Sunshine and Rainbows and All That Other Bullshit

by Bunnywest

Summary

According to the books and pamphlets, Stiles has been reading, it’s normal. He wonders if the people who wrote these things have ever actually been pregnant.
Eight more months of this shit

The down side to being pregnant at nineteen, Stiles discovers, is the sheer wealth of people who assume he’s ignorant and unprepared. Hey, he’s completely unprepared, but that doesn’t mean they have to rub it in.

Once word gets out that he’s expecting, he has customers at the bookstore bringing him in pamphlets and books that they assure him will ‘help him prepare.’ One lady even has the gall to call him a “poor motherless chick” and in the next breath say “your maternal instinct must be woefully underdeveloped, dear.”

When he goes home from work and starts ranting to Peter about all the rude, pig-ignorant, opinionated, dickwads that he has to put up with, Peter raises a brow at him, and suggests “So, quit. It’s not like we need the money”.

They’re a ‘we’ now. The thought makes Stiles smile happily. “We don’t, do we? But what the hell would I do all day?”

Peter smirks at him, and licks his lips.

“Jesus, I’m already knocked up, Peter! Ever heard of quit while you’re ahead?”

“Stiles, in approximately eight months, there will be a tiny person living here” Peter points out. “We may never have this chance again. Why not indulge ourselves?”

Stiles looks at him, and blinks. “Shit. We’re having a baby,” he says, and he can’t help the grin that spreads across his face.

Peter realises that it’s the first time that Stiles has actually looked happy about it. He walks over and gently rubs his belly. “And I couldn’t be more thrilled about it, darling,” he tells him, kissing him softly.

Stiles kisses him back, and snuggles into Peter’s arms, humming happily. “Would it make me an omega cliché if I said I wanted to stay home with you?”

“Does it matter, if it’s making us happy?” Peter asks him.

Stiles considers it. “The correct answer is that yes it does, because we don’t want to perpetuate the stereotypes, but the actual answer is Please, please, can I stay home and not put up with those idiots anymore? I’m so damned tired all the time.”

Peter laughs softly. “I don’t know why you would think you need my permission, but I’d certainly enjoy the company, and god knows you could use the sleep.”

According to the books and pamphlets, Stiles has been reading, it’s normal. He wonders if the people who wrote these things have ever actually been pregnant.

You may feel a little tired. This is because your body is doing what an omega body does best, and
helping your little one grow.

A little tired. Right. Stiles is sleeping a solid twelve hours every night, but he’s still waking up exhausted. Often by the time he comes home from work he has an hours nap just to get him through to dinner time. The day before he’d sat down in the lunch room just for a minute and woken up an hour later, cranky and confused. There’d been a note next to him from his boss, saying “When you wake up, take the rest of the day off.”

The man wasn’t stupid enough to wake a pregnant omega.

You may feel the need for increased contact with your alpha. You may find his scent more pleasant than before. Some gentle hugs and scenting your alpha will help.

What they actually mean, Stiles finds, is that he just wants to climb all over Peter and scent him, lick him, and suck his cock. He’d woken the other morning to find that somehow in the night he’d buried his head in Peter’s damned armpit, which should have been disgusting, but instead smelled amazing, and made him feel warm and safe.

Gentle hugs my ass.

There may be a slight increase in the desire for intimacy.

Stiles had actually cried the other day because Peter wasn’t home, and even the precious didn’t satisfy him because it didn’t feel right, it didn’t smell right, it wasn’t his Alpha and he desperately needed to get fucked properly. Peter had come home to find him curled up and sobbing in the middle of the bed, the dildo lying on the other side of the room where Stiles had thrown it in frustration. Stiles had made him promise to never leave the house without fucking him at least once, and Peter had happily agreed as he bent Stiles over the side of the bed and slammed into him again and again until Stiles was sobbing again, happy tears this time.

As your body changes and adapts, muscle cramps may occur. These normally pass quickly and are only mildly uncomfortable.

Which is why Peter comes belting up the stairs two at a time when he hears Stiles shrieking in agony, convinced that he’s seriously injured himself or is losing the baby, only to find Stiles curled up on the bathroom floor, hands around his calf, swearing a blue streak as he tries desperately to loosen the knot in his muscles. Peter thanks every deity out there for werewolf powers as he first drains Stiles’ pain, and then uses his strength to carry him to the bed, lay him out, and work the knots out of both legs. Stiles sighs in relief, and tells him he loves him.

A pregnant omega will often have an increased appetite, which is easily remedied by adding a few small healthy snacks to your diet throughout the day, such as some fruit slices. Try drinking a glass of water first, to see if you are really hungry, or just thirsty.

Good advice, Stiles has found, it by a few small healthy snacks you mean two large serves of curly fries. Or a gallon of ice cream. Or a family pack of fried chicken. Or on one memorable occasion, all three.

He finds a recipe on the internet for battered deep fried bananas. He counts it as fruit slices. He finds that all that drinking a glass of water does is exacerbate his constant need to pee. The birthing books address that as well.

As your little miracle grows, you might find that there is slight pressure on your bladder. You will feel like you need the bathroom, but don’t worry, nine times out of ten the need to urinate is not
genuine, and you can safely wait.

That tenth time’s the bitch, though. Stiles doesn’t even think of leaving the house without peeing at least three times, and he’s been known to get as far as the car door before bolting back inside for a fourth.

And he has eight more months of this shit.

Peter, though.

He loves every minute of it. He loves a needy Stiles nuzzling him, saying “The baby needs to smell you” as he manages to fit his tall frame onto Peter’s lap. He loves the smile that lights up Stiles’ face when he brings him disgustingly delicious fried foods, or candy, or ice cream. He loves running his hands over Stile’s still flat belly, even as the omega bats his hands away softly, telling him “Stop harassing the baby, and harass me instead”.

And he’s happy to fuck him as frequently as he needs, which, it turns out, is pretty damned frequently. Even if it means that sometimes, Peter needs an afternoon nap as well. It’s a sacrifice he’s prepared to make.

He wants to be a good alpha, a supportive alpha. So he also reads the books that people keep giving them, as though the internet doesn’t exist and their twenty year old copy of “Omega in waiting” is the source of all true knowledge.

And maybe he makes a misstep or two along the way. Like buying Stiles the health supplements, the ones that were supposed to provide valuable nutrients without adding calories. Stiles throws the bottle at him, accuses him of calling him fat, and locks himself in the bathroom. When he emerges he’s obviously been crying, and Peter has to spend an half an hour assuring him that no, he didn’t mean that at all, he was just trying to do what the book said, and Stiles is gorgeous whatever his shape or size.

He’s so heartfelt in his apology that Stiles melts before his worried gaze. Damn Peter and his gorgeous blue eyes and stupid sorry face, making it impossible to stay mad. He cuddles up to him and tells him “Ignore those books, Peter. They’re all fucking useless. I just wish someone would write a realistic guide to pregnancy, that’s all. I can’t be the only one who wants the facts without all the sunshine and rainbows and all that other bullshit.”

Peter arches a brow speculatively, and looks at him. “You could write it.”

Stiles laughs. “Jesus, a warts and all guide to pregnancy written by an actual omega that’s actually pregnant? Best seller, right there.”

“Think about it.” Peter urges, suddenly serious. “I do have contacts in the publishing world, after all. And we already have the title.”

Stiles does think about it, and he starts to scribble notes.
It’s a year and a half before it’s published, but when it is, “Sunshine and Rainbows and All That Other Bullshit – What to really expect when your alpha knocks you up” flies to the top of the bestseller list.
Seven More Months Of This Shit.

Chapter Summary

Stiles is thriving.

Nobody’s more surprised that Noah, who’d expected his son to be a nightmare, honestly.

Sure, he’s hungry, and sometimes a little moody, and maybe he’s short tempered, but as Noah says to Peter, “that’s not hormones. That’s just my damn son.”

Peter wouldn’t have him any other way.

Stiles is thriving.

Nobody’s more surprised that Noah, who’d expected his son to be a nightmare, honestly.

Sure, he’s hungry, and sometimes a little moody, and maybe he’s short tempered, but as Noah says to Peter, “that’s not hormones. That’s just my damn son.”

Peter wouldn’t have him any other way.

They soon realise that as long as Peter is close by, Stiles is ridiculously content.

Something about being near his Alpha makes Stiles a very happy omega, it’s as simple as that.

The moodiness disappears, and Stiles is happiest when he’s touching, or cuddling, or having record amounts of sex with Peter.

It’s like Peter’s his catnip.

The doctor at his six week visit notices the way he can’t stop running his fingers down Peter’s arm, and says “Looks like you’ve got a serious case of APD developing there, Stiles.”

“I’ve got a what of the what now?” he asks, brows furrowed.

Whatever it is, he doesn’t like the sound of it.

“Will this harm the baby?” asks Peter, concerned.

“What? No, no” the doctor laughs.

It’s Alpha Proximity Dependency. It’s not common, but it’s not unheard of either. Basically, being close you your alpha causes your brain to release extra endorphins, causing you to feel extremely content. Conversely, if you’re apart for too long, you’ll feel almost like you’re suffering withdrawal.
Peter, you’ll need to stay close to him as much as possible”

Peter’s more than happy to stay close by.

He hugs and nuzzles at Stiles, and rubs his belly when his muscles are tender, and feeds him, and dotes on him, and can’t help but think that if the next seven months are like this, he won’t mind at all.

Unsurprisingly, the clinic is falling all over themselves to provide Stiles and Peter with the very best in prenatal care, all at no cost.

Which, in real terms, means they’re very eager to stick a probe up Stiles’ ass as soon as he hits eight weeks, to check his progress.

Well, they call it an ultrasound wand, and tell him they can get a better picture of the baby that way, but it’s still not an idea that thrills him.

He takes Peter with him to the appointment, making him promise to stay with him the whole time.

They sign in, and then Stiles changes into one of those fetching backless gowns.

He’s herded onto the table, and his legs are strapped into the stirrups, which makes Peter growl involuntarily.

“It’s just to make sure he doesn’t move, so we can get a good picture of your little one” the nurse assures them. “Sometimes the ultrasound wand can tickle a little” she adds.

The doctor comes in then, and lubes up the wand, and Stiles looks at it dubiously.

“I’m not sure…” he begins.

‘Just relax, it will slide right up no problem. After all, if you can take an alpha, you won’t even feel this” he assures Stiles.

He’s so very, very wrong.

Apparently Stiles’ body is no fool, and can tell the difference between a warm, pulsing cock sliding easily into him when he’s aroused and a cold, hard piece of metal being rammed into him when he’s scared half out of his wits.

