

You Had Me at Canapes

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You Had Me at Canapes

by [LadyArinn](#)

Summary

Stiles doesn't mean to sneak into the Hale wedding, and he certainly doesn't mean to have cliché coat-room sex with the bride's uncle, but what had happened, happened, and it wasn't like he could just leave. At least, not until he got to have some of that cake.

Based off the tumblr prompt "I crashed your family member's wedding for the free food but hi there"

Notes

Now with a beautiful cover by TheBlueMenace, which I can't figure out how to link any other way!

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/28955397>

I Write Sins Not Tragedies

Stiles has no excuse for his actions, except that he was a poor graduate student and that it was just way too easy. After all, he probably wouldn't be doing it if it hadn't been almost *forced* upon him by way of how stupidly simple it had been to get in. Those weren't really excuses, either, but truth be told he wasn't feeling all that bad about what he was doing so he didn't bother coming up with a decent excuse.

Wedding food, especially rich people wedding food, was the best. Even better since it was free and the guest list was so long that no one would notice an extra body putting itself in line for the buffet or a hand that wasn't supposed to be there grabbing one of the passing-by flutes of champagne. And hey, he was even semi-dressed for the occasion in his nice jacket and slacks since he'd been having an interview across the street from the hotel before happening to find himself pulled into a crowd of reception goers.

After agreeing with a chattering old woman who had the longest and reddest nails Stiles had ever seen that it had been an absolutely *beautiful* ceremony and yes, the flowers *had* been lovely, he escapes her dangerous clutches to go try some of the shrimp in fancy little glasses he saw being set out. He was so ready for that shit.

This was, of course, right up until his route got cut off by a guy whose smug smirk said he knew way too much.

"And are you here for the bride, or the groom?" He purrs, eyes dancing like he'd just been waiting to find something to amuse himself with, and thought Stiles was the perfect looking toy.

Shit. He hadn't even gotten any cake. He *loved* cake.

After a moment of panic over the fact that he had most likely been found out, Stiles calms just enough to take in the guy to try and scope out any potential weaknesses he could exploit for the cake and damn. *Damn*. Stiles had never had a thing about older guys, but if they all looked like this guy he definitely would have. Dark, slicked back hair, blue eyes, a bit of probably carefully maintained stubble, and what seemed to be a permanent smirk.

This whole smug, refined asshole look shouldn't be doing it for him because Stiles' usual thing was sweet and fun and nice. You know, someone he *wasn't* automatically tempted to kick in the face. But it had been a dry year while he'd been focusing on his masters dissertation, so apparently this was his type for the night. Well, he could possibly do something with this that wouldn't end with him getting kicked out of the reception, and that might possibly end up with his night being even more eventful than he had planned.

And as soon as he had walked in he had planned for cake, so he'd already thought it was going to be plenty eventful.

"Neither. I'd hate to break up such a new marriage by letting either of them think they had a chance." He quips, watching as the dude in front of him smiles a sly, almost vicious smile,

and that really shouldn't do anything for him. It was kind of scary, and yet sexy at the same time.

It was scexy. Scaxy. Scexry?

Ew. No. None of those worked.

"They probably won't last the year anyways," He smirks, like taking about the impending end of the vows that had just been exchanged by people he actually probably knew was amusing, "At least this way we could get the news out quicker."

"And some photographic evidence too," Stiles agrees, just to see those eyes dance in a kind of pleased humor.

"All the better to hold our sweet family memories close."

Stiles doesn't miss the way his eyes watch as his lips curve into a smile, the way they linger with intent. He starts to play up the way he'd been dancing his fingers over the flute of his champagne, trailing his fingertips lightly down the length of it in a way he made sure would be suggestive, and the guy doesn't miss it. Not if the way he smiles is any indication, his eyebrows quirked as he meets Stiles' eyes head on like a dare. And Stiles makes three decisions in quick succession.

One, he is going to be all over that shrimp. Being denied their magnificence had only made him want them more.

Two, they had just set out some canapes and Stiles was totally all for that. Stiles had come, they had been seen, and they were about to be conquered.

And three was that he was going to climb this guy like a tree, just to see if the hint of muscle under that suit was more than a hint. Because really, why not? He was all for having your cake and eating it too.

Stiles stares right back and tilts his head toward the hallway that would take them down to a second set of restrooms, away from the ones that most of the guests were using. He smirks and starts walking away, pretty sure that the guy was going to be following.

Good food and maybe good sex. It was like Christmas had come early.

But then an arm wraps around his waist and pulls him through a door a few doors away from the other bathroom, and Stiles is sputtering from shock for all of a minute. Then he takes in their surroundings.

"I didn't want to have sex in the bathroom," The man sniffs as if the very idea was beneath him, "Do you have any idea how expensive this suit was?" The question is scornful and a little bit mean as he starts to unbutton the jacket. Stiles snorts.

"So you thought it better to fulfill the world's biggest cliché by pulling me in here so that we could have sex in the coat closet at this wedding?" He laughs, and doesn't stop laughing until the guy rolls his eyes and pulls him in by the tie for a kiss.

It's a little awkward at first since Stiles is smiling and still chuckling a bit over how ridiculous the entire situation was, but then he realizes that the guy had a very good mouth and certainly knew how to use it, and that he was attempting to use it on him.

His laughter morphs into a moan as he dives his hands right into that hair, taking fistfuls and pulling just to see where it would get him. What it got him was two hands that grip the backs of his thighs and then lift him up like he weighed nothing and oh holy Jesus, blessed be, praise be unto Mohamad, and anything else because *that* was seriously hot. Was he a body builder or something? Like, one that didn't seriously bulk up because he could get behind that. He could *so* get behind that and on top of that and in that, *yes please*.

"Do you like, lift weights or something?" He pants when they pull back for a quick breath, hands petting his chest through his sleek shirt, already a bit dizzy from just a little bit of making out. God, the sex was going to be incredible. If it wasn't he was going to throw a fit because all of this so far was showing promise and he demanded it be delivered upon.

"Or something." The guy smirks, moving back in mouth first in an action Stiles eagerly reciprocates. The man knew how to use his mouth, teasing his tongue over Stiles' lips, tracing the seam of them before slipping inside like the sweetest invader. His teeth nipped and pulled, sharp and quick and *yes*.

"FYI," Stiles panted, pulling back minutely and ignoring the exasperated and impatient look the other man was giving him, "I am like, all for biting. Keep me looking professional and you can just have at it. But don't break the skin, or else I'll scream and bring in all of the people that you know from out there because I am not afraid of a bit of embarrassment." He remembers to add, thinking back to this girl from the year before where he had needed stitches on his ass. He refused to go through that again.

Those eyes go dark, flashing with something that makes a delicious shiver run down his spine, so he tightens his thighs around his waist to pull himself in closer and fucking descends, biting down the line of his throat and impatiently unbuttoning down to where the waistcoat and his own body stopped him, pushing aside the loosened fabric to go to town. There wasn't too much extra revealed since the guy was the classy type who wore undershirts, but there was still more skin than there had been before and he wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth

His skin was slightly salty from all the layers, and he smelled like some expensive cologne that Stiles wanted to just *bathe* in. Running his tongue up his throat until he got back to that mouth, he nipped those lips and grinned. The picture the man made was delicious, lips a little bruised, red marks right along his collar bones, eyes slitted and head tilted back to allow Stiles room to work, all while still keeping him up in the air without even a tremble of fatigued muscles.

"So, do you happen to have some lube and condoms in your pocket because you were a very sassy boy scout who probably ruled his troop with a manipulative hand, or nah?" Stiles asks while gripping the muscles on those forearms and caressing, a little bit breathless.

"Everything is up in my room," The guy mutters, voice deep and rumble and if he got any harder he was going to explode in an embarrassing amount of time. Stiles needed to be all up

in that like five minutes ago.

“Just jerking each other it is,” He says happily, not really too terribly bothered by the fact that he couldn’t fulfill all of the filthy fantasies that had been birthed in the last ten minutes. Because penetrative sex, while super great and tons of fun, probably wasn’t the best idea when you were in a coat closet at a wedding that you hadn’t been invited to while being held up against a bunch of coats. Especially when one coat was pea-green and had an atrocious amounts of feathers on it, with some bedazzlement for that extra bit of much needed decoration.

Rich people were weird.

“Be careful.” The guy drawls dryly, somehow already back in perfect mental order despite the wonderful job pulling him apart Stiles had done a few minutes before, “Your way with words may be my undoing.”

Stiles smirks. God, this guy was such a sarcastic dick. He could just eat him up with a spoon.

“I am quite skilled with my words, as well as all other uses of my mouth.” He shrugs innocently, looking at the guy through his lashes, “Just in case there’s a sudden need for, say, whistling.” He leans in, biting that plush bottom lip and pulling back, releasing it just when the man’s hands slid to cup his ass and squeeze, “I’m a great whistler.” He breathes, cock pressing painfully against his zipper as the flesh of his ass was massaged by a pair of very strong and skillful hands.

They were kissing again, all angry and hard and almost punishing, but this time Stiles was ready for more. He *needed* more.

“Let me down.” He demands, wiggling until he was sat back on the ground, momentarily mourning the loss of being held up because now he had a fantasy of being fucked that way but that wasn’t practical for their situation, and they had on too many clothes to make that work at the moment anyways. He needed to be *practical*.

“We shouldn’t take off our clothes. Going out there with them wrinkled would be so clichéd.” The guy notes, flicking his eyes over Stiles’ outfit critically. “Or, at least, I shouldn’t. My suit is designer.”

Stiles stares at him a moment, dumbfounded, a bit of his arousal leaking away. He considered, for a moment, doing something radical like just walking out, but then he remembered that sex, even if it was with colossal dickholes, was fun. Especially if the guy looked like this and kissed like this and could probably bench-press Stiles’ one handed.

“You’re lucky you’re pretty.” He tells the man seriously before getting to work on that belt buckle.

He shoved his pants down his legs, not ignoring the comment about wrinkles so much as vindictively stabbing it in the heart as he smirked up at the now glaring man. Then his eyes went down to the black, indecently snug boxer-briefs and the erection they were hugging. The sizable erection they were hugging.

“Yay,” Stiles sings quietly under his breath, thinking the man wouldn’t hear it clearly but nope, that snort and smug look definitely spoke of a man who had clearly hear the little cheer his cock had gotten.

“Go eat a dick.” Stiles tells him flatly, and one of the man’s eyebrows raises up in a judgmentally smug manner that Stiles wants to learn and master because it seemed like something he could definitely use. Like, he could put it as a skill on his resume and tell everyone, *“Hey, you need someone with the ability to make anyone in the vicinity feel like a complete and utter moron with only a look? Well, I can do that, and it’s a skill that is sure to go great with any managerial position!”*

“I will,” He promises, “But only if you do something about mine first.”

Stiles blinks, backtracks in order to reboot his brain, and holy-hell-yes.

“You clean?” He asks seriously, dropping down to his knees. The guy’s eyes darken and smolder, but he nods.

“I’m gonna need you to say it, dude. Because if it turns out you lied, I’m gonna track you down and destroy your entire livelihood while you stand by and watch.” Stiles promises, hands gripping the elastic band of his underwear – and even the band felt expensive, why did this guy need expensive underwear? The man blinked, all notions of sexy-times disappearing from his face as he tilted his head and considered the younger man kneeling before him.

“You’re not lying.” He notes, looking a little bemused, “Do you really think you could?” He asks it like a test, and Stiles narrowed his eyes and wondered why. He was about to suck the guy off, why were there tests involved? This was probably the most complicated and annoying quickie Stiles had ever been involved with.

“I know I could.” Stiles promises, and the guy fucking grins like he’d been given exactly what he’d wanted for his birthday. And why were promises of destruction – *his* destruction – what got this guy going?

“Then yes, I am clean.”

Stiles considers for a moment, his desperate give-me-that-dick attitude dissipated now, and he looks up at the guy who for some reason looks a little bit more turned on now that Stiles had threatened him and had actually meant it. But then his eyes flick down to the bulge in front of him and he figures he might as well get a look at the merchandise while he was shopping around for an idea of what to do next.

The underwear drops to the floor and Stiles knows what he’s buying because his mouth is practically watering to get all over that dick. It was an average length but it had girth, thick and veined and uncircumcised which was going to be a whole new adventure, looking almost as picture perfect as the man attached had been when he had first walked up to Stiles.

He decides then to ignore that the guy was a huge dickball and focus instead on sex. Sex usually made even the most asshole-ish person in the world momentarily bearable.

He begins to play with the foreskin a bit, not really knowing when his next chance to deal with one up-close and personal would be. It's an odd, new texture to put his mouth around, and while tugging and pulling on it only gets a little huff of noise, running his tongue along the inside gets so much more. It wasn't until hands descended on his head that Stiles decided to actually get to work, though, he swatted said hands away first because he had worked hard on his hair this morning and it was not going to be ruined.

Stiles lingers, running his lips and tongue down the length, kissing and swirling his tongue around the revealed head. The stretch of his mouth around it as he eased down, caressing the length with his tongue as he swallowed, was delicious, and how could he have forgotten how much he liked giving blowjobs? He literally had an oral fixation, it should be almost impossible to forget.

When he first swallows he hears a growl from above, almost like it had been torn unwillingly out of his chest, and Stiles pauses a moment before thinking, "*Oh, hell yes.*" And going to work, doing anything he possibly could to get those sounds because the man obviously didn't want to give them up and fuck him, he was a dick.

He didn't bother thinking how silly it was that he was antagonizing the man with a really good blowjob.

It isn't until Stiles reached up to start playing with the man's balls that he really loses his shit, coming with a long hiss that really might as well have been a shout with how quiet he'd been throughout the whole process, and Stiles swallows because what else was he supposed to fucking do? He could have just spit it on his stupid pants, but he was kind of banking on a return blowjob and felt that further ruining the man's clothes was not the way to go. So he swallows and glares up at the satisfied man the entire time because a little warning would have been nice.

"If you don't swallow too," He threatens hoarsely as he wobbly stands, wincing a bit at the pain in his knees from the unyielding floor, "I'm going to smother you with that fur monstrosity in the corner."

The man smirks and slowly pulls his pants and underwear back on, taking his time adjusting his belt *just right* while Stiles impatiently huffed and stewed impatiently in front of him, his poor dick practically sobbing within the confines of his pants.

Then without warning he reached out quicker than Stiles could see and grabbed him, whirling him around and shoving him back into the wall, the results of which was him getting swallowed by the coats.

"What the hell?" He sputters as he shoved the oppressive garments away, hangers screeching on metal as they move aside like curtains to reveal the man smoothly dropping to his knees.

He doesn't bother wasting time with any pleasantries and just shoves Stiles' pants and underwear down to his knees, looking his dick over with a critical eye before smirking — what did that mean? — and descending like he was fucking starving.

Stiles bows over from the force of it, gripping his shoulders tightly as he cursed, shoving his fist into his mouth after the first string of explosive words because there was a wedding going on right outside the door and he couldn't be loud. It was amazing that no one had walked in to accidentally and horrifically interrupt them yet, and he couldn't chance someone hearing and choosing to come investigate. His other hand goes to the coats, holding them off since they wanted to close back in on him.

He comes in an almost embarrassingly sort time but as he leans back against the wall, panting like he'd just run a fucking marathon, the coats closing in on him against since nothing was holding them back, he decides to consider the blowjob he'd given as foreplay. It added to the time nicely, and soothed his ego a bit.

"Jesus," He pants, blinking into the semi-darkness caused by the coats that were maybe attempting to eat him, "Do you think they still have shrimp left?" Because now he really, really wanted shrimp.

The coats part yet again to reveal the man and he looks way too fucking amused as he looks Stiles over, like he'd just discovered a new toy he was going to love torturing for all off eternity. He smirks, and in the bit of time they had been together Stiles must have formed a bit of a Pavlovian response because the man was not that sexy when he did that.

"I believe so." He says, his voice a little hoarse and his eyes a lot dangerous. Stiles needed to find the escape hatch or something because every instinct he had was screaming *Danger!* *Danger!*

But... *Shrimp*. In little fancy cups.

So he follows the man out of the closet and back into the ballroom, and tells himself that no, everyone was *not* staring at him because that was crazy. None of them knew what had happened, so there was no reason for them to stare. The man beside him did look way too smug though, and Stiles was afraid that it would give them away so he kicked his shin to get him to stop.

Then he saw the table, still covered with beautiful shrimp and strode quickly over, a man on a mission who almost mowed an unsuspecting woman down. But, really, she should have known better than to get in his way. He'd just burned off a lot of calories and needed to recharge.

He practically inhales his first cup and was on his second by the time the man came up to him, a champagne flute in each hand. Stiles takes the offered one suspiciously, slowing down his chewing so that he could more carefully regard the man who probably should have left him alone by now. After all, he'd gotten off, so what more was there between them? Stiles didn't think the guy would suddenly become polite and do something stupid like thank him, so what was left?

"Would you like to know who the bride and groom are, since you decided to crash their wedding?" He asks easily, and Stiles weighs his options for a moment as he grabbed a third cup of shrimp, washing the last one down with champagne.

He loved rich people weddings.

On one hand, the guy should have left him alone by now if the usual wham-bam-thank-you-mam way of doing things was to be followed, but he obviously wasn't doing that. So unless he'd formed a sudden attachment, which didn't seem likely, the man was probably bored. And, looking around at the other guests who were mingling with each other and trading inane small chat from what he could over hear, Stiles could understand that. This guy didn't seem the type to be amused to talk about the beauty of the flower arrangements, or how cute the flower girl had been.

And he was kind of stealing food, so it would probably be best to stick around the guy until he'd had his fill.

"I'm guessing one of them is the lady in the white dress." Stiles remarks dryly instead of just answering yes. The man smirks in a way that almost looks like an actual human smile and tilts his glass toward said woman in white, who was angrily talking to an older woman who shared a lot of her features and who looked kind of scary, like a powerful empress or something.

"My niece, Laura." He says with a put-upon sigh, "She is next in line to take over the Hale business," There's just a bit of a sneer there, and a story Stiles definitely does not want to hear. "She's married Jason Lore, who is an insufferable bastard who is only after the family prestige." Some people overhear that and glare harshly, and as if sensing the topic the bride's head whips around to glare at her uncle like she was about to eviscerate him.

"The family, of course, refuses to listen to me and went on with this wedding anyways, so now I get to call *that*," He points to a also glaring man on the other side of the room, "*Family*." He sneers at them all, standing tall, and after a moment everyone else angrily looks away.

Stiles continues to eat his shrimp.

Peter then proceeds to tell interesting and amusing stories about almost everyone in the room, biting scorn attached to every word he flings out of his mouth and it was a bit much but also not because it was amusing, watching a grown man behave like a petulant and vengeful child.

Also, he kept on getting Stiles food and so long as he did that Stiles was content to stand there.

Stiles listened with half an ear as Peter told some story about a woman named Agnes, and watched as the groom went up to his bride. He figured this would be a decent enough test to see if the guy was telling the truth, or was just being a petty dick.

The couple embrace, all smiles and kisses and touches, and the bride looked head over heels. The groom, however...

"His body language is off." Stiles comments, popping a stuffed mushroom into his mouth. Peter quiets, and it seems like part of the surrounding crowd does too.

“How so?” Peter asks lightly, knowing automatically who he was talking about. Stiles shrugs one shoulder.

“You’d think on your wedding day, after the deed was done, you’d be happy. All the nerves gone and the honeymoon to look forward to, together with the love of your life. But that guy,” He nods to the couple, who now looks oddly frozen, “He’s holding himself too stiff when they hug, and his feet are always pointed away from her, a sure sign that he wants to get away. And every time they kiss I want to give the lady some ice cream and a pat on the back because she’s really into it but he looks like he’s reciting instructions of exactly what to do in his head.” He plays idly with the stem of his glass as he turns back to the man beside him.

“And really, it’s all in the eyes.” He notes with a tone of finality, and blowjob-in-a-closet guy looks way too damned pleased.

“What are their eyes telling you?” He asks, gleefully smirking.

“She can barely keep hers off of him, and it seems like he can’t either, but every time she does look away he does too, like he can’t wait to finally look at anything else. And he only looks back at her after she’s been staring at him for a while, like he either doesn’t notice or doesn’t care. That’s not something someone in love would do.” He hears a crash from behind him and is turning to see what had happened when the man grabs his chin and keeps him looking at him.

“You are *fascinating*,” He says lowly, his eyes flicking over past Stiles’ shoulder for a moment before coming right back on him, way too pleased.

“What’s your name?” He asks, and Stiles suddenly realizes that as soon as he gave that up, this was not going to just be a random strangers who banged at a wedding situation. This was going to make it a thing.

“Stiles,” He says without a thought, immediately cursing himself because that smirk was back and he felt like he had fallen into a trap.

“Stiles, I’m Peter,” He purrs, thumb caressing slightly where he still held Stiles’ face still, “How would you like to go up to my room and fulfill your earlier desire for biting? I sadly didn’t get to it earlier.”

Stiles stares, not really sure how they’d gotten to this point because a few minutes ago he’d been pretty sure after another story or two the guy was going to leave him alone.

But the closet experience had been fun, and upstairs was where the condoms and lube was.

“I demand cake, first.” He says because, fuck yeah, condoms and lube. They could just leave each other in the morning pleasantly sore and with a victorious story to tell to their friends.

“I’ll have it brought up to the room.” He promises, and the next thing he knows he’s chocking back laughter as they hurry into the elevator, a flute of champagne still in his hand.

Peter pins him against the wall as they start to ascend and begins practically mauling his neck, ignoring the other couple in the elevator with them who stare with horrified fascination.

Stiles laughs uproariously once they get to the room, looking up to see the smug and amused man before him carefully stripping. And he knows that whatever this was, whatever it was turning into, it was going to be fun.

You're the One that I Want

Chapter Summary

Stiles never expected to see Peter Hale again, but a certain someone had other plans.

Chapter Notes

Tada! It's continuing! And I have lots of ideas, so who wants to see where this thing is going?

The feedback I got on the first chapter was wonderful, so thank you all so very much. It's been a busy few weeks for me, what with getting back to the United States and having to go back to work the day after my plane landed.

(I'm so tired... Please let me sleep)

I've been working pretty constantly, and my few days off mostly consist of sleep, but when I get the time I will definitely be writing. So look forward to more updates!

Also, I'm apparently naming the chapter titles after songs that make me laugh in relation to the chapter. It might be because I am currently tired. We'll see how it goes.

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

Coming out of the culture class he was TAing, Stiles wasn't thinking about all of the papers needing grading that were stuffed in his satchel. He wasn't thinking about the *thrilling* discussion they'd had in class about westernization either, in which most of the class had argued for it, completely ignoring Stiles' repeats of "*Westernization is not modernization*," because what did *he* know?

No, instead he was thinking fondly of his beautiful bed with its wondrous comfort, the delicious snacks within easy reach once laziness overtook him, with the incredible miracle of wifi surrounding him. There was absolutely no thought for first semester freshman making stupid observations in their papers on polygamy and polyandry within different cultures. He just wanted to sleep for the rest of the year so that he didn't have to deal with them, and felt like it really wasn't too much to ask.

Apparently it was though, and the world was crueler than he could have ever thought because at that very moment it decided to throw a sleek sports car rolling up creepily beside him,

keeping pace for an uneasy moment that brought to mind every kidnapping centric episode of shitty TV that has ever existed. The darkly tinted passenger side window slowly rolled down and he stiffens because he really wasn't in the mood to be propositioned by whatever midlife crisis weirdo that was hiding inside. Been there, had to deal with that, and not only was he not wanting to deal with it again he shouldn't have to. There should be, like, a rule that you only had to deal with situations like this once in your life max. And he wasn't even dressed like a prostitute this time!

"Hey!" A not old man voice calls from within, which catches Stiles' attention just enough for him to actually bend down to see who was inside.

It was a woman around his age, glaring at him over the edge of her sunglasses and looking like she wanted to chew him up and spit him out to reduce him to the scum she blatantly seemed to see him as. She looked like she could and would kick the ass of anybody who looked at her wrong, and right that moment she was glaring at Stiles like he'd crossed his eyes and blew a raspberry at her.

"Get in." She orders sharply, reaching over to push the passenger door open, and Stiles takes a step back, considering screaming and running for his life. There would be no shame in it. Her eyes narrow, freezing him in place.

"I won't tell you again." She says lowly, a growl in those words and holy hell, she was terrifying.

Stiles' eyes dart around, looking for help, but there was no one around and she looked like she was three seconds away from just jumping out and dragging him in so he swallowed, clutched his bag tightly like one would a lifeline, and slowly got in the car with his frightening abductor.

She shifts gears and was speeding away before Stiles had even fully closed the door, and he was left scrambling to not fall over onto her as she took a sharp corner. He kind of got the feeling that if any part of him touched any part of her she would gut him as viciously as she could.

"Hi," He said as happily as he could, trying to seem unassuming and un-killable. Maybe even a bit lovable, but not so lovable that she would want to lock him in her basement and keep him forever, "I'm Stiles."

"I know who you are." She says flatly, and he quickly nods, so fast he gets a bit dizzy from it.

"Of course you do! After all, you are the one who kidnapped me." He laughs, and she shoots him a hard glare that has him shrinking physically against the door. "Or would you prefer to call it borrowing? We could totally call it that. It's completely up to you."

"I'd prefer if you'd stop." She huffed, pushing her sunglasses back up her nose to fully hide her eyes. Which, great! Stiles loved having that one blatant indicator of her actions and moods taken away. He really had been thinking that this situation had to get more difficult and dangerous.

He would use body language, but she was so tense and was holding herself so tight that all he could get was that she was pissed off. And that was definitely what you wanted your kidnapper to be.

He needed to get her calmed down.

“I can totally do that.” He promises, nodding again, and her hands tighten on the wheel in a way that indicates Stiles’ plan hadn’t worked.

“Yeah, I don’t really see that happening.” She scoffs, taking another sharp curve that has his stomach jumping up to meet his throat. “That’s probably why Peter likes you.”

This plus her gunning it down a straight stretch of road has his mind scrambling to catch up.

“Peter?” He sputters, the only one coming to mind that could mesh with this shitty and crazy scenario was the one he had happily left lying in his hotel bed a week ago. “What the hell? Peter? Peter Hale?”

She snorts, “Yeah, he’s my uncle.”

He stares at her for an intent moment, a little disbelieving. Then she takes another turn that throws him painfully to the side.

“I can see the resemblance.” He grits out, and he does not miss the smirk that spreads on her lips evilly, and yeah. Definitely a resemblance.

“So, what does my latest one night stand want with me?” He asks flippantly, which actually gets a full on laugh from the woman, though it is harsh and a little cruel. Which, rude, he could totally have as many one night stands as he wanted. He’d just have to put forth the effort.

Which, ew, effort.

“Peter has been pining.” She says, finally slowing down a little bit, though still going way too fast. He snorts.

