

they'll call our crimes a work of art

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/18662014) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/18662014>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Teen Wolf (TV)
Relationship:	Theo Raeken/Stiles Stilinski
Characters:	Theo Raeken , Stiles Stilinski , Tara Raeken , Valerie Clarke (Teen Wolf)
Additional Tags:	Tara Raeken Lives , Theo commits a shenanigan , Artist Theo Raeken , Supportive Boyfriend Stiles Stilinski , SteoWeek2019
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-04-30 Words: 2,046 Chapters: 1/1

they'll call our crimes a work of art

by [snaeken](#)

Summary

"Ready?" Theo asks.

"Always," Stiles says, lifting up his mask and leaning in for a kiss. Theo lifts his own mask and briefly sucks Stiles's bottom lip between his teeth before letting go. He picks up a can and starts shaking it, Stiles doing the same, the peas rattling obnoxiously loud around them.

"Then let's get to work."

For SteoWeek2019 day 3: Crime and Punishment

Notes

For Tabby, for sending me kiss prompt 17. Needing to kiss to hide from bad guys.
And for Mercy, because you deserve nice things on your birthday <333

Edit: I gave this fic the wrong title last night because I'm an idiot.

Tara barges into his room unceremoniously, flopping down onto his bed. Theo doesn't look away from his easel when he says, "Ever heard of knocking?"

"Ever heard of fucking yourself?" Tara quips back.

"No need, I've got a boyfriend to do it for me." Sure enough, when Theo glances over his shoulder Tara is wrinkling her nose.

"Ew, Theo. Just ew."

"You brought it up."

Tara gets up and comes to stand over Theo's shoulder, and he can feel her scrutinising his work. "Who are these guys?"

"It's not finished," he insists, even though it essentially is. He says that about every drawing, every sketch, every painting he does, every piece of art he creates, the self-doubt he has in his abilities telling him that if he claims it's not finished, then he won't be judged too harshly for his work.

"It is finished," Tara says, seeing right through him, "and it's great, same as everything you do. A little creepy, but great."

Theo finally takes a step back from the easel for the first time in what feels like hours, stretching his back and popping the muscles between his shoulders. The canvas is dark, mainly consisting of browns and forest greens and blacks and greys, but the three menacing figures are anything but muted.

"They were in a nightmare a couple of weeks ago, they were experimenting on me or something. They're called the Dread Doctors."

Not a sliver of flesh is visible, their faces hidden by helmets rusted with age, their bodies concealed by large coats and armour, their hands covered with robotic gloves and gauntlets. Although it isn't visible on this canvas, the sole female of the group wears platform boots.

Theo gets the impression they were once human, however it must have been a long time ago. He knows next to nothing about them, about who they were or what they became, how they ended up that way. All he knows is that if he never sees them in a dream again, it will still be too soon.

Theo has been drawing them in his sketchbooks since he first had the nightmare; he only saw two of them, but something kept telling him there were actually three. With every incarnation a few details change about them, nothing too major each time but compared to his first sketch, this is significantly more detailed. It's also his first time painting them as opposed to drawing them. Theo thinks he's ready to make a template for them. Nice and large to spray on a wall, perhaps.

"They're creeping me out," Tara says. Theo preens, taking the comment as the praise Tara intends it as. He elects not to show her his sketchbooks, those are much smaller than this canvas. No, if he really wants to creep people out then he needs to make them even bigger. The school happens to have a fairly significantly sized blank walls...

"What are you planning?" Tara accuses. "You've got that glint in your eye, you're up to something."

"Maaaybe," he smiles, and Tara huffs out a laugh. "You want in?"

"Oh no, no no no. The last time I took part in one of your shenanigans I got grounded for two weeks."

"So did I."

"Yeah, but *you* deserved it." And Theo can't exactly argue with that. "Ask Stiles instead, I don't care if *he* gets grounded for two weeks."

"Cool, I'll ask him. And I'll blame you if we get in trouble."

Tara rolls her eyes. "Hilarious. You have paint on your face."

"Oh, where?" Theo brings a hand up to his face, stopping just short of touching it; he's made that mistake more than once before.

"Right... there!" Tara dips a finger in his paint and smears it across his forehead before bolting out of his room.

"Tara!" he yells. He can hear her laughing as she runs downstairs. Theo mentally shrugs and goes back to his painting; it was inevitably going to happen at some point, he always inexplicably gets paint on him no matter how careful he is.

Later that evening, when Theo is finally happy with the painting, he texts Stiles.

Theo: Want to commit a shenanigan with me?

Stiles: Always. Send me the details

Stiles and Theo arrive back at the high school in the dying light of the evening, checking to make sure they're not being watched before they enter the grounds again. Theo shivers when

a gust of wind blows by, chilling him through his hoodie. Beacon Hills is quite excitable on the night before Halloween, and this year is no different. There are decorations up everywhere and various people have been hosting parties for the last week in preparation for the main event. Some people are even planning to host a Running From Werewolves Experience in the preserve, which in Theo's eyes can only end in disaster.

The cans of spray paint in their bags clink when Theo and Stiles set them down, the boys smirking at each other mischievously; their faces are mostly covered by their face masks, but Theo can always tell by the crinkle of his eyes when Stiles is smiling.

Theo sets up the stencils he cut out the night before on the wall - one of each Dread Doctor - while Stiles arranges the cans of spray paint.

"Ready?" Theo asks.