The Doctor presses the head of the probe against his ass, and forces it inside, and it feels wrong, and Stiles tenses up immediately.

“Jesus fuck!” he grits out.

“Stay still, it doesn’t even hurt, and we’re almost there” the doctor lies.

The wand’s barely in.

The doctor applies a little more force, and despite Stiles' protests, gets it all the way inside him.
“Get it out! It fucking hurts!”

“Nonsense, we’re practically done” the doctor says breezily, as he turns the wand on, and moves it a little, saying “perfect!” and there, on the screen, is….something.

It’s small, and it’s definitely moving.

They can hear it as well, as the quiet thwap, thwap, thwap of a heartbeat fills the room.

Their baby.

Peter blinks rapidly, and looks at his lover, wondering if he’s feeling the same rush of emotion.

And he sees that Stiles isn’t even looking at the screen, but is breathing shallowly, eyes closed, holding himself together by barely a thread.

“If I move the wand, I can get some different angles if you want” the doctor offers.

“No!” Stiles snaps.

Peter says “I think we’re done here, right sweetheart?”

And Stiles nods in agreement, clutching Peter’s hand tightly as he does so.

“OK, I’ll just leave that there for another minute or so to be sure we have good footage” the doctor states.


Peter growls.

The doctor protests, saying “You’re overreacting. It doesn’t feel that bad.”

Peter’s about a second away from ripping the guy a new one.

But he doesn’t need to – Stiles does it himself.

“REALLY? You sure about that? Because I’m happy to take that thing and shove it up YOUR ass, and then tell YOU how it feels, if you like!!” he screams.

And the doctor finally really looks at the two of them, and he quickly removes the wand without a word, because he realises that they’re both looking at him like they’re ready to kill him.

Stiles turns to the doctor, and states “You’re never coming near me with that fucking thing again.”

“We do recommend another scan at twenty weeks” the doctor tries.

“And I recommend that you stop upsetting my omega” growls Peter, as he stalks forward and crowds him up against the wall.

He can’t help it. He has to protect Stiles.

Stiles, who is currently still strapped to those damned stirrups.

Shit.

Turning his back on the terrified doctor, Peter releases him quickly from the restraints while telling
him “Stiles sweetheart, you don’t have to do a damned thing you don’t want to, OK?”

The doctor quickly hits a button to print the pictures of the blob, and leaves them alone so Stiles can dress.

Once he’s gone, Stiles pulls Peter in for a hug, scenting him and clinging desperately.

“Fucking doctors” he mumbles.

“This shit’s going in the book”

And when the doctor comes back a few minutes later, he finds a fully dressed Stiles sitting in a chair, scribbling furiously in a notebook.

He glances at the page, and can see that the heading reads “This won’t hurt a bit, and other damned lies.”

His brow furrows.

“He’s writing a book” Peter explains.

“You’re in it” Stiles adds with a scowl.

When they get home, Stiles has a closer look at the pictures, and he concedes that if he might be able to see something that looks like it might be a head, and possibly some kind of limb.

“Jesus, Peter, I hope this baby gets better looking” he says, but he’s smiling as he says it.

And then he pushes Peter back on the bed, and crawls on top of him, pinning him down.

He crawls right up until he’s pressed against him, and leans forwards, and whispers in Peter’s ear “You called me your omega.”

And then he kisses him deeply, and adds “And I liked it”.

“Well you are mine, Stiles, just like I’m yours” Peter says, like it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

Stiles snuggles up against him, and hums happily.

His hands wander over Peter’s body, and sneak under the edge of his shirt, and he starts to grind against Peter’s hip. Stiles has been insatiable lately, and Peter can smell his arousal, can see where this is heading, so he obligingly strips his shirt off and starts to shimmy out of his jeans.

By the time he gets them off Stiles has stripped as well, and he’s slick and ready. He doesn’t hesitate, positioning himself over Peter and sinking down and down, slowly taking him in all the way, groaning at the sensation.

Stiles holds himself still just for a moment, savoring the stretch, and then proceeds to ride the hell out of him. He throws his head back, gasping and moaning, and Peter thinks that he’s never seen anything hotter.

It’s quick, and it’s intense, and afterwards Stiles collapses bonelessly against Peter’s chest, sighing
happily.

“'You're mine, and I’m yours” he mumbles sleepily.
Peter has always spoiled Stiles, but his paternal instinct has taken it to a whole new level.

Peter awakes one morning to the smell of breakfast, and when he opens his eyes properly, he sees that Stiles isn’t passed out next to him as usual.

He can hear him in the kitchen, humming along with the radio as he clatters and bangs around in there.

Peter shuffles out of bed and goes to see what the hell’s going on, but as he enters the kitchen, Stiles comes at him waving a spatula and saying “Nuh uh, back to bed with you” and he looks so determined that Peter thinks it best to just do as he’s told.

Truth be told, he’s always found that with Stiles.

So after a quick stop in the bathroom, he obediently goes back to bed and waits.

Ten minutes later, Stiles comes in carrying a tray laden with bacon, scrambled eggs, grilled tomato slices, toast and mushrooms.

There are two plates, and two mugs of coffee.

He presents it to Peter with a broad smile, and tells him “We’re celebrating.”

“Excellent, sweet heart. Celebrating what exactly?”

Stile’s eyes are shining with excitement as he tells Peter “I woke up this morning at 6 am. And I wasn’t tired.”

And really, that is worth celebrating.

Stiles has been exhausted for the past two months, going to sleep tired, and waking just as tired, and they were beginning to think it would never end, despite everyone telling them that it was normal.

It got so bad that he fell asleep once sucking Peter’s dick. Peter didn’t take it personally.

OK, maybe he took it a little personally.

So for him to be awake, and cheerful, and active? That’s big news.

Peter grins back at him, and tells him “I’m so pleased for you. Does that mean you might have the energy to leave the house for longer than half an hour?”

“Yes. Definitely. Take me anywhere” Stiles tells Peter decisively.

So after breakfast, Peter takes him shopping.
The nursery’s set up, sure, but that’s only furniture.

They need baby things.

Peter’s more excited than he lets on at the thought of buying piles of tiny clothing covered in rabbits and bears and ducklings.

Stiles isn’t even trying to play it cool, practically bouncing with excitement when they arrive at the giant baby goods store.

Peter grabs a cart, and so does Stiles.

‘We won’t need two, Stiles’ Peter tells him.

Stiles replies ‘Peter, this is the first time in months I’ve had any energy. I plan to go shopping. Keep out of my way.’

Peter stands back and lets him go for it.

Stiles is unstoppable.

“Oh my god, tiny Iron Man onesies, we need three, and look, look, Winter Soldier footie pyjamas, Bucky Barnes was a prisoner of war, I don’t care what anyone says, and holy shit Peter did you know they even made three piece suits this tiny?”

And Peter trails obediently after Stiles in a kind of daze as he throws items into both their carts gleefully.

He does attempt to be a responsible adult and suggest that they get some bigger sizes for as the baby grows, but Stiles waves off the suggestion as far too sensible.

Their carts are half full by the time they hit the toy section.

They’re completely full by the time they leave it, and actually, that’s all Peter.

He buys a collection of stuffed wolves, because one has giant Derek eyebrows, and one has a dopey Scott face, and one looks a little bit like Isaac in the right light, and and Stiles is laughing at them, and if they make his omega laugh then obviously they need to buy them.

And just wolves on their own might be a little overwhelming for a child, so obviously he has to add the stuffed rabbits and penguins then, just to soften the look of the whole collection, because he knows exactly where he’s going to put shelves up to sit them all on.

Obviously.

And the advertising for the mobiles says that they stimulate mental development, and lord knows he wants their child to have every advantage, so it’s just responsible parenting to buy several, so that baby has a choice.

And the nightlight that throws up patterns of stars onto the ceiling can only be a good thing, and you can get one with built in speakers that has pre downloaded soothing music, so he gets that as well, and when he turns around, Stiles has the gall to be snickering.

Peter’s brow furrows, but then he catches sight of the carts, both loaded up to the gills, and his face softens, and he says “I think we got a little carried away, sweetheart.”
“Maybe, a little” Stiles admits.

“Do you want me to put it all back?” he asks Peter hesitantly.

“Not one thing, Stiles. Not one damned thing” Peter tells him, and pulls him into a hug.

He can feel Stiles smiling against his neck, and they stand there quietly together, only pulling apart when the saleslady clears her throat and asks if they need any help.

She rings their purchases up, and Peter looks at the giant stack of items, and promptly pays the extra for home delivery.

As they’re leaving, they meander through the maternity wear section, and Peter looks at Stiles, inquiring.

Stiles snorts.

‘I don’t think so, I’m only ten weeks, and that shit is butt ugly” he says, gesturing to the display in front of them.

And it’s true. The women’s wear is bad enough, but the men’s selection is downright embarrassing.

Someone, somewhere in the past had decided that what pregnant omega males really needed to make them feel super good about their changing bodies, was to wear long smocks.

Drab, shapeless, knee length flour sacks, in inoffensive shades of dove grey and palest beige, to ensure that nobody looked at them too hard.

Of course, nowadays times have changed, and the fashions have updated slightly.

Sometimes the smocks are blue, and some of them even have a pocket on the front.

‘They truly are hideous” Peter admits, earning a glare from the employee who’s nearby.

“I don’t know what I’m going to wear once I get a belly, but it sure as shit isn’t going to be that’ Stiles declares loudly.

“There must be a better option” Peter agrees, mind ticking over.

The saleslady approaches then.

“Are we expecting a happy event?” she enquires, saccharin sweet.

‘I don’t know, are we?’ Stiles replies, equally sweetly. “I mean, I know I’m knocked up, but are you?”

Peter snickers.

The woman looks like she’s smelled something unpleasant.

Possibly she has – Stiles freely admits that his gas is currently out of control.
She composes her features, and tells them “we have a contemporary range that I think you might be interested in.”

Stiles shrugs.

“Astound us” he tells her, deadpan.

She leads them into the store, and Peter can see from the set of her shoulders that she’s bristling with annoyance.

‘These are very modern designs, very cutting edge’ she says proudly, as she leads them to the models.

Stiles takes one look and makes a gagging noise.

And then he starts laughing hysterically.

The saleslady looks highly offended. “The low waisted short and suspender combo is proving very popular with the younger set” she proclaims.

“Younger and blinder, maybe” he manages through his laughter.

Peter can’t look away from the display.

It’s glorified lederhosen.