“Yeah, even from my limited dealings with the man, most of them of the sexy times variety and all of it contained in less than ten hours, I can tell that he wouldn’t be the kind to pine.” Stiles scoffs, and she shoots him an amused but still deadly look.

“Oh, he doesn’t do it like a normal person.” She promises. “He becomes insufferably more infuriating and assholeish. So much so that it becomes unbearable for everyone, including his beloved niece who decides that if she has to listen to him one more day, she’ll blow his head off. So,” She breaks, pulling sharply in front of a fancy apartment building.

“It’s apartment 8A, I’ve already told the concierge to watch for you. This is the key,” She tosses a shiny silver key with attached Hello-Kitty charm at his face, and he just barely stops it from stabbing him in the eye. “Now get out of my car.”

He does, more because he was scared shitless of her than anything else. As soon as the door had closed she was speeding away with a screech of tires, leaving him on the sidewalk with a Hello Kitty key and the urge to never see or deal with any of the Hale family ever again. Both of the family members he'd had dealings with had been asshole dick, and that was one too many crazy people in that family for it to be normal.

He starts to walk away, hoping to find a bus station pretty close because he had no idea where he was or how he was going to get home, but he hadn't even gotten to the next when that car was rolling past again, lingering by him for a moment before speeding off.

He could feel that glare even though he couldn't see it, and he knew with crystal clear certainty that she would just keep circling until he went in, and would probably call the doorman for confirmation just in case he went into any of the other buildings to hide like he was wanting to. So he took a breath, turned around, and went to Peter's apartment because he feared for his life otherwise.

He really didn't want to see her get any angrier than she already was.

When he opened the door to the apartment of a man he had been sure he'd never have to see again he was not surprised in the least by what he found, because the whole place screamed *a rich asshole lives here! He's a douche!*

The wood floors gleamed, dark and rich, shining like no one had ever stepped foot on them. The walls were grey with an accent wall along the back that was wallpapered with a grey and silver and gold diamond pattern. There was one of those remote controlled glass fireplaces with a large TV hanging over it, with a sleek black living room set set up with that as its focal point. The rugs were all pristine white and the furniture was sleek and glass in a way that was almost daring you to ruin its perfection. When he stepped in past the little entry way he could see the kitchen, which was chrome and glass and shiny white. There was art on the walls, splashes of color on white canvases and absolutely no boring landscapes or anything like that.

Stiles felt the immediate urge to mess it all up, and pushed it back. This wasn't his place and he hadn't even been invited. Then he remembered that, hey, he hadn't been invited. He'd been captured by a crazy evil woman to bang her uncle so that the man would shut up. It was basically another prostitution pick up, and he'd had enough of those with the one.

So he kicks his shoes off and leaves them right in the middle of the entry, dirty converse marking up the pristine picture with just their presence. Shuffling over to the living room, making sure to kick a corner of that stupid white rug up on his way just because, he lets his bag fall off of his shoulder to land with a thud next to the couch he flops on to. He finds the remote easily because they were all set out perfectly on the side table, organized like some absolute maniac lived in the apartment, and puts his socked feet onto the glass top of the coffee table, smudging it up with his florescent yellow socks. To complete it all he turns on some cartoons on high volume, and settles back to wait.

When Peter finally gets home a few hours later, Stiles is in the middle of eating a bag of fancy pretzels he had found when raiding the man's kitchen and is watching a documentary

about the creation of the plow that he couldn't remember selecting but was too lazy to change.

"Hi honey, how was your day?" He asks around a mouthful of chewed up pretzel, not bothering to look as the man waltzes over, smelling of that cologne that made Stiles want to settle in and just breathe. And how dare he do that, remind Stiles that hey, sex is fun and it was *extra* fun with him. And you know what? You should just go over and *rub yourself all over him*.

Stiles informs his brain that it needed to shut up and get itself under control, because his libido hadn't run his life since he'd been twenty and had ended up naked in New York with nothing but a cannoli to his name.

But he's so pretty...

"Better now that I'm home with you, darling." Peter retorts, bringing Stiles back to the present when he sits down beside him. It only takes a moment for Stiles to finally look over and see him and hot damn. He's a vision dressed in a dark grey suit and purple shirt, looking like something that had rudely stepped out of the pages of a magazine with his perfectly styled hair and face, those blue eyes of his dancing in his stupid face.

And ah, that smirk. How he had missed it.

"So, I am almost certain you haven't been stalking me," The older man says lightly, propping one elbow against the back of the couch and leaning back like there was a photographer hiding behind the curtains he had to pose for.

"I haven't been able to help myself." Stiles says flatly, watching him with one eye and the documentary with the other. The damn show might have been boring, but he'd been watching it for over an hour and he felt invested now.

"And you don't look like you're exactly *excited* to see me." He smirks insufferably, still managing to be hatefully attractive.

"Oh darling, I adore you. I can't live without you." In the same flat, insincere tone as the narrator enthuses about plows on the TV and oh my fucking god how was he watching a documentary about plows? In the home of a one night stand he'd wiped his hands of a week ago? After being kidnapped and scared shitless by one of the most intimidating women he'd ever met?

How had he gotten to this point in his life?

The man leans in, a little bit closer than is casually acceptable, and Stiles' eyebrows rise as he breathes in, the smell of that cologne working better on him than any drug ever had. He was maybe becoming a little bit addicted, which was becoming a little bit of a big problem.

"Cora," Peter huffs, and man, that was a bit of a leap from the literal nonexistent information that Stiles had given him. How meddling was this girl? Was this something she just did? Was it something that came up pretty consistently, like they're having a family dinner and a

consistent topic over their fucking roast was her special activities? *Oh, yes Barbra, Tommy looks wonderful. And Cora, have you kidnapped anyone interesting recently? And fun little anecdotes from your repeated felonies?*

Dear lord this family needed help. But before his concern for the greater populous could get too big, Peter leans in a little closer and distracts him more effectively than anything ever could.

“So, what are you doing here, Stiles?” He purrs, and Stiles tilts his head to the side in consideration, wondering whether or not to go along with this obvious little seduction routine. On one hand, yum. On the other, the entire fucking situation. His tilt of his head had the effect of stretching out the length of his throat and neck, which immediately drew the man’s eyes like they’d been programmed like a heat seeking missile. He stared a bit too intently for it to be any sort of normal.

Huh.

“I was dragged here and threatened by a very angry, very scary woman in a fuel-inefficient vehicle.” He sucks in a breath and *really*, what was that cologne?

“You could have left.” Peter points out.

“I feel like that would have led to something very bad for my person.” He points out in turn, and Peter hums in consideration, slipping just a bit closer.

“Then whatever shall you do?”

“I suppose...” Stiles scooches over, eliminating the last little bit of distance separating them, “We could play Yahtzee. I’m a bit rusty though.”

“It’ll be sure to pass the time.” Peter agrees, eyes heating as Stiles runs his fingers over his thigh, teasing as he trails them close to his crotch before sliding away, brushing along the sensitive skin of his inner thigh.

“Or,” He leans in, “I guess,” Their breaths mix, their lips nearly brush, “You can take me into your bedroom, which I am assuming is just as pretentious as the rest of this place, and fuck me until I can’t sit right tomorrow.”

Peter’s eyes go molten, so hot that they make Stiles feel like the breath had been punched out of him, and the younger man doesn’t bother to hide his impish grin.

“It’s just an idea.” Stiles says lightly as he shrugs easily, pulling away, “We don’t *have* to if you don’t-”

Peter moves too fast for him to track, but a within the length of a heartbeat Stiles finds himself in those really, *really* strong arms up in the air as the distance between them and the bedroom quickly shortens.

“And I was really looking forward to Yahtzee. Or maybe a rousing game of,” His breath gets punched out of him as he’s dropped onto the almost indecently fluffy bed, “Parcheesi.” He

gasps as Peter puts one knee on the bed next to his hip, loosening his tie and tightening Stiles' guts with the way his eyes, so dark and hot, never left his. They were reaching into him and pulling at him like a dare, and Stiles had never been good at resisting a dare.

He's not about to resist this one.

"I'm half tempted to gag you to get you to shut up." Peter muses lightly, reaching out to drag the rough pad of his thumb over Stiles' lips. The younger man chuckles, nipping at the digit as it was pulled away to start on the small and intimidating buttons on the man's sleek and probably very expensive shirt.

"Nah, you like my mouth too much," He slowly licks his lips to prove his point, "You can barely take your eyes off it."

Peter's eyes jerk away from where he had been staring and he glares while Stiles laughs.

"Take your clothes off before I rip them." He demands, pushing away and rolling his eyes at the still giggling man on his bed, continuing stripping without all the teasing this time. There was no reason to reward bad behavior.

"You think that sounds sexy," Stiles snorts, "But if you lay a hand on my shit I'll stab you in the dick. Not with a knife either, but something dull and even more painful." He pauses, sure that there was something that went along with that that would have been perfectly scathing and funny, and it was just on the tip of his tongue. He just needed to remember.

"Noted." Peter huffs as he finishes unbuttoning his shirt, pulling it off in a smooth movement that makes Stiles' mouth go dry. He makes the decision to shut his mouth and brain up for just long enough to be able to quickly pull off his clothes, because suddenly he needed some skin on skin contact as badly as he needed to breathe.

"Come here," Stiles demands, latching on as soon as Peter stopped being a dawdling dick and yanking the man on top of him, which was a huge mistake neither saw coming. Peter flopped on him, not catching himself on purpose just to be a dick which ended up backfiring on him pretty horribly. As he toppled Peter's knee ended up going right into his gut, and Stiles, who had been lifting his head because he'd been imagining in his head one of those cute as fuck kisses that would turn all hot and steamy, ended up with a pointy chin hitting his face hard. Peter ended up biting harshly into his tongue, and they both groaned in pain as Stiles pushed Peter off so that he could roll over on to his side pitifully to make wounded animal noises.

"Stop being a baby," Peter huffs the moment he got over his own pain, immediately pretending like he'd never felt pain in his life and Stiles was being absolutely ridiculous.

"I hate you," Stiles whines, grumbling and rubbing the sore spot on his face, which would definitely end up bruising. Then he pauses and leers down at Peter's dick, "Well, not all of you, I guess."

Peter stares at him for a moment, eyes flat and unimpressed, before reaching up to harshly flick his face right on the sore spot.

With a cry of rage Stiles flails and tries to attack him, which somehow ends up with his wrists pinned to the bed and Peter's tongue in his mouth. He wasn't really all that sure on how it all happened, it was a bit of a blur, but he figured he wouldn't question it all that much. Not when he could be doing better things like kissing that face back.

It's quick, their hands scraping over each other's skin, teeth catching and biting and bruising. Their breaths tear from their chests like clawed beasts, hot and damp over each other's skin as they pant and gasp, and as Peter slid his slicked up fingers into Stiles to stretch him open, the drag of the younger man's nails down muscled arms left angry red marks.

"You aren't getting in me without a condom." Stiles pants into his ear just in case he'd forgotten, leaning down to slot his teeth onto a cord of muscle at his throat, biting just hard enough to earn himself a growl.

"I'm clean." Peter mutters, leaning down for a bite of his own that had Stiles' eyes nearly rolling back in his sockets. Stiles catches his breath after savoring an eye closing moment of pleasure, though it hitches again when another finger slides inside, the stretch of it the best kind of good. And then he kicks him, which makes those fingers jostle inside of him uncomfortably and makes him wince, but he had to make his point.

"You could be fucking Mr. Clean and this would still be the rule. No dick is allowed entrance without a rubber. I am not dealing with your jizz dripping out of me and having to sit on the toilet while you get to lounge around and yell at me from the bed because I know you would. You're an asshole." He wiggles impatiently huffing and glaring until those fingers finally got back to work.

"If it will stop you from whining," Peter hisses, curling his fingers just right, "Then fine." And then he tries to pull his fingers out.

"Woah! What the hell do you think you're doing?" He snaps, grabbing his arm to keep it in place as he glared because the man was not allowed to just up and leave.

"Getting the condom." He growls with another glare, and Stiles digs his nails in to his arm as he once again tries to pull away.

"Where are they?" Stiles huffs, narrowing his eyes as Peter pointed to the side table farthest from them. Stiles stares at him incredulously.

"Why are they over there?" He demands, knowing logically that the man couldn't have planned for them to end up at the other end of the indecently large bed. He'd set them in the drawer closest to the door, closest to where people would logically end up.

But that wasn't where they were, and how dare he not have foreseen this.

"Because that's where I keep them." He mocks, rolling his eyes like the douche canoe he was. Stiles had to fight the urge to non-sexily bite him as the man pulled away and moved to grab the condoms from their stupidly placed home. Stiles pouts, which he only stops doing when a condom wrapper smacks him in his face and the asshole he'd decided to sleep with again looks down his stupid nose at him.

“Are you going to actually participate in the goings on, or is it all up to me?” Peter asks disdainfully, and Stiles snarls and scrambles over to push him to lay back.

“I am going to participate *so* hard.” He promises with bared teeth and narrowed eyes. Peter smiles innocently and settles back for the ride while Stiles grabs the lube to finish prepping himself. Because no matter what point needed proving, you did not want to prove that point with anal tearing and despite his earlier seduction revolving around not being able to sit right, he did have classes the next day and *did* need to be able to sit.

Once done he sinks down slowly, eyes going half-mast as he adjusts and savors, putting his hands on the other man’s chest to keep his balance – because it would not be the first time that his Stiles-ness ended up harming himself and his partner during sex. Hell, it had happened *ten minutes ago* and once a session was enough for him.

He notices Peter’s face at how Stiles’ lubed up hand was touching him, and doesn’t bother hiding his grin as he blatantly wipes his hand off into the other man’s chest hair. The glare he gets is more hilarious than terrifying. He really should take some lessons from that niece of his. Or maybe Stiles was just building up an immunity.

“If you wipe any other of your... substances off on me, I will more than happily wipe that smile off your face.” He says lowly, and Stiles rolls his eyes. Really, the wit of this man...

“Oh!” Stiles gasps, stopping his undulating to stare wide eyed at the wall in realization. Peter peers up at him in confusion and maybe a bit of concern.

“I don’t think you’re gasping for the reasons you should be gasping.” He notes, becoming even more confused as Stiles grins and slaps his chest easily with the back of his hand.

“Your *wit*,” He says like a revelation, and Peter’s face scrunches up as he tries to decipher the man currently on his dick who should really be focusing on that instead of... Whatever was going on in that head of his.

“I’m quite proud of it.” Peter admits, tilting his head to try and figure out what was going on and why that had made the younger man laugh so hard.

“I said I’d stab you with something dull, and I knew I had something for it.” He shakes his head and grins, starting to move again with distracting and fluid movements of his hips. “It was your wit!” He laughs, head thrown back a bit and so satisfied with himself, actually quite striking and beautiful as he moved and laughed and grinned. But Peter didn’t bother focusing on that, instead focusing on the fact that he apparently thought that he could go ahead and insult him in his own home, in his own bed, and all while riding his fucking dick.

He was insufferable and infuriating.

With a growl Peter grabbed the still laughing man and rolled them over, not allowing a moment for him to catch his breath before he was savagely pounding in.

Stiles’ breath catches and his laughter tapers off into a groan, toes curling as he clumsily grasps for Peter’s shoulders and purchase.

“I like you better when you’re quiet.” Peter hisses in his ear, causing Stiles’ breath to catch and for him to make a small whimper that has Peter grinning victoriously. But before he can draw back Stiles’ head darts forward, his teeth catching the lobe of his ear and biting down harshly a moment before releasing it.

“No, you really don’t.” He says knowingly, huskily, the heat of his voice and the feeling of his breath in his ear causing Peter to shiver involuntarily. The younger man chuckles, a sensuous sound that Peter doesn’t expect, and lightly kisses the spot his teeth had irritated.

Peter wastes no time in pinning him back down and trying to tear his control of the situation and himself back by making his movements as harsh and hard as he can, but from the way that Stiles moans and meets him at every thrust and the plummeting feeling in his gut he was pretty sure he was failing.

Stiles arched into a particularly hard thrust with bared teeth and his throat displayed, eyes closed as he grunted, and he failed just a little bit harder.

“I wonder who the first person who discovered the prostate was.” Stiles mused after he’d caught his breath, staring up at the ceiling and still high off of the success of his orgasm. Peter hums, probably not listening, but Stiles didn’t mind. He was used to the people around him just letting him ramble on and not really paying any attention.

“Like, some guy was just going about their life and then they stick something up their butt and bam! Complete life change. Do you think they thought it was magic? I think that’s what most people blamed back then.” He snickers, pretty sure that if he’d lived in a time without any medical knowledge or the internet that was what he would have blamed it on. It certainly felt magical enough.

“I don’t know if you are an amusement or an annoyance,” Peter yawns, stretching as he stands. Stiles grins deviously and settles back, wondering how much effort he’d have to put forth to steal the pillow he was laying on because it was his now. He’d claimed it, and it was going home with him.

“Most people think it’s a mix of the two.” He admires Peter’s ass as it walks away, humming as his head was filled with many wondrous thoughts and ideas, especially when catching on those arms that could lift him up like he was nothing. Those very strong, just the right amount of muscular, unblemished arms.

“Can I fuck you next, or is this family made booty call over with?” Stiles calls out as Peter walked out of the room. Stiles figured he was going to get water or something, since he probably thought that he was too good to drink it out of the bathroom tap like every normal person in the universe. That was definitely something he would do, the douche.

“I want to talk about that,” Peter calls back, and Stiles hears the door open for some reason. “I had an idea I wanted to run by you.” Stiles sits up, brow scrunching in confusion and a bit of concern. The tread of the man’s returning steps is quiet, almost silent, but Stiles listens carefully because now he’s suspicious. Why did the door open? Why did he want to talk? Why wasn’t Stiles just leaving now that the sexy times were over? What was this bed made of, and how hard was it going to be to knock out the approaching man to take it for his own?

Uhg, he hoped that whatever was about to happen wasn’t going to be weird. Like, some extra weird sex thing. He was down for some weird, but not extra weird. He just wasn’t that sort of girl.

He watches suspiciously as the man steps into the room, eyes flicking down to the box in his hands briefly before jumping back up to his eyes. They looked amused, and a little appreciative. Stiles was now *really* suspicious.

“What was this idea?” He asks, eyes darting back to the box because he was curious and he knew that Peter was taking advantage of that. But he was too weak to resist.

“Well, in our short time together,” He starts, interrupted by Stiles’ snort. He glares and tries again, “I feel that we have enjoyed each other.”

“I like your dick and your face.” Stiles concedes, pleased with the glare he gets, “Your personality could use some work though.” He smiles innocently while Peter gets a more and more irritated.

“And so,” The older man grits out, “I thought that we should get to know each other better.”

Stiles stares. And stares. He looks around like the universe was going to start laughing at the joke it had just told, and then looks back at Peter to stare.

“Through more booty calls? Ones in which actual calls are utilized instead of kidnapping nieces?” He asks, already knowing that wasn’t what he was going for. Still, he winces when Peter shakes his head.

“Through a relationship. An adult relationship.” He says decisively, and Stiles’ nose wrinkles.

“Ew.” He mutters quietly, but Peter still hears and rolls his eyes with a huff.

“And what is the matter with adult relationships?”

“Nothing. I’m against having one with you.” Stiles says reasonably and completely truthfully, watching that lovely face contort into a scowl.

“Why?” He huffs angrily, glaring down at the younger man.

Stiles shrugs one naked shoulder as he sits up, “I don’t know. It could be the fact that you’re a douche. Or maybe that you talk shit about literally everyone and think you’re better than them. Or, possibly, it could be because your psychotic niece kidnapped me so that I’d have

sex with you, and you thought that it was completely normal.” He waved his hand in a careless movement. “You know, take your pick.”

“You’re not that great of a catch either.” Peter growls, actually getting a little bit angry, “You’re mouthy and rude and you think you’re better than everyone else all because you make sure to point out everyone else’s flaws and not your own. And when my niece kidnapped you to have sex with me, you went along with it of your own free will.” He snarks, and now it was Stiles’ turn to huff.

“So why the fuck are you standing over there asking to wear my class ring?” He sputters incredulously, and Peter rolls his eyes and groans a little like Stiles was the one being ridiculous. Then he pauses, thinks about it, and then relaxes.

He smiles at Stiles and it is more than a bit terrifying.

“Let’s make a deal.” He says pleasantly, and Stiles is tempted toward believing the idea of a sudden demonic possession.

“What kind of deal?” He asks hesitantly, still curious despite knowing that his soul was probably going to be a part of the dealings. It was his fatal flaw.

“You accept that we are going to have a relationship, and I will make it worth your while.” He says confidently, and Stiles stares at him like he had actually just proposed they start a happy little murder spree.

“The sex is good, but it’s not worth *that*. And, also? That is the clichéd thing I’ve heard today.”

“Not just sex.” Peter says with the sort of tone that implied that Stiles was being difficult. And Stiles resented that.

“I’m not really sure a relationship with you has anything else to offer.” He confides with a huff and a glare, and the other man retaliates by looking smug and insufferable. Then he lifts up that box, and opens it to reveal an almost otherworldly wonder.

“A molten dark chocolate cake from *Giuseppe’s* with a caramel cream drizzle, hand delivered to the door. Something you could never get on your own.” He says confidently, holding it out to Stiles only to jerk it away when the man reaches for it dazedly. “Something,” He says cockily as Stiles glares, “You can only get when you’re with me.”

Stiles looks at him and then the cake, considering.

“When did you even order that?” He asks suspiciously, because he knew it hadn’t been any time between him getting home and now. He would have noticed him calling or texting someone, what with those hands of his being previously *very* occupied.

“The doorman warned me that someone was in my apartment, and I guessed from the description it was you. So I ordered it on the way up.” He smirks and Stiles is not enamored by him in any way shape or form. He was creepy and horrible and god that cake looked good.

“So you’re bribing me with food,” He says slowly, “So that I will date you.”

“So that you will allow our relationship to begin.” Peter clarifies smugly, “In time you will see things correctly.

“I see fine right now.” Stiles says flatly, and he really wanted to just walk out because he was pretty sure that he hated this guy. But... He’d heard that Giuseppe’s food was incredible, and that nothing could compare. And he would never be able to eat there on his own, not with the years long waitlist and the sky high prices.

But apparently this asshole was willing to try and buy his affections, and he’d always joked he would love having a sugar mama/daddy. Time to put his money where his mouth was.

“I will always hate you,” He promises, holding his hand out for the cake which is then handed over smugly.

“I’m sure.” Peter chuckles as Stiles takes his fist bite of pure bliss.

His eyes slide shut and he hums from the pleasure of it, lips curving up as he has an almost sexual experience with his cake. If it had been, it would probably be rated as the most satisfying of any of his sexual encounters. Stiles makes sure to inform Peter of this, and ends up locking himself in the bathroom to protect himself and his cake from the vengeful man coming after him.

Sitting on the edge of the bath tub and stuffing his face with his sinfully good bounty, he came to a decision. If all he had to do was humor a crazy person and have sex with his smoking hot bod for some expensive and delicious food, then Stiles knew it was going to be a sacrifice he would just have to make. Nothing tangible was really going to come from it, after all.

Chapter End Notes

Have a great day/night/life!

Never Say Never

Chapter Summary

Months pass and Peter doesn't go away, and Stiles has a few revelations that maybe took a bit too long.

Chapter Notes

The format for this is a bit different from the previous chapters because I wanted to mostly show little snapshots from their relationship before Stiles realized that, holy shit, he was in an actual relationship with Peter, and then one after to show that nothing really changed with the revelation. They're still assholes to each other, forever and always, just like any other fairy tale romance.

Also, Laura's wedding was around like the 20th of February, just to give you a bit of a timeline.

March

“So...” Scott trailed off, peering at Stiles with his big, *you can tell me anything* eyes. The ones he used when he thought Stiles was unjustly hiding something from him, and had been using on him since grade school. “Are you going to tell me about them?”

Stiles huffed out something that could have been a laugh had he bothered to put more effort into it, and gave his best friend – or, the camera that was projecting him to his best friend – a look that questioned him more than words could have ever tried to do. But Stiles had always really, really like words, especially when they came out of his own mouth, so he couldn't help but use those too.

“About who?” An idea struck, and he peered at Scott on the screen in concern, “Buddy, are you trying to start Doctor Who again? I told you, it's fine if you just start from Nine. No one is going to judge you.”

“It's-” Scott sputters, and Stiles shakes his head, feeling a little bit disappointed in his friend.

“I don’t really have the time to explain Doctor Who to you again, Scotty.” He says as gently as possible, having never forgotten the terror of that year in college where Scott had been so sure this girl in his algebra class was the one, and she’d had a TARDIS backpack so he’d obviously *have* to learn all about the show.

It had taken weeks, and even then there had been endless questions because the guy just didn’t understand, and Stiles had been pretty sure that he had instantly forgotten everything he *had* learned once the thing with the girl had blown over.

Stiles had never healed.

“No,” Scott whines, face scrunching up in hurt, “I’m asking you to tell me about whoever you’re dating.”

Stiles stares at his earnest face on the screen of the laptop, and can’t stop his laughter even though he knows that it will make that expressive face fall.

“Dude,” He chuckles, shaking his head, “I haven’t been in a relationship since I started grad school.”

“But,” He protests, “You’re acting like how you always act when you’re in a relationship.”

One of Stiles’ eyebrows raises up, and he admires it in the little slice of screen that shows him what Scott was seeing. Very dignified and judgmental. Peter would be proud.

“And how is that?”

The other man shrugs, fidgeting a bit. “I don’t know. You... You’re on your phone a lot?” He suggests, which was true. During their video chat Stiles had frequently been dividing his attention between Scott and his phone. Stiles shakes his head.

“I’ve been texting my study group about when we’re going to meet next.”

“You’re so happy!” Scott blurts over the last few words of Stiles’ sentence, once he saw that his first argument wasn’t going to work.

“I think I’m a decently happy person!” Stiles exclaims, honestly a little offended. “Why? Do you think I’m not?”

“No!” Scott is quick to soothe, seeing his misstep and trying to backpedal, “It’s just... You’re... You’re glowing!” He says a little desperately, and Stiles can’t help the disappointed look he gives.

“That’s pregnant people, and my lamp always makes my skin look weird.” He sighs and shakes his head, “Dude, I’m single and *so* not ready to mingle. I’m working way too hard on my thesis to deal with someone getting all up in this biz. And anyways,” He shrugs, giving his subdued friend a cocky grin, “It’s not like many people can deal with all this greatness for long.”

Scott quirks a smile, and Stiles lifts his arms in a victory pose, which finally earns him that beloved crooked grin.

They chat for a while longer until Scott has to sign off because his roommate Isaac was having some sort of crisis, and then it's a stream of goodbyes and promises to talk again as soon as possible and, hey, we'll see each other at the Sheriff's birthday.