"Always," Stiles says, lifting up his mask and leaning in for a kiss. Theo lifts his own mask and briefly sucks Stiles's bottom lip between his teeth before letting go. He picks up a can and starts shaking it, Stiles doing the same, the peas rattling obnoxiously loud around them.

"Then let's get to work."

"Wow," Stiles breathes when Theo finally steps back from the wall. Theo looks up, taking in his creation as a full piece rather than the individual sections he was working on at a time. It's almost pitch black now outside, his art of the Dread Doctors kind of difficult to see, but Theo knows it's good.

Stiles presses into his space and brushes a thumb against his cheek. "You're incredible, Theo. You're so, so talented."

Theo's cheeks heat up instantly, and he's glad it's too dark for Stiles to see him blushing because he would definitely make fun of him for it.

Then a flashlight gets aimed at them from a distance and a woman yells *Stop, police!*

"Fucking run!" Theo hisses, the two of them startling apart. They grab their stuff and bolt, the cans rattling in their bags as their feet pound against the sidewalk. Luckily they already had a bit of ground on the cop and they're able to maintain that ground, if not increase it. The burning in Theo's lungs increases with every step - he definitely won't be joining the track team any time soon -, blood is rushing in his ears and his danger senses are on high alert from being chased.

When he's starting to think he won't be able to run for much longer, Stiles drags him into an alley and dumps their stuff behind a dumpster before crashing their lips together. Theo smiles into the kiss, gripping Stiles's hair before pulling back, thoroughly out of breath.

"What are you doing?" he pants, wheezing a little.

"If they catch up to us, we can blame being breathless on making out."

Stiles sounds even worse than him, and Theo's laugh at that fact swiftly turns into a cough. When he composes himself a little he pulls Stiles back against him, opening his legs so Stiles can stand flush up against him. He wraps his arms around the back of Stiles's neck and Stiles rucks his hands up under Theo's hoodie, roving his back. Stiles leans his forehead down against Theo's - Stiles is a couple of inches taller, and if it was anyone else then he would probably be mad about it, but he finds with Stiles he doesn't mind - and they both pant, slowly but surely getting their breath back.

Theo has only just regained enough breath to kiss Stiles again when a flashlight shines in their faces.

"Police, show me your- Stiles?" Deputy Clarke says. "Theo?"

"Evening, officer," Stiles mock salutes, and Theo doesn't need to see Val's face to know she's scowling. "Something the matter?"

"I'm looking for two suspects who ran from the high school when I saw them. You two delinquents haven't been around there tonight, by any chance?" It's more of an accusation than a question. She totally knows it was them.

"Nope, we've been right here," Theo insists anyway.

"Really," Val deadpans. Then she leans in a bit closer. "What's that on your face?"

Theo freezes, realising he must have paint on him. They're so busted.

"Oh, that was my fault," Stiles quickly interjects. "My dad caught us in a bit of a... compromising situation earlier. Theo isn't exactly in his good books right now. It involved ropes and chocolate sauce, I'll spare you the boring details, but let's just say Theo was definitely the *alpha* in that situation, if you know what I mean."

Val screws her face up. "Stiles, please for the love of God stop talking."

"You let me walk around like this?" Theo hisses, apparently convincingly enough for Val to believe Stiles's ridiculous story.

"Hey, my dad is probably scarred for life, you deserved it. He didn't have to see me like that and *you* all hot and-"

"*Stiles*," Val pleads. Stiles holds his hands up in mock surrender. "Please, both of you just go home. And if you see anything or anyone suspicious, let me know."

"Will do!" Stiles salutes her and Val walks off. He waits until Val is safely out of sight before he turns to Theo. "Well, I can officially never look her in the face again."

"You can and you will, because you have no shame. God, what if she tells Hayden?" The thought is mortifying to Theo, she's one of his best friends. Stiles invented the scenario, it didn't even happen (although not for lack of trying on Stiles's part, he's into some kinky shit). It's kind of strange having to reconcile his friend having this imaginary scenario in her head, and it's taking far more brainpower than he would like to admit trying to process it, so he goes for the easy option and kisses Stiles instead. *That* he can do no problem.

A crowd is gathered around the wall when Stiles and Theo arrive at school the next day, Stiles's deathtrap of a jeep almost breaking down twice before sputtering along into the school parking lot. Ms. Martin is a rather unique shade of red-purple that he hasn't seen before, demanding *this atrocity* be removed from the wall. He wants to try and recreate the shade with his paints when he gets home. He could draw her as a fruit of some sort, perhaps a plum or a strawberry.

Theo attempts to keep his face carefully neutral at the praise everyone else is heaping on his art, using multiple variations of *cool* and *creepy* and *amazing*. It doesn't quite work, the corners of his lips are tugging upwards against his will, and Stiles is giving him that fond, proud look he adores receiving.

It looks even better in daylight, the Dread Doctors large and menacing on the wall. The middle one is holding its hand out as if to grab you, like it could reach out and actually touch you despite just being a painting.

"Well isn't this suitably creepy for Halloween," Tara says, materialising at their sides.

"Super creepy," Stiles agrees, squeezing Theo's hand.

Theo quickly glances around them before muttering under his breath, "You regret missing out now?"

"I'm good. It really does look amazing though." Tara's face is blank; she's always had a better poker face than Theo.

Theo shrugs and admires his work, mentally basking in his praise, in his glory. Even if his art is gone by the end of the day, people are taking pictures of it and no doubt sharing it amongst their friends and posting it on social media. He didn't tag his work, isn't stupid enough to put his initials on what is essentially a petty crime. But he is *seen*. He is validated. And right now, that's enough.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!