Long, ugly shorts, with an elasticated front to stretch over the belly. They sit low on the hips, and are held up by suspenders.

All Peter can think is that any minute Maria Von Trapp will come running out of the change rooms and burst into song.

At least they’re not grey, or beige.

They’re a flattering range of salmon pinks and soft lavenders. The brightest pair is a lovely coral shade.

Stiles is still laughing.

And the shirts?

A plunging v neck t shirt looks amazing on Peter.

But on the pregnant mannequins, they look …wrong.

Especially since they part in the middle about halfway down, and the belly pokes out. It’s like a tiny set of swag curtains for the baby.

Stiles has managed to pull himself together enough to say “Thank fuck I’m months away from needing to wear that.”

Peter heartily agrees, but he’s not stupid enough to say so.

Instead he tells Stiles “If you wore it, you’d rock it sweetheart.”
“You’ll never know, because I’m never fucking wearing it” Stiles tells him.

‘Besides, I’m not even showing” he adds.

Stiles has hit that phase of his pregnancy that they call glowing.

He’s twelve weeks, his tiredness has passed, the gas is tapering off, and he’s less ravenous (marginally).

He feels good, as long as he stays close to Peter, and he thinks that perhaps he’s turned a corner.

Life is good.

Right until he gets dressed and his fucking jeans don’t fit.

He tugs at the zip fruitlessly, but it refuses to budge.

He hates it when the teeth in the zip go, he thinks, and grabs another pair.

That pair won’t even close at the top.

Fuck.

He looks, really looks, at his stomach.

It’s…not as flat as it was. In fact, there’s a definite bump.

It’s tiny, but it’s there.

His hand can’t quite cover it, and he knows it’s there.

Peter comes into the bedroom then, looking for him. He sees him looking in the mirror, sees the discarded jeans, and sees that Stiles’ lip is quivering, just a little.

He comes up behind him and curls around his back, nuzzling him.

“OK, darling?”

Stiles sighs.

“I don’t fit these fucking pants, Peter”.

Peter casts an eye at the skinny jeans, and gently reminds Stiles “You barely fit into them before, Stiles. Those things are damned near sprayed on, let’s face it.”

Stiles smiles weakly.

“I look amazing in those, thank you very much” he informs Peter.

“And you’ll look amazing in these as well” Peter tells him, because Peter Hale is no damned fool, and he’s seen that bump growing, has been watching it avidly in fact, and he’s prepared for this.
He goes to the wardrobe and pulls out a bag. It has jeans in it, regular garden variety jeans. Stiles pulls them out and looks at them critically.

They seem all right.

He peeks at the tag.

They’re a size bigger than normal, but they’re not hideous.

The tag reads *Relaxed fit*.

He can live with it.

Stile’s wardrobe from then on consists of loose jeans, basketball shorts, and the most hideously colorful tees he can find, in two sizes too big, and with outlandish slogans on them.

He decides that he’s going to take control of what he wears, and the more ridiculous, the better.

Peter draws the line at the “*I support single moms*” t shirt though.

He says it causes him cognitive dissonance.

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Stiles is woken from his sleep by a quiet murmur.

He lays there with his eyes closed, trying to make sense of what he’s hearing.

“….And your Papa’s so smart, you’re going to be so smart too, and if you’re very lucky you’ll have his eyes. You’re going to be the cutest baby ever, yes you are…”

The voice trails off suddenly as Peter realises he’s awake.

Stiles looks down to see Peter curled up on the bed, where he’s been whispering to his belly.

He looks sheepish, but Stiles smiles at him and says “So if I’m Papa, are you Daddy?”

Peter grins.

“Peter, why are you talking to Bumpty anyway?”

Peter shrugs.

“I read it was good for the baby, they like external stimulus.”

“And you’re a big softy?” Stiles adds.

“And I’m a big softy “ Peter confirms.

And he climbs further up the bed and cuddles around Stiles, rubbing his belly gently. It’s definitely growing, and he love, love, loves the curve of the smooth skin under his palm, the bulge that starts at Stiles’ hip bones and curves across his former six pack.
“You love that bump” Stiles accuses.

“I love you, and I love the bump” Peter agrees easily.

Stiles sighs contentedly.

He manages to stay silent for all of two minutes.

“I have to go back to the doctors next week so they can measure Bumpty. You’re coming, right?”

‘Definitely’ Peter assures him, even as he nibbles his earlobe.

“And then we have that deposition on Thursday. You have to remember to not preen” he instructs Peter.

The lawsuit’s going swimmingly, but Stiles is fully aware that Peter gushing over his impending fatherhood could sink the whole damned thing, if the defense thinks for a minute they can cast doubt on the fact that this is an accidental pregnancy.

‘Supportive but somber, a little concerned’ Peter confirms obediently.

They’ve had this conversation three times this week, but Stiles is starting to suffer from baby brain, so he doesn’t call him on it.

He is preening though.

He never thought he’d Court or Woo an omega, and certainly never thought he’d get to be a father, and it’s turning him into a dewy eyed fool.

His editor had called and told him they were rejecting his last novel, because “They meet, fall in love, have babies, isn’t a plot, Peter. Where’s the drama? Where’s the angst? Where’s the other Alpha who’s secretly evil who also woos the heroine? This is three hundred pages of he gave his omega a foot rub and his pregnant mate smelled good and they went for a walk. There’s not even any damned sex after the first chapter!”

Peter had apologized and blamed the stress of the court case, and then told his editor he was taking a hiatus until after the baby was born. He told him his time was needed elsewhere at the moment, for more important things.

And it is.

Important things like giving his omega a foot rub.

Peter has always spoiled Stiles, but his paternal instinct has taken it to a whole new level.

Stiles wants a bath? Peter washes his back.

Stiles wants dessert? Peter’s happy to go and collect it at midnight.

Stiles has a back ache? Peter massages him.
Stiles wants to wake him up at 5 am and demand that Peter fuck him hard and fast?

Well to be fair, he was doing that last one before he was pregnant, but still.

Peter moons around on a cloud of alpha pride and new love, and he doesn’t even care if the rest of the pack mock him for it.

(It’s not like they’re much better. Derek’s already started buying tiny onesies and t shirts that say “I got this cool shirt from my favorite uncle”, presenting them to Stiles with a sidelong glance at Scott.)

And lying here, curled around Stiles and Bumpty, nibbling his omega’s ear, he doesn’t think his life could be any more perfect than this.
You can't blame everything on hormones, Peter.

Chapter Summary

Something’s not right, but Peter's damned if he knows what the problem is.

Perfection, sadly, never lasts.

Peter’s perfect life comes to a screeching halt one morning at eighteen weeks, and it’s his own damned fault.

Stiles’ waistline has continued to expand, and instead of a six pack he now has a small keg. It’s just a nice size for Peter to rub his hands over possessively, which he does at every opportunity.

Stiles rolls his eyes at him, but he doesn’t really mind, because a lot of the time the belly stroking leads to spectacular sex.

Peter’s curled around Stiles early one morning, stroking Bumpty, (Noah coined the nickname. Stiles loves it, and it’s just kind of…stuck) and whispering nonsense into Stiles’ ear.

And really, he shouldn’t be allowed to speak in the mornings, just to keep him from saying stupid things like “You’re my little butterball, sweetheart.”

Stiles tenses at the words.

“A butterball.” He repeats, and his tone should really tip Peter off that he’s wandered into bear country.

But it’s early, and he’s still sleepy, so he misses the danger signs.

“Hmmmm, all round and plump and juicy for me” he confirms.

Stiles sits up sharply then, and turns a furious gaze on Peter.


Too late, the alarm bells sound loudly in Peter’s head.

Fuck

Shit

He quickly reviews their conversation.

He hones in immediately on the problem word.

Plump.

Double fuck.

He tries to regroup.
“it’s fine, darling. You’re glowing” he tries.

“Like a butterball? That’ll be the fucking basting, then!”

Stiles storms out of bed and into the bathroom, slamming the door.

Peter hears the door lock, and shower start running.

He’s so, so deeply in the shit right now.

He groans, and rubs his hands over his face,

he takes a minute to regroup before going over to the bathroom door, knocking and calling out

“Stiles, sweetheart? I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it like that, I love how your bump’s growing.”

He continues to stand there and apologise until he hears the water shut off, and Stiles pokes his head out the door.

“It’s fine, Peter. I overreacted, that’s all. Hormones” he says quietly, and Peter accepts the excuse.

He folds his lover into his arms, and holds him close.

“I’m an idiot” he says “ Please, forgive me? It just slipped out.”

Stiles nuzzles into his neck, still damp from the shower, and draws a deep breath.

“I’m a little mad at you” he admits, “but I can’t stay mad at you, because you smell too good right now. Stupid hormones” he grumbles.

And Peter breathes a silent sigh of relief, thinking that the crisis has been averted, and that Stiles has accepted his apology and now they can move on.

Because, as he himself has just stated, he’s an idiot.

And Stiles doesn’t bring it up again, so Peter doesn’t think any more of it, although he is careful not to compare Stiles to any kind of poultry.

But over the following few days, he does notice that Stiles is a little quiet.

A little quiet, a little withdrawn.

A little overdressed.

As in, suddenly, over top of his baggy pants and colorful tees, he’s added oversized versions of the beloved plaid shirts, buttoned across his midsection.

He says he’s feeling the cold.
He appears to have lost his appetite, taking a few bites, and then pushing his plate away listlessly, saying "hey, it's not like I'm wasting away, right?"

He doesn’t pull away when Peter touches him, but he doesn’t snuggle into it, either. And he doesn’t make any move to approach Peter for sex either, which really isn’t like him at all.

When Peter smooches up to him and suggests they go to bed, he agrees, but as their kisses start to heat up and Peter’s hands sneak under his shirt, he rolls over and begs off, saying he’s too tired.

OK, now Peter knows something’s up.

But when he asks what’s wrong, Stiles mutters “nothing, can’t I just be tired for once?” and he rolls over with his shoulders pulled up tight and his back to Peter.

When Peter starts to rub his back, Stiles flinches away.

“Just leave me alone, all right?” he sighs.

“Hormones?” Peter asks hesitantly.

“Must be” Stiles replies coldly.

And he ignores Peter completely as he dozes off to sleep.

Peter’s brow furrows.

He doesn’t like this new phase of Stiles’ pregnancy, he decides.

Stiles’ odd behavior continues on for another week, and he gets even more quiet and withdrawn, but he insists nothing is wrong, and Peter doesn’t want press the point too hard, because whenever he asks, he gets snapped at.

The following week there’s a press conference regarding the lawsuit, and Stiles stands there quietly, barely able to smile, one hand over his belly, and he presents a truly pitiful picture to the media.

One of the reporters asks him “How are you adjusting to the changes to your body, Stiles?” and suddenly he’s crying, great shuddering gasps, and sobbing out “it’s just so sudden, I never expected this” to the cameras as he indicates his small, rounded stomach.

Peter’s truly impressed with his ability to cry on demand, and he plays his part flawlessly, soothing Stiles and kissing the back of his hand, comforting him gently.

Stiles pulls away from him, imperceptibly, but Peter notices.

And then he looks up and sees Noah, and he’s looking at his son and frowning, as though he’s really worried about him.
Something’s definitely not right.

They finish up with the press and suddenly Noah’s right there, gathering Stiles into his arms and hugging him firmly, shushing him, saying “hey, kiddo, what’s wrong? Is Bumpty OK? Are you OK?”

And Peter realises that Stiles is still crying, and that those aren’t, in fact, fake tears, as Stiles holds on tight to his dad, and shakes his head to indicate that no, he’s not OK, not OK at all.

Stiles mumbles something to his dad, and Noah looks over Stiles’ shoulder at Peter, and the look he gives him is absolutely murderous.

Peter ends up going home alone, after Noah tells him “I don’t know what the hell you did, but I’m going to find out, and then you’re going to fix it, you hear me?” in a harsh whisper, as he bundles Stiles into the police cruiser.

Peter nods, and hopes Noah can get to the bottom of whatever the hell this is.

He waits impatiently at home, pacing a little, and googling pregnancy symptoms.

There’s a knock at the door an hour later, and he opens it to find Noah standing there.

Noah doesn’t hesitate, but comes straight inside, grabbing Peter’s arm and twisting it up his back before pushing him into the wall and holding him there, hissing ‘You goddam asshole, Hale.”

Peter could break out of the grip easily enough, but it catches him by surprise, and he’s shocked by the sheer venom on Noah’s tone.

“You rude, thoughtless, bastard.” Noah continues. “Do you know what you’ve done to my boy?”

“I have no idea” Peter confesses.

“Oh, I have no idea” the sheriff mocks in a falsetto, and Peter’s never seen him like this -harsh, angry, bristling.

He twists a little in Noah’s grip, just enough to remind the man of his strength, and Noah reluctantly releases him.

Peter turns to face him then, arms folded defensively, and says “I know somethings wrong, OK? But he won’t talk to me, won’t tell me, says it’s nothing. What am I supposed to do?”

“Oh, I don’t know, maybe start with not calling him fat? Saying he’s a damned butterball, or plump, or juicy? Poor kid’s still at my place crying his heart out, because he thinks he’s hideous. Says he doesn’t know how you can even look at him. Says he hates the bump, thinks he’s going to lose you because of it. “

“He’s still annoyed at that? That was weeks ago…” he begins, then falls silent as he realizes that
yes, Stiles has been stewing over this for weeks, and he was too damned stupid to see what was causing it.

“Oh”

Noah looks supremely unimpressed.

“He’s not annoyed, Peter. He’s devastated. He’s staying with me until you sort this shit out” he states flatly.

“Noah, he can’t, he needs the alpha contact” Peter protests.

“Better sort it out fast then, because he doesn’t come back here until you do” Noah says, and then he’s gone.
Sometimes flowers and chocolates just don't cut it, Peter.

Chapter Summary

Stiles doesn't want passe gestures. He honestly doesn't know what he wants.

Peter’s still reeling from the revelation that Stiles was so upset by his words.
He calls him immediately, but his call goes straight to message bank.
He doesn’t leave a message.
What the hell could he possibly say?
He tries again several times, and gets the same result.
Finally, Noah answers, and says “He’s asleep. Don’t call back tonight.”
“OK, but…tell him I’m sorry? And I’ll call tomorrow?”
“If he’ll talk to you” Noah replies, and hangs up.
Peter gives today up as a bad job, and goes to bed alone.
He ends up hugging Stiles’ pillow, just for the scent of him.
He doesn’t sleep.

Stiles though, sleeps like the dead.

He sleeps because once he started crying, he couldn’t stop, and those weeks of silent misery all came pouring out as he sat with his head in his father’s lap, confessing that even though he hopes Peter didn’t mean anything by it, when he said Stiles was plump, what Stiles heard was ‘ugly’.

He’s always been lean and lightly muscled, and so he was struggling to get his head around his changing shape as it was.

As long as Peter was stroking his belly and cooing, he was OK with it, because he took it as it was intended – a sign of affection.

When Peter compared him to a round, fat turkey?

Not so much.

Stiles had gone into the bathroom that morning intending to have a shower to calm down, and then explain to Peter why he was upset.
Except that while he was standing under the shower, looking down at his baby bump, he’d run his hands down over his chest, and as his hands brushed his nipples, a few tiny clear drops of liquid leaked out.

He looked at himself more closely and sighed.

Just fucking great.

As the icing on today’s shitheap of a cake, his chest was a whole hell of a lot less flat than it had been last week, or even yesterday.

He could hear Peter apologising, telling him he loved how his bump was growing, and all he could think of was how he was going to tell his alpha that he was growing tits now, and leaking milk.

Well, he just wasn’t going to, that’s all. That weren’t big - he could hide it.

He’d wrapped himself in a towel, told Peter it was fine, accepted the hug, and hoped to hell he could hide the latest betrayal that his body had foisted on him.

Over the next two weeks, he ducks and dives and dodges contact with Peter. He’s still a little pissed, honestly, and so it’s not that difficult.

He adds his plaid shirts back into his wardrobe to hide his swelling chest.

He tells Peter he’s cold.

He’s not eating, because honestly, he just doesn’t feel like it. He feels fat, and uncomfortable, and unattractive.

It hurts that he’s avoiding sleeping with Peter, and Peter doesn’t even seem to miss it.

After he rebuffs him the first time, Peter doesn’t even ask again.

He assumes it’s hormones, and Stiles doesn’t correct him.

Stiles takes it as confirmation that he’s no longer attractive.

He feels as though the baby’s turned him into nothing but an incubator.

He wonders if he’ll ever feel sexy again.

He wonders if Peter will ever see him as sexy again.

Probably not, he realises with a sinking heart.

And so by the time the reporter asks him about the changes to his body, he’s an emotional wreck, and he cries real tears, but Peter doesn’t even realise it.

His dad does though, and pulls him into a hug, asking what’s wrong, and Stiles sobs out “Peter thinks I’m ugly.”
His dad takes him home, and lets him cry, and listens as he sobs about being called a butterball, and
growing boobs, and how he hates what this baby’s doing to his body, and how he just wants Peter to
want him again.

Noah’s eyes are cold as he tells Stiles “You’re staying here till he apologises properly. Nobody treats
my boy like that. And son? You’re gorgeous, never forget it.”

He gets in the car and drives over to Peter’s, and the best thing about being the sheriff is that nobody
pulls you over for speeding.

He comes home to find Stiles wrapped in a blanket, shouting at the TV and crying.

It’s deeply concerning, because the movie Stiles has put on is Titanic, and Stiles hates Titanic.

He always says that they could have shortened it by half if they’d just cut out the bits with people
running up and down corridors.

Yet here he is, sobbing his heart out and yelling “You bitch, Rose, let him on the fucking door! He’ll
fit!”

Noah walks over, picks up the remote, and switches off the TV

just as Rose is blowing her whistle for rescue.

A thought strikes him then.

“Hell, kiddo, I’ve only been gone forty minutes – are you only watching the sad ending?”

Stiles shrugs, and sniffs.

Noah gives him a hug, and sends him to bed.

It might be easier, he thinks, if he could defend Peter, tell Stiles that it was all a mistake, sweep the
whole thing under the carpet.

But this is his only son, and he’ll do anything to see him happy and safe.

If in the short term that means making Peter work for his sons forgiveness, he’ll do it.

Noah’s not the only one who thinks that Peter needs to lift his game.

He’s woken at 6am the next day by a pounding on the door.

He stumbles out, half asleep, and opens the door to be met by an angry pack.

Derek lifts him bodily and slams him against the nearest wall, growling.

“What the fuck did you do to Stiles? TELL ME!” he roars.

Behind him, Scott’s eyes are flashing, and Isaac’s fangs are out.

Peter locks gazes with Derek, and grits out “Put. Me. Down.”

“Not till you tell me why Stiles is at Noah’s” Derek insists.
“How the hell do you even know that?” he asks.

Scott holds up his phone.

“Noah called, said be aware that Stiles was having a hard time, and to look after him.”

And he turns his puppy dog eyes on Peter and says “How could you? A pregnant omega, and you’ve upset him?”

“Not on purpose” Peter protests, still pinned against the wall.

“If you’ll let me down, I’ll explain”.

Derek reluctantly lowers him.

He folds his arms over his chest, raises one impressive eyebrow, and states “Talk”.

Peter does, and honestly, it’s a relief to tell someone who will understand that this is all being blown way out of proportion.

He tells them that it was all a misunderstanding, and that Stiles took what he said the wrong way, and he loves his curves, and it was just a harmless comment.

The reaction he gets is…unexpected, to say the least.

Derek and Scott look at him with equal expressions of horror.

“You…you called him a what?” Scott gasps.

“Fat, Scott. He basically called him fat” Derek answers.

Isaac whistles, then.

‘Man, you’re screwed” he says.

The others nod solemnly.

“It’s going to take some next level apologizing to get him to forgive you for that” Scott agrees.

“Stiles can really hold a grudge, man. He once didn’t talk to me for three weeks because I insulted his jeep.”

At that, Derek’s eyebrows meet in the middle with the depth of his frown.

“Can Stiles go three weeks without alpha contact?” he asks.

“I’m not sure, the doctor said there might be some withdrawal symptoms, but surely it can’t be that bad?” Peter replies, hoping he’s right.

“Fix this, and fix it fast.” Derek tells him, and he pushes his way out the door roughly.

Peter sighs.

People keep telling him that, but nobody will tell him how, exactly.
Two days pass, then three, then four.

Peter tries to call, but Stiles refuses to answer.

Peter sends flowers, Stiles sends them back.

Peter sends a gift basket, Stiles takes all the good chocolates out first, and then returns it.

He also sends a text saying “Stop sending me shit.”

Because he doesn’t know what he wants, but passé gestures aren’t it.

Peter gets the hint, and stops sending meaningless gifts.

And Stiles sees that there are no more unanswered calls, and no more gifts, no more anything, and it just confirms what he suspected – that Peter doesn’t really care, or else he’d be on the doorstep, surely.