Stiles slumps back in his chair once he's one hundred percent alone, and wonders if he has a frozen meal in the freezer he could heat up for dinner. It was getting to that time. But he didn't want another frozen personal meal, he wanted real food. Adult food. And he didn't want to fix it himself.

Before he really realizes that he was doing it he is picking up the phone and pressing the call button, because he knew it always annoyed the man that he chose to call instead of text him. A text is easily ignored until the right time, but a phone call demanded a more immediate reaction and if Peter didn't answer it would just ring and annoy him.

"What?" The man snaps, answering on the third call in the row, as charming as ever.

"Feed me." He huffs, swinging his feet up onto his desk and making his chair lean back so much it creaked in protest. "It's your job, so do it."

"I do have to work an actual job."

"Doing what? Terrorizing children and making the innocents pay for your sins?" He mutters, glaring at the wall and petulantly wanting to be fed *right now*. If he had to deal with Peter fucking Hale bothering him with his stupid texts all hours of the day and the unbearable conversations, then he was going to be compensated with massive amounts of food on demand.

All Peter was doing was delaying the inevitable.

"You know what my job is," Peter huffs, something he was constantly saying despite the evidence that stood against it. Stiles thought that he should just give it up.

"I'd have to care to remember." He sniffs, "So come pick me up and buy me food. Or just deliver it. That would probably be better, really, since that way I won't actually have to deal with you in person."

"You are an unbearable child." Peter hisses, and Stiles makes a completely heartfelt sound of sympathy.

"And you're a horrible, overbearing asshole. See you at six." He stabs his thumb viciously on the hang up button to feel better about not actually being able to slam the phone down, and ends up moving so viciously that he topples himself, unbalancing and falling in a tangle of bruised limbs and rickety chair.

April

Stiles opens his door to see Peter's smug face at the stupid time of 3:25 in the afternoon, too late to be lunch and too early to be dinner and how dare he. Only a text ten minutes ago to alert him that he was coming by, looking all smooth and suave and unbearable. He'd done it on purpose, and all Stiles had to look at for proof was his stupid face.

"I hate you," Stiles snaps, his customary greeting. Peter smirks insufferably and leans in for the kiss Stiles was already habitually puckering up for.

"And, once again, your attitude is everything I need after a long hard day at work darling." He purrs, drawing Stiles out of the doorway and taking the keys out of the other man's pocket to lock the door. One time he'd forgotten to do it because he was too busy bickering, and the man holds it over his head forever. *Uhng*. And he dared to wonder why Stiles wouldn't consent to dating him without blackmail.

"Yeah, it must be really hard for you to make all your little minions do your bidding while you sit in your office filing your nails." He huffs, stomping past to the stairs, but waiting at the door so that they could go down together.

Peter huffs and rolls his eyes, and doesn't bother stopping Stiles from walking face first into the door because he was too distracted by being a little shit.

They go to a little Chinese place not too far away that has lo mein to die for, owned by a sweet woman who gives them free tea because Stiles goes so often. She was great, but Stiles wasn't too fond of her anymore because Peter had managed to seduce her on his first visit, and Stiles had petulantly not forgiven her just yet.

Peter ordered chicken and broccoli and only swatted Stiles' hand away every other time he went in to steal a bite. Stiles ordered lo mein and used up all of the duck sauce, stating that Peter wouldn't get any, and he just so happened to look away the exact moment Peter dipped his egg roll into the huge puddle of sauce.

Stiles complained around mouthfuls of noodles about one of his professors and how they were so flakey and absentminded, and Peter huffed about how Talia was getting on him – *again* – about how he wasn't spending enough time with the family.

"I lived with them for nineteen years and I visit every notable occasion and even some weekend dinners," He huffs, trading one of his pieces of chicken for a shrimp off of Stiles' plate, which the younger man decides to allow. "And they are absolutely unbearable each time I see them. They don't even like me, so they shouldn't be asking me to spend so much time with them."

"Your own family doesn't even like you?" Stiles asks dryly, an eyebrow rising, "Color me shocked." Peter kicks him, and Stiles steals his other eggroll in retaliation.

“What are you doing after this?” Peter asks, shoving the rest of his rice to Stiles, who eagerly hoarded it close. Stiles shrugs.

“I guess I could do some work, but then again, I could procrastinate and mess around on my computer and have fun.” He sawed his hand and rolled his eyes, “It’s really up in the air which one I’m gonna be doing.”

“Do you want to go see that movie you were yammering about on the phone last night?” Peter asks, pulling out his card to pay when the waitress came over with the bill. Stiles made a questioning noise and played with a noodle with his fork. Peter shot him an impatient look. “The Disney one. You were talking about how you didn’t have anyone to go with, so I’ll go with you.”

Stiles snorts, finding it very unlikely that Peter wanted to go see the latest Disney princess movie and hey, that actually made it even better. Peter didn’t actually want to go, and so now Stiles would force him to stick to his offer.

“Yeah.” He nods, smiling at the waitress and thanking her for the box she handed him, which he poured the rest of his and Peter’s food into.

And now Peter’s fancy car was going to smell like Chinese food. This night just kept on getting better and better.

May

Stiles watched the woman in line at the coffee shop his study group was at with a sort of horrified fascination, wondering if she was colorblind or fashion-blind or if she just had truly horrific taste. Maybe it was all three, because there was no reason for her to be wearing what she was wearing.

Keeping an eye on her just in case she disappeared like the mythical creature she could have possibly been, Stiles digs his phone out of his pocket and quickly types out a text.

Dude omfg this woman is wearing... I cant even describe

Peter’s response is quick, meaning he was probably on a break from his job stroking the flames of hell.

I told you not to text me until you could manage grown up words.

Uhg. Punctuation and everything. He was a dick.

Ur a dick

You need new material. It's getting a bit old at this point.

Ur old, Stiles sends back angrily, stewing a bit because he was right, dammit. Stiles needed to think up new threats and things to call him before it got too predictable and boring. Peter would just end up rubbing it in his face if it got too bad.

Suddenly he saw that the woman was leaving and snapped a picture of her, making sure not to get her face because he didn't want to be *mean* and she was totally entitled to wear whatever she wanted to wear wherever she wanted to wear it. Her outfit was just a national treasure that had to be shared.

He sent it to Peter, and eagerly waited for his response. He was not disappointed.

That was more alarming than I expected.

I KNO RGHT

She is wearing so many stripes she looks like a optical illusion.

Lke those thngs they have n classrms and shit yeah

The more you text me, dear, the more I am tempted to stab you.

Stb me with ur dick u mean, Stiles texted back, snickering.

"Stop texting your girlfriend and focus, Stiles." Leslie sighs from across him, glaring frustratedly at him and the scattered notes between them, the rest of the group nodding their agreement. He rolls his eyes and doesn't bother correcting her since it would take way too much time and effort, and went back to focusing on their upcoming final.

June

"Maybe I should try to start going to the gym." Stiles muses as a fitness commercial interrupted the home renovation show he was watching, flicking a piece of popcorn into the air and cheering himself when he caught it in his mouth.

The gym thing was really unlikely, but just thinking about it for a minute made him feel healthier. Like he *could* if he wanted to.

While the family on screen was looking around at their new house in amazement and Stiles was making pleased noises at the design choices, his phone beeped to alert him that he'd received a text, which he proceeded to ignore until the show was over because he needed to see what they'd done with the nursery. That shit was his shit.

When he finally looked at his phone, he rolled his eyes when he saw that it was from Peter.

You should come down. Was what he decided to creepily and so not seductively text. Stiles was just going to ignore it and watch some more rich people complain about stupid things and demand pretty much the exact same things each episode.

“Open concept, wood floors, character but not too much character. New, but old at the same time, with as little work for us as possible.”

Uhg, they were all terrible.

While the new family on screen was demanding – gasp! — an open concept, his phone beeped again and he checked it pretty much instantly, because the families were always the worst part of these shows.

I’ve made dinner.

Well...

“But we don’t *want* to renovate.” The husband whined on screen, even though they had agreed to the fucking renovation when they signed up for the show and everyone in the fucking universe already knew that they were going to renovate. It was the fucking premise of the show.

The first half of was always so scripted and stupid and he hated it.

Wht food, he texted back, smirking because he knew how frustrated he made the man. The knowledge that he made Peter Hale’s life even a little bit more difficult was a gift he appreciated and made sure to continue every single day.

Italian. Is all receives, which was cryptic and he was such a tease it was pretty much unbearable. But, yeah, he could go for pasta.

K

He was down the street, past the half way point to the bus station, when he gets the next text, timing that had probably been planned by the manipulative ass.

By the way, it read, and he didn’t have to get any further to know he was going to be annoyed by the rest, *I need a vinaigrette for the salad.*

Wht do u wan me 2 do, he texts back with a huff, already knowing that this was going to be annoying. He’d go back home, but he’d already put in so much effort he felt the need to see it through.

Damn his laziness.

Go to the store, and get some.

God, he could taste the snark and disdain. He wondered how long Peter had had to train to reach that point. Was there like, a dojo or something up in the mountains where he trained for years to reach this point? Did they train by giving each other judgmental looks and trying to cripple each other's self-esteem with a single word?

Uhngjhrjde fine.

He huffs and grumbles and growls as he is forced to get off the bus a stop early, stomping into the grocery store with his fists shoved deep into the pockets of his sweatpants and an angry look on his face that scared the other patrons out of his path. It didn't get much better when he got to the condiments, staring at the lines of dressing blankly.

Strwbry? He asked, staring at the one bottle of vinaigrette he knew by name and hoping that was what was needed. That was, after all, what he'd made his father eat once he'd realized how unhealthy plain ranch was. It seemed to be a pretty solid choice, and his father hadn't kicked up too much of a fuss over that change so it probably wasn't that bad.

His phone rang in his hand, showing him that Peter was calling him. He answered, confused and more than a bit angry.

"What?" He snapped, glaring at all of the taunting little bottles.

"Are you an idiot?" Peter asks pleasantly, causing Stiles to bristle beneath the condescending weight of the words, "Why the hell would we eat strawberry vinaigrette with chicken fettuccine?"

"You didn't tell me that's what we were having, you used douche nozzle, and why wouldn't we? What's wrong with it?"

"What's wrong with you?" Peter snaps back, and Stiles' only response was to angrily shut the call down and grab a bottle of Italian dressing because it was fucking *Italian* to go with the fucking *Italian* food. And he made sure to grab the cheapest bottle, just to spite the smarmy mother fucker.

July

"Hmm..." Stiles buried his face into the pillow, not wanting to get up and face the day. Life was gross and he just wanted to sleep until Armageddon. Or at least lunch time.

The bed shifted with the movements of the man lying beside him, and then there was the warm and heavy weight of a naked body draping itself over his back.

“You should,” Peter murmured into his ear, his voice deliciously heavy with sleep, “Stay in. You seem terribly sick.”

Stiles chuckles and sinks further into the bed. “So sick.” He agrees, smiling as Peter’s nose trails down his spine, “I should just... Stay in bed all day.”

“Hm,” Peter hums at the small of Stiles’ back, “And I’ll just have to take care of you. I’m just so worried about your health, you see.”

“You’re so kind.”

“Aren’t I just?” He purrs before restarting his descent. Stiles grins into the pillow and spreads his legs, tilting his hips up in welcome.

August

“Guess who’s *hooooome*?” He sang as he swung the door of his childhood home open.

“Someone who had better kick off their shoes because I just got done mopping the floors.” His dad calls back from the living room, and Stiles grins as he drops his bag and pulls off his converse, hurrying into the room to pretty much flop on top of his long-suffering father.

“You missed me,” He hums as he hugged the greying man, who huffs fondly and reaches back to pat his attempted strangler awkwardly on his head.

“I suppose.” He smiled, turning around as soon as he was freed to look over his son and make sure there wasn’t anything wrong with the boy, relieved that he looked fine as promised.

“How long are you here for?” He asks as he shoves himself out of his chair, grimacing as his back popped as it straightened.

“Four days, then it’s back to the big city to prepare for next term. So savor your Stiles time while you’ve got it.” He grins, throwing his arm over his father’s shoulders as they walked to the kitchen.

Dinner was lasagna, one of the three dishes his father could make well, and Stiles’ favorite of those three. Stiles limited his father’s portion, gleefully grinning as he also restricted his garlic bread intake and got those familiar frustrated eyes that told him he was doing his job correctly.

Around the time he was telling the story of one of his idiot first year students, their plates scraped almost completely clean and their stomachs full, his phone beeped to alert him to a

text, and he checked it while continuing to talk about the dude-bro and his truly enlightened opinions.

Where is my pen? The one I like?

Stiles paused his story to roll his eyes, because he knew what pen he was talking about. It was the same one he always went on about never forgiving Stiles for if anything happened to it because the way it wrote was amazeballs. And yeah, it was great, but it was a pen and he maybe took it a bit too far.

Id u chk ur dsk, dick

“And so then when we were talking about how the roles of women have changed throughout history,” He starts up again, momentarily distracted by the beep of his phone again.

No Stiles, I did not think to look at the place it is supposed to be at. A pause, and then, I question my life so much at this moment. How did it get to the point that I understood the drivel you send me?

He huffs, lips pursing together in annoyance.

Idk man, its ur pen an u gotta leve me alne im w/ my dad, then after a moments pause to consider, he sent a *Fuck off* just to be safe. He did not notice the considering look his dad was giving him as he focused on his phone.

“Any interesting people you want to tell me about?” His dad asks easily, and Stiles looks back up just in time to grin at his suspicious father, not really noticing that anything was wrong.

“Trust me, this guy’s plenty interesting.” He says happily, launching right back into his story.

Two nights later, lying in his childhood bed, Stiles curled into a ball underneath the covers and closed his eyes, his phone resting next to his head on the pillow.

“Guess where my pen was?” Peter’s voice isn’t quite right, distorted by the speakers of the phone and distance, but it was still nice in a suspicious sort of way that Stiles regarded everything dealing with the man with.

Stiles wonders why he was so happy to hear the bastard when the only thing he could seem to do was complain pretty much from the moment Stiles had picked up the call. Maybe it was a sort of Pavlovian response, since usually Peter’s voice meant he was going to get off.

“Hmm,” Stiles hummed, snuggling deeper into the comfort of the bed, “Nah. You should just tell me and be an insufferable doorknob about it. I know you wanna.”

“You’re right,” He agrees almost too happily, “Because some imbecile-”

“Ooh,” Stiles interrupts, smirking into the darkness “We’re getting out the big boy insults.”

“Shut up,” Peter huffs, “You’re the one who put my favorite pen behind your coffee in the cupboard.”

“There is no proof that it was me.” He immediately protests. Peter’s snort doesn’t lead him to think he was believed.

“You’re the one who drinks that sludge and who also likes to steal my pen to play with while you chew on three others.” His tone is disdainful, his words sharp. Stiles snorts like he’d just told a joke that didn’t actually warrant a full laugh, but was decent enough to warrant a small reaction.

“It helps me think, and you’re just lucky I haven’t gnawed on that pen you love so much yet.” He smiles, “That would show you not to be a dick to me.”

“You like it when I’m a dick to you.” Peter points out, and Stiles doesn’t bother to verbally agree with him. It would just make that ego of his that much more unbearable, “And anyways, now you won’t have the chance. The pen has been put away where you will never get to it again.” He says confidently.

“Noooo,” Stiles whined, “It writes so nice! Peter, don’t be mean.”

“This is your own fault.” He says gravely, and Stiles pouts extra hard at his phone so that the man would be able to feel it across the country.

It doesn’t really matter. He’ll find it eventually.

When his father looks at him over breakfast the next day, face stern and voice a little disappointed as he asks, “Who’s Peter?” Stiles just stares at him in confusion, having no idea what he was asking.

“Peter...?” He prompts, and his dad shoots him an aggravated glare.

“Peter, the man you talked to for over an hour on your phone last night.” His father narrows his eyes at him, daring him to tell a lie, and Stiles blinks at him in surprise. “The walls are thin, Stiles. I’ve always been able to hear you.”

Oh, well on that extremely mortifying note as he remembered every experimental night from High School...

“Just a guy,” He shrugs, not really sure why his father was so interested. It was just Peter, after all. No one important. “We... Hang out sometimes.”

“And hang is code for dating?” His father asks severely, and oh. Oh.

“No,” He laughs, shaking his head, “It’s code for something completely different.”

“Oh.” His father blinked, suddenly getting it. “So...”

“So eat your egg whites, Dad,” Stiles shakes his head at the older man, “And mind your own business before you embarrass the both of us any further.”

September

Stiles loves sex. He loves it orally, anally, vaginally. Hand jobs and masturbating and eating/getting eaten out. Giving or receiving, didn't matter to him. He loves it all. He loves it in all sorts of positions and places and with so many different kinks to spice up the sexy stew, and he especially loves it with Peter Hale, the world's smarmiest asshat.

The man might annoy, infuriate, and just generally bring out a sort of dislike in Stiles that he had never felt himself feeling before, but he could also turn the young man on like nothing and nobody else in the world ever had before.

Usually. Sometimes he was just an asshole.

"If you don't hurry up," Peter huffs, glaring up at him, a slight flush on his petulant face, "I'm going to either fall asleep or go do something more exciting. Like a *crossword puzzle*."

Stiles pulls his fingers out from where he'd been trying to sexily stretch the other man out in a nice bit of foreplay that was not being received well, and threw his hands up in the air. "Fine," He spit out, grabbing a condom and pulling it on as Peter huffed and glared and kept up his reputation as the most infuriating person to ever walk the earth.

The slide in is good, Peter's body accepting him easily and even eagerly, warm and tight and perfect. The only thing that ruins it is Peter's face, thoroughly unimpressed.

"Would you stop being you for just *one* minute?" He groans as his hips meet the meat of Peter's ass.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Am I ruining your leisurely stroll, Princess?" He bites out, and Stiles stops, bracing his hands on either side of Peter's head as he looks down at the man, forehead scrunching up in thought.

"Okay," He sighs, shaking his head to get it out of the sexy-times frame of mind, pulling out and sitting to the side as his dick practically sobs from the loss of its current favorite home. "What's up? You're usually almost pleasant and bearable when we're having sex." Peter glares, looking as close to pouting as he ever had, and crosses his arms over his chest. Stiles rolls his eyes.

"Come on, dude, I feel weird doing-the-do like this. Let's talk it out like other adults do and then let's get back to the fun sexy-times." He grins and nudges Peter's side, earning himself another fierce glare. "Doesn't that sound nice?"

Peter glares and puts on his front for a few more seconds, before huffing and relaxing a bit from his tensed up '*touch me and die, motherfucker*' pose and aura he'd been sporting like

armor.

“Work has been difficult the past few days. Rowlings is kicking up a fuss and normally everyone ignores him but the new partner is apparently sympathetic.” Stiles hums in understanding and Peter rolls his eyes. “We had to spend the first hour of our meeting listening to his pathetic little grievances, completely wasting everyone’s time. And usually I wouldn’t even care but with the new partner having so much interest in him I’m worried the others will do the same and then I’ll have to listen to him bitch even more than I have to now. And doing anything about him will be difficult. And then Talia is on this kick about trying to set me up with women from other families in our circles to make some better connections, despite the fact that she knows I’m not interested. I’m pretty sure the whole reason she’s been at me to go to more family events is so that she can spring some potential matches at me.”

Stiles narrows his eyes and feels a little burst of anger towards this woman he had never met, because she was trying to set Peter up like some medieval lady in order to get some connections through him. Who did that anymore? Seriously?

“Poison Rowlings’ tea so that he doesn’t come to work for a while, and it’ll make his complaining much more bearable when he gets back because you can just be smug about it. Also, while he’s gone you can dig up some stuff to legally fire him with, which shouldn’t be too hard from what you’ve told me about what happened on the Frasier job. And just don’t go visit your family unless it’s absolutely necessary. Like, if someone dies, but even then maybe only someone you like.”

Peter blinks up at him a moment before the biggest, most sincere grin Stiles had ever seen him give breaks the gloom of his face, and something in Stiles clenches at it.

Oh.

“I suppose you can get back to it, then,” He allows, looking almost fond. Stiles smiles back as his stomach flips and oh. Oh.

Oh.

When he slides back in Peter arches up into it, smile gone as Stiles begins to thrust but there is something in the edges of his eyes that makes their movements sweeter than they had been before. The way Peter moves into his touches and thrusts, the way his legs bracket and hold him close, the way his eyes watched and warmed and pierced him.

The next morning he wakes up to the smell of breakfast cooking, and once he manages to force himself to his feet he grabs a pair of boxers out of the drawer that had been cleared for him in Peter’s too big closet. He’s about to pull on a shirt when the realization that had been forming since the night before fully hits him over the head with the force of something so completely and utterly obvious its almost insulting.

He has a fucking *drawer*.

He runs to the kitchen, only just catching himself with the tips of his fingers at the edge of the bar and barely stopping from continuing head first into a wall or the floor and right into

whatever breakables happened to be in his way.

Peter's standing there, spatula in hand and a simple apron protecting his fancy blood red shirt and the slate grey trousers and vest he was wearing, his matching jacket draped over the back of one of his bar stools.

"Do you want anything different in your omelet," He asks, not looking up even at Stiles' dramatic entrance, "Or do you just want your usual?"

"How long have we been in a relationship?" Stiles asks him urgently, and he watches as Peter's shoulders shrug.

"About... Half a year now? A little bit more?" He mused, looking up at the ceiling for a moment, "I'm not really one for anniversaries so I didn't mark down the first date."

"No," Stiles disagrees, tripping over his feet as he shot forward to grip Peter's arm urgently until the man finally looked at him, "Dude. How long have we been legit dating? Like, how long has it taken me to actually notice that we are in a fully consenting adult relationship with feelings in which you don't actually need to bribe me to spend time with you?"

Peter blinks and then smirks, looking way too self-satisfied for Stiles' comfort.

"I was wondering when you'd finally come to your senses." He says smugly, and Stiles resists the urge to punch him because now that would be *domestic abuse*.

"Shut up and go eat a dick." Stiles hisses, stomping away to go rethink his life choices. "And put extra mushrooms in my omelet. The ones in the fridge are about to go bad."

"Yes dear." Peter calls back as the bedroom door slammed closed, smirking down at the omelet in the pan and feeling more at ease and self-satisfied than he had in years.

October

"Hey," Stiles muttered, not looking up from his phone as he nudged Peter in the side with his toes. The harsh smack that earned his foot did nothing to deter him as continued to poke and prod. He was laying with his head back on one armrest of the couch, body stretched out along the length of the piece of furniture. Peter leaned against the other, trying to get away from Stiles' feet without actually getting away from his comfortable spot, "Change the channel."

"No," Peter hissed as he finally was able to grab one foot and keep a hold of it, pinning it to his lap, "I like this show."

“No,” Stiles sighs, “You don’t. Last time you watched it you didn’t stop complaining about it for two hours. You didn’t even stop for the blow job I gave you in the hope that it would somehow shut you up.”

“It was a subpar blow job.” He sniffed, and Stiles looked up from his phone just long enough to raise a dubious eyebrow at the man.

“I haven’t gave a subpar blowjob since I got lessons in it from Big Bob at the local gay club when I was seventeen.” He says dryly, and that finally pulls Peter away from the train wreck of a show he was only watching to prove a point.

“Really?” He asks flatly, and Stiles nods, attention going right back to his phone.

“Yup. It wasn’t hands on, since he didn’t want to go anywhere near my jail bait ass, but you can learn a few things from theories and bananas. Anyways, he and Desdemona were meant for each other and I worked my ass off for a whole summer to get them together.” And he really needed to see what had happened to those crazy kids. Last he’d heard they’d been doing drag competitions together.

Peter stares at him for a moment before turning back to the TV, and Stiles rolls his eyes and decides just to let the situation play out.

Half an hour later, Peter was fuming.

“They’re idiots.” He hisses, glaring at the clothing designers trotting around on screen, “Why would you mix those patterns?”

“I told you,” Stiles mutters to himself, so quiet it should have been impossible for him to be heard. Peter still somehow did though, and glared. “What? I did. You can’t stand this shit and get pissed off every single time.”

“I do not.” He sniffed, offended. Stiles rolls his eyes.

“Yeah, dude, you do. I’m actually getting pretty tired of your bitching.” He says with a sigh, not looking up from his phone’s screen because it would just infuriate Peter even more. Anyways, he had enough material to almost perfectly imagine the bitchy look on the other man’s face.

“*Well,*” He sniffs, “If you’re so bothered by it I’ll just have to stop. We can’t have *you* be *bothered*, now can we?”

“Thanks doll.” Stiles hums, wondering how long that was going to last.

Not even ten minutes later and, “No, please, use that cut on her. Let’s just completely ignore every single thought of making it flattering in any way shape or form.”

Stiles snorts and wonders if eating him out would work better than the blow job. He always got really into that.

Maybe later, though. He needed to finish the SpideyPool fanfic he was reading first, and Peter deserved to suffer a bit for not listening to him in the first place.

We Are Family

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's been a while, but here's the next part! I hope you all enjoy!

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

Stiles had never really understood shower sex. Like, he got the mechanics of it – obviously Scott, dear sweet lord just shut up and be pretty – but he didn't get why people seemed so interested in it. Shower time was Stiles time, and he figured it was just asking for injuries to his person and his partner's what with all the water and the slippery skin and the thrusting. Peter Hale didn't care about his reservations, though, stepping into the shower with him one lazy morning and crowding him back against the tiled wall with all of those muscles that were suddenly wet and glistening and *oh my...*

"I was in the middle of doing something," He mutters halfheartedly against the older man's lips, closing his eyes against the suds from his shampooed hair trying to get into his eyes.

"Well, now I'm in the middle of doing something." Peter nips at his lips teasingly, all warm and soft from sleep, the rarely seen mess from his hair getting wetted down by the shower stream and creases from the pillowcase and blankets on his face and arms. He looked utterly cuddle-able.

"Lame." Stiles snorts, smiling into the next kiss, "Like, I'm only giving you a four out of ten, dude, and that's being generous. You can do better."

"I know," Peter agrees too easily, leaning down to nip along the line of his collar bone, looking up at him with devious eyes, "And yet, I'm still with you. I think it's out of pity, really."

Stiles snorts and pushes him away, "Pity my ass," He mutters, forcing his smile down because he didn't want the man to think he *liked him* or anything, slipping by the man and ducking his head beneath the stream of water to finally rinse his hair.

"I think your ass is the one thing about you I feel anything but pity for." He says, and even though Stiles can't see it he knows that smirk is there behind him on that stupid face of his.

He steps back and was reaching for his body wash – and when had that gotten to Peter's apartment? – when Peter slots himself right up against his back, hands at his waist and mouth at his neck. His hand fell away from the soap and his head tilted to the side with a quiet sigh as those hands began to lightly slide up and down his sides, slicked by the water that was hitting him about chest level.

Nails lightly scrape down his sides, more a tease than anything else, and the tips of his fingers trailed back up to go off course and pluck lightly at his nipples for a moment. Stiles melted into the solid body at his back, dick hardening just as slowly as the kiss he turned his head in search of.

It was an unhurried, warm burn, one he was content to revel in for hours if he could, but his neck was getting a crick in it and he wanted the sort of kiss you could only get full on frontal, deep and with teeth and tongue. So he turned, one hand going to the back of Peter's neck as their mouths fused again and the other trailing down that wonderfully toned chest, nails scraping through coarse hair on his downward path.

Peter's dick wasn't all the way hard either and when he took it in hand he didn't stroke or do anything but hold it for a moment, humming a bit because dicks were kind of weird when you thought about it. But after that moment he began to stroke, slow and easy moments that caused the appendage to stir slowly, and Peter lowered one of his hands to return the favor.

The other man pulls back after what felt like hours of deep kisses and slow stokes and reached out past the shower curtain, fumbling around for a moment before pulling a bottle of lube and an opened condom back into shower.

"Someone was confident." Stiles chuckled at Peter's wicked grin, wrapping both of his arms around the other man's neck and bouncing up into the man's hold, trusting after months of this that he wouldn't be dropped and shivering a bit as he was pressed back against the tile.

Peter's fingers stretched him just as leisurely as they had been doing everything else, the stream of water flowing down Peter's back and hitting Stiles' feet and calves from where his legs were crossed at the small of the other man's back.

So he felt it getting a little cooler, but it wasn't so much that he had to worry yet.

"How much longer until the water gets cold?" He pants into the space between their mouths when they separate for a moment, toes curling as Peter's fingers crooked in search for his prostate.

"I pay enough for it to last as long as we need." He sniffs, as if insulted that Stiles was questioning the capacity of his water heater.

"Ritch asshole." Stiles huffed, smiling for some reason as they kissed again.

"Hold on," Peter mutters, and Stiles clung to him for the length of time it took the man to slip the condom on his dick. Then he was lowering himself with his help, closing his eyes against the familiarity and goodness of the stretch.

They moved with fluid laziness, all rolling hips and swollen mouths pressed against each other and familiar but wet throats. It was breathless and warm and good, but eventually their hips started to snap together and nails began to rake down skin, teeth biting at bared skin as the need to move and get closer to that edge got more and more urgent.

One of Stiles' hands went to brace against the shower wall at his side, the other smacking uselessly against the shower curtain for a few moments before grabbing onto the curtain rod

and gripping tight as his breath was punched out of him with every increasingly forceful thrust. The hands on his hips were bruising, the teeth at his throat sharp, and it was good. It was so good and this slow burn, hard and deep, lazy Sunday sex? Stiles could get used to this. He wanted to get used to it.

Peter's hand went to his dick and everything got notched up by about ten as Stiles threw his head back and moaned into it, toes curling tight as with each shuddering breath he got closer and closer until he was coming with a cut off cry, the hand that was against the wall going to Peter's shoulder and the one on the curtain rod jerking accidentally. Jerking it so hard that he jerked it right out of place, sending it crashing to the ground with a clatter that froze them both in place and allowed the water to get all over Peter's heated tile flooring.

They stare at the new mess for a moment, Stiles' jizz drying between them and Peter's dick still hard in his ass, water puddling all over the floor. And then Stiles snorts just before burrowing his head into Peter's neck and laughing so hard he kind of felt like he might throw up.

Peter sighed, sounding very put upon, and turned off the stream of water. And then he started thrusting again.

"You're just going to keep going?" Stiles asks through his laughter, lifting his head just long enough to see the look on the other man's face before going right back down with even louder howls of laughter. Peter grimaced, but kept on thrusting, a bit too invested at that point to just stop.

"I can't believe we sexed so hard we wrecked your bathroom," He snickers into the other man's throat, wrapping his arms around his neck and rolling his hips to help him along.

"You're cleaning it up," Peter growls into his ear, closing his eyes and trying to think of something that would push him over the edge so that they could detangle and fix everything before it got too ruined.

"Not on your life, Baby-cakes." Stiles promised and they both paused, Peter out of horror and Stiles because Peter's grip on his hips kept him from moving any more.

Then Peter simply pulls Stiles off of his dick, pretty much dropping him to the floor, and steps over the mess they had made to get out of the room.

"What the fuck, dude?" Stiles questioned, a little confused until he thought their banter over and came up with the most likely answer.

"Angel face!" He calls after the man, grinning as his shoulders tensed, "Love muffin! My beautiful land-merman! Is there something the matter?" The bathroom door slammed and Stiles howled with laughter, tears prickling his eyes for a moment as he reached for the shower knob and turned it back on.

After a moment the door was thrown back open.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Peter hissed, robe on and dick now mostly soft, glaring back at the dry look Stiles was giving him. “Did you or did you not notice that you ripped my bathroom apart? You can’t take a shower in here until it’s fixed.”

“Au contraire, my precious snowflake, you will find that I can because, as you can see, I’m finishing my shower. You know, the one you interrupted with your shower destroying sex. Bunny-boo.” He added on, just to watch the other man shudder in disgust and turn away.

He hummed happily as he finished his shower, getting water *everywhere*.

“How are we going to do this?” Stiles asks seriously later that night, leaning up against the bar while Peter put the finishing touches on dinner. The man raised one of those judgmental eyebrows at him, and Stiles huffed. “The holidays, you dick. How are we going to... You know.”

“As much as it pains me to admit it,” He drawls in a lazy sort of tone that still manages to pack its usual punch of derision, “I do not know.”

Stiles hissed and accepted the bread basket that was shoved at him, finishing getting all of the plates and cutlery out and setting them on the bar top.

“Do you want to meet my dad?” Stiles finally asks, the both of them facing away from each other and both freezing as soon as the words entered the air. Peter forced himself to relax and turned to slot himself into Stiles’ space, back to front as he hooked a finger in one of the other man’s belt loops to pull him firmly back into himself.

“Do you want me to meet your dad?” He asks, only his hand firmly pressing against Stiles’ stomach keeping the younger man in place.

“No, Peter,” He huffs, squirming a bit in place because as much as he loved being pressed up against Peter he really needed to move and pace and worry about potentially life altering decisions, “I just asked because I really, really don’t want you to. It’s a new thing I’m doing, trying to achieve the exact opposite of what I really want.”

“Okay then,” Peter huffs as if he were suffering through it all, “If it will make you stop being so insufferable, I guess I’ll do it.”

“Thank you for your sacrifice.” Stiles mutters as Peter pulls away to turn all of the burners and the oven off.

“I suppose you’ll want to meet my family now?” He asks lightly, and Stiles shrugs as he grabs his Pepsi out of the fridge, making sure to also grab Peter’s stupid fancy bottle of sparkling water that was probably made from the tears of orphans or something. It was the only excuse for the price that made any sense.

“Yeah dude. Quid-pro-quo and all that.”

Peter nods and takes the pan of stuffed chicken over to serve them up on the plates, rice and vegetables coming next.

“We celebrate the winter solstice.” Peter admits after a lengthy pause, taking his seat next to Stiles. “So we could visit the solstice party during the day with my family and then we could go to your father’s on Christmas. Easy.”

Stiles snorts. *Easy, sure.* “And you say that like you mean it.”

The day of the winter solstice – and, more importantly, the day Stiles would meet Peter’s family and make an impression on the people that had helped shape the man he was maybe-probably-most likely in this for the long run with– comes up so abruptly it feels a bit like a slap in the face.

Kind of literally, actually, because Stiles ends up accidentally pulling open the fridge too fast while staring at the calendar on it in horror because right there in fine print underneath the date it said *Winter Solstice*. It had not been marked in any way by Peter to alert him to the fact that today was *the day*, there was no indication that there was anything important about this day at all, actually, except for the barely noticeable fine print within the confines of its tiny box. The fridge door hits him harshly in the face as he absentmindedly jerks it open too fast in his shock, and he stumbles backwards, clutching his throbbing nose with a hiss of pain.

“Damnit,” He hissed as he fumbled his phone out of his pocket with his free hand, trying his best not to cry from the shock and pain of it. He was shaking from anger as he pressed Peter’s stupid face in his contacts, and that anger what he needed to utilize. Tears would make him see weak and that asshole would only exploit it.

Sometimes, he really hated the man.

“Hello dear,” The man answered, sounding so fucking innocent and like butter wouldn’t melt in his mouth when Stiles knew the truth. He knew that the butter would melt and it would get everywhere and be messy and gross and Stiles just really wanted to punch that stupid butter melting face of his.

“Were you ever going to fucking tell me that today was the day we’re going to your family’s party?” He asks, voice distorted by the hold he had on his nose and the sheer weight of his fury. There was a pause as Peter processed this, and then he sighed and proceeded to ignore it.

“Oh, I had hoped you wouldn’t notice. Well, I’ll be by to pick you up in half an hour.” He says easily, and Stiles sputters, unable to come up with any words that would be able to

convey the full weight of his fury. “And do hurry. We’ll be late enough as it is.”

And then he fucking *hung up*.

Fuming, Stiles kicks the fridge door closed and was then forced to hop around for a moment because he’d stubbed his toe and it was all Peter’s fault. Everything was Peter’s fault. If there was a single thing wrong with the world it was probably somehow Peter’s fault because he was the devil incarnate.

He ran-hopped to his room and pretty much fell face first into his closet after tripping on a errant shoe – probably also Peter’s fault – and struggled for a sputtering moment against the strangling hold of his shirts and jackets.

He panics a little as hangers give up and begin to fall, and as shirts tear themselves from their homes to twist around him in an attempt to trap him completely. He had no time to plan to impress his soon to be ex-boyfriend’s family, he could only crawl out of the closet and pull out one of the only shirts left hanging, a red button up that he knew at the very least made him look good. Dark wash skinny jeans get pulled up his hips frantically, and he’s halfway through brushing his teeth when the knock comes at his door. He hurries to it as much as he can with his hobble, and throws it open with his mouth full of toothpaste and his toothbrush pointed at the older man like a weapon.

“Go fuck yourself,” He garbles, hobbling over to the kitchen sink to spit and rinse and continue to send short glares over his shoulder at the smug asshole taking up too much space in the world with his inflated ego and his dickish attitude.

He was wearing a light blue sweater that looked impossibly soft and inviting, the v-neck giving hint of his chest hair. He was also wearing dark jeans and a black blazer, and he looked so good Stiles was tempted to just punch him.

“Don’t wear the Converse,” Peter says conversationally as Stiles stomps around, “I don’t want them to think I’m dating a teenager.”

Well, he wouldn’t have because he wanted to dress to impress but now... Nope. His Converse were so dirty and ragged it was concerning, and they were not something you could wear when trying to make a good impression. Instead he pulled on his Vans.

That would show him.

“Let’s get this shit show on the road.” He muttered, stomping out the door.

The drive out of the city and into the countryside took a while, and Stiles sat in his seat and pouted the entire time despite the awkward silence pressing on him to do something. This all lasted right up until Peter pulled the car over onto the side of the road and turned to him, looking at him expectantly.

Stiles managed to remain silent for about two minutes.

“You’re not taking this seriously.” He mutters to the window, staring intently at a random tree as if it would take him away from this adult conversation he was forced to have with his partner in his first real adult relationship.

It was gross and he hated it. It made him feel too grown up.

“I think I’m taking this very seriously.” Peter says like it was all some joke, but he didn’t get the glare or the little blow up that he’d expected from the younger man. Stiles just continued to stare out the window, and Peter sat up straighter and started taking a bit more notice of how this was actually a real concern for the man.

“Not seriously how?” He asks after a few more minutes of unbearable and uncharacteristic silence. Stiles sighs.

“This is like... A thing, okay? People in relationships meet each other’s families because it’s a thing, and you don’t seem to want me to meet yours.” Stiles crosses his arms over his chest and sinks further into his seat and his funk. “If you really don’t want to do this you can just drop me off somewhere and I’ll find a way back home. And just... Forget about meeting my father. Okay?”

Silence again and then, “No, It’s not okay,” He spits out, and Stiles’ eyes finally jerk away from the foliage he’d been staring at to look at the furious man sitting beside him who was looking at him like he was an infuriating brand of stupid.

“My family is obnoxious and controlling and they’re probably going to hate you,” He says in that soul crushing way that he says everything emotionally crippling, “But they can’t stand me so they’ll think we’re a perfect match. I never want to see them, and I was hoping that you wouldn’t notice what today was so that I wouldn’t have to and you wouldn’t have to but since it’s a *thing*,” He reaches forward and grabs Stiles’ chin so that the younger man couldn’t look away.

“We are going to spend the rest of the day with my family, who are almost all terrible and annoying people who never get off of their high horses, and you will suffer with me because this is a relationship and dealing with this together is a relationship thing. Then we’ll visit your father and the suffering will start all over again, and we’ll both be miserable just like people in real relationships always are.”

Stiles huffs and tries to hide how much that had actually put him at ease and had been oddly touching, “Could you stop being an insufferable asshole for even one minute?”

“Never.” He says almost gently before pulling back and starting the car again. Stiles takes a breath and unfolds himself from where he’d been pressing himself against the door to get as far away from Peter as he could, and despite how un-motivational Peter’s speech had been he couldn’t help but feel that it would be alright now.

Their trip ends not too long after their little heart-to-heart as they arrive at their destination, a house at the end of a long, winding gravel road that’s really more of a mansion than a house. Stiles might gape and goggle just a bit.

Peter pulls his car into the line of cars already there and he shoots a look at Stiles to probe his emotional stability, getting a glare in return that actually makes him grin.

“Is there anything about your family I need to know?” He asks rather belatedly, realizing that he was going into this pretty blind and with no idea how this was going to go down, and Peter smirks.

“That every single one of them is horrible and judgmental, and you’re better than all of them.” He says simply, which is actually kind of sweet in a way. Stiles smiles and figures that it really can’t be as bad as he was making it out to be. And even if it was, at least they would be suffering together.

That was the really important part of being in a relationship.

Peter opens the front door without announcing himself and then after just a few steps down the hallway they were standing at the entrance of a sitting room filled with dozens of people who were just... Staring. Right at him. Oh God.

“Hi,” He squeaks, attempting a smile at all of the disapproving faces, “I’m Stiles.”

The crowd of judgey judgers just stares for a few more moments before finally a woman stands, a regal-ness and power to her that automatically puts Stiles on edge because that was super intimidating.

Her long black hair was threaded with silver, her long dress and the cardigan over it somehow coming off like armor instead of comfortable clothing, and not even her bare feet could take away from it. Her eyes were hard, and they looked down on him like nothing else ever had.

“Hello,” She says, those eyes flicking over to Peter’s for the pair to have a silent conversation a moment before she focused back on to Stiles. “I am Talia, Peter’s older sister. It’s nice to meet you.” She says in a way that is almost believable, and Stiles forces an awkward smile. After her came a long line of introductions of all of her children and other siblings and their children and some of their spouses and children and other people he couldn’t figure out the relation of, and dear cheesy Jesus there were a lot of people he would not remember the names of.

There were a few he was kind of forced to take note of, though, like Talia’s oldest son Derek who, while cute, looked at Stiles like he was the scum of the earth in a blatant way no one else was doing. *They* were all being polite and were hating and judging him more subtly. Then there was Peter’s second oldest sister, who looked at Peter with such a bitchy and mean look on her face that Stiles decides right then and there that based only on first impressions he would probably hate her forever. No one looked at his boo like that.

Shit. He had to remember to call Peter that to his face. His reaction was going to be hilarious.

Then out from the kitchen carrying three bottles of fancy looking beer came the one person he was sure to never forget, if only for his health and safety.

“Cora,” He greets as she walked toward him and Peter instead of settling in with the angry hoard at the other side of the room, “Kidnapped anyone recently?”

“Nah,” She shrugs, and he’d never seen someone wear so much black and still be able to make it work. It was pretty amazing, “That can change at any moment though,” She says breezily, and he just barely stops himself from hiding behind Peter, who was way too amused by all of this.

“And how is my favorite niece?” The man asks almost warmly, opening his arms for a hug that she went into with a smirking smile. When she stepped back he pulled an envelope out of the interior pocket of his blazer and handed it over to her with an insufferably smug look on his face. She gave him a beer – one of the opened ones while the one she handed to Stiles still had the cap on it and of course it wasn’t a twist top – and opens it.

She pulls out a pair of concert tickets and backstage passes and actually looks back up with a real life smile that highlights her terrifyingly intimidating beauty.

“These sold out within minutes of being put out months ago!” She laughs, going back in for another hug, and Stiles wondered how the man could look so insufferable and smug when giving an obviously expensive present to someone he probably loved.

“Anything for my favorite niece.” He tells her, booping her on the nose with a finger in a way that was not cute at all, and the entire room seemed to huff and grumble with annoyance.

“Did you bring presents for anyone else, Peter?” Talia asks, icicles hanging off of every word. Peter smiled at her fakely and petted a preening Cora’s hair.

“Seeing as every single other child in this family is a spoiled brat who I regret being related to numerous times daily,” He thinks about it for a moment while the parents in the room bristled and seemed to growl. “No. Just Cora.”

“Yay me.” The woman smirks, taking a drink of her beer and seeming to settle back for the show.

Yeah, Stiles could see why she was Peter’s favorite. They were both humungous dicks. Talia’s hand lashed out quicker than Stiles could notice, grabbing Peter’s arm and pulling him out into the hallway and leaving Stiles standing there in a crowd of people who obviously didn’t like him like the most awkward potato to ever exist.

“So,” Cora slides up to him in a move that almost seems to insert herself between Stiles and the rest, “How’s life with Peter?”

“Terrible,” He states flatly, and she shoots him a look that is a bit too amused for the situation, “I’m constantly questioning why I even like the man.”

“From what I understand, that’s normal,” She promises, but before she can say anything else Peter’s voice raises and his and Talia’s conversation in the hallway becomes audible enough for Stiles to hear.

“...And really Talia, I’m tired of this *better than thou* attitude of yours. You’ve been using it since I was a child and it’s getting *old*.”

“No Peter,” She growls, “What’s getting old is this. All of this. This boy and this attention grabbing childishness of yours. First at Laura’s wedding you sleep with him for everyone to hear and know about it, and then you continue to see him knowing...” She huffs and hissed something Stiles couldn’t hear.

“You think I’m doing this, dating Stiles, to prove a point?” Peter asks, sounding honestly a little angry, and Stiles blinks in shock. *That* was what his family thought?

“*Of course* I do, Peter, everything you do is to prove a point! It feels like everything you have ever done, even being born, was to make some sort of childish point!” She snaps, and Stiles looks over at everyone in the room who were all pointedly not looking at him.

Whelp. This was definitely the most awkward he had ever felt in his entire life.

“Well Talia,” Peter says archly, tone so judgmental and cold that Stiles almost winced from the shock of it, “You’ve certainly made up your mind.”

When Peter comes back into the room, Talia following after, Stiles and Cora are the only two of the crowd who are standing there waiting, everyone else attempting to casually look like they hadn’t been listening.

Cora rolls her eyes at her mother and huffs while ignoring the narrow eyed look the woman gives her in return, whereas Stiles only has eyes for Peter, wanting to reach out but not wanting to show these people anything. They didn’t deserve to see a single ounce of their affection for each other, they didn’t deserve to see all of the pieces of Peter that they had been denied because of their sheer dickishness.

“You know,” Stiles murmurs, sliding close to the man and speaking quietly so that no one else could hear him, “I’m seeing more asses here than I did when I worked in a strip club.” The man’s head snaps up violently, as close to shock as Stiles had ever gotten him.

“Oh? I didn’t tell you about that?” Stiles hums innocently, smirking at the look the man gave him like he hadn’t been hiding this little tidbit for a *special* occasion. And this was certainly a special occasion. “I needed money during college and I’ve been told I have the kind of look older men can get behind. Though, you wouldn’t know anything about that, would you?” He slots himself into his side and presses a discreetly comforting but brief kiss onto his shoulder.

“I might show you a few things,” He teases, hooking his finger into the man’s belt loop and deciding he wasn’t going to let go while they were around these people.

Peter stares at him a moment before his face splits into the biggest grin Stiles had ever seen him give, and his stomach pitches forward and falls to his feet before bouncing back up into his throat because *damn. Damn.* Sometimes, him being such a huge annoyance distracted Stiles from how fucking beautiful he was.

“I’ll hold you to that.” He promises, those eyes of his dancing with a humor Stiles really doesn’t understand. Then they flick over to the crowd of his family with a smugness that confuses Stiles a bit, and even more when he sees the looks the people were giving him, mostly glares filled with discomfort and a bit of disgust.

Cora, leaning against the wall not too far away, lifts her beer in a toast while looking pleased for absolutely no reason, and dear god they were all crazy.

With a sigh Stiles looks down at his beer and pouts at the cap, blinking in surprise as Peter takes it without a word and simply... pops it off with his hand.

Before he can ask about how he did that – if it was something he had learned or just one of those natural talents everyone but him seemed to have – the front door opens and in comes a familiar looking couple.

“Laura!” Someone cries out happily, the entire family relieved to finally see someone they liked, and the woman smiles as her husband helps her with her coat.

“Sorry we’re late,” She apologizes, eyes dancing brightly and face flushed prettily, “But we learned some news and...” She reaches back for her husband, pulling him to her and holding on tight as she beamed at her family, “We’re pregnant!” She laughs, and everyone immediately surged forward with hugs and congratulations, kissing the beaming mother-to-be and patting the father on his shoulder and back.

Stiles looks over at Peter and sees the thoughtful, calculating look on his face, and tilts his head in question. Peter shakes his head and pulls him close, putting off the question.

“Do you think you’ve had enough of my family for the night?” He asks, so quiet Stiles can barely hear even though his lips were brushing his ear. Stiles thinks about it a moment before shaking his head, giving the man a devious look.

“I smell chocolate and cinnamon,” He says back with a smirk, “And I never run away from either.”

Your family doesn’t scare me, is what he isn’t saying, *They’re not going to get rid of me that easily.*

If they already find me annoying, then they won’t know what hit them when I start trying.

While everyone is too distracted by the baby news to notice, Peter presses a small kiss to the corner of Stiles’ mouth that says things neither wants his family to know.

Eventually a man declares that dinner is finished – Jeremy, Talia’s husband, Stiles remembers – and they all head into a massive dining room filled with multiple circular tables that everyone sits at in a sort of random order. Some tables were stuffed with too many chairs, children piling onto laps and people elbowing each other out of the way to get to the huge plates of food at every table, while others – namely the one Stiles and Peter were at – were a bit more sparse. It was all a sort of noisy disorder and chaos that was nice for a few minutes before you got annoyed at it.

Stiles and Peter sit together, obviously, with Cora and a few extras like Derek, another brother of theirs Oliver, and a few random cousins.

“So what do you study?” Oliver asks, all soft faced and nice and trying so hard. Sitting between Derek and Cora, the bright eyed teen with light brown hair looks extremely out of place. And what had him standing out even more was the fact that he was being nice and wasn’t glaring, and Stiles decides to forgive him for his family.

“I’m getting my masters right now, but I have a degree in mythology and folklore as well as one in criminal justice, and a few assorted minors. Right now I’m studying the development of folklore here in America,” He says, and gets a few looks for that. Which he was used to, really, because his mix of majors and interests weren’t exactly the most common, but these looks reminded him about how hard Peter had laughed when he had told him.

It was a bit much for the situation.

Dinner was delicious, and when Derek told him with a daring look in his eye that it was deer they’d killed just for the occasion Stiles shrugged and shoved even more into his face.

“I never liked Bambi.” He tells the man breezily, and Peter’s knee knocking into his put him at ease more than anything else had.

Dinner was good, but desert? Spiced cake with cream cheese frosting and dark chocolate cookies for those who didn’t want that or wanted both?

Stiles had two of each.

“So, do you have a *thing* about food?” Cora asks with a smirk, and Stiles finishes chewing the bite he’d taken because even if these people hated him he was classy enough to not talk with his mouth full around them.

“Like any reasonable person I enjoy it,” He says archly, seeing where she was going with it and kicking Peter underneath the table pretty unsubtly because how dare he inform people how easily he was bribed with fancy nibblits? “But I don’t have a thing about it.”

She looks disappointed at that, and he had really expected her to push and not take it at face value, but whatever. She was crazy. They were all crazy. Stiles felt kind of like he was marrying in to some weird dynasty or something, but he was from the slums so no one liked him and they were against it, and were going to do their best to break them apart and put strain on their relationship.

“What?” Peter asks, something on Stiles’ face probably showing the deep and winding train of thought he had fallen on.

“I should probably stop reading so many mommy-porn books.” He muses, considering another cookie. As if reading his mind, Peter slides his plate over to him, humming in consideration as Stiles proceeded to stuff it into his face without any hesitation.

“I don’t know why you got into those things anyways. They’re absolutely terrible.” He huffs and Stiles shrugs.

“The library had a box of them for sale for like five bucks. I’m a sucker for a deal.” Stiles shrugs, looking up at Derek’s snort.

“From what we’ve heard you’re just a sucker,” He mutters with a little self-satisfied smirk as his younger brother looked pained and long suffering and his younger sister glared.

“Don’t be a dick, Derek.” She hissed, baring her teeth and looking just moments away from just letting go and punching him. Stiles could feel Peter tensing up to say or do something and figured, nah.

“Yeah, you might want to quit that before I attack, because if there’s one thing a cocksucker can’t resist is a good dick. Because that is what you were referencing, right?” He asks innocently, the other man slowly becoming more and more uncomfortable under Stiles’ direct attention, “The fact that I suck dick? Don’t worry, I won’t lecture you on not being a narrow minded bigot who uses a perfectly normal and pleasurable sex act as an insult because it’s something done by a woman in a heterosexual relationship, and so in a relationship with two men you see the act as one done by the more feminine and therefore weaker and lesser of the two. And I also won’t lecture you on the inherent sexism of our society either, because stuff like that is always just so boring, right?” He smiles, and Derek fidgets.

“Because I don’t find any shame in the fact that I like sucking some dicks here and there, because it can be fun if you feel like it and if the dick is good enough. And do you know who has a really, really good dick that I enjoy sucking, Derek? Your uncle.” Derek’s entire face goes grey and Peter starts to relax so Stiles takes the victory, holds it tight, and presses deeper into the open wound he had torn into the man.

“I’d say it’s one of my top... *Ten* things to do to him, but only because there is just *so much* we do. You see,” Stiles grins as Derek starts to look a little ill, “I found this list online, and we’ve been going through it a little at a time. Tantric sex wasn’t that big of a thing because I just really like to move, you know? Whether I’m getting it or giving it, because I do both. So does your uncle, if you didn’t figure that out,” He confided, and Derek stands so quickly his chair falls back, skirting around the table to hurry away.

“Aw,” Stiles calls out after him, not caring that now other people would be able to hear, “I didn’t even get to go on about how much your uncle liked pegging!”

Settling back, he takes in the fact that everyone in the room was looking at him in a mix of horror and disgust – minus Cora, who looked almost viciously pleased, and Oliver who looked embarrassed and uncomfortable in a whole different way.

Poor thing. Stiles remembered those terrible teenage years of self-discovery.

Taking a deep breath and knowing that it was too late to salvage any of the situation, Stiles patted his lips with the cloth napkin next to his plate daintily since he never passed up even the smallest of gestures to punctuate his point. And anyways, who needs cloth napkins? The babies were using cloth napkins. There had to be laws against that somewhere.

“This has been *super* great,” Stiles says as he stands, easily heard since the entire room was so silent it was almost scary. Though, not as scary as the looks he was getting from Talia and Laura. “And I really mean it. But I think it’s about time I get on home so...” After an awkward moment of just standing there Stiles flashes them all a peace sign and quickly retreats, Peter following after.

The car starts up silently, and they drive for a while in a tenseness that puts Stiles on edge and makes him regret that whole episode because Jesus fuck, Peter might not like them but they were still his family. The man was probably furious. This might become their first real fight. Like, they fought all the time, but it was more of a foreplay than anything. Really, it was actually causing a Pavlovian response to form with Stiles’ dick which was no good. What if it spread to the outside? What if he started getting hard during debates with his class mates? What was he going to do?

They pull over alongside the road at a seemingly random point, and after another moment of silence the man beside him makes this strange... *wheezing* sound before throwing back his head and roaring with laughter in a way that had Stiles pinning himself back against the car door in a moment of pure horror.

“Did you see their *faces*?” He laughs, and Stiles quickly shakes his head, eyes wide and body rigid from shock, “That... That was the most wonderful thing that has ever happened. You...” He turns to Stiles with tears in his eyes and a smile so big that it could swallow Stiles whole since the man had apparently been possessed by something. It was the only explanation.

“You are amazing.” He laughs, and Stiles swallowed the pure, horrified gibberish that wanted to pour out of his mouth.

“Thank you,” He says slowly, peeling himself off of the door, “But if you do that again without an appropriate evil monologue following, I will divorce you.”

Peter smiles at him in that way that made Stiles extremely uncomfortable and that didn’t look right on his face and started the car again.

Stiles really, *really* hoped that Christmas with his father wouldn’t go anything like this solstice had.

Stiles shouldn’t have worried because his dad and friends were awesome, unlike a certain family he would be more than happy to name. And, sure, it had taken a bit since the Sheriff had opened the door and looked at Peter, then at Stiles, and then at Peter and Stiles, and closed his eyes as if searching for strength.

“I need a drink.” He had muttered, and Stiles scrambled to follow.

“Remember what your doctor said! Only one glass!”

“Who is the parent, Stiles?” The man calls out as Stiles deposits their bags at the foot of the stairs, leaving Peter to hang his jacket in the entryway like a civilized person.

Uhg.

“And who is the person with the heart defect?” Stiles hollers back, rolling his eyes and the grumbling that got. “And if I see anything that isn’t lean and organic in that kitchen, I’ll burn it all and make you watch!”

“It’s like you’ve never left!” His dad calls out sarcastically, and Stiles hears what suspiciously sounded like a potato chip bag being hidden.

Suddenly, the door burst open and Scott came trampling in, almost mowing over Peter.

“Oh! Sorry...” The man paused, looking Peter over suspiciously. “...Who are you?”

“Peter.” He jerks his head over to a grinning Stiles. “I’m with that.”

“Rude,” Stiles huffs, pushing past him to throw his arms around his best friend.

“Wait... Are you dating him?” The poor, slow boy asks, forehead scrunching up. Stiles nods, patting the man’s shoulder as his forehead scrunched up even more. It usually took the poor guy a little while to wrap his head around things, so Stiles let him have his moment.

“Wait...” Scott says slowly, eyes darting from Stiles to Peter and then back again, “But... He’s old!” The offended look on Peter’s face was enough to have Stiles nearly in hysterics.

“Rude!” He laughs, honestly not having expected any better. Scott has the good grace to look a little embarrassed and make an effort to actually introduce himself to the man.

Later that night, with Peter up in his childhood bedroom sorting through their stuff and him and his dad washing the dishes, Stiles prompts his father with a nudge of his elbow.

“Soooo?” He asks expectantly, and his father left him hanging with a stony faced expression for all of a minute before he was cracking to give him a supportive smile.

“He seems...” The man struggles for a word for a moment, “*Nice.*”

Stiles snorts and scrubs at a bit of dried on food. “Nah. He’s an asshat. I like him all right though.”

“That’s because you’re an ass-hat too.” His father smirked, and Stiles did as he had always done and retaliated by throwing suds at his face.

“What does he do, anyway?” The sheriff asks after their little suds war was over with, and Stiles shrugs, struggling to ignore the fact that his socks were wet.

“He’s one of the head designers at a firm in New York. They’re not super well known by normal people, but they’re popular with the rich people who think they’re too good for all of the known brands. He’s really good, too. Like, I’ve seen the gowns and everything that he’s made and they’re good.” Stiles takes a moment to look back and make sure that Peter wasn’t lurking behind him, just waiting to rub the fact that he’d said something nice about him in his face.

“Don’t tell him I said any of that, though. I like to make him think that I don’t know about what he does and make up stupid jobs instead because it annoys the shit out of him that I say he has an office job.”

The sheriff sighs and shakes his head, looking a little resigned.

“You’re perfect for each other.” He huffs, and Stiles grins.

“Rude,” He laughs, and when Peter comes down notches himself in Stiles’ space like a claim and a dare all at once and the sheriff accepts it, Stiles can’t help but smile.

Chapter End Notes

Have a great time doing whatever you are doing, you beautifully lovely person.

Lapdance

Chapter Notes

This was almost titled "A lap-dance is so much better when the Stripper is Crying" because I didn't know that that was a song and that title is hilarious.

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

“Planes are never as bad as people make them out to be,” Stiles yawns as he shuffles into Peter’s apartment after the man unlocked the door for him, “But I can never sleep right on them. I think I’m worried that I’ll have one of those dreams about falling and freak everyone out when I wake up, and then I’ll never be allowed to fly again.”

He stretches his arms up, sweater raising up to reveal a sliver of his stomach and a bit of the band of his X-Men boxers. He could feel Peter staring, and smiled sleepily at the bit of attention.

The man took their luggage back into his bedroom and Stiles yawned again as he shuffled after him, lazily leaning against the door-jam as he watched the older man deftly deal with both of their suitcases like they weighed nothing.

“You ever think about us moving in together?” He asks, sleepily smiling when the other man jerks to attention, staring at him with eyes that it looked like he was struggling to keep from going wide.

“Maybe.” He says, obviously trying to get control of the conversation, “Why? Have you?”

“Sort of,” Stiles shrugs, biting his lip to keep from smirking at the almost disappointed look that flashed through the other man’s eyes. “It’ll have to wait for a bit though.”

“Wait for what?” He asks, eyes narrowed like he was offended Stiles wasn’t falling over himself to beg him to move in together. Considering how big of a dick he was, Stiles suspected that was actually the reason why.

“I’m investigating something. Tell you about it later.” He yawns again and goes to brush his teeth so that he could get the travel taste out of his mouth and then sleep for a bit.

Once he’d slipped into bed Peter was quick to pounce, crawling on top of Stiles and keeping his weight off with his hands and knees as the younger man sleepily smiled up at him in a lazy sort of amusement.

“You know what else you promised to tell me about later? Or, more precisely, show me?” After a sleepy sound of inquiry Peter leaned forward until their noses almost touched and

Stiles was going a bit cross-eyed, “Your apparent stripping skills you got from working at a strip club, which you never told me about.”

Stiles stares at him for a moment of dull confusion before his eyes widened in realization, “Oh. Yeah. Huh.” Hey thinks about it for a moment before shrugging and rolling over, shouldering his lover until the man moved back. “Later.”

And then he had the audacity to fall asleep.

Peter was obsessed, Stiles was amused, and the bystanders were terrified.

“I don’t want to freak you out,” The girl he was tutoring hisses, eyes wide behind her glasses and trying desperately not to stare outright over his shoulder, “But some guy is glaring at you and he looks like he means business.” His sense of self-preservation had never been strong, so he whirls around despite her hisses insisting that he shouldn’t and finds himself looking at Peter.

“Snuggle Bunny!” He calls out just to watch the man’s face scrunch up in anger. “How funny to find you here despite the fact that you never come around to this area, you should be at work right now, and you know this is my tutoring hour.” He looks over at the confused girl he was tutoring, and smiles at her like she was in on the joke, “Isn’t that funny?” He asks her, and she just stares.

The other man manages to contain his anger and smiles smoothly, gliding right on over to their table like his feet were too good to touch the ground and placing his hand on the back of Stiles’ chair in both a claim and a warning. Like fucking Janice or anyone else would even be looking at him right now, with his smug but beautiful face in the room.

“Oh, I was just walking around, doing a bit of shopping, and I happened to notice you and decided to come on in and say hello. See what you wanted for dinner.”

Stiles doesn’t bother to point out that they had been seated in the back of the café, nowhere near a window. Instead he just smiles and pokes through the bag the man had on his wrist. He snorts when he sees what was inside, lifting the black lace panties out with a lifted eyebrow as the poor girl across from him chokes on her spit from surprise.

“Really Peter?” He asks archly, and the other man shrugs leisurely.

“I thought you just needed the right... Uniform. That maybe it would help you get motivated to finally show me what you’ve been promising to show me for, oh, two weeks now.” He grins sharply, and Stiles smiles sweetly back, twirling the panties around his finger.

“We’ll see,” Stiles hums, dropping the lingerie back into the bag. The man strides off with a huff without bothering to say goodbye, and Stiles can’t help but shake his head fondly.

“And, um... I guess that was your boyfriend?” Poor Janice – who he was supposed to be tutoring but he’d really dropped the ball on that so far – manages to choke out, face redder than it had ever been. She had really gotten more than she had expected with this tutoring session.

“Nah,” Stiles snorts, turning back to her, “I barely even know the guy. So, what were we at?”

Peter made his way around to various lingerie stores to charm the women working there and to amass a truly impressive collection of various bits of panties and teddies and silk boxers that he had started to just leave around for Stiles to find to act as constant little nudges and reminders. It was pretty hilarious, and there was actually one pair of silk boxer briefs he had taken to wearing whenever he wanted to kind of pamper himself for the day, the glittering gold fabric enough to send him into fits of laughter the first few times he had went to the bathroom, having forgotten he was wearing them.

But as funny as all of that was, Stiles was busy investigating, as he had told the man a few weeks back, and had no time to amuse him.

“Hey Peter?” He asks evenly from the couch while the other man was in the living room.

“What?” He called back.

“Oh, nothing,” Stiles hums, continuing to type on his computer.

“Hey Bunny-Boo. I’m in the kitchen getting lunch together.” Stiles calls out happily when he hears the door open, smiling down at the jar in his hand as he popped it open just the slightest bit.

“What the ever-loving *fuck* is that smell?” Peter barks after a momentary pause, and Stiles’ grin got broader.

“Kimchi. I was feeling Korean.” He called back, carrying the jar with him as he turns and starts to walk to where the man was, still standing with one hand keeping the door open. “Do you want some?”

Peter's face curls up and he was stepping back before Stiles could get more than a few steps close, already starting to close the door between them.

"You know, I just remembered something I have to do. So sorry, I'll see you in a few days." He says insincerely, and then he was gone.

Stiles snickers and turns back into the kitchen, continuing to fix his lunch.

Using his hands to pull apart the cheeks of the man's ass, Stiles swirls his tongue a little deeper, eyes closed in concentration as Peter gasped and moaned. They were nearly where he wanted him to be, but not quite yet. Just a bit more.

One finger slides in, it's path slicked by saliva, and another quickly joined it, stretching the man just how he liked. While his fingers worked he lifted his head and took the swelled up member into his mouth, suckling on the head while attempting to take him apart piece by piece with his fingers.

Once Peter was stretched enough he switches, hand going to stroke his dick while his mouth went back to where Peter really liked it. His own saliva was getting all over his chin and cheeks and it was getting more than a little sloppy, but he could tell by the hitches in Peter's breathing and the way his hands clenched and unclenched the pulled up sheets that he was getting close.

When he could tell the man was there, just at the edge and so ready to be sent over it, he gave a final lick, pulled his cock one more time before sliding his fingers down to fondle his balls for a moment and then tugging in just the right way to pull him back from the relief of release, watching his face the entire time.

"What the *FUCK*?" Peter hoarsely shouts, eyes flying open without a thought where he usually had them closed, and Stiles smiles into his thigh.

"It's alright dear," He laughs, smiling up at his glare, "I'll get you there again. And then maybe again, if you're good."

Stiles had been waiting for it because the underwear purchases had stopped about a week before and all of that tension Peter had been letting out with the passive-aggressive purchases had been building in the man. Maybe he shouldn't have collected all of them and piled them up on the coffee table, but it'd been too funny to not. The older man's reaction had been even funnier.

“It has been a month, Stiles,” Peter hisses, marching over to where Stiles was lounging on the couch forking red velvet into his mouth from the pan laying on his chest. He certainly made an attractive sight in his sweatpants and iron man t-shirt, cake crumbs making a short trail from the pan to his mouth, icing at the corners of his lips.

“It has been many months,” Stiles manages around a mouthful of cake, “And none at all, depending on what point in time you look from.” Peter glares, and Stiles smiles a red toothed smile.

“You promised to show me a strip show,” He grits out, pulling the pan of cake off of him and tossing it to the ground, despite Stile’s cries of protest. He obviously didn’t let any of the cake get on his precious and expensive rug, but it was the principle of the matter.

Stiles glares up at him a moment before rolling his eyes and huffing, pushing himself up.

“Fine.” He snaps, going to turn the stereo on while Peter sits back at the center of the couch and watches him with hungry anticipation. He watches as Stiles sets the song to something with a good bass line and then turns, staring at Peter for a moment before turning again to walk straight into the kitchen.

For a confused moment there is only the sound of cupboards being opened and clinking glass, then Stiles walks back in with a glass in his hand.

“This is a gimlet, which is vodka and lime juice.” He says as he presents it to the man with a bit of Vanna White flair. Peter stares at the glass for a moment before looking back at Stiles, his eyes flat.

“You didn’t work in a strip club, did you?” He asks heavily, and Stiles grins as he plops down onto the dejected man’s lap.

“I did, but as a bartender. I couldn’t do too many of the fancy flips and everything, but my ass in the pants they made me wear got me enough tips to get by.” He snickers and takes a sip of the drink he had made. “Did you really think that I could ever be a stripper? With my coordination?”

Peter sighs heavily and tilts his head back to stare up at the ceiling in a search for strength.

“A man can have his dreams, Stiles.” He sighs, shooting a weak glare at the younger man when he snickers.

“Your dream got a bit out of control, don’t you think?” He laughs, leaning back and turning a bit to look at the pile of underwear behind him. “And you know, these aren’t really my thing,” He reaches out and picks up the lacy black pair of panties Peter had first bought, holding it up for a considering moment before giving the man beneath him a scorching hot look.

“At least,” He leaned in and nipped his lips, “Not on *me*.”

Later, once the panties had been ruined and they were laying back on Peter's mess of a bed, both sticky and pleasantly exhausted, Stiles didn't bother to look over at the other man before asking, "So, when were you going to tell me you were a werewolf?"

Because of how close they were he could feel when Peter jerked, and smiled smugly up at the ceiling.

"...How did you figure it out?" He asks slowly, turning around to loom over Stiles, eyes hard and jaw set for a fight. Stiles snorts.

"Come on, you haven't been subtle. Like, at all. All the lifting and throwing me around, hearing things you're not supposed to. And sometimes, Boo Bear, your eyes change during sex." The use of the pet name relaxed him for once, not as irritating since it was a sign that maybe nothing would change.

"Usually people don't see those things and think, werewolf, you know." Peter points out, and Stiles shrugs.

"Scott's girlfriend – you didn't meet her because she's working abroad for a bit – is a Kitsune, and we had a fun journey of discovery of the supernatural our last few years of college. So I figured you were something, I just didn't know what exactly."

"When?" Peter asks, a hand creeping over to lay on Stiles' stomach in what could be a threat, but was really just him wanting to touch. Stiles recognized this and thought it was cute enough for him to let it pass without comment.

"Dude, like, maybe a month or two in? As soon as I stopped being pissed off about how I couldn't seem to get rid of you, and then at how I didn't actually want to get rid of you as often as I should have. If it hadn't have been for that stuff I would have figured it out a lot sooner because you were really not subtle. I just needed to find a reliable database and study you to figure out what exactly you were. It took me a while to find anything that I was sure wasn't fiction, but once I had that it was seriously only like a week before I had it all figured out. Got a few books for myself for Christmas."

Peter stares at him a moment before smirking and pulling Stiles to him, wrapping his arms around like he wasn't intending on letting go. Stiles smiled back and wiggled out of it to turn over and face him.

"So do you have any special wolfy things you do? Some of my books referenced that you have multiple forms. Can you change into an actual wolf?"

Peter huffs quietly, rolling his eyes like Stiles was acting ridiculous by asking for specifics about his werewolf powers.

"The ability to shift into a full wolf is incredibly rare. Talia is the only person I know who can do it," He sees Stiles' look of anticipation and huffs again before allowing his face to shift into his beta form.

Stiles stares at it for a moment before bursting out laughing, rolling over to shove his face into a pillow to attempt to smother it.

“Seriously Stiles?” Peter hisses, glaring at the young man’s shaking form before gritting his teeth and just full on shoving him viciously out of the bed. He lands with a squawk in a tangle of limbs and sheets that Peter unsympathetically tugs back over himself without a thought to how it would jerk at Stiles and pull him around.

Well, there were actually quite a few thoughts, most of them along the lines of good and that he deserved it.

“No no,” Stiles protests as he crawls back onto the bed, still giggling as he collapses onto the man’s chest, “No. Come on, let me see again.” He stares expectantly at him, using his adorable eyes and face as weapon until the man petulantly caved.

Stiles couldn’t help his snort, but quickly smoothed his face and made it as serious as he could as he leaned in close to study the changed featured, running his fingers down the changed brow ridge and brushing over the added hair and elongated fangs.

“Hm...” He tilts his head and purses his lips in thought, “Where do your eyebrows go?”

“*Really?*” Peter sighs, “I have claws and fangs and super strength and super hearing and healing and my eyebrows are what you ask about?”

Stiles snickers, flopping down onto the man’s chest to lay on him, smirking up at him.

“The eyebrows are important because you look pretty stupid without them.” Stiles snorts, and smiles up at his disgruntled lover. “But okay, how strong are you? I know you can hold me up for a really long time, but like... What’s the heaviest thing you’ve lifted?” He looks up at him eagerly, practically squirming with his curiosity.

Peter smirks and preens, happy whenever he was receiving the attention he believed he was always due.

“A car, for quite a while in my days of youth. There’s not really a call for us to do too much heavy lifting in case we get caught, though, so it’s not like I’ve pushed myself recently.”

“How good is your eye sight?”

“I can see well in the dark when I shift my eyes, and can see farther and more clearly without them shifted, but there’s not really too much difference between mine and anyone else’s besides that.”

“Hearing? One of the books says you can hear a bit better than humans, but the others didn’t say anything.”

Peter snorted. “*A bit better*’ is putting it lightly. Hearing is the one thing we’ve got in spades. We suppress a lot of it day to day and ignore the everyday sounds, but even then we can clearly hear everything within about a five hundred foot radius even if it’s a whisper. We don’t exactly advertise just how good we hear though, for obvious reasons.”

“And your healing? How quickly does that work? Because I’ve seen some scratches that heal pretty much as soon as I look away, so how quickly does that work for more serious wounds?”

“Well,” Peter starts, interrupted by Stiles abruptly slapping his hand over the man’s mouth and leaning in with suddenly wide eyes.

“Peter,” He hisses quietly, “Does this mean that they heard us at Laura’s wedding? And the shit I said at Laura’s wedding? And did they hear me at the solstice celebration implying I was a stripper once?” A pause and then he leans in so close that their noses press together and all Peter can see are the younger man’s wide eyes. “Did every single person in your family hear me go on a rant about how much I love to suck dick? Even the children?”

Peter slaps at his arm until his hand moves away from the man’s mouth, though Stiles is tempted to slap it right back on because of the smug smirk his face adopted as soon as it was free.

“According to Angelica her grandchildren had quite a few questions. She, as well as everyone else, was furious.” He says happily, like the fact that one of his bitchy sisters had called him to rant about her grandchildren questioning her about blowjobs was the best thing to ever happen.

Stiles stares for a moment in shock before punching his shoulder and glaring as hard as he could. “Don’t let me say that shit in front of children, you asshole.” He hisses, grabbing a pillow to try and smother him when he continued to just lay there and smirk like the giant asshole he was.

After a moment of wrestling that Stiles loses horribly now that Peter had no reason to hold himself back all that much – though he hadn’t really been holding himself back anyways – Stiles pouts up at his smug lover.

“It’s too funny though,” He smirks, and Stiles rolls his eyes as the older man settles in on top of him, “Everyone’s faces and the fact that they can’t say anything about it since it might give up the whole human ruse.” He snickers and Stiles sighs.

“Yeah, well, I hope you had your fun because now I’m going to do my best not to do it anymore. For the sake of the children.” He declares, and Peter proceeds to act like the entitled asshole he was and go on about it like Stiles was taking away his favorite toy.

Stiles looks up at him with a bit more fondness than he was willing to admit and fought down a smile as the douche tried to convince him that talking about sex pretty much in front of children was okay because everyone’s reactions would be funny, and sex was demonized too much to be healthy in their society anyways. So, actually, they’d be doing it *for* the children.

“Let’s move in together.” He interrupts, his voice a bit too warm and filled with feelings for the situation. Peter stops his tirade and blinks down at him for a moment before smiling for a brief moment and then quickly getting rid of that for his customary smirk.

“I’ll make space in my closet.” Peter promises as he leans in for a kiss to seal the deal, pausing out of confusion when Stiles turned his face away on a grimace.

“Dude, first of all there is no way in hell you’d be able to move any of your stuff around to fit me in here. You’re too picky and pretentious and you want everything your way or no way, and that don’t work for Stiles. I’m not going to try and force myself to fit into the tiny box you decide to try and fit me in because you don’t want me touching your shit.”

“What,” Peter huffs, “Do you want *me* to move in to your little hovel?”

“First off,” Stiles glares, “Rude. Secondly, no. I’m not an *idiot*. We’ll just have to get a place of our own. Together. As a couple.”

“Are you serious?” Peter hisses as he shoves off of Stiles, “Do you know how long it took me to find a place that was to my tastes?”

“Probably about as long as it takes for you to choose your damn entre whenever we go out for dinner.” Stiles grumbles, but of course his werewolf boyfriend heard. Because he was a werewolf with werewolf powers who could apparently hear everything at every time perfectly.

“Oh, I *knew* that was bothering you,” Peter hisses, and Stiles rolls his eyes and searches himself for the strength needed to get through his relationship, “There are a lot of options, and I want to make sure I don’t regret my choice because I already have to live with *you*.”

“We can go back to the goddamn restaurant and you can order something else some other time!” Stiles snaps, sitting up and throwing his hands up in the air because he had thought of this quite a few times, “Don’t make the waiter come back three times just because you’re picky you prick!”

“And do you really think that decent listings just *pop up* around here like daisies?” Peter hisses as he gets up to grab a fresh pair of boxers to sleep in and wipe off the now forgotten sex, “And are you going to do something stupid like insist to pay for half? Because then I’ll have to downsize to something the size of a toaster and I *cannot* live like that.”

“Fuck no,” Stiles grits out as he got out of bed to do the same, deciding to change the sheets since both of them were up and a clean set would be nice, “You’ve got the money, you pay for that shit.”

“Fine then,” Peter sniffs, hands on his hips and chin up and practically just begging for someone to do something violent to his person, “Then we’re going to upgrade. I want a building with a gym or maybe even a pool. And a whole room for just my closet.”

“A walk in closet like this one,” Stiles counters, “And offices. And I swear, if I see you try to put down one white area rug I will spill wine all over it. And not some cheap supermarket wine either, I’ll get that eighty year old bottle you’ve got saved up and Jackson Pollock that shit.”

“We can share an office,” Peter glared as he helped Stiles put the fitted sheet on the bed, “And your posters do not go anywhere near any of the decorating.”

“Some of those are vintage,” Stiles protests, “Or look too cool to just be shoved away. You can put them in a classy frame if you want, but they go out.”

“Fine,” Peter hisses, “But you don’t get to say a word about my paintings.”

They study each other for a moment before Stiles nods slowly, not daring to take his eyes away in case he missed even a single sign of wrongdoing.

“Deal. We can start looking soon, and my lease will be up in March so...”

“Mine ends in April. You can move in here after your lease is up and we’ll work out all of the kinks during that month.” They nod like coming to the conclusion of a very serious deal, and slip into bed.

“Is your family going to flip their shit over this?” Stiles asks quietly once they had settled, and he could hear the satisfied smile in the man’s voice when he answered.

“Yeah.” He sighs, and Stiles snickers. After all, their faces were probably going to be pretty hilarious.

Chapter End Notes

Werewolves revealed!

This is something I've been building up to, and you guys caught on fast and had a lot of expectations that I'm pretty sure I didn't meet because plot things have happened to this story that I really didn't expect. So the reveal was never going to be a big thing, and we're moving right into plot after this, folks, so hold on to your panties.

Have a great time doing whatever you decide to do today! You deserve it.

Life of the Party

Chapter Summary

Peter is obligated to go to Laura's baby shower, but he is certainly not obligated to take Stiles with him.

That's more of a deep and sadistic pleasure on his part.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Thanks for all of the love you've been giving me and this story, and I promise every single bit of it is appreciated. I have a weird social anxiety about messaging people, so that's why I haven't answered back, but I'm trying to work past it.

So I had surgery and I've had to deal with my two jobs, my internship, and school with it, so it's been a bit too hectic for me to write. But school just ended, I'm on break from my jobs, my internship is done with and I'm free to write to my heart's content.

This is the first chapter of the plotty bits, so buckle up, buttercup. Shit goes down from here.

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

Peter sighed heavily and Stiles continued to ignore him, earning an even heavier and longer sigh.

By the fifth sigh he was drawing it out about ten seconds longer than normal, and Stiles decided to just put an end to it.

“Shnookums, it seems like something is bothering you.” Stiles noted innocently, not looking up from his laptop and his Sims. For some reason his main guy was determined to set himself on fire, and Stiles was debating the merits of letting him do it.

“Oh, not really.” Peter hummed like he wasn’t a giant pain in Stiles’ ass, and of course he was going to make Stiles beg for the information he clearly wanted to give out. It was just like him to be a giant douche.

And Stiles had never been one to beg, so he’d just have to annoy the information out of him.

“Babycakes, come on,” Stiles purred, pausing his game and setting it to the side, slipping down to the other end of the couch where the other man was sitting, leaning into his space

and reveling in the smug look on his face because it wouldn't be there for long. "Tell Daddy what's wrong."

The way his face pulled in disgust was perfect, and the way he jerked back was even better.

"Stiles," Peter hissed, "Stop it. Or else."

"Or else what?" Stiles pouted, leaning in close and just barely keeping himself from grinning at how Peter leaned away. "What'll you do to Daddy?"

"I hate you." Peter declared, flinching when Stiles pressed a kiss to his throat and quickly pushing him away.

"Aw, baby," Stiles cooed, the final straw. He was pushed away with superhuman force, causing him to fall off the couch and land halfway on the floor and half on the coffee table in a way that was painful but hilarious.

Stiles winced and laughed all at once, rolling all the way off of the table to curl up on the floor and laugh painfully.

"You're unbalanced, I know you are." Peter hissed from above him, getting off the couch to stomp into the kitchen.

He came back with a glass of water that he pointedly did not give to Stiles and sat on the couch to drink it and glare down at the man he had, for some reason, come to love.

Stiles grinned up at him, and Peter gave him the water.

"So what's up?" Stiles asked a bit more seriously this time, crawling back up on to the couch. Peter sighed, this time a normal one that he actually meant.

"Laura's baby shower is coming up and it has been demanded that I go. The first child of the future alpha is a big deal."

Stiles' face scrunched up in thought for a moment. "Alright. I get that. But dude, just spend an hour with your family, give the lady some diapers, and come home to get some sweet, sweet lovin' for doing such a great job of being a normal person."

"Or," Peter countered, "We could go, and make everyone else miserable. Talia despises you, and Laura takes after her almost like she was a product of asexual reproduction. It could be a fun couple thing. You like those."

"Or I could stay here and not do that, and stay in my pajamas watching Netflix and eating takeout." He paused for a moment, smirking. "Make me a deal, lover, because I'm not hanging out with your family without compensation."

Peter scowled, his smirk disappearing as quick as a wink. "I go visit your family without a fight." He pointed out like he was such a fucking martyr, and Stiles rolled his eyes.

“My family cannot be compared to yours in any way, shape, or form, and you get off on making Scott super uncomfortable. Try again.”

Peter’s face gained a mulish expression and Stiles grinned back, secure in his victory.

“Fine,” He huffed, “What do you want?”

“Nope,” Stiles’ lips popped on the word, “I’m not limiting what you’re giving me. You start.”

Peter huffed and scowled and Stiles remained gleefully happy, smiling blissfully at the other man.

“I’ll make you something special for dinner.”

“Nah.”

“I’ll buy you those shoes you wanted.”

“I’m my own independent man. I’ll buy my own shoes. Try again.”

Peter hissed and rolled his eyes, glaring and generally just being himself. And then, finally, “if you do this, I will owe you one favor.”

And oh, wasn’t that delicious? One favor that he couldn’t say no to, that he had to go through with. He’d be a dick, obviously, but he’d do it.

“There, now wasn’t that easy?” Stiles laughed, pressing a kiss to the disgruntled man’s cheek. “But I want a blow job too.”

“Why?” Peter snapped, jerking back and looking a little offended, for some reason, “That happens enough without this ridiculousness involved.”

“I don’t know, man. Just felt like it needed to be tacked on.”

Peter eyed him narrowly, hissing a bit when Stiles just seemed to get more and more smug.

“You just want me to suck you off right now. This is just an excuse so you don’t have to ask.”

“Maybe. Maybe I just feel like making this weird. The world will never know.” Stiles shrugs innocently and Peter rolled his eyes, shoved Stiles’ jeans and boxers down in a too rough but extremely speedy manner, and plopped onto Stiles’ dick as quick as you please, holding the younger man down with a tight grip on his hips as he yelped and struggled.

“Motherfucker! You know how I feel about you manhandling my dick when it’s soft!” He almost screamed, trying his best to get away. Peter came off of Stiles’ dick just long enough to glare at the man.

“Oh, is this not what you wanted?” He snarled, ignoring the frankly pathetic way Stiles hit the top of his head.

“NoOOOO!” Stiles screeched as Peter quickly got back to work. As a last resort he grabbed onto Peter’s hair and yanked, causing the man to freeze and pull back dangerously slowly.

“Stiles,” He said severely, “You know better than to pull on my hair.”

“Apparently not,” Stiles grit out, managing to burst out of Peter’s grip in the precious moment of shock and throw himself off the couch, scrambling on the ground for a moment before running down the hall. Peter was after him in an instant, grabbing Stiles and tossing him over his shoulder without even pausing or fumbling, and sometime between then and when they fell to the bed Stiles began laughing almost hysterically, both of them smiling into the almost mean kiss they shared.

“I just ran down the hallway with my dick hanging out of my pants.” Stiles sniggered, and even though Peter rolled his eyes he could clearly see his amusement.

“It’s amazing sometimes how dumb you are.” He huffed, sliding his hand into Stiles’ hair and tugging sharply in revenge. Stiles snickered.

“Your *mom*’s dumb,” He cackled, and despite himself Peter snorted.

Stiles could happily say that he did not, in any way what-so-ever, want to go back to the Hale manor. But, oh well, he had a party to go to and a family to torture with his existence.

The things he did for love.

Cora greeted them first, lounging on the front porch with a beer and a smirk.

“Do they at least have cake? Or more alcohol?” Stiles called when he stepped out of the car, knowing that he didn’t have to raise his voice for her and everyone in the house to hear, but he didn’t want them to know that he knew.

“Laura is doing some king of happy healthy hippy-dippy party with no desserts, and no one is allowed to drink alcohol as some shitty show of solidarity or something.” She shrugged a shoulder, “They kicked me out here because I insisted that I had to have a beer. For my health.”

“I feel that.” Stiles nods, leaving Peter to grab the present from the back of the car. Cora grinned and finished her drink.

“Now that you’re here, though, the real party can start.” She said gleefully, and Stiles snorted. She’d really managed to grow on him once he’d become sure that she wasn’t going to kidnap him again, and she was too much like Peter for him to not like her.

“Oh no, don’t worry, I’ll somehow get the door by myself. Don’t take yourselves away from your truly captivating conversation.” Peter called out dramatically from behind the large, glittery wrapped present he was carrying. Stiles waved without even bothering to look at him.

“Oh, thank you dear.” He ignored the snarl that got and instead watched as Cora’s grin got even bigger.

He’d have to be a much, much stronger man not to panic a bit when Cora swings her arm around his neck, tightening her hold in what could either be one of the strangest hugs he’d ever had or an attempt to strangle him.

It wasn’t even fifty/fifty over which it could be. Cora was way more likely to just randomly strangle him than show human – human-ish – affection.

“Come on,” She said after abruptly releasing him, walking past him like it hadn’t just happened. Who knew, maybe it hadn’t. Maybe he’d hallucinated the whole thing. “I want to get this shit-storm started.” She declared with an eagerly vicious grin.

Well, this was going to be fun.

They enter to an even large group of people than the Solstice, so many the walls were close to bursting. Kids were running everywhere and there was food on every single available surface – it looked like some of the bookshelves had even been cleared off to make way for tray after tray of hors d’oeuvres.

Well now, this was his kind of party.

Almost everyone was glaring at him, as per usual – wouldn’t won’t to break tradition there – but Stiles just happily smiled at everyone like a brain damaged moron to make them uncomfortable so they wouldn’t interfere with his path to the snack table.

Holly shit smeared on a lamppost, they had fucking fancy-ass skewers – there were *crystals* on the end – of some kind of thinly shaved meat that fucking melted when he put it in his mouth. Like, sure, a lot of it was healthy crap like Cora had said, but he and the skewers were about to become BFFS.

“You can’t just take the whole tray.” A deep, disapproving voice growled from behind him, and Stiles didn’t bother looking up from the pile – yeah, it was pretty much the whole tray – of skewers he was accumulating. Every now and then he threw in a Triscuit looking thing smeared with some kind of green spread to make himself feel a little bit healthy.

“I think, Derek, you’ll find the amount of meat I can shove into my mouth at one time is impressive. Your uncle certainly thinks so.” There, that was innocent enough for the young ears, but blatant enough to bother the bother behind him. “And anyway – oh sweet Barbra, are those stuffed mushrooms – there are plenty of raw pepper rings left.”

He turned with a nearly blinding smile and an overly full plate, taking in the man before him in all of his red-faced, gritted teeth glory. Stiles blew a little kiss, which might as well have been him threatening to blow the whole house up from how the man reacted, and walked away humming.

Whelp, that was one down. There was only about a hundred other people at the party to go through. And a perfect opportunity presented itself that was sure to annoy a good number of

the people present.

“Hey Ollie,” Stiles said happily as he sat down next to the teen, who jumped and blushed and looked around like he had not been expecting this.

“U-Um, hey. Stiles. How are you?” The boy haltingly asked, and a squishy part of Stiles melted because somehow this family hadn’t turned the kid into an asshole yet. He was actually just a little sweetheart and Stiles just wanted to mush his face.

The other children sitting at the table peered at him curiously, and Stiles graciously offered up his plate to them, needing to win the little bugs over for his still forming plan to work.

“Oh, you know, working, partying, living the life.” Stiles laughed, and Oliver nodded a bit too hard and blushed a bit harder.

“I, uh, heard that you and Uncle Peter moved in together.” He mumbled, tracing his fingers down the cover of his book nervously and Stiles knocked his shoulder companionably, wanting the kid just to relax a bit.

“Yup. I tried to escape, but for some reason no one believes the brainwashing thing even though it is one hundred percent true. I am being kept in the basement. Help.” He laughs, which only seems to alarm the boy.

“Uncle Peter is mean.” One of the munchkins pipes up, and Stiles’ attention swings to the kid who looks more like a ball of fat than a child. It was literally the cutest fucking thing.

“Oh?”

“Yeah!” Another squeaked, a chipped tooth her most prominent feature. “My momma said he’s a pick.”

“Yeah?” Stiles snorted, eagerly leaning forward, needing to hear more. “What else did she say?”

“That I couldn’t have cake after I brushed my teeth.” The kid pouted, and Stiles laughed.

“Thems the pits, kid.” He snickers.

“Are you and Uncle Peter married?” One with stubby little pigtails and a lisp asked.

“Nope. I can’t even stand the guy.”

“Are you going to have a baby like Laura?” Cute little chub-ball asked.

“Peter will. I’m going to be off making the bacon.” Stiles waved off, and the children nodded, accepting it as the truth, while Oliver tried to hide his snort of disbelieving laughter.

“I like bacon.” One with oversized glasses on his tiny little face piped up.

“Good man. You’ll go places in this world.”

“Can you sing?” Pigtails lisped.

“No. Can you?”

“No. I can whistle though. Do you want to see?”

“You bet you cute button nose I do, kid.” Stiles laughed, applauding once the proud four year old was done spitting everywhere. Damn, but these kids were a laugh and a half. He was in the middle of watching the chipped tooth girl – Eliza – try to make a shadow puppet with no source of light when he had to turn to Oliver when the boy timidly touched his elbow. “Sup, duck?”

“Um... Are you and... Uncle Peter... Okay?” He managed to ask, all fluffy brown hair and soft green eyes and god, Stiles needed to protect this kid from the cruel, cruel world.

“Kid, if I were any happier I’d have to murder him.” He said seriously, ruffling his hair before turning back to his small audience.

“So,” He grinned, rubbing his hands deviously together, “Who wants to learn something cool?”

All the little hands raised, the rest of the house ignoring them since they had long ago gotten bored of witnessing the children’s many talents.

Oliver tentatively raised his, and Stiles grinned more than a little bit evilly.

Derek’s scream of anger was literally the best thing Stiles had ever heard. According to the giggles of the little army he had gathered and the way Oliver’s shoulders were shaking rather violently, they all agreed.

The past hour and a half had probably been boring for everyone else, standing around talking to each other over cucumber water and boring classical music, but for Stiles and the ten children who had joined in on his abridged lock picking class, it had been a real barrel of laughs.

“Derek!” Talia shouted, coming over to the man, “What happened?”

“Someone *handcuffed* me to the chair.” Derek growled, angry eyes flashing supernaturally and looking over the room.

Patricia really needed to get better at hiding her laughter, because she looked the amused sort of guilty that immediately gave herself away. Everyone turned to the girl.

“Where did you get handcuffs, Patricia?” Talia asked with a thread of alpha command in her voice. The little girl stiffened and stopped laughing, but before she could get in trouble Stiles

stepped forward.

“Oh, that would be me.” Stiles waved, smiling as the woman glared at him like if she tried hard enough the power of her anger would be enough to incinerate him where he stood. “I thought the kids might like to play with them.

“And *why* do you have handcuffs?” She spit out, everyone in the room glaring at him. Stiles continued to blissfully smile like it couldn’t affect him.

“Oh, you never know what might happen when you leave the house,” Stiles said breezily, blatantly looking over at a smirking Peter. “You might need to keep someone in one spot for a prolonged period of time.” He looks back at Talia’s look of disgust, then over to the innocent group of children.

“Like a bank robber.” He emphasized to them, and they all nodded their heads sagely, taking this bit of wisdom like it were the most important thing they’d heard that day. Stiles heard no less than two people growl.

Derek gripped the metal of the cuff, obviously intending to just rip it off with his werewolf strength, but his mother stopped him, shooting a quick look at Stiles.

Ah yes, the human that wasn’t supposed to know about the whole supernatural thing.

“We would like the key.” Talia demands, and Stiles shrugs, rocking back on his heel.

“Don’t have one.”

“*Why* do you have handcuffs you don’t have the keys to?” Talia growls, wrapping her commanding presence around herself like a shawl. Stiles just grinned and shrugged again.

“I don’t really need one. I just pick the lock so I don’t have to keep up with the key.” And oh, that got everyone glaring at him even more, now suspicious of him having some sort of criminal background.

This was getting better by the minute.

“Then come over and pick this lock so my son can be freed.” She demands, obviously getting closer and closer to the end of her rope. Stiles considered for a moment and then nodded, brushing past her like she wasn’t able to crush him if she was so inclined, and taking his lock picking kit out of his pocket.

“Do you always carry that with you?” Cora asked from across the room, sounding like her birthday had come early and she’d gotten all the presents she’d wanted. Stiles nodded.

“Yup. Never know when a door might be locked and you don’t have the time to make a bump key. And anyways, my anarchist friends say that no doors are really locked to you.” He said, knowing she’d get a kick out of it and that the rest of the people surrounding him would have the opposite reaction.

Derek glared and bared his teeth as Stiles slowly picked the lock, humming The Pussycat Dolls' Don't cha under his breath so that an hour or so later the man would find himself mindlessly humming it and get that much more madder at the world.

"There you go," Stiles hummed once he was done, stepping back and taking the handcuff with him, "Now, don't expect me to get you out of another one of your crazy shenanigans, you rascal." Stiles scolded, grinning when the older man literally growled in his face.

"Derek," Talia snapped, slamming a hand between the two men and pushing her son back. "Stop."

He froze immediately, and the tension in the room reached its peak. Stiles' heart jumped but he ignored it, considering to smile carelessly at the threats in front of him, ignoring the ones at his back and sides.

Surrounding him, really.

But he saw Peter shift in his periphery and figured that if it came down to it the man would protect him. These people were his family, sure, but they were, like, in love and shit. That meant there would be at least a little bit of a protest, and maybe a punch or two.

Plus it would annoy his family if Peter took Stiles' side, and the older man lived for that.

"It's time to open the presents now." Talia declared after staring her son into submission, turning without even bothering to look at Stiles which, rude.

Everyone poured out of the house since they couldn't all fit comfortably into any one room, muttering to one another and occasionally shooting Stiles a glare or a look of disgust. Peter came to stand smugly beside his boyfriend, nudging him discreetly with his elbow as they stood back to wait for the giant mass of people to pour out.

"We should go out for some real food after this," Peter said boredly as he steered the younger man out of the house, his hand a comforting presence at the small of Stiles' back. "Something unpretentious and actually filling."

"I could do Wendy's," Stiles contemplated, allowing Peter to hold the back door open for him. Peter looked down his nose at him in disgust.

"I said unpretentious, not an affront to basic human decency." He scoffed and Stiles snickered, ignoring the looks they got as they found a seat on the porch, on the outskirts of the mass of people surrounding where Laura was regally perched in the middle of the grass.

It took *forever* for her to get through the gifts, having to stop at every single one to him and haw over it, inspecting every inch before thanking the peasants who gifted it to her.

Some gifts were the standard fare, bibs and bottles and little onesies with stupid sayings that everyone made a big deal about, and others were ones that obviously had some kind of family or supernatural meaning to it, because he didn't really remember seeing "small bag of charred wolf bones" on the registry.

Then again, Stiles couldn't claim to be an expert on babies.

Then there were the cop out gifts, the piles of diapers and wipes and formula mix that Laura gave a practiced smile at.

Then it came time for the presents from the closest members of the family.

The husband's – Stiles couldn't remember the man's name for the life of him, and was just calling him Chad in his head because the douche nugget looked like a Chad – parents gave a soft but plain looking baby blanket that Stiles was pretty sure came from Walmart. Laura thanked them with a slight look of confusion on her face, and the couple accepted with bland smiles.

Derek gave her a sturdy looking wooden rattle and a carefully carved wolf who looked like it was standing guard – wow, very subtle, that and the hundred other wolf presents in no way hinted at their supernatural-ness. She got a little misty eyes and hugged the embarrassed looking man, who, now that Stiles was thinking about it, Peter had told him the guy was like a wood worker or something.

That was cool, and probably antisocial enough to suit the guy.

Cora gave her a set of delicate lace curtains that were kind of amazing with the design, and Stiles could practically picture them blowing in some kind of poetic breeze or some shit like that in a pretentiously designed nursery. Laura looked kind of mystified at such a thoughtful gift, but Cora proved that she couldn't disappoint when the woman lifted the curtains up to reveal a t-shirt with two gallon jugs on it and the words "MILK MACHINE" scrawled loudly beneath them.

Laura scowled and Talia looked pained, but Stiles couldn't stop sniggering, giving the smug woman a thumbs up that was not subtle at all. She gave him one right back.

Oliver had gotten them a little wolf face beanie – fuck, that was cute – that came with little booties with felt claws. The youngest of the main Hale children, a ten year old Gail, had painted them an actually good looking "family portrait" with a smudgy and blobby looking Laura and maybe-Chad holding a generic looking baby, floating in green space.

Though there was a bird in the corner because, as the wise Gail put it, birds are fun.

Peter's gift was next, and everyone regarded the large present suspiciously as Laura cautiously opened it. Then she opened the box inside of that. And the one inside of that. And on and on and on until everyone was fuming and glaring and ready to rebel. The last box was opened and it didn't seem worth it for a moment to the angry crowd. Talia and Laura though... Their faces when they saw what it was worth everything.

"Uncle Peter this is..." Laura breathed out, shocked as she flipped through the plain leather bound book that was so plain looking it could be easily overlooked. Laura held it reverently. "This..."

“Yes,” Peter sighed smugly, leaning back against the house and looking down on everyone else and their far lesser gifts. “The one and only original recording of our family’s legends and such,” He smirked at the crowd, some of whom looked shocked but most who looked confused. “You’re welcome.”

“It’s been forty years since anyone has even seen this,” Talia whispered, staring at the book like she couldn’t believe what she was seeing. “Where did you find it? How did you get it?”

“Oh, I’m afraid I can’t take that credit. All the glory there goes to Stiles.” He said happily, and Stiles smiled angelically and waved to the recoiling crowd. Talia’s eyes lost their softness almost instantly and she looked Stiles over, a little less scorn in her eyes this time around.

“I see. And how did you manage that?” She asked hardly, and Stiles shrugged.

“Oh, you know, Google.” He said happily, glossing over the months of work he had put into finding the thing once Peter had told him the story of the thing. He’d talked about it almost wistfully, explaining that he’d only seen pictures, that his great aunt had taken it and a few other, less important heirlooms with her when she’d ran out on the family in the dead of night fifty years before. She’d held it over her family’s head for ten years before one day she’d seemingly dropped off the face of the earth.

The sex when Stiles had presented the book to him after months of work had been so worth it.

Everyone crowded around the book, looking at it with no small amount of awe, some too afraid to touch it, and at least one person was crying.

“This is above and beyond Peter. Stiles.” Talia solemnly informed them, and Peter inclined his head in thanks Stiles smiling as he imagined everyone’s reactions to the fact that it was just a magical copy, and that the true original was kept safely away in a controlled box in Peter’s secret safe.

Something they would not be told, because now everyone felt guilty for being such dicks to Stiles and Peter – mostly Peter, since the majority did not like Stiles even a bit.

Talia and her husband came next, once everyone had calmed down.

“This isn’t as much of an impressive surprise as your last gift,” Talia said dryly, and the over emotional crowd – minus the ones from most-likely-Chad’s family – chuckled, “But it is just as emotionally meaningful, I think.” And as everyone watched she lifted an old blanket from the box at her side.

It must have originally been a sweet yellow, though it had faded a bit with time and too many washes. There was no special pattern, nothing impressive about it at all, though there were a few stains.

“My great-grandmother was...” Her eyes flicked over to Stiles, “She came from a different sort of life than the rest of the family.” Human, Stiles guessed, or she had been bitten. “She had many children, but they all died very young, all sicker and weaker than the last. The

family was talking about a curse, blaming her, and so one day she went into the woods to try and figure out what to do. And she came up with an idea. She went to a,” Another pause and a look at Stiles, “...Druid and had him cast protection magic over some yarn she had bought. And then as she made a blanket for what she knew would be her last baby she made a wish for it to be strong and healthy and for it to live.”

“And my grandfather was born and he was the strongest child in generations, and he used this blanket for my mother and she used it for me, and now you’ll use it for your children.” She held out the blanket almost reverently, and Laura took it with much the same attitude. “You have been an amazing child, and I have loved every moment of being your mother. You have grown into a wonderful woman, you will one day be a wonderful leader, and you will be an amazing mother.”

Laura sobbed and threw herself into her mother’s arms as the rest of the gathering clapped or cried or both. Peter was clapping lightly with a melancholy sort of expression on his face that morphed into amusement when he looked to the side to see Stiles struggling against his tears in the ugliest way possible.

“Shut up, you asshole,” He sniffled, “It’s fucking sweet.”

Peter snorted and looked away before he could be caught looking too fond at his lover. Stiles sniffed back the rest of his tears and looked away from the touching sight, looking over the crowd instead. And well, since he was the only one not focused on the beautiful mother daughter moment he was the only one who noticed that the soon-to-be father’s family were standing off to the side stoically, unmoved and unimpressed. He nudged Peter and nodded over to them, the man tilting his head in thought as he took the strangeness in.

He hummed in consideration, leaning into Peter’s side. “Well now, looks like we’ve got a whole family of them.” He murmured so quietly there was barely any sound, and Peter nodded.

“It’s interesting, isn’t it?” He murmured back.

“Hm, well, what I’m really interested in right now is if you used one of those ass booster things.” Stiles said a bit louder, and one of Peter’s cousins, who had obviously been eavesdropping, choked on the sip of coke she had been taking.

“You know I’m not.” Peter sniffed.

“Yeah, I do.” Stiles agreed, giving a hearty slap to Peter’s ass that seen cousin Miriam racing off. The two men shared a look no one else noticed, and decided to stay a bit longer than they had originally planned. Just to keep a bit of an eye on things.

And the glares and scathing comments they got the rest of the party as they continued to get on everyone’s nerves were just a happy little bonus.

Love you lots! Have a great day and a great holidays if I don't post before then.

Don't Take my Baby Away

Chapter Summary

Laura's baby is born and a vacation is planned.

Chapter Notes

Hello! Long time no see.

So I've been super busy with life, but I managed to finish this chapter and, therefore, this story. I want to thank everyone for your patience and your love for this story. I couldn't have done it without your support!

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

The birth of Laura's baby doesn't go the way Stiles had expected in any way, shape, or form.

He'd expected for it to be an at home birth with an emissary or maybe a witch to watch over the proceedings, because it wasn't like they could just go to any old hospital and be like, "Oh, just ignore all of my super-human vital readings. These are not the droids you're looking for." Plus, the Hale's seemed like the kind of people who would be into making a big deal of the occasion like that and rubbing it into the faces of the plebeians who went to a hospital.

But nope. Instead they went to this fancy ass private hospital running out of a huge old Victorian house that was apparently just for the supernatural. And this place was classy as shit. High ceilings, chandeliers in the waiting room, high-back leather chairs that cupped your ass perfectly, and nurses wearing scrubs so clean and pressed they looked freshly ironed.

Only Laura, her husband, and Talia were in the delivery room, the rest of the family – those who had come since not everyone could call off work for the birth of their second cousin's child – waiting in the over-the-top waiting room.

"Some snacks for your wait," A desk worker said evenly, depositing a few trays of cheeses, crackers, and fruit on the tables.

"You guys are paying *way* too much for this place." Stiles snorted as he eagerly reached forward, popping a grape into his mouth. Derek glared at him from across the room.

"There is no such thing as paying too much when it comes to protecting our family." He growled.

“Oh, bend over and eat your dick, Derek.” Cora snapped from one of the corners, her nerves frayed from worry, looking more frazzled than Stiles had ever seen her look. There might have even been a few hairs out of place.

“That’s enough, you two.” Their father calmly interceded, cutting the tension so easily it was like magic, “And yes, this place is a little overpriced. But... There are reasons we can’t go to anyone else.” He told Stiles, the first in the Hale family to actually talk to the human like he was a being deserving of some form of respect. Stiles blinked, his cheeks bulging a bit from the fruit and crackers he’d stuffed in them, and then he nodded, accepting that his point had not been thought all the way through.

Silence descended upon them like an awkwardly laid veil with Stiles fidgeting, Derek glaring, Cora gnawing at her thumbnail, and the two older adults looking over at the wall impassively. Stiles wondered if a werewolf baby birth was different than a human baby birth. Did it shift? Did it come out already shifted? How and when could you tell that the kid would be a werewolf?

Stiles, caught up in imagining a tiny puppy-baby wearing a onesie and little booties and howling, jumped when the door opened to reveal a glowing Talia.

“A boy.” She said, softly like even the word itself was too precious for her to handle. A heartbeat of silence and then everyone was surging to one another, hugging each other and laughing, the joy of the event overtaking them in an instant.

Stiles grinned, caught up in the mood, and looked over to find Peter doing the same, watching his family with a fond expression.

“They’ve decided to name him Orson,” Talia called out above the hullabaloo, and it was only because of the noise that no one noticed Stiles’ choked sound of disbelieving laughter. “Orson Alexander Hale.”

Demands to see Laura and the baby immediately rang out, and Talia held up a commanding hand to silence them.

“The birth was hard on Laura, and right now she just wants to spend time together just the three of them to bond as a family. We can visit with them tomorrow.”

Everyone made sounds of disappointment but backed off, stepping away from their alpha to instead clump together to talk in excited little groups of the newest addition to their pack.

Talia walked past all of them, looking like she was moving toward her husband but making a brief detour by Peter and Stiles.

“He never left her side.” She said happily, a smug light in her eyes, “Feeding her ice chips, holding her hand, brushing her hair, talking her through it. All throughout this pregnancy, too, he’s been helping her eat healthy and take care of herself and has been doting on her at every turn.” She flicked her eyes over him and when they met his they shone with triumph.

“It looks like you were wrong about Jason, and everyone else was right. Maybe you should have more faith in your family.”

“Maybe.” Peter said flatly, and Stiles knew that that *maybe* was actually saying *never*. Talia apparently didn’t, though, and moved happily on.

The couple stood there for a moment in silence before Stiles couldn’t keep it in anymore.

“His name is *Jason*?” He asks, horrified at how *wrong* it was, “I’ve been calling him Chad in my head this whole time!”

Peter snorted and they ignored the looks one or two people gave them, “He does look like a Chad.”

“*I know*, right?”

Peter snorted again and put his hand at the small of Stiles’ back, putting a bit of pressure to move the younger man toward the exit.

“Let’s go,” He sniffed like it was beneath him to stay for a second longer. “We’re done here.”

“But... *Jason*!” Stiles cried out once more as they left, and he was one-hundred percent sure that the laughter that followed them out was from Cora.

“You know what I don’t get?” Stiles asked as Peter turned down the bed, his toothbrush hanging out of his mouth.

“Basic human interaction? Physics? Modern art? The list is endless, dear, so you’ll have to narrow it down for me.” The other man called out sweetly, and Stiles rolled his eyes because he was just so *stupid*.

“Ha fucking ha, you jackass. No,” He spit and then rinsed, “I don’t get how, even though I had been sure that you were the most pretentious piece of shit in the world, it turns out that your family is ten *thousand* times worse.” He tidied up just enough that Peter wouldn’t throw a fit first thing in the morning, and fixed the toothpaste tube because Peter was a terrible person who squeezed from the middle and all around just hated life and happiness.

“Like,” Stiles sighed as he walked into the bedroom, eagerly crawling into bed, “It should be physically impossible and yet there they are with their fucking chandelier filled hospitals and babies named *Orson*. Orson is not a people name, Peter.”

“Laura’s always been this way.” Peter huffed, handing Stiles his glasses from where they had somehow migrated over to the older man’s bedside table. “When she was a baby and she wanted to play house, she used to yell at me saying I didn’t get the groceries from the organic store.”

“Are you fucking serious?” Stiles asked flatly. “Because if you are, that is fucking hilarious as shit.”

Peter hummed in agreement. “In high school, she once broke up with a boy because he refused to recycle his water bottles and wouldn’t eat vegetables.” He paused, “Or those might have been two different people. I tried my best not to pay attention to her asinine high school drama.”

“That is so stupid. I love it.” Stiles snickered, settling back to read.

Partway into a very enthralling chapter, he was pulled away by the press of lips to his throat.

“No. Bad dog.” Stiles huffed, halfheartedly swatting him away. “The pirate king is just about to ravish the governor’s daughter.”

“I’d really rather be the one doing the ravishing.” Peter muttered against his shoulder, and Stiles snorted.

“Oh, are you finally up for some roleplaying? You be the pirate king and I’ll be the virginal but plucky governess?”

“God no, that sounds horrible.” Peter huffed, peering deviously up at Stiles in a way that always made the younger man’s heart jump because that look always meant *fun*. “But with your glasses... I *could* be persuaded to do something a bit more... Studious.”

Stiles bit his lip, smiling so wide his face felt like it was going to crack, and looked over the edge of his glasses at Peter as seriously as he could.

“Now, what are we going to do about these over-due fees, Mr. Hale?” He purred, and even though Peter rolled his eyes he still played along.

“I’m sure we can come to some sort of agreement.” He murmured back, kissing up the column of Stiles’ throat.

“Mmm... I’m sure we could. But first I have to know,” He paused, breath hitching as he felt Peter suck a mark at the base of his throat, “Why exactly did you have *Chicken Soup for the Girl’s Soul* checked out for five weeks straight? Do you really hate yourself so much?”

Stiles screamed a little bit when Peter bit him a tad more harshly than necessary.

“I hate you more than words can fully communicate.” He growled, glaring down at Stiles. Stiles just grinned cheekily back and shrugged.

“You love my ass, though so,” Another shrug, “What can you do, really?”

Apparently, what he could do was somehow manage to have Stiles breathlessly riding him in under ten minutes, eyes closed and head tipped back as he rolled his hips. Peter’s hands cupped around the curve of his thighs, not gripping or guiding but just... Appreciating. Stiles’ hands were pressed against the hardness of Peter’s stomach, nails biting down on the

occasion that his prostate was hit. His lips were obscenely red and parted, sweat rolling down his body and breath hitching and catching as his pleasure rose.

“Peter,” Stiles whispered like the devout offering themselves to their deity, and Peter groaned in response. He was close... So close...

“Uncle Peter!” Cora screamed, the loud thud of her running steps through their apartment shattering the moment. Stiles yelped and pretty much fell off of Peter’s dick, flailing all the way down onto the floor as Peter hissed in pain.

“Oh god,” Stiles whimpered from the floor. “Please tell me I didn’t break your dick. That is literally the worst thing that could happen in the world right now.”

Cora threw open the bedroom door, standing there with wide eyes, panting, and what shocked the men the most was that she didn’t even tease them about the situation. Instead she just hoarsely informed them, “Uncle Peter they... They took the baby.”

Well, the universe sure did like to prove Stiles wrong.

It went like this:

Laura was drugged, sedatives in every ice chip she’d been fed, enough to make her sleep for an hour or two when added with the natural exhaustion of child birth.

The nurses had been bribed handsomely, enough that they had been more than happy to make sure that no one would notice the baby leaving earlier than it should. Leaving with only one parent instead of two.

And Jason had taken the baby away, going only minutes after the Hales had all filtered happily and unknowingly out of the hospital, running to the protection of his pack. Laura had woken up though, and asking after her son and when he hadn’t shown, no one able to tell her where he was her screams and thrashing and panic had been enough for the doctors to sedate her – not so illegally this time – and call Talia.

And so here they were, the alpha’s family at council.

Peter listened to his eldest niece sob as stoically as he could, watching her break down after trying to choke out what little information she knew, and in the end he couldn’t help the small smirk that grew on his face. Despite the situation, despite Derek giving him his usual hurt, judgmental look, Peter just couldn’t keep himself fully contained. After all, no matter the circumstances, victory was always something he enjoyed.

If only his family could listen to him, then they wouldn’t get into any of these messes.

Cora sat in the corner looking bored and disinterested, though Peter could tell by the stiffly defensive set of her shoulders and the clench of her jaw that it was just a façade. She kept herself busy by looking down at her chipping nail polish and silently sighing as her sister's sobs turned to wails, though it was more than a little obvious how much it hurt the girl that her sister was in so much pain.

Nearly the entire family was either in unbreakable engagements or downstairs being corralled by Talia's husband, which left only the five of them upstairs: Peter, Talia, Derek, Cora, and Laura.

Talia picks up her fully grown daughter easily, cradling her like she was a child and shushing her as she carried her out of the office and up to the girl's childhood bedroom. Once they left it was another twenty minutes of sitting there being so furious he could barely contain it, just sitting and listening to her cry, playing games on his phone in a weak attempt to distract himself. Derek just sat there looking pained and Cora continued to tensely pretend not care while obviously caring.

Talia came back in with a dramatic swirl of her long skirt, her head held high and her eyes fierce and hard. She strode directly over to Peter, who looked up at her with an innocent, expectant expression.

"You will say everything right now," She ordered harshly, voice low and eyes like stone, "And you will get it out of your system. And absolutely none of it will ever reach the ears of my daughter, do you understand me?"

Peter blinked, looking like butter couldn't even melt in his mouth, and then smiled sharply.

"Of course, sister dearest." He simpered, "You know I would never go against the order of my *alpha*."

She stared down at him, unmoved and stoic and so very, very angry.

"Say it."

"I told you." He hissed lowly, face and eyes hardening as a scowl stretched his features, a complete change from how he had been acting just moments before, "He showed up here and I *told* you what would happen."

"You did." She nodded, not defending herself.

"I told you all he wanted was the Hale name, and that he didn't love her. That he was *using* her. I am your enforcer and I told you," He leaned back, eyes steady on hers, not cowed, "And you decided you child's feelings and that her childish dreams of living out a happily ever after were more important than listening to me."

"We questioned him, to shut you up," She reminded him, "How did he manage to lie to us?"

"Not only is it possible to train yourself to lie undetected, which you know, *Talia*, but the questions you asked were stupidly easy to work around."

Do you mean any ill will?

Do you intend to harm the Hale pack?

Do you intend to harm Laura?

All it would take is someone having a certain perspective and every question could be meaningless. Because sure, their family and Laura were undeniably hurt by this, but maybe the Lore pack hadn't quite seen it like that.

The two siblings attempt to stare the other down, the force of it just shy of glaring, both immovable forces that would not be cowed.

"You let a child's daydreams of true love get in the way of your job as alpha." He challenged, ignoring Derek's growl, "If he hadn't been so shortsighted this had the potential to be a *Derek*," The boy quiets, "Situation."

"Are you done?"

Peter considers a long moment before nodding once, almost regally.

Talia takes a breath and nods.

"Now you will listen to me," She says lowly, taking a threatening step forward, "We were shortsighted and were betrayed, but you will not take this out on Laura. She was misled and used, just like Derek was, and we do not hold either of them accountable for what happened to them."

Peter raises one eyebrow dubiously.

"She is going to be alpha one day, she shouldn't be falling for scams like these and allowing people into the pack that mean us harm." He says innocently, earning a growl that forced him to look submissively away, though he was not happy about it.

"Her child was stolen from her, Peter." She says lowly, and a lick of shame flickers in his chest, "She has never even held her son for longer than a minute, and now he's gone. We will not blame her for that."

"Of course." He agreed quietly, because he wasn't a fucking *monster*. He was annoyed, he was victorious, and he was fucking incensed that it took *this* for anyone to notice the truth but...

This man had stolen his family, had hurt them, and he was going to pay.

They go downstairs to the rest of the pack, and Peter easily notices that Stiles isn't there. Which, isn't that strange? That Stiles, *for some reason*, was kicked out of the house while fucking Aaron was still there being absolutely useless?

Although, he did need to remember that no one knew the man knew about the supernatural.

“The group we had sent to the Lore pack to take Orson back said they couldn’t even step foot on the territory. Something is blocking them.” Talia announces, and an uneasy murmur goes through the pack. “I’ve called Deaton, and he’s gone to take a look. He should be calling soon with an update.”

“What are we doing about the hospital?” Nancy calls out, and a murmur of agreement goes through the crowd. They were furious at what had happened and could never forgive such a thing, but also concerned because it was the only supernatural hospital in the area. Where else could they and their children get care?

“They will, of course, be held accountable for their part in this. What they have allowed to happen is unforgivable, and we will not remain quiet about it.” Talia declared. “I have already sent messages to the other packs that use it, as well as to the residential coven. It will get around to others from there.”

There was a surge of some that said that was too easy, and others who argued that they needed to focus on getting Orson instead of getting revenge on the hospital.

The ring of Talia’s phone interrupted them, and the room went silent as she answered and shared terse words with their emissary.

Peter listened as the emissary explained that the Lore pack’s own emissary had met him before he could get to the border, and that a meeting had been set up the next day at a park outside of both of their territories.

“This is good!” Fucking Aaron enthused, and a few others followed suit. Peter scowled at the useless, brainless bunch.

“This is *not* good, because right now we’re walking into a situation that is completely under their control. We have no idea what they want with the baby, or even why they’ve decided to graciously allow us to meet with them.” He snapped, and fucking Aaron flushed an ugly red.

“Maybe Jason just acted on his own, like maybe he had a mental breakdown, so now they’re just giving the baby back!” He protested, and Peter rolled his eyes so violently it hurt.

“Yes, all of this was a big misunderstanding. Which is why our pack is *accidentally* unable to even step foot onto their territory.”

Everyone grumbled as they thought this over, but they could easily see Peter’s point.

“Peter,” Talia interrupted his smug silence quietly, and he instantly stood to attention, “You’ll come with Laura and myself tomorrow. Angie, you too,” She commanded of her second in command and younger sister. “Jeremy, stay here and contact as many other packs as you can to explain the situation. And if any of them seem to agree with stealing a pack’s child from them, make sure you spread their names as well.” Her husband nodded.

“Oh, and Peter,” She said almost sweetly, which had his back stiffening instantly, “*Do not* bring Stiles with you this time.”

“Of course, *Alpha*,” He simpered, earning a tense smile before he turned on his heel, following the path of Stiles’ scent – the smell of his deodorant and laundry detergent and Cheetos – until he found him.

“—so this knot is really good if you have to – for *some reason*, I don’t know – tie someone up. Like...”

“A bad guy!”

“Derek!”

Two small voices piped up at the same time, and Stiles cackled.

“Both of those are *superb* answers.”

Peter walked out to the back porch to see Stiles surrounded by all of the pack’s un-stolen children, beaming in a way that looked quite fetching on his incredibly stupid face. Peter couldn’t help the small smile that briefly appeared on his face, though he quickly made it a smirk before anyone could see him and notice that he was more fond of the man than his family thought he was.

“I wonder what this says about what my family thinks of you,” Peter pondered as he approached the small gathering, though he knew exactly what it meant. He’d have to be stupid to not.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Stiles smirked up at him, rolling his eyes, “Maybe that I’m trusted and loved?”

Oliver, who was sitting a bit closer to Stiles than the rest of the kids, coughed.

Peter huffed out a quiet laugh, and offered his hand to help Stiles up. “I’m taking Stiles home now.” He informed the children, who all “*aw*”ed and pouted.

“Don’t fret, midgets, I’ll be back eventually! Your family hasn’t been able to get rid of me yet.”

They left to a chorus of tiny-voiced goodbyes and overeager waves, which Stiles returned up until their car was out of sight.

“So,” Peter hummed as they drove away, “What was their excuse for sticking you outside with the children?”

“They didn’t. They just told me to go outside and then very unsubtly locked the door behind me.” Stiles said chipperly. “Then after a bit they shoved the kids out too. We had a *grand* old time.”

Peter snorted. “Knotting skills today? What’ll it be next time?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Probably the best way to tell convincing lies.” Stiles snickered, and Peter didn’t bother to stop his fond smile.

“So, what’s the 4-1-1 on the kidnapped baby? Are you going to get any law enforcement involved? They’re usually pretty adept and, you know, *enforcing the law*.”

“Not until we know what they’ve done. They’ve blocked our pack from their territory so there’s no telling what else they might have done. We can’t get humans involved unless we know it will be safe to do so.”

“Mmm. And what’s the plan?”

Peter sneered, “To walk right into whatever trap they’ve laid for us.”

“Fun!” Stiles enthused, frowning out the window.

“Well,” Peter said casually, a hand going over to Stiles’ thigh and squeezing briefly, “That’s the *pack’s* plan.” He said smugly, flicking his eyes over to see the light of interest in the younger man’s eyes and the smirk dancing on his lips.

“*Fun*.” Stiles murmured.

The park was not completely empty, which was reassuring and concerning all at the same time. There were children playing on playground equipment a ways off, and people and dogs dotting the grass and benches. It wasn’t crowded, but there were certainly enough people to discourage a scene.

Sadly, there were more than enough people to cause a problem if there *was* a scene.

They met in the middle of the unused soccer field, as conspicuous as they could ever be but they needed to make sure that there were as few tricks involved as possible. The Lore pack seemed to be there in almost its entirety, and front and center there was Jason holding a swaddled, sleeping bundle that had Laura gasping and leaning on her younger sister for strength.

“Charles. Amy. *Jason*.” Talia greeted stiffly, barely holding on to ceremony. Jason and his parents, who were standing proudly at either side of him, smiled smugly. Like they had already won. Like they had something up their sleeves, and Peter immediately knew that this was not going to end in any way that Talia had planned.

“Talia.” They all smirked back, though Amy Lore was the one speaking for them, “We’ve come to give you a chance to take the little darling back with you.”

Everyone stiffened, sensing a trap, but when Jason held out the baby Laura couldn’t stop herself from going forward and reaching out to take her son. But as soon as Jason had sat the baby in her arms Laura jerked back with a ragged cry of pain, the baby dropping into Jason’s waiting arms.

The baby began to cry, jostled from its nap, and Laura watched with wide, anguished eyes as her child was pulled away from her, the skin of her arms blistering terribly where she had momentarily held him.

Talia pulled her back to the safety of her pack and worriedly looked her over.

“Now, do you think anyone will give you a baby you’ll just drop?” Jason asks his wife sweetly, smiling blandly at her tear filled look of betrayal. “You call the cops and all they’ll do is give him right back to me as soon as you let him go.”

Angie had to hold back Cora from attacking the pack opposite them, though she looked moments away from letting go and joining the girl.

“And it’ll do the same for all of the rest of your pack. Every single one of them. It’s a blood spell, so there’s no going around it, and we’ve included all the ones that have married in to your pack as well. So I’m sure you can tell what would be best to do now, can’t you?” He told them, smugly boasting of his slimy little plan just before the Lore pack turned to begin walking away.

“Why?” Laura screamed after them, “Why would you do this?”

But they didn’t even look back, and the woman collapsed with a wail of grief.

Peter could quite happily say he was almost certain he had never been as mad as he was right that moment. His pack had been attacked, and one of his family had been stolen.

It was absolutely and utterly unforgivable.

“What are we going to do?” Derek worried, shooting a concerned glance up the stairs to where Laura had fled – just like when she’d been a teenager and had gotten her heart broken, though not nearly so petty, Peter thought.

“It’s a spell of some sort, so we’ll need to figure out what it is and how to negate it. Deaton?” Talia asked her emissary, and the man shook his head.

“Nothing I’ve seen before, but I will look.” He promised. The alpha nodded.

“Right, then. Let’s figure out how to get Orson back once we’ve broken the spell.” She declared, and the pack was quick to get to work. As they hurried to share ideas and half-baked plans some realized suspiciously that Peter was being quiet for once in his life, which put them even closer to the edge they balanced on.

Then, as he heard a familiar car come up the drive, a slow smirk spread on the man’s lips.

“I think you’ll find all of this has been unnecessary.” He announced, earning a venomous look from Talia.

“Peter,” She hissed, “I swear if he steps a foot in this house right now-“

“Oh, sister dear, try not to be such a bitch and he might just help you.” He interrupted, slipping past her to meet Stiles at the door. The younger man burst in with his usual energy, talking a mile a minute and waving his hands wildly in the air.

“So, I managed to break in to the Lore place – seriously, all of you guys are way too lax on your security, stop acting like it’s impossible to get past your werewolf senses – and found the book after a bit of poking around. Also, a nice pen, so I got you a present, babe. I took pictures because it would be *idiotic* to try and steal the thing, and I’m getting them translated right now.” He announced as he pushed past his lover and walked right into the lion’s – or, more aptly, *werewolf’s* – den.

“Hey everyone! By the way, I know you’re werewolves.” Stiles announced with a happy smile, and they all existed in a state of complete silence and shock for a moment before they exploded.

Stiles ducked behind Peter as some enraged members of the family surged forward and tried to grab him, and before anyone could get any wise ideas about trying to get through Peter the man quickly shifted and growled, immediately cowing his family.

All except Talia, who immediately got in her younger brother’s face.

“How *dare* you,” She hissed, “How dare you tell our secrets, betray your family! You know the rules and you also know that I would have *never* agreed to telling him!”

“Really now, Talia,” Peter drawled, though there was a furiously glint in his eyes, “He knew about the supernatural long before we even met. He has a little kitsune friend.”

Seeing the truth of what he said, hearing it in his heart, Talia redirected her glare to over the man’s shoulder, making Stiles flinch back a bit from just how venomous her eyes were.

“Even so, how did he find out-“

“You guys are *seriously* unsubtle.” Stiles huffed, rolling his eyes, subtly holding tight to the back of Peter’s shirt with a hand that trembled slightly, “Derek’s partially shifted at least three times in front of me, and you guys don’t even bother to hide your strength or your pack hierarchy. You just assumed I’d be too dumb or, I don’t know, drunk on Peter’s dick to notice.”

The room was silent for a moment as everyone digested this.

“And, as I was saying, I’ve got a guy on the pages of the book. It’s in Arabic, so I called in a favor from someone I used to tutor in college. It should only take another hour, at most.” He told the room, as if they should know what he was talking about.

“And what is he talking about, Peter?” Talia asked, and Peter grinned sharply at her, though Stiles answered before he could, tone like the crack of a whip because he was tired of these people pretending like he didn’t exist. It was funny to a point, and they had just passed that point.

“Well, since your plan was absolute shit, Peter and I decided to come up with something with a bit of thought put to it. So while you distracted the Lore pack I broke into their main pack house and found the most likely book – the one they had laying out on the fucking desk, open to a bookmarked page in front of a recently drawn blood circle.” He rolled his eyes at their idiocy. “But I double checked, and translated the title of the spell to make sure.”

“How did you even manage that?” Angie asked scathingly, no one happy to be outshone by Stiles. The younger man shot the woman a very condescending look.

“I’m not stupid, so I went to a witch I know and got her to make me scent blocker. Everything else came from a lifetime of doing illegal shit and being good at it because my dad would *kill* me if I was caught.”

“So you disobeyed-“ Talia started, but Peter interrupted her swiftly.

“No, sister dear. You never told me I couldn’t come up with a better plan than just going along with what the *kidnappers* came up with. You just told me that I couldn’t take Stiles to the meeting, and I didn’t. Instead he went and did something that actually helps the situation. We’re certainly doing better than we were when we were just waiting to see what Deaton thought.” He said derisively, and Talia growled, getting into his face and they stared each other down, both furious.

“Well, if you two are done with that, Omar’s gotten back to me and he said he’s translated the pages.” Stiles interrupted, looking down at his phone. Talia and Peter continued their little fight for dominance for a moment before Peter finally looked away.

“And we’re just going to trust him?” Fucking Aaron called out, earning himself a murmur of agreement from the simpletons in the room, “He’s been lying to us since the very start! What if it was to get in to trick us just like Jason did?”

“If I was going to do that, I would have cared whether or not you lot actually liked me or not, you idiot.” Stiles told the man like he was particularly slow, and since he was one of Peter’s least favorite nephews – which was saying a lot – the man couldn’t be anything but gleeful about that. “And I wouldn’t have gone for *Peter* out of all of you lot. I would have gone for somebody at least even a bit stupid and easy to trick. Not this asshole.” He snorted, jerking his head over toward his boyfriend of over a year.

The older man hid a smile behind his usual sneer, and the disgustingly sweet fondness he felt for Stiles behind the unfeeling façade his family believed.

“So would you please all get your heads out from each other’s asses? Because right now you are choosing your poor little wounded pride over a literally kidnapped baby held by people who have already practiced at least one blood ritual on it, and I, *for some reason*, feel like you’re choosing the wrong horse to pull that carriage of yours.” Stiles bit out, and as he

shoved forward the Hales parted around him easily, because when the situation was put like *that* it certainly made them look more than a little selfish.

Stiles flopped onto the couch, and one side was quickly occupied by Cora while his other was filled not even a second later by Peter, the two of them almost guarding him from the rest of their family. Talia shot a look at her daughter to attempt to get her to move, but the woman doggedly ignored her until Talia just sat imperiously on the coffee table in front of the human.

“What did you find?” The alpha asked, so even and exact with her words that the room could almost feel how close she was to lashing out.

“The spell bookmarked was something they wouldn’t have been able to do because it says that there needs to be a new moon for you to complete the ritual and that won’t be for another thirteen days. So, that’s a bit of good timing on the date of birth.” Stiles said as he rapidly read over the translation he’d been sent.

“What is it? What are they trying to do?” Cora asked quietly, strung so tight she was almost vibrating from the tension, picking the nail polish off her nails in a nervous habit that had always annoyed Peter because she’d always get the chips all over the carpet and furniture. He generously decided not to say anything, though, due to the circumstances.

“So, I looked into the Lore pack *ages* ago, when they were being so suspicious only an idiot wouldn’t notice.” He says cockily, to which the entire pack growls and promptly goes ignored, “And some fun little tidbits of information turn up once you start looking in to their going ons. Like the fact that there are about a hundred people in the pack proper, but the majority of those are above the age of fifty and there has only been two babies born in the past ten years. And when you ask the right circles, you learn there’s a nifty little rumor about infertility and sterility running rampant because of a witch they double crossed about forty years ago. It doesn’t affect everyone, it would be difficult to cast that powerful a spell, but it’s affected enough to have to pack close to dying out within a couple generations. And so, as always with old, rich families, they start panicking.”

“After probably *years* of searching, they must have found this spell,” He gestures with his phone, “Which promises to strengthen the bloodline and rid all infertility. All that’s needed is new, very young blood from a strong family. And who is stronger than the Hales?” Stiles asks as everyone pales, “Two wolves who can fully shift into a wolf in the alpha family, enough kids that you can form your own *league*. You are one of the strongest and most respected packs in America.”

“They’re going to kill him?” Talia whispers raggedly, and Peter is suddenly very, very glad that Laura had gone upstairs.

“Who? Oh! Oh, shit, no. They need him alive. The spell will feed off of him until he dies, preferably of old age, and by then his life force will have defeated the previous spell.” Stiles shrugged, a little embarrassed at what his wording had caused. “So the spell, it has to be done on a baby’s first full moon, and it won’t hurt the baby. Which... Bright side!” He weakly enthuses as everyone stares at him.

“He didn’t want to plan the wedding.” A quiet voice announced, and everyone whirled around to see Laura leaning dejectedly in the doorway. “He didn’t care when we chose the house or the nursery or... Even Orson’s name. It was always whatever I wanted.” She looks down, wrapping her arms around her stomach in search of comfort. “I thought he just... But I guess it was because he just didn’t care. He knew that he was just going to leave as soon as he had the baby.”

“But, they were willing to do this for so long,” Angie pointed out, hoping to find something that would maybe show Laura hadn’t been *completely* used, “If they figured he was sterile like everyone else there must have been something...”

“No, they just needed Hale blood. So they just needed to get in a trusted enough position to take any baby after it was born, and you guys have kids so often he wouldn’t have been waiting long.” Stiles said absentmindedly as he read through something on his phone, not really realizing how deep he was twisting the knife. “Really, it was just a happy coincidence for them that he was able to get you pregnant. After all, who’s more trusted than one of the parents?”

Laura sobs and Stiles suddenly remembers that this is not how regular people treat someone whose child had just been kidnapped by their apparently evil liar of a husband. Normal people just say they’re sorry, or something.

“Umm...” He looks around at all of the furious Hales, and even Peter looks like he’s getting a bit genuinely annoyed, which is what really lets Stiles know that he took it a step or two too far. “So, I also know what spell they likely used to keep you guys off their territory.” Talia glares, and Stiles takes that as the command to continue it definitely was.

“So I got in contact with this witch I know and I asked her about what spell would most likely be able to keep out so many people from such a large area, and she told me it’s, surprise, a blood spell. It doesn’t actually need your blood though, so that’s a bit of a deceptive title. They only needed a bit of your guys’ DNA and threw it all in a pot and then, bam! None of you can get where they don’t want you to be. They’ve probably been gathering everything over time at family gatherings and stuff like that. You guys do have those dinners every full moon, and that would be the perfect time to get it since you’d all probably be distracted and you weren’t suspicious of him.”

“What about you?” Angie snapped, “You were able to get through, but you’ve been here before.”

“Uh, yeah. Twice before this happened, and both times I don’t even think we were in the same room for longer than five minutes. You guys *literally* hate me, so it wouldn’t make sense for him to hang around me, and he probably, quite frankly, figured that you’d never sink so low and ask me for help.” He stated simply, and a few people looked uncomfortable at what he had so casually said. After all, while they *did* hate him, being called out on it wasn’t a great feeling.

“And the fact that Laura can’t even hold her son?” Talia asked, frankly unbothered by the fact that Stiles knew that he was unwanted. After all, it was true.

“My witch had an opinion on this, too. She said they probably used your gathered DNA again, but this time cast a spell that’s usually only done on objects people don’t want to be stolen or messed with by other people. Anyone who touches it will get blistered and burned by the spelled object in order to persuade them not to touch it. It seems that the Lore’s have taken this and applied it to a baby.”

“Will it hurt him?” Cora asked quietly, staring hardly back at Stiles when he blinked at her in shock, “The spell, since it’s usually used on things and not people. Will it hurt Orson?”

“No. It actually used to be used on people, once upon a time. Back when women were seen as objects and men wanted to keep them untouched by everyone else, so they’d do it so that only *they* could touch them. So... You know, same views as today. Which is fun. Man, I hope this isn’t still in use.” Stiles muttered to himself, texting his witch quickly to ask.

“So what do we have to do?” Some random cousin asked quietly, and even though everyone looked to Talia Stiles decided to answer.

“Well, the first thing would be to get rid of the spell locking you guys out, and getting the baby. And *then* you’d have to execute your revenge in a way that is an appropriate punishment, and hopefully not too illegal.” Stiles shrugged.

“How though? It will take forever to find an ally willing to go through the barrier and risk themselves on what is obviously a plan that has been in the works for years, and then coming up with the plan itself...” Angie worried, and Talia pressed her lips thinly together as she listened to everyone spew their thoughts on the matter all at once.

“The Quill pack! They’re-“

“What else can they do? If they have all of our DNA? What spells could they-“

“No, No, the Kwon pack! They’ll *definitely* help!”

“I can’t believe someone would do this! We have to make sure-“

“-teach them not to mess with the Hale pack, and definitely not our kids-“

Peter sighed at the cacophony of it all and politely – in a way that was so sarcastic it almost hurt – cleared his throat.

“I think that I’ll give all of you the benefit of the doubt this *once* for not seeing the answer right in front of your faces.” Peter informed them pleasantly, the group growing uncomfortable at the glint in the man’s eyes. He wasn’t handling this situation any better than they were, but he was just planning on doing something a bit more constructive with his feelings than *fretting*.

And this was the reason why he was the pack’s enforcer, and not just another Hale among the crowds.

“Who?” Talia asked, already knowing the answer, and Peter elegantly motioned to Stiles who in turned wiggled his fingers at the watching crowd.

“He’s already been able to get into the house undetected, and we know that the Lore pack doesn’t have anything of his to work with. They underestimate him just like you do, so they won’t see him coming.” Peter laid out clearly, pausing for a moment so small that no one that hadn’t been in a relationship with him for over a year would notice, and Stiles knew a cue when he saw one.

“I’d go in just like I did the last time, and I’d do one of two things. Either first I grab the baby, and then I go find the bucket of your guys’ hair they have in a blood circle powering the barrier, or I find the bucket first and then get the baby.”

“The baby-“

“Orson-“

“He-“

“And see, I knew you would say that,” Stiles interrupted, “But you’re going to have to think big picture here. I *could* grab the baby first, but then I’d be running around the house with a crying, extremely noticeable *baby* and I wouldn’t have a way out. However, if I get the hair bucket first, I can get to him before they notice anything wrong. Hopefully.”

The family considers him for a moment, not liking him and not liking the situation and definitely not liking the two mushed together, but Talia was the alpha. So when Talia stood up to nod once, sharply at the man, they accepted the inevitable.

“If you fail, know that I will tear your fingers out one by one before doing the same to each of your limbs.” She threatened lowly, and nothing could have stopped the speeding of Stiles’ heart.

“Are you sure you’ll be okay?” Oliver fretted, gripping the steering wheel of the generic car they’d rented, stopped just at the point where the barrier started. There was already a car seat in the back, one of the ones you could pull out to be a carrier for convenience.

Especially convenient if you might have to ditch the car and run for your life from a pack of werewolves.

“Don’t you worry about little old me,” Stiles teased, hoping that the sixteen year old was strong enough to do what he had to when Stiles came racing out, baby in the back seat.

“It’s just... I...” The boy squeaked, flushing beet red and staring at Stiles like he desperately wanted to say something Stiles knew he’d regret in a few years, once all his hormones had cooled down.

“Hey,” Stiles said gently, squeezing the boy’s shoulder comfortingly and leaving the hand there to brace him, “You’ve done great. You texted all that information to me at the meeting,

and that means you're the one that's made all this happen. You're the one that's going to be saving the baby. I'm just the shmuck that's gonna pick up a baby and carry it out of the house." Stiles shrugged. "So really, your job has been harder than mine."

"But--"

"You've done great, kid." Stiles tells him frankly, watching to make sure the boy understood. The teen looked away, "And now I'm going to go try to live up to your example."

Oliver nodded and Stiles waited until he had slipped out of the car before turning around to stare at the grumpy man in the back seat. "You too, sunshine."

"What, no touching speech for me?" Derek grumped, and Stiles rolled his eyes.

"No, I'm pretty sure that once I get back here whoever might be following me won't even be able to get past the giant stick up your ass, so you'll do great." Derek scowled and Stiles waited another beat. "So... That means you can go. I said a sarcastic but truthful thing that will leave you butt hurt – 'cus of the stick, of course – for the next hour, so now you get out of the car." Stiles told him slowly, and the man's glare was so hot it could have melted solid steel.

"The door. Is locked." Derek grit out, muscles bulging from the effort of holding himself back, "You have child lock on."

"Oh!" Stiles gasped, getting out of the car to open the door for Derek, making sure he was out of the way as Derek burst out of the cage he had accidentally been trapped in.

"Well... Good luck!" Stiles cheerfully wished, getting back into the car and speedily leaving the two Hales in his dust.

It wasn't all that difficult to sneak onto a pack's territory, Stiles had found, especially when they were cocky little ducks who assumed magic would do most of the work for them. All he had to do was park in the parking lot of a hair salon that sat just at the edge of the Lore woods, and slip on all of his charms, and he was golden.

After all, according to most werewolves there was nothing stupid little humans could do. They'd never suspect a thing.

He had a charm for stealth that would hide the sounds of his footsteps quite nicely and one to hide his scent, two necklaces he hid under his shirt. He also had a stamina charm around his ankle that he would swear up and down was for running once he got the baby, but saying he *didn't* have plans for it later was certainly a lie.

The hike through the woods was forty awful nature filled minutes, five of which involved him having to shimmy up and then back down a tree when he noticed a bored looking woman walking close by on patrol. But he finally managed to come across the stupid mansion of a house the Lore's inhabited, and it was time for the real magic to happen.

Stiles knew a lot of things. Fun things, boring things, and incredibly useful things.

Fun thing: Muhammed Ali and Prince were both big fans of the other, and when they met they taught each other magic tricks.

Boring thing: a jiffy is actually a unit of time. It is 1/60th of a second.

Incredibly useful thing: the Lore mansion was a historic home recognized by the town's historical society. As such, all renovations had to be approved by them, and they kept them on record. So, say that they had wanted to expand the kitchen and update the plumbing and electrical seven years ago? Well, all it would take was an ingenious Stiles, and you could have those blue prints lickity split.

Stiles knew the best place for a blood spell like the one creating the barrier would be as close to the earth as you could get it, so the cellar made the most sense, and there was only one way in, which was through a door in the butler's pantry.

So, now for some stealth skills.

The windows were unlocked because why would they bother to lock them? It was a house of werewolves in the middle of magically protected woods. So it was easy enough to slip into the formal dining room since it was almost guaranteed that no one would be using it and listen carefully for any passing wolves.

He could hear a TV going, definitely a rerun of The Real Housewives of Atlanta because Stiles remembered this exact part of the episode. He and Peter had watched it a week ago. Which was good, because all the screaming would help to cover what little sound he still made despite the charm.

The butler pantry was connected to the dining room, which made it easy enough to get to unnoticed. As he slipped through the cellar door, he made sure to leave it open a crack, and walked carefully down the old stairs, placing his feet as close to where it was secured to the wall to minimize creaking.

And whelp, it sure was nice to be right.

Right in front of him on the cracking concrete of the floor was a large circle painted with baby yellow paint – leftover from the baby's nursery, most likely. No reason to go out and buy new paint when you already had some lying around. In the middle of dozens of spider-webbing lines and strings of somewhat good Egyptian hieroglyphs was a map of the town, with a purple plastic mixing bowl filled with hair, tissues, and q-tips – ew – sat in the middle.

There was a way to do this with finesse, Stiles figured. A way to make sure one hundred percent that nothing would go wrong.

But it wasn't like he had time for that, so he just pulled out his pocket knife and knelt to scrape a hieroglyph off the floor – the one that protected the spell from tampering, hopefully, since there was no time for him to double check – and reached out to pull the bowl to him.

Luckily there was no magical consequences, so he'd done that right, but then he was left holding a bowl full of Hale-bits and he couldn't help but gag because it was so gross. Hair

and wet stuff and tissues and *ugh*. He needed to get rid of it all so that the spell wouldn't be able to be enacted again, but he didn't exactly have the time now that a small army of angry Hales were rampaging their way to the house, so he just had to carry it, trying his best to ignore the bowl of gag-me-this-is-gross in his arms as he snuck up the stairs with it in his arms.

Stiles had been worried about finding the baby in such a large house, knowing that if he went around opening every bedroom door he'd inevitably get caught or come across someone who would be able to easily overpower him and the entire plan would then be fucked three ways to Sunday. But he'd forgotten how obvious people were with babies, and he could barely stop himself from laughing at the very obnoxious nursery rhyme that he could hear once he'd reached the second floor. Following the music to its source Stiles soon found himself looking down at a baby in the most pretentious nursery he'd ever been in, realizing that he hadn't really thought through the logistics of how he was going to escape with a *baby*.

The baby's face was quick to scrunch up, sensing the stranger standing over him, and so Stiles quickly fumbled out a pacifier he'd brought that was coated in a baby friendly sedative and popped it into the kid's mouth. The magic of it was luckily fast acting and so Stiles soon only had to deal with a sleeping, peaceful baby, and not a screaming, attention grabbing demon.

As Stiles readied himself he had a moment to think, *wow, I shouldn't be crawling out the window and down the side of the house while wearing a baby in a chest-carrier*, but he was practically famous for doing things he shouldn't and so that thought was almost easy to ignore. The bowl of gross junk was also an added problem, but after a moment he just shoved it into a nearby diaper bag and slung that over his shoulder before beginning his careful climb down.

Once he was on the ground he didn't really bother with taking a slow and careful pace, what with the pack of very angry Hales probably moments away from arriving to wreak havoc and take their revenge. Stiles ran, wrapping his arms around the baby to further support it because baby's needed their necks and everything supported or whatever, and running might hurt it. He tried his best and hoped that he wouldn't run into any resistance, because he *really* didn't need the situation to become even more complicated.

Of course this meant that halfway through the forest an angry Lore werewolf who had been on a patrol jumped into his path, growling and furious as he noticed the baby strapped to Stiles' chest.

"Nope!" The human yelped, scrambling out of the way and running as fast as he could, one hand to the baby to keep it supported and the other moving to keep branches and brambles from hitting his face.

The baby was obviously the only reason he wasn't being immediately torn to pieces, the sleeping child forcing the werewolf to hesitate and question his every move in fear of hurting the last hope of the pack. So Stiles pressed this to his advantage when he could, twisting so that the baby was between him and the Lore-wolf as frequently as possible, unashamedly using the infant as a human shield. It wasn't like the guy was going to hurt the baby, after all.

It was only a matter of time, though, before the werewolf caught him what with his superior strength, reflexes, and speed. The dick.

What Stiles needed was a werewolf of his own. One with big strong arms, too much attitude, and an ass you could bounce quarters off. Someone that always had to make the most dramatic entrance possible, because just before the werewolf at his back lunged Stiles heard an all too familiar growl that had him grinning and ducking out of the way as Peter leapt over his head and tackled the enemy werewolf.

Stiles laughed and continued running, pressing the baby close to his chest so that it wasn't too badly jostled as he ran for his car, which he soon reached without incident.

The real problem came when he tried to get the baby into the car seat, because how the *fuck* did you use that shit? There were too many buckles and straps and no instructions for use. But, after a bit too much cursing and pinched fingers, Stiles eventually managed to get the limp baby secured safely and was on his way back to safety, stopping only a moment at the border of where the barrier used to be to pick up a waiting Oliver and Derek.

"I'm so glad you're okay." Oliver breathed, wide eyes taking in the baby in the back seat even as he addressed Stiles, obviously wanting to reach out and assure himself that his newest pack member was safe but knowing the consequences for doing so. Derek did as well, but he still reached out and brushed a finger down one red cheek, pulling back with a hiss and cradling his burned hand when the spell reacted.

"It's okay, we'll have that fixed soon." Stiles reassured them, hoping his heart didn't skip because they needed to be sure, even if he wasn't. From the grateful look Oliver shot him, the almost lie had thankfully not been too obvious. But spells, especially blood spells, were tricky and a bit unpredictable when you tried to reverse them, and the consequences could sometimes be severe, so he hoped that everyone's expectations weren't too high. It would have been nearly impossible to get a witch or druid to agree to reverse the spell without heavy incentive, which was why Stiles was glad that the Hales had that Deaton guy. Willing to do the work and skeezy enough that he wouldn't be missed if something went wrong. Which it probably would.

Stiles pulls up to the Hale house to the sight of an anxious Laura waiting on the porch, looking as frazzled and frantic as Stiles had ever seen the usually perfect and prim woman. She's running to them before they're even parked, hair tangled and eyes wild, fidgeting anxiously as Stiles gets Orson's carrier out of the car.

She sobs, shaking hands reaching out to touch the still sleeping – oh man, Stiles might have used too much sedative – baby. Stiles lets her, only so that she can burn herself and remember *why* Stiles was the one carting her spawn around. The side effect of this, however, is that she cries even more.

"I've got you, Laura." Derek whispered, gathering his sister to him gently and holding her up as Stiles uncomfortably made his way to the Hale House. He *really* had to try and be less of a dick in these trying times. It was just *really* hard.

“Oh, good, you’re here.” Deaton said evenly when Stiles entered the house, looking unruffled and unhurried as he stood over the spell circle he had drawn on the floor.

“Yeah, sorry it took me so long to *unkidnap* this *baby* from a pack of deranged *werewolves*.” Stiles spit out, already tired of the man after the two whole conversations they had had, placing the carrier in the middle of the circle with a huff. Deaton just hummed, uninterested in Stiles’s sarcasm. The vet leans over to attempt to touch the baby, but pulls back with a hiss when his finger begins to burn just like everyone else’s.

“You’ll have to handle him, I can’t touch him. And, also, pull off some strands of hair and mix them in with this here,” He ordered, gesturing to a mortar and pestle that already had some redish-brown gunk inside of it.

“Yeah, how about asking instead of being a dick.” Stiles told him, waiting stubbornly for the man to pause and blankly meet his gaze.

“Please,” Deaton said flatly, obviously uncaring and just going through the motions, “Gather a few strands of Orson’s hair and add it to the mixture I’ve already created.”

“Thank you.” Stiles sniffed, haughtily going over to the baby and wincing as he – carefully as he could – pulled a few strands of the kid’s hair out.

“You’ve just had a shit day, haven’t you, bud?” Stiles asked the baby quietly as he carefully patted the remaining wisps of hair back down. “It’ll be over with soon, though, and you won’t even remember how cool I was when I saved you.” Stiles whispered, but even so the vet seemed to hear him if the roughly cleared throat meant anything.

Stiles hadn’t done too much magic in the years he’d been involved in the supernatural, though he’d been told that he had a natural hand for it. He’d helped out in a fertility ritual for a lovely druid couple a few years back, which had been wild, and when his witch contacts had needed help he’d made himself available in exchange for a few favors, but other than that he had only learned about various spells and rituals, not actually participated in them.

And shit, magic was hard.

He had to grind up the hairs into the poultice and then move aside so that Deaton could wave his hands over the mixture a few times. The room had to be cleansed, *twice*, and then the poultice had to be painted on the floor in an intricate designs that were then copied on the baby once it had been stripped naked.

“Even the diaper?” Stiles had asked.

“Even the diaper.” Deaton confirmed, which didn’t really make sense from a cleanliness point of view, but whatever. Naked baby on the floor.

The Hales that were at the house were all looming in the doorway, biting their nails and constantly asking sharp little questions that Stiles *tried* not to snap at, after all they were anxious, but god, they were all annoying.

Whatever. He could be the bigger person.

“Be *careful*.” Laura snapped at him when he tripped over his own feet when he was on the complete other side of the room from the baby, just waiting for Deaton to stop his fourth round of chanting before he continued on with the physical aspects of the spell.

“Eat my dick.” He snapped back, because apparently he could not be the bigger person. Which was fine, some people found it charming. Or, Peter found it charming, which was good enough.

“We’ll need to wait for all of the pack to come back,” Deaton said calmly before they could get into a fight. “We need some hair from everyone to finish the spell.”

“But that could be *hours*.” Laura croaked, sounding like they had just stabbed her in the chest and then twisted the knife. “He- He needs to be fed, and he needs a bath to get their smell off of him, and he needs...” She was shaking, staring down at the baby – who was finally waking up, thank god.

“Does it need to be hair?” Stiles asked, and Deaton blinked at him slowly, like he was unsure if he wanted to answer.

And wow, the Hales thought *he* was a dick.

“As long as it’s their DNA anything would work.” He said carefully, and Stiles nodded.

“Alright. Derek, go get that diaper bag I left in the car.” Stiles ordered. The man just scowled and seemed to root himself to that spot.

“Why should I?” He growled, rooting himself to that spot. Stiles rolled his eyes.

“*Ohmygod*, dude, I am literally just trying to help.” Stiles groaned.

“What’s in the bag?” Another Hale snapped, and Stiles was *super* tempted to just tear out his hair and say fuck it to every Hale. He’d just take the baby back to the baby kidnappers, since it wasn’t like anyone could actually stop him.

“A bomb, for fucks sake. A motherfucking baby killing bomb! What the fuck do you think it is?”

“Here.” Laura growled, appearing from where she had reappeared, shoving the diaper bag she had fetched from the car to him. “Do what you need to.”

That silenced all of the furious werewolves around him, and Stiles took a moment just to look at the woman in front of him. He didn’t see an ally, she obviously still didn’t like him and probably never would, but he saw someone who was willing to recognize that he was the only person who could help them at this moment and that was more than the rest of them could say.

So he took it with a nod, turning to hold it out to Deaton.

“This is everything the Lore pack used in their spells.” He told the man, who looked at the bag full of Hale bits and trash and grimaced.

Thankfully, since it didn’t involve physical contact with the baby, Stiles could let Deaton handle this part.

“Oh, *gross*.” Oliver gagged once Deaton started pulling out que-tips and tissues and pieces of hair, putting them all back in the mixing bowl they’d been in originally.

Stiles was told to hold the bowl over the now fully awake baby, and as he got into position he was warned, “Don’t drop it.”

“Wha-“ Stiles started to ask, but then he was cut off by his own scream as Deaton *set the bowl on fucking fire*.

He didn’t move though, his muscles all locking up as some hind-brain part of himself recognized the danger of fire so close to the baby. The baby started to screech, high, hysterical screeches due to the shock of the sudden explosion that had happened just above it, and the markings Stiles had put on its belly glowed bright red before sinking into his skin, which made the poor thing cry even louder.

Laura tore out of Derek’s restraining arms and threw herself towards her son, shoving Stiles and Deaton out of the way and scooping the screaming baby up into her arms. She pulled him close, curling over him protectively, and she shuddered when there was no burning pain or reaction from the spell, a full body reaction as she was finally allowed to hold her son for the first time.

The pack all gathered close, curling over the mother and child protectively, and Stiles silently slipped out to sit on the front porch steps.

As every Hale arrived Stiles told them, “It’s fine, we fixed him.” And they all ran into the house to double check and solidify the new pack bond, not saying a word to the human man, just rushing in and filling the house with sounds of tears and laughter and relief.

Stiles leaned against the railing of the porch steps and waited as dusk crept up on him, wasting time by catching up on the dozen or so texts he’d gotten throughout his grand adventure and doing some light research for a druid contact through a few of his connections he could reach fairly easily.

He stops to watch as one last car drives up, a line of Hale cousins barrel past to leave a much more sedately paced Peter, who strolled up the driveway like he was in a fucking fashion shoot. The most annoying thing was that the asshole did it while looking aloof and sexy and only slightly bloodied, which was kind of a weird turn-on that Stiles didn’t feel like exploring at the moment.

“Go on,” Stiles told the man, nodding back towards the noisy house, “Go do your werewolf-y bonding shit.”

Peter nodded, still trying to look aloof but none-the-less hurrying into the house, brushing a hand possessively over Stiles' shoulder as he passed in a way that contented the younger man to sit and wait for a while longer.

Twenty minutes later Peter dropped down to sit on the step beside him, the both of them just sitting in silence for a moment to soak in the job well done, staring contemplatively out at the darkening woods around them.

"Do you want kids?" The younger man asked, almost out of nowhere. Peter seemed to choke a bit beside him.

"Oh, fuck no. I can't stand them." Peter scoffed, and Stiles relaxed.

"Thank *god*." He sighed, collapsing into Peter's side, "I had to hold that baby *so* much and even though it was asleep the whole time I was just like, 'ew.'" Stiles gagged. "I literally realized I have *never* held a child until today, and I decided that it's something I *never* want to repeat. Like, whenever Scotty in his eternal search for a happy cookie-cutter life has a kid I'll just throw money at it and wait until it can talk to do anything with it."

Peter chuckled and leaned back into his boyfriend. "I've been around children plenty. As you've already pointed out, the rest of my *very* sizable and they seem to pop out another baby every time I blink. Frankly, I'm doing a service to the world by not adding more Hales to the mix."

"Overpopulation is a real problem." Stiles agrees.

They sit there for a few moments longer, listening to the sounds of the forest and the murmur of the celebrating Hales inside the house, and Stiles didn't try to rush them into leaving because he figured that Peter wasn't really ready for that yet.

"You know how you jumped over me earlier to get at that other werewolf?" Stiles yawned, settling more fully into Peter's side.

"Yes."

"That was fucking cool. I mean, it wasn't exactly a turn on, but it was close enough, you know?"

Peter laughed, wrapping his arm around his waist to keep him close. "You showing up my family and making them all look like idiotic dicks? *Definitely* a turn on."

Stiles turned his face so that most of his laughter was hidden in the man's almost artfully torn shirt.

"Oh, we've got a few issues, don't we?" He laughed, growing content at Peter's answering chuckle. "Did everything get sorted with the Lores?" He asked, wanting to make sure. He didn't like loose ends.

"We rounded them all up and handed out a few *minor* punishments." Peter confirmed, though he didn't exactly look happy about it, "Talía is against killing as a form of punishment, even

for offenses like this, but we had to do *something*. So we called the local council on them and forced their hand into taking the sniveling little things, so the enforcers came to gather them all up to take them to a tribunal. Most likely the alpha family will be executed, but Talia isn't doing it herself so she's fine with it."

"But it's handled?" Stiles asked quietly. He would ask later for more in depth information on the local werewolf council that apparently had executing power, because for some reason that hadn't come up yet. He'd have to wait until they were out of earshot of the uptight Hales.

"It's handled." He confirmed. "One of the things we do not forgive is stealing another pack's child."

"Yeah, I'm not sure the Lores really thought through the long term, because *someone* was going to get a bit upset about the kidnapping, you know?" Stiles sighed rolling his eyes. Peter hummed in agreement.

The door opens behind them and they turn to see a stern faced Talia step out onto the porch, closing the door behind her and taking a deep breath as she stared down at them.

"Thank you," She sighed, stepping forward and crossing her arms, not looking happy at all to be expressing anything but disdain towards them, but like she was obligated to. It really warmed the cockles of the heart. "You were very helpful. It would have been... a lot harder without you." She allowed, and Stiles huffed.

"Um, it would have literally been impossible?" Stiles pointed out, watching as her face screwed up in distaste, "But, you know, whatever. Always great to feel the bare minimum of appreciation a person can give after a favor."

Talia glares and then turns to glide back into the house, door slamming behind her.

"You know, your family can go eat a bag of dicks." Stiles ground out, throwing himself up from his seat and stomping toward the car, Peter following after.

"I'll have to visit a few more times to make sure everything is really settled." The older man said apologetically as they started the car, and Stiles groaned but knew it would have to happen. "But after that," The man continued, "I say we go on a very long, and *very* far away vacation where we don't even have to think about my family."

"Oooh, I like." Stiles groaned dramatically, taking a moment to drink in the other man's flash of a grin, "Where?"

"Europe?"

"Beach. I want to lay on a beach and drink too much alcohol and ogle hot people playing volley ball while I try not to burn."

"Mmm. Jamaca? The Bahamas? Puerto Rico?"

"*Any* of those. One week minimum." Stiles agreed eagerly, then he snickered as a thought occurred. "Almost like a honeymoon."

Peter makes a noncommittal sound that Stiles *knows* means he didn't find that comment to be the funny throw away that Stiles meant it as, and the younger man takes a moment to consider how his boyfriend was keeping his eyes intently on the road.

And oh, okay. That's how it is.

"Hey, Peter?" Stiles asked lightly, hiding a smile in his hand.

"Yes?" He asks tightly.

"You wanna go on a honeymoon?"

Stiles watches a smile slowly grow on the other mans face, lighting up his stupidly pretty eyes and looking annoyingly beautiful and yeah, okay.

This will be fun.

Chapter End Notes

Goodbye my lovlies, have a lovely day!

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