized I didn’t talk about that with him at the pub.” Stiles waved it off.

They walked side by side for a while longer, and then Peter seemed to come to a stop in his warm up and stopped his own treadmill.

Peter moved on to the upper body related machines, and Stiles continued his walk, turning up the speed and elevation gradually.

After five or so minutes, the gym door opened and Chris walked in.

“Good evening, Christopher,” Peter all but purred.

“Hi Chris,” Stiles panted, realizing that he might’ve turned the elevation a bit too high after not exercising in a while.

“Uh... hello,” Chris replied to them collectively, put his stuff on the bench by the wall, and walked to the back middle of the gym. And then he started to do some stretches that seemed impossible for a man his size.

Stiles stumbled and had to scramble for a few steps before his equilibrium readjusted. “Are you *kidding* me,” he hissed under his breath.

He was sure Peter couldn’t have heard him, but he still got an amused, and maybe a bit commiserating, look from him anyway.

Stiles decided to cut his losses and stopped the treadmill. He wiped sweat off his face and drank half of his water, then went to where several different weighing kettlebells were lined by the mirrors. He’d used Theo’s a few times, and knew what exercises would feel good after working out.

Besides, if he was here, he was close enough to eye Chris who was still doing some deep stretches that seemed almost unreal.

Peter moved from machine to machine, until he too was close to Chris and Stiles. Chris was now doing yoga, and in his black workout gear, he looked... edible.

Stiles had just lifted kettlebell that was on the heavier side for him, when he glanced over at Chris, who was doing some back bending thing with his forearms on the ground and everything else balanced neatly on top. As if he’d gone to a handstand, lowered himself to his forearms, and then folded the rest of his body so that his feet were touching his head somehow.

He adjusted his pose, which made the size of his cock even more obvious.

Stiles promptly dropped the kettlebell.

The thump was loud, the shriek Stiles let out when the weight landed on his big toe was louder.

Suddenly Peter was there, catching him as he fell to clutch his foot.

Then Chris was right in his face, kneeling in front of him, looking worried while Peter was beside Stiles, making sure he didn't have to put weight on the foot or something.

"Let me see," Chris said in a calm tone of someone who had seen injuries. "Stiles, let me look."

Whining, Stiles couldn't make himself let go of his foot. Like a child, he was hiding the pain with his palms, hoping it would just go away.

Chris reached his hands and touched Stiles's. He'd waited for the same pinging mild electricity he'd gotten at the pub, but no. This time, he felt like he'd been tasered.

All three of them froze in place.

That's when Stiles realized what was different; Peter was touching him, too.

"Well, that certainly explains things," Peter said dryly, but didn't move away.

"Let me look?" Chris murmured at Stiles, and moved his hands out of the way.

They all hissed. "Can you move it at all?" Peter asked.

Stiles tried to move the toe and found that he could. "I think it just glanced it."

"Okay, but you should ice it just in case." Chris got to his feet and went to the small fridge in the corner. Apparently there were ice packs in the small freezer. Then again, the first aid box on the wall was huge, too, so it probably made sense.

Chris came back with the cold pack and grabbed Stiles's nearby towel, wrapped the pack with it, and put it gently on Stiles's foot.

He hissed at the feeling of weight and cold, but knew it was for the best. He could now recognize the small current where Peter was touching him, and the way it amped up when Chris joined in the circle.

"Now I get why they all left me," Stiles blurted out.

Chris huffed. "That wasn't on you."

"He's right, sweetheart. You weren't theirs," Peter said quietly.

Stiles turned his head to look at Peter. They were now sitting on the floor, with Peter supporting Stiles's weight maybe more than was suitable for unmated alphas and omegas, but Stiles couldn't make himself care.

"No, no I wasn't," he said with certainty. "I was yours." He grabbed Chris's hand and placed it on Peter's arm. Then he put his own on top. "And you both are mine."

The alphas looked at each other, and something passed in that gaze, something unspoken. Stiles didn't even want to know how it was for them, having known each other for so long

and obviously having battled the attraction that was there.

Just when the situation started to feel awkward, Stiles remembered something. “Your marks, can I see them?”

“We need to get up for that,” Peter said, and they all did.

As Stiles had guessed, Chris’s was on his hip, too.

“Come here,” Stiles said and hobbled closer to the wall of mirrors.

He lowered the waistband of his sweats to expose his mark. Then he directed Chris to stand behind him and Peter in front.

“Is that...?” Chris breathed.

The lines connected to a figure that was obviously a standing wolf, with its head tilted back, mouth open in a howl.

“Uh, about that,” Peter said, and for the first time he sounded vulnerable. He also leveled a weird look at Chris, but then looked at Stiles only when he let his eyes bleed to beautiful bright blue.

“Holy shit!” Stiles gasped.

“I’m... full wolf,” Peter said in a hushed voice, as if someone else might overhear.

“Full disclosure,” Chris murmured behind Stiles. “My family are werewolf hunters.”

“You *what* ?” Stiles whirled around to glare at Chris. “You will *not* hurt him!”

Chris looked at him with a shocked impression. Peter chuckled, the sound surprised and pleased at once.

“I said my *family* are hunters. I’m not. I’ve been retired for years,” Chris assured. Then he looked from Stiles to Peter and added, “And I would never hurt my mates.”

Stiles’s ice pack had fallen off his foot, and when he turned back to Peter, he somehow stepped on the pack, slipped, and got caught by two sets of strong arms. Despite being of height with Peter and almost as tall as Chris, Stiles felt like he was in some swooning omega Hallmark movie.

He hated how much he liked it.

Feeling a bit off-kilter, he let his mates—what a fucking thought!—help him hobble out of the gym and to the elevator.

They had to wait for a moment, and Stiles leaned into Chris while Peter bookended him from the other side. He felt safe, and cared for, and....

Oh *no*.

The elevator doors pinged open just as the alphas caught on that Stiles had tensed. They stepped in, the doors closed, and Chris looked at Stiles worriedly.

“What’s wrong?”

Peter, on the other hand, inhaled deeply, and his eyes went blue in an instant.

Stiles wasn’t sure how he’d missed it. He guessed it was because of the fact that he’d been around alpha pheromones more often, practically every time he stepped out of his apartment. That, and the fact that they were his mates.

“He’s going to heat,” Peter rumbled around a mouthful of wolf teeth.

Chris slammed his hand on the stop button, and the elevator halted immediately.

Stiles’s knees decided they were done and buckled spectacularly. Peter caught him, pulled him close, and pressed his face against Stiles’s neck. He growled against Stiles’s skin, and the vibration made a wave of feverlike heat travel through Stiles’s whole body.

“Stiles,” Chris said, moving to stand in front of him. “Look at me.” Then he aimed, “Will you stop doing that for a moment,” at Peter.

“Huh?” Stiles felt hot and cold and squirmy, and it was all new for him. Not because heats were new, but because he’d never had his body react to anyone like this, even on the onset of heat.

“Consent, Stiles. Do you want us to take you to the heat room or to the fifth floor?” Chris held onto Stiles’s face and waited for him to concentrate.

He also looked pointedly over Stiles’s shoulder until Peter stepped away from Stiles altogether.

“Heat room or Peter’s?” he asked, looking at Stiles seriously.

Stiles closed his eyes and swallowed hard, body swaying as he felt his sweaty clothes become even more so, and the crampy spasms in his abdomen snapped his concentration to the fore.

Would he want to complete the bond now? Without dating, without anything at all but the bond they all felt? With his heat rushing over him like a freight train?

“I… this is so much faster and stronger than anything I’ve ever felt,” Stiles managed to say. “I can’t do this alone. I can’t.” He felt a hitch in his breathing, a pseudo-sob when the thought of not being with his mates for this heat caught up with him.

“Hey, hey sweetheart, we’ll take care of you, okay?” Peter was suddenly there, propping Stiles up against his front and wrapping his arms around him.

“Okay,” Stiles said, then turned his head to look at Peter first, then looked back at Chris.  
“Thank you.”

“Hey, it took us both nearly forty years to find out mates, do you think we’ll pass a chance of making you happy now?” Chris’s voice was so gentle and loving, it didn’t help the weird moved choked-upness Stiles was feeling at all.

Chris started the elevator again, and in no time, they guided Stiles to stand by Peter’s door.

“We need to inform the betas,” Chris explained as Peter went to Miranda and Anya’s door and knocked.

Neither of his mates were touching Stiles, and that seemed to be not-okay. His body started to tremble, and he started to feel uncomfortable in his own skin.

“Chris,” he whispered, and the alpha’s gaze locked with his.

Chris seemed to get what was going on, because he was suddenly there, holding onto Stiles with his arms around him.

Stiles happily smushed himself against the broad chest and felt instantly better.

The murmured words spoken across the hall didn’t matter. In fact, nothing did except the way his body was heating up in a way it never had before.

Heats had been a bane of Stiles’s existence ever since he was seventeen. They came twice a year and while they were far from the animalistic thing they’d once been before ‘wolf and human genes had mixed enough, they were still annoying.

They didn’t really matter in the same way they had in the past. Female biology worked as it had for humans from the beginning of time, more or less. Male, well... that brought up the thing Stiles had to mention before things went too far.

“I’m not ready for kids,” he told Chris, and Peter who had come to unlock the door for them nodded solemnly.

“We’ll use condoms, both of us. Just in case.”

Male pregnancy was a rare thing, but it still happened, but only to omega males, not to betas or alphas. Stiles had submitted to the idea that he might get knocked up one day back in the day during omega health classes in high school.

“We swear,” Chris added, and kissed Stiles’s sweaty forehead.

“Okay, everything is pretty stocked up, so no need to get anything. I think we’re ready as is,” Peter said, locking the door behind them. “The old girls will inform your father, Stiles.”

He nodded, and realized Chris was looking around just as curiously as Stiles.

“Wait, you’ve lived here for years and this is the first time you see his place?” Stiles looked from Chris to Peter and back. “You pining idiots.”

Chris chuckled, as did Peter. “We knew there was something there. Just... not this.” Chris gestured between all three of them.

“Well, you better get used to the idea, and figure out who gets me first, because I need someone in me in the next fifteen minutes.”

The alphas froze, staring at Stiles, before cracking up. “Oh my god,” Peter wheezed. “I know you said he’s not an ordinary omega, but...”

“No, he’s not,” Chris said, looking at Stiles fondly. “He’s definitely not.”



## End Notes

If enough people want to see the smut, I might write it at some point. Just putting that out there. ;)

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