(He doesn’t know that Noah’s called Peter and told him not to bother coming over unless he has something worthwhile to offer his son.)

He wonders if this means they’ve broken up?

He remembers the ridiculous lengths Peter had gone to Wooing him, and sighs.

He wonders where all that care and attention is now.

And the worst of it is, he misses Peter’s presence like a physical ache.

Literally.

He’s tired, he can’t eat, he feels like he’s coming down with a cold, and all he wants to do is sleep and cry, and possibly throw up.

He needs his alpha.

After five days, Noah finds him laying on the couch watching ‘My Girl’ and sobbing at Macaulay Culkin’s tragic death.

He turns the TV off, and orders him “Up.”

Stiles turns to him, frowning.

“You stink, son. Go have a shower”

Stiles grumbles and turns over in the blankets.

“Nope. Cold” he says, and when Noah looks closer, he can see Stiles is shivering.

Actually, he’s all out trembling.

And he’s pale as hell.

‘Son? What do you need?’ Noah asks worriedly.
Stiles doesn’t answer him, because his eyes have rolled back in his head, and he’s passed out.

The other good thing about being sheriff is that when you run into the emergency room with your adult pregnant son in your arms, nobody asks you to take a number.

The doctor meets them in their room promptly, tutting and sighing over Stiles, listening to his belly, taking his blood pressure, checking his pupils, before declaring “Fainted. Where’s his alpha?“

Noah tells him “They’re having a little time apart. There were some issues.”

“No.” The doctor says.

“He can’t have time apart. He has the strongest case of APD I’ve seen I a long while. Time apart from his alpha’s harmful to him, and if it goes on too long it could distress the baby. I don’t care what the issues are, get him here, now.”

Noah dials Peter and waits for him to pick up.

But there’s no reply.

Stiles is still unconscious, hooked up to the monitors, and they both hear it when the machines start to beep and flash as he suddenly struggles for breath, making a choking noise.
Sometimes, it take a smart bartender.

Chapter Summary

Peter finally gets some smart advice, from an unexpected source.

Chapter Notes

Is it really a cliffhanger, if I only left you hanging for twelve hours?

Peter doesn’t feel the phone ringing in his pocket over the vibrations from the loud music in the bar.

It’s country music, and Peter’s drowning his sorrows.

He’s about four drinks in, and he’s getting a nice buzz on. He deserves it, he thinks, after the week he’s had.

It’s been a week since he’s seen his omega, since he’s felt his skin against his, since he’s scented him, and he misses him desperately.

But he doesn’t have a clue what he can do to make up for what he’s beginning to see was a monumental fuckup.

So he’s reduced to the last resort of a desperate man, drinking alone and seeking the advice of random strangers.

Random strangers, it turns out, are mostly idiots.

The advice he receives when he shares his tale of woe ranges from

“he’ll get over it if you just don’t mention it again” to

“Jesus, if he’s that sensitive, is it really any loss?” to his personal favorite,

“Well if he’s getting fat, he should do something about it.”

“He’s not fat, he’s pregnant” Peter protests, stung on Stiles’ behalf.

“Well I loved it when my mate was pregnant” the bartender chimes in. “I thought she looked gorgeous. But I was an idiot, so I never actually told her that.”

He eyes Peter speculatively.

“Please tell me you’re smarter than I was? Please tell me that as well as telling your man how much he’s growing, you’ve told him how much you like it?”

“Of course I have! All the time! I’m forever telling him that he’s glowing, that he’s getting bigger, that I love him and the bump…” he trails off.
The barman gives him a rueful grin.

“When did you last tell him that he’s sexy?”

“Tell him what?”

“That you’re attracted to him. That you want him? Or did you just assume he realised?”

Oh.

Shit.

Peter thinks it all the time, but actually saying it?

He may have dropped the ball on that one.

The barman sighs, and hands him another drink without asking.

“The way my mate explained it to me, when she was slapping some sense into me, was this.

She’s gaining weight, her body’s changing, her moods are shot, she’s growing a whole damned person, and suddenly…..it’s like she disappears.

It’s all about the baby. And people are touching her stomach in the street like they have any damned right, and she feels like her body’s been taken over. And what she wants from me, her alpha, is to hear that she’s still there, and still attractive to me, baby bump and all.

Take my advice, man. Tell him you still want him. Tell him a lot.”

“I do still want him, he’s sexy as fuck with or without his belly, and he’s everything I ever wanted, and I wanna marry him one day” Peter proclaims, and that fifth drink has apparently tipped him over from slightly buzzed to loudly affectionate, because the barman laughs, claps him on the shoulder, and tells him to go home and tell his partner that, because he’s certainly not having any more to drink.

He offers to call Peter a cab, but he assures him he can get himself home, it’s only a few blocks, and the walk will do him good.

He lays down on the couch just for a minute, and the drinks and the tiredness overcome him suddenly, and he falls asleep, oblivious to the continued buzzing of his phone in his pocket.

Noah panics at the choking sounds coming from his son as he struggles to breathe, but the doctor is already there, tilting Stiles’ head slightly, opening his mouth to check his airway, and raising the head of the bed so he’s in a reclining position rather than lying flat.

Something he does must work, because the next minute Stiles draws in a great gasping breath, and the machines cease their noises, and he’s breathing again normally.

The doctor looks at the readings though, and frowns.

“We need his damned alpha. His blood pressure’s too low, and his heart rate’s not where it should be.”
He turns to Noah and says “How the hell they’ve even managed to stay apart is beyond me, to be honest. Stiles must have been pining, and I don’t understand why Peter wasn’t camped on your doorstep, or why Stiles willingly left him in the first place.”

Noah looks uncomfortably at the floor.

The doctor narrows his eyes.

“It was willingly, I take it?”

“It was for his own good. I won’t have my son being upset, so I brought him home and told Peter not to come round till he could fix what he’d done.”

“So, you forcibly parted a pregnant omega from his alpha over some hurt feelings?” the doctor states incredulously.

Noah bristles at the tone.

“He’s my son! I want what’s best for him!” he defends.

The doctor sighs.

“What’s best for him is his alpha. He needs Peter. He needs him now”

Even as he speaks, Noah can hear that Stiles breathing has become shallower.

“What if I can’t get hold of Peter? Will he - ?” Noah can’t bring himself to ask.

“He won’t die, if that’s what you’re asking” the doctor replies brusquely.

“But he won’t truly be well again either. He’ll feel like he’s going through withdrawals, with all that entails, and that’s not good for the baby. If you can’t get hold of Peter, any damned alpha that he’s close to will do. But it needs to be soon.”

Noah tries Peter’s number again.

And again.

And again.

After an hour of trying, the doctor tells him “Find someone else.”

Noah nods, and calls Scott.

Scott and Derek are both there within twenty minutes, just in time to see the end of Stiles’ first seizure.

“Don’t just stand there, get close and let him smell you” the doctor orders.

Scott’s the first to move, stripping off his shirt and climbing up onto the bed to wrap his arms around Stiles from behind, saying “You’re lucky I love you, bro”.
Derek follows suit, taking off his t shirt and bracketing Stiles closely from the front.

He guides Stile’s head down to his neck, stroking his hair and making soothing noises.

Stiles lets out a tiny sigh, and sniffs deeply.

On the monitor, his heartrate shows a slight increase.

The doctor nods encouragingly and tells the two alphas “Stay there, he needs as much of the alpha pheromone as he can get.”

But in an undertone he says to Noah “Get his damned alpha. This will help, but only so much. He needs Peter.”

And then he adds “And for god’s sake, don’t let them be apart again, even if they’re fighting. This would never have happened if you hadn’t separated them.”

Noah knows he’s right.

Peter’s not the only one who’s going to have to do some serious apologizing.

Peter’s dreaming.

He’s dreaming that Stiles is reaching for him across a great distance, saying “where are you Peter? I need you!” and Peter’s trying to get to him, but as fast as he runs, the distance between them never gets any smaller, if anything Stiles gets further and further away with every step he takes towards him.

And in his dream, Stiles tells him ‘You don’t want me, not really. Maybe we should call this whole thing off’ and as Peter watches, Stiles waves his hands, and his baby belly just dissolves, in a puff of smoke, and he smiles sadly and says “That’s better. You never really wanted this, did you?”

And he turns and walks away, and a bell rings, signalling his departure, and the feeling of loss is so vivid, so real, that Peter wakes up with a sob caught in his throat.

It takes him a moment to realize it was a dream, and that the bell he heard was his ringtone.

His phone’s ringing.

He see’s it’s Noah.

His voice is shaking as he answers.

“H’lo?” he manages.

“Thank fuck Peter, where have you been? Get to the hospital, it’s Stiles” snaps Noah.

And suddenly, he’s wide awake, the images of his dream still haunting him.

‘What’s happened? Is it the baby?’
“He needs his alpha, he’s in withdrawal. How soon can you get here?”

“On my way” Peter replies, grabbing his keys as he speaks. He can feel that the alcohol’s mostly out of his system by now, and he realizes he’s been sleeping for hours.

After he hangs up he sees that there are 17 missed calls from Noah and Scott and Derek.

He drives a little faster than he probably should.

When he gets to the hospital, Stiles is just starting to regain consciousness.

The combined scents of the two alphas who are crowded up onto the tiny bed with him have been enough to stabilize him, at least.

And Stiles, who’s still not really with it, and acting on instinct, is scenting Derek keenly, chasing the alpha musk that his body needs, and his hips are pressing back into Scott.

Scott looks distinctly uncomfortable, but Stiles either doesn’t notice or doesn’t care, grinding relentlessly.

Derek though, Derek is smiling down at Stiles, encouraging him, whispering to him, telling him “there, there, it’s fine, it’s good, I’ll take care of you.”

And he’s rubbing Stile’s belly as he says it.

And so the scene that greets Peter as he comes through the door is that of not one, but **two** alphas touching what’s his, putting their scent all over **his omega**, and he really can’t be held responsible for what happens next.

He shifts, and roars, and crosses the room in three long strides, and pushes Derek roughly off the bed.

He punches Scott in the face, and drags Stiles away from him, growling out “Mine”.

He rips off the wires and the machines go crazy, but he doesn’t care.

Stiles is his, only his, and he has to keep him safe.

His instincts are telling him to get away, takes Stiles somewhere safe, and so he does.

He carries the barely conscious omega out of the room, past an openmouthed Noah, and a highly amused doctor, and walks quickly up the hospital corridor, looking for somewhere private, somewhere **safe**.

He comes across an empty elevator, steps in, closes the doors, and half way between floors, presses the stop button.

Now, he thinks, nobody can disturb them.
He shifts back, and cradles Stiles in his arms, and strips off his shirt so he can be skin to skin with him.

At the scent of his alpha, Stiles has become slightly more coherent, and he nuzzles in, murmuring “Need you. Smell good. Still pissed, though”.

Peter doesn’t reply at first, too busy scenting and touching Stiles, but soon enough his words return, and he starts to speak, saying “I missed you. I’m sorry. Come home. I need you…”

Stiles holds up a hand.

“Don’t talk to me, fuckface. Just sit there and smell good.”

And Peter’s haze clears a little more, and he grins, because he’s missed Stiles calling him names and telling him what to do.

He obediently sits quietly and lets Stiles soak in his pheromones, ignoring the text messages popping upon his phone, and it’s half an hour later before Stiles thinks to ask “Why am I in hospital, and why are we in an elevator?”

Oh. That.

Peter tells him honestly “I don’t know what happened, love. They just called me and told me to get here. APD withdrawal. When I got here you were on a bed with Scott and Derek, and my wolf couldn’t cope, so I ....stole you away. To hide in an elevator….”

He trails off as he realises how ridiculous it sounds, now that he’s thinking more clearly.

Stiles though, doesn’t look like he finds it ridiculous.

He’s looking at Peter like he hung the moon.

“You stole me away” he breathes.

Peter blushes.

“I couldn’t help it. They were touching you. I might have punched Scott” he admits.

Stiles grins broadly.

“So, you do care, then?”

‘Stiles, I’ve always cared” Peter protests. “How could you think otherwise?”

“Well, where were you then?” he demands.

“You sent me bullshit gift baskets, and didn’t come and see me, and then you stopped calling, and I thought you’d realised you were happier without me and my big fat ugly belly.” Stiles frowns at his stomach.

Peter pulls him closer onto his lap, and sighs.

“I’ve made such a mess of this, haven’t I?”

He rubs a hand absently over Stile’s belly as he thinks about what he needs to say.
Stiles snuggles into the touch.

“Firstly” Peter starts “Noah told me to stay away until I could fix what I’d done. And he has a gun, and wolfsbane bullets, so I thought it best not to ignore him.

The gift baskets were the best I could do. I missed you too much to think clearly. I obviously need you as much as you need me, darling.”

Stiles rolls his eyes.

“And then, it took me a while and a wise bartender for me to figure out why you were so upset.

I'm sorry Stiles. I honestly didn’t realize that in all this time I’ve failed to mention that I think that you’re sexy as hell when you’re pregnant.

But you are, and I love it.

When I say you’re plump and juicy for me, it's not an insult, darling. I mean that I want to consume you, and have your juices running down my face as I eat you out and claim you.

But I’m an idiot, so I only told you the first part. I just assumed you knew the rest, and for that I’m truly sorry.”

Stiles is looking at him wonderingly.

“You think I’m sexy, even as fat as I am.”

“Stiles, I think you’re sexy because I love you, and I don’t care what shape you are.”

“But also, damn that belly does things to me. You have no idea what I want to do to you right now just looking at it.”

He pauses.

‘Didn’t we already have this discussion, back when I bought you those stupid vitamins?”

“Don’t care. Tell me again how you think I’m hot. And tell me what you want to do to me” Stiles orders, as he licks his lips.

And Peter would be happy to oblige, but his phone is ringing, and he can see that it’s Noah, so he reluctantly answers.

“Peter, are you the reason that the elevator’s stalled?” Noah asks him.

“Sorry Noah, I’ll start it up again” he answers guiltily.

“No need, I can tell them it’s police business. Are you both OK though? I really screwed you over on this one Peter, I’m so sorry” Noah admits.

‘We’re good, I think. And we’ll come out. Stiles needs to be off this hard floor” Peter replies.

He hangs up, and smiles ruefully at Stiles.

“Time for the real world again, sweetheart. Ready?” he asks.

“Hmmm. Nearly. We’ll talk when we get home?”
“If you’re willing to come home”

Stiles looks at him, surprised.

“I was always willing. It was my dad who told me not to…”

Understanding breaks out across his face.

“Fucking overprotective parents. Peter, promise me we’ll never interfere in this child's love life?”

“I’m certain we won’t” Peter lies easily.

Like any child of his will be dating before they turn thirty.

____________________________________________________________

After they exit the elevator, they go back to the hospital room and Peter apologizes to Scott and Derek.

Scott’s had his nose set and it’s already healed, and really only Derek’s pride was hurt, so the two of them accept the apology easily.

There’s a moment when Stiles is looking at Scott, and suddenly his eyes widen, and he whispers “Dude, please, tell me that I’m only dreaming that I was getting all up in your junk while we were in bed together?”

Scott nods vigorously, as do Noah and Derek, it was definitely a dream, absolutely, there was no grinding, no sirree.

Stiles doesn’t look convinced, but lets it go.

“Anyway, thanks for lending me your smell until Peter got here” Stiles tells them.

And then it’s Noah’s turn to apologize, to both of them, which he does wholeheartedly.

He admits that he underestimated just how much Stiles needed Peter.

Peter accepts the apology, saying “I understand how you feel, Noah. You just wanted to do what’s right for Stiles.”

And Peter knows it’s not really the perfect moment, but he decides he might never get another one, and Noah’s likely to agree to anything since he feels so guilty.

“Speaking of doing the right thing, since you’re here, I was wondering….Noah, may I seek your permission, and Derek’s too, to ask for Stiles’ hand in marriage?”

The traditional words flow effortlessly.

They should, he’s been practicing them in his head for months.

“If he accepts your offer, my permission is freely given” Noah replies seamlessly.
Peter’s not the only one who’s been practicing.

“I give permission for you to marry if the omega accepts your offer.” Derek intones smoothly.

It’s a technicality, but Stiles still has to wait for Peter to ask.

His delighted expression leaves nobody in doubt as to what the answer will be.
Reaffirming their Connection.

Chapter Summary

Peter helps Stiles come to terms with his changing body.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was named for Mr Almasy. Apparently that's what the kids are calling it these days.

Peter doesn’t propose, not yet.

For one thing, hospitals in general are hardly a romantic setting.

And for another, Stiles is still fairly shaky.

He’s put through a battery of tests to determine whether he’s recovering as expected.

He gripes and grizzles through all of them, but his mood is slightly improved when Scott comes by with a gift for the baby.

It’s a tiny black v necked t shirt, a replica of the ones Peter loves to wear, and on it is printed a photo of Scott grinning into the camera.

The slogan underneath reads

Favorite Uncle

Stiles laughs loudly, and asks “Where did you get that done, man? It’s gold. Derek will lose his shit.”

“No new place in the mall, they can print anything with 6 hours’ notice” Scott grins.

Peter quietly takes note.

Once the test results come in, the doctor insists on at least one more night in the hospital to make sure he’s stable, and moves Stiles to a private room with a queen sized bed, instructing Peter to “get in there and touch him as much as you can. I don’t need to know the details, there’s a lock on the door.”

He turns on his heel and leaves, and Stiles pats the bed invitingly.

“Come and feel me up. I have a medical condition here” he demands.
Peter’s answering smirk is positively sinful.

“I’m very good at playing Doctor” he purrs.

His shirt hits the floor within seconds, and his pants follow closely after.

Stiles closes his eyes and breathes him in deeply as Peter climbs up onto the bed next to him.

He pulls him in for a kiss, his lips seeking out Peter’s hungrily.

“Missed this so much, missed you so much” Peter gasps out between kisses.

‘Same” agrees Stiles, too busy kissing to talk much.

Peter pulls at Stiles’ shirt, and Stiles hesitates.

It’s just the same loose ratty sleep shirt he was wearing when Noah rushed him in, but for some reason he holds the edges of it tightly.

Peter pulls back from kissing him then, and looks him in the eye.

‘Stiles, sweetheart? What’s wrong?” he asks.

“Are you still upset with me?”

“Probably not, you smell too good for me to hold a grudge” Stiles admits.

“I thought you wanted me to touch you?”

‘I do, but…. he’s looking down now and blushing. “There’s a thing. A new thing. Two new things, actually. Look, don’t freak out OK?” he says, and pulls his t-shirt up and off in one swift move, revealing that not only has his bump grown, but that his chest has filled out, just slightly.

They’re not even breasts really, just flattish mounds, barely a handful.

Or perhaps a mouthful.

Peter gazes at them, awestruck.

He licks his lips absently.

“Can I?” he asks, extending a hand.

“Just, be gentle, they’re sensitive OK?” Stiles tells him.

Peter runs his index finger delicately along the curve of the flesh, and then thumbs gently over Stile’s nipple.

Stiles gasps, and pulls away.

Peter stops, concerned.

“What is it, darling?”

Stiles has crossed his arms over his chest in a protective gesture.

He mumbles out “It’s embarrassing.”
He’s blushing.

Peter decides then and there to tackle the elephant in the room, so to speak.

“Stiles, you’re pregnant. That’s a fact. Your body’s changing. That’s a fact. You know what else is a fact? You’re probably going to end up as fat as fuck, and I really don’t care.”

“Rude!”

“I really don’t care how big you get, because honestly? You’re delicious like this. I want to rub my hands all over your belly, and I want to suck on your nipples until you come just from that, and I want to cover you in my scent, and fill you full of my come, and mark you as mine, so nobody else will come near you” Peter says, all in a rush.

Stiles takes a moment to respond.

“Fat as fuck, huh?”

“God, I hope so”.

“And you really don’t care?”

“The bigger the better” Peter tells him, and there’s a hungry look in his eye.

“What if it’s not all baby, what if I’m still fat afterwards?”

“I don’t care, Stiles. I do not care. I want you, whatever your shape and size. I want to marry you, for god’s sake. Now can we please go to bed so I can get my hands on you properly?” Peter pleads.

Stiles grins, and pretends to consider.

“I don’t know. Scott was pretty helpful, I could call him back…”

He stops teasing immediately when he hears the low rumble coming from Peter’s chest.

“Too soon?” he asks.

Peter doesn’t even dignify that with a response, he’s too busy breathing deeply, trying to get his wolf under control at the thought of anyone else with Stiles.

Stiles sighs, and tells him “get over here, idiot, and snuggle me.”

Peter eagerly complies.

In the end, to make up for his earlier neglect, Peter spends an hour doing nothing but running his hands and mouth over Stile’s body, telling him how it’s changed, and how much he loves it.

He loves the new softness of his chest, he tells him, because he can rest his head there. He spends ten minutes just mouthing and nibbling at the raised tips of Stiles’ nipples, teasing him until Stiles bats him away, panting, saying that it’s too much.

He loves the sight and feel of his belly, because his wolf loves the thought of an expanding pack, and
Peter loves the physical sight of their baby growing. He lingers long over it, kissing his way all around it.

He loves the thicker thighs, the slightly meatier ass, because he admits that he likes having something solid to slam into when he fucks Stiles. He leaves a string of love bites up the inside of Stiles’s thighs and on his ass.

He loves the wider hips, the padded flesh, because he loves to have something to grip, and he loves to see his fingerprints there. He sucks and laves marks there, too.

He even loves the rough beard that Stiles has, because he hasn’t bothered to shave in over a week.

He says it makes him look sexy and dangerous, all at once, like an assassin.

And as he catalogues all the changes, he kisses and licks every inch of Stiles that he can reach, and by the time he’s telling him that he loves how inviting his hole looks when it’s all soft and ready for him, Stiles is writhing with need, and he’s left in no doubt as to how Peter feels about his new body.

Peter thinks that he’s hot as fuck.

And Stiles is just fine with that.

As a bonus side effect, all the kissing and touching and licking and biting has Stiles feeling almost back to his old self again.

Peter knows he’s back when Stiles looks at him coyly from under his lashes, and tells him “Oh Doctor Hale, I’m not sure if I’ve had enough alpha contact. I may need more.”

Peter plays along.

“Really, young man? What do you think you need to make you well?”

Stiles leans in and licks a stripe up the side of Peter’s neck, before whispering hotly in his ear ”I need a great big hot alpha cock to pump come into me.”

He grins, and adds “Doctor’s orders.”

Peter’s never been to medical school, but he doesn’t let that mere detail stop him from giving Stiles what he needs.

He doesn’t hesitate. He’s been ready and aroused since he first saw those delicious breasts.

He positions Stiles gently on his hands and knees, and with his hands wrapped around his belly, he fucks into him from behind in one slick motion.

Stiles moans in pleasure, and arches his back for more.

He’s wet and warm, and feels divine, and Peter struggles not to come immediately after his enforced period of celibacy.

Stiles is obviously in the same boat, because he gasps out “Fuck Peter, don’t hold back. Won’t take much.”

It doesn’t take much for either of them, that first time, a handful of thrusts and Peter’s gone, and the guttural sounds he makes as he comes is enough to send Stiles over the edge as well.
They rest, and then Stiles tells him “Doctor, I’ve had a bad experience with medication that didn’t work in the past, so I’d like to take an extra dose please, just to be sure.”

Peter feels he’d be negligent if he didn’t deliver what his omega patient asked for.

And just to be sure, they take it slower the second time, and the third, and make sure that Stiles has all the alpha skin to skin contact he could possibly need, inside and out.

He needs a lot, apparently, but eventually he’s satisfied, and his cheeks have a rosy hue, and he does look a lot healthier.

But when they wake in the morning, Stiles insists that they do it all again, just to be sure.

It’s for his health, after all.

When Stiles finally falls into a deep sleep, Peter slips out of the room and makes a couple of phone calls.

He hates the thought of his partner feeling ashamed of his body.

He hates the thought of him doubting for a single minute that Peter finds him attractive.

So he arranges some reminders of exactly how he feels about his new curves.

Scott’s actually helpful and collects the items and delivers them to Peter and Stiles’ place so that they’re waiting when they arrive home from the hospital the next morning.

Stiles goes into the bedroom, and gives Peter an enquiring look when he sees the flat box on the bed.

It’s from that fancy maternity shop, the one with the ugly shit.

“Peter, what did you buy? I swear to god if it’s those fucking shorts…”

Peter’s all nonchalance as he tells Stiles “Actually, they have a very high quality range of simple t-shirts with built in shelf support.”

As Stiles hesitantly opens the box, he adds “They were a little pedestrian for you though, so I had them customized.”

Stiles pulls out the first shirt.

It’s perfectly acceptable plain cotton maternity tee, absolutely unremarkable in any way.

Or it was, anyway.

Now it says in bold neon letters across the front

**Big Fat Bitchin Baby Belly**

Stiles snickers.

Peter smiles, but puts on his best poker face when Stiles looks at him.
Stiles pulls the next shirt out and laughs out loud.

“Peter, who designed this shit?”

“I told you, I customized them” he says innocently, as though the shirt is Stiles’ hand doesn’t proclaim in bold letters

**I Took Seriously What Was Poked At Me In Fun**

“I’m wearing that one to the next court date” Stiles declares.

And he tips the whole box of shirts out, and digs through them, cackling as he sees the different colors and slogans.

**You Say Fat, I Say Fertile**

**Most of it’s Baby. (Some of it’s Bacon)**

**Baby Body - Bigger is Better**

**Fat as Fuck, Proud as Punch**

**I’m napping, OK? Leave Greenpeace out of this.**

The black and white shirts have neon writing, and the other shirts are fluorescent colors with black print.

“Jesus, you can see these from space” Stiles laughs.

Peter shrugs.

“So, you’ll be easy to spot in a crowd.”

He’s proud of his handiwork, so sue him.

Stiles goes to pull the Fat as Fuck shirt on, and then he spots the writing running across the back.

He looks, and looks again at the rest of the shirts.

They all say the same thing

*My alpha knows how amazing I am.*

He goes quiet.

Peter breaks the silence.
“Just in case you should ever doubt it, darling”

Stiles turns to him, and hugs him aggressively.

“These are awesome, Peter. Do you realize this means I don’t have to dress like a homeless person for the next four and a half months?”

“You dressed that way before you were pregnant”, Peter observes, amused.

“That was different. That was my choice” Stiles insists.

“I’m going to be the most fashion forward knocked up man out there. Fuck it, I’m even keeping the beard” he declares.

Peter holds him then, and nuzzles him, and asks “So I’m forgiven, then? Finally?”

“Definitely” Stiles smiles, and when Peter’s hands spread across his belly, he puts his own on top and holds them there.

It’s been a hell of a day.

Stiles has had a stream of visitors.

Isaac brings him cupcakes, and the gossip that Greenberg’s potential omega rejected his courting gifts.

Scott brings another onesie, this one saying “I love Uncle Scott the best.”

Derek grunts when he sees it, and pulls out his own gift.

Not baby clothes, but toddler sized t shirts with a devastatingly handsome picture of Derek on the front, one where he’s smiling for a change.

The caption reads MEET MY ACTUAL UNCLE across the top

And in smaller letters across the bottom

(He’s my favorite)

Peter snorts when he catches the crestfallen look on Scott’s face, and the smirk on Derek’s.

Stiles just rolls his eyes at the pair of them.

Noah comes by, of course, still concerned for Stile’s health, but they assure him that he’s had all the alpha pheromones he could possibly need.

He tells them he doesn’t need the details, thanks.
Their lawyer drops by, briefly, and tells them they can turn this health scare to their advantage.

They tell him to do whatever it takes – they don’t need the money, but they know that some of the couples affected are in dire straits.

And when they finally all go home, Stiles is ready for bed, despite the early hour.

Peter looks at his exhausted partner, dozing on the sofa, and slips upstairs for a moment.

When he comes back down, Stiles is halfway awake, and Peter offers to carry him upstairs to bed.

Stiles smiles at him sleepily, and holds his arms up.

Peter carries him upstairs, and Stiles mumbles something about “showing off your werewolf muscles.”

Peter deposits him on the bed.

There’s a box.

Stiles wakes up a little then, and picks it up. It’s from the ugly clothes shop.

“More shirts?” he asks, grinning.

Peter looks smug.

“These are special. You only get to pick one, though.”

Stiles opens the box, and sees three t-shirts, all printed with the design of a magic eight ball.

One says

*Yes definitely*

One says

*Ask again later*

The last one says

*Don’t count on it*

Stiles looks puzzled.

“What am I missing here, Peter?”

“Maybe you need context, sweetheart” Peter replies smoothly.

He slips his jumper off to reveal his own plain black tee.

The lime green lettering across the front asks

*Will Stiles Marry Me?*
Fuck Week - not an urban myth, after all

Chapter Summary

“I don’t need to come over, I can tell you now what the problem is. I swear to god, if there’s a medical side effect that’s rare, you two manage to get it.” the doctor grumps.

“Pardon?” Stiles asks, distracted by Peter’s hands sliding between his legs.

“I mean, can’t you two do ANYTHING normally in this pregnancy?” the doctor sighs.

Stiles wants to keep all the shirts, but he does eagerly wear the one that says Yes definitely when they head over to his Dad’s the next day to tell him the news.

Peter’s wearing his Marry Me shirt, so when they walk in the door holding hands, they don’t need to say a word.

Noah grins widely and hugs them both, checks that Stiles is fully recovered, and apologizes yet again for ever interfering.

“Dad, it’s fine” Stiles tells him. “I feel good. Peter’s making sure to stay close.”

Peter wraps himself around Stiles, placing his hands over his bump and agreeing, saying “You have my word Noah. I’m going to stick close to my fiancé for as long as he needs me.”

Stiles snuggles back against him humming, saying “I can’t think of anything better.”

The stop by at the loft and tell the rest of the pack their news.

Nobody even pretends to be surprised, but they all offer their congratulations.

Derek’s brow furrows for a moment when Scott points out that Stiles will be Derek’s Uncle now, which will preclude him from being favorite uncle.

Stiles grins, and tells Scott “Favorite Uncle’s honorary, dude. I mean, you’re not even related. Title’s still up for grabs. Who knows, could even be Isaac”

Isaac starts at hearing that, and Derek turns a death glare on him.

He puts his hands in the air in surrender, saying “Nope, I’m out.”

Derek smiles then, mollified.

He gives Stiles a gentle pat on his belly, saying “Hi baby, its Uncle Derek.”

Peter’s hand whips out and slaps Derek’s away before he’s even aware he’s doing it.

Derek pulls back, confused.

“I don’t know what came over me, I’m so sorry” Peter says, looking mortified.
Stiles takes his hand and rubs the back of it, saying “chill there, proud papa, it’s fine.”

And Peter knows Derek’s no threat, but just for a moment there, all he could think was mineminemine.

As they get in the car Peter, tells him “I think I’m just feeling a little protective from having nearly lost you.”

“Understandable, I’m pretty darn great, I’d want to keep me safe too” Stiles agrees.

“No take me home and spoon me, for the good of my health.”

Stiles wakes the next morning to Peter humping his leg.

And he’s really humping it. Not slowly dragging his length up and down playfully, not idly grinding in his sleep.

He’s rutting, hard.

He wakes properly just in time to hear Peter groan, and mere moments later he feels warmth on his leg, and hears Peter muttering ‘All mine, make you smell like me” as he starts to massage his come into Stiles’ body.

That’s not….normal.

“Peter?” he asks carefully.

“Stiles! You’re awake, oh god, baby, I need you, need to be in you please, please can I?” Even as he babbles, Peter’s draping his body over Stiles, and sliding his fingers down to his hole, seeking out the slick that means he’s ready for him. As soon as he feels the dampness down there, he starts to pump his fingers in and out, spreading the liquid around.

Stiles is barely awake, but he’s awake enough to know that something out of the ordinary’s going on.

He’s also awake enough to know that Peter’s dick would feel really great in him right about now, so he nods, giving his permission.

Peter pushes right in with no hesitation, and starts fucking him hard and fast, single-mindedly chasing his climax.

He fucks like a man who hasn’t had sex for a month, not like a man who fell asleep still lodged inside Stiles last night, and certainly not like a man who came five minutes ago.

He’s panting and whining, and hissing between his teeth as he drives in harder, faster, deeper.

Stiles is on a hair trigger these days anyway, and the intensity with which Peter is filling him has him crying out and coming within minutes. Peter draws a sharp breath as he feels Stiles tighten around him, and comes with a cry of his own that’s almost a sob.

Stiles runs his hands softly down Peter’s back, and he can feel him trembling.

He shushes him and holds him, and after he’s gentled him back into something like normality, he
nudges at him to get off.

Peter pulls out, and Stiles moans at how good it feels.

Then he realizes. It feels good because Peter? Peter’s still as hard as a rock.

He rolls Peter onto his back, and really looks at him. His eyes are glazed, and he’s squirming. His hand has strayed to his cock and he’s stroking himself mindlessly, mumbling “more, need more, please” to himself, and he looks for all the world like the lights are on but nobody’s home.

“Peter. Peter? Hey, come on, you with me?” Stiles tries, as he taps Peter’s face in an effort to get a response.

Peter blinks, and seems to gather himself briefly.

“Need you“ is all he can manage, before he whimpers and goes back to stroking himself.

OK then.

Definitely not normal.

Stiles gets out of bed, ignoring Peter’s soft whimpers and protests, and dials the clinic.

He gets put through to their doctor and tells him “Something’s wrong with Peter. I woke up to him humping my leg, and he’s insatiable.”

The doctor sighs.

“How’s his lucidity? Is he with it at all?”

“A little, but not really? He just keeps saying he needs me” Stiles reports. “Can you come over? I don’t think he can leave the house” he adds, and even as he speaks, a naked Peter slides up behind him and wraps his arms around him, snapping “Who are you talking to? You’re mine. They can’t have you.”

The doctor swears, loudly.

“I don’t need to come over. I can tell you now what the problem is. I swear to god, if there’s a medical side effect that’s rare, you two manage to get it.”

“Pardon?” Stiles asks, distracted by Peter’s hands sliding between his legs.

“I mean, can’t you two do ANYTHING normally in this pregnancy?” the doctor sighs.

“It’s extremely rare, so of course it’s happened to you.”

“In a nutshell, he’s in protective rut.

His hormones have been driven into overdrive because you were in danger, and this is his body’s response. It’s protective instinct. All he’ll want to do is mark you and mount you and claim you and scent you until he’s assured himself you’re safe. Cancel any plans you had for at least a week, and strap in for a wild ride.”

“Wait, wait…I’ve heard of this…” Stiles racks his brain for the information he knows is lurking
Suddenly he lets out a whoop, exclaiming “YESS! We’re having Fuck Week!”

“Yes Stiles, congratulations, your partner is in a mini rut, colloquially known as fuck week. I’m thrilled for you” the doctor says drily.

“Make sure Peter at least takes a break to eat, and keep him hydrated, before you ride him too ragged” the doctor adds, before hanging up abruptly.

Stiles drops the phone on the table, and arches back shamelessly into Peter, who’s currently three fingers deep in his ass.

He’s ecstatic. He’s heard of Fuck Week, but he thought it was an urban myth.

But apparently, it’s real, and it’s here.

He can’t wait.

The phone doesn’t stay on the table long, because the next thing he knows, Peter’s swept everything onto the floor so he can bend Stiles over and fuck into him again. Stiles shifts back a little to accommodate his belly, before turning and looking over his shoulder at Peter, grinning, telling him “Doctors says you’re fine, you just need to fuck me as much as you want for at least a week.”

Peter’s eyes light up. “Really?”

“Anytime, anywhere, until you feel better” Stiles confirms.

He hesitates, and grudgingly adds “As long as you take a break to eat and drink”.

A moment later he adds “Or unless I need to pee.”

He’s pretty sure Peter misses those last two though, because he’s thrusting in mindlessly, eyes glazing again, tongue peeking out of his mouth as he licks his lips.

Stiles closes his eyes and loses himself in the sensations, feeling the pull and drag of Peter’s thick cock, moaning and encouraging him.

Peter comes quickly, and when he sees that Stiles is on the edge, he slides his hand between his legs and fingers him mercilessly till he comes, and then licks him out, moaning at the sweetness on his tongue.

And then, after Stiles makes him stop for a few minutes so he can use the bathroom and Peter can grab a drink and some food, they do it all over again, but this time on the couch.

Stiles is having the time of his life.

He’s pretty sure Peter is too, if the sounds he keeps making are anything to go by.

Peter’s rut has run for two weeks, and it’s showing no signs of abating.

While they’d been apart, he’d felt Peter’s absence keenly - not only physically, but he’d just plain flat out missed him. He’d missed the smell of his alpha, the feel of his hands on his skin, the sound of his
voice as he whispered to Bumpty when he thought Stiles was sleeping.

Peter’s making up for it now though, and there are days when they don’t even make it out of bed because neither of them wants to be the one to let go first, and Peter’s need to touch Stiles and mark him is matched by Stiles’ need to be claimed.

They haven’t answered their phone for two weeks, and knocks at the door have been ignored, because Peter’s busy with his face buried between Stiles’ legs, lapping hungrily at the copious amount of slick that’s leaking there, or his head’s pressed up against his chest as he sucks and teases at his newly sensitive nipples and coaxes the smallest amount of sweet liquid from them while Stiles pants in pure pleasure, or he’s balls deep in him, grunting as he pounds in and out, and comes over and over again.

They haven’t bothered with clothes, or bed linen, in ten days. It’s just more effort than it’s worth. It’s so much easier when Peter can just flip Stiles onto his knees and mount him when the need overcomes him, without battling with such foolishness as underwear.

Stiles has drawn the line at showering though, insisting at least once a day that Peter wash himself thoroughly and brush his teeth.

If he has to bribe him into the shower with the promise of a blow job, well, it’s a sacrifice he’s willing to make.

He finds that the more Peter touches him, the more he wants it. Peter only has to look at him a certain way, and Stiles gets wet.

And then Peter catches his scent, and wherever they are in the house, that’s where they end up, splayed in a tangle of arms and legs as Peter fucks him, unable to hold back, and unwilling to walk all the way to the bedroom.

There are a lot of flat surfaces in their house, and they take advantage of all of them.

Stiles makes sure they eat, even if it’s just takeout.

He feels bad for the pizza guy though, who blushes every time Stile answers the door all sex flushed and half naked and covered in hiccups.

He makes sure that he tips him double.

The hiccups and marks are pretty bad, Stiles admits.

Part of Peter’s possessiveness manifests in the need to leave giant purpling lovebites all over his body, and finger shaped bruises on his hips, and bite marks on his ass. He really doesn’t mind.

In the end, it takes three weeks for Peter to work through the rut.

When Peter’s able to be in a room with him for more than five minutes without getting his cock out, Stiles calls his doctor and tells him they’re still alive, and fine.

“Just hope that’s the end of it, Stiles” he warns him.
“Sometimes the possessiveness can linger a little, and if there’s a chance of it happening, you can bet that it’s you two it will happen to”.

‘Rude’ mutters Peter from where he’s sitting, and he’s able to speak again now, and he has both hands off his dick, and he’s not even hard, for the first time in weeks.

Stiles is a little sad about it, to be honest.
Chapter Summary

People have an unfortunate tendency to think that they can touch Stiles’ belly.

Peter has an unfortunate tendency to threaten them with violence, or on one memorable occasion, tackle them to the ground.

Stiles insists that Peter come to his doctor’s appointment at 22 weeks, because it seems that his own opinion doesn’t count for anything, only that of his alpha.

He explains, yet again, exactly where the doctor can shove that ultrasound wand.

He even wears the *Don’t count on it* t shirt in an effort to get his point across.

But they’re determined to use the damned thing.

They don’t factor in Peter’s newly aroused protective instinct, which has not, in fact, abated.

This time, when the doctor tries to approach Stiles, Peter doesn’t just crowd him up against the wall, he bodily lifts the doctor up by his armpits and holds him there, dangling, while his eyes flash and his fangs drop, and he growls out “*Don’t touch! Mine!*”

The doctor snaps out “Fine! No ultrasound!” and Peter drops him like a stone and hurries over to Stiles, wrapping himself around him and rubbing their cheeks together. It would be adorable, if you hadn’t just seen him lift a six foot man as if he weighed nothing, and flash his claws and fangs at him.

They finally grudgingly accept that Stiles means it, saying that they suppose they can do an external ultrasound, now that he’s over half way.

The baby looks more like a person and less like a mutant this time, and Stiles breathes a sigh of relief when they say that everything looks normal, and the baby is thriving.

Peter’s gone from growling protectively to grinning from ear to ear as he looks at the images, and Stiles thinks that if the defense lawyers ever saw exactly how thrilled Peter is, their case would sink like a stone.

The lawsuit’s progressing remarkably quickly, due to a couple of factors.

One is the publicity surrounding the case. The company that manufactures the contraceptive shots is losing money hand over fist, and their stock values drop a little more every day that their name remains in the headlines.

And one is Stiles himself.
The footage of him leaving hospital, leaning heavily on Peter, hands on his belly, as Peter scowls at anyone who comes near, have the media in a frenzy.

It’s heart wrenching watching him shuffle down the steps, and people are eating it up.

The cries of public outrage after ‘that poor sweet child’ was hospitalized with complications from his pregnancy have been overwhelming, and sent the defense legal team scrambling in an effort to arrange for an out of court settlement.

They’re currently offering 1.5 million each, but their own legal team has advised them to hold out for more.

Either way, Stiles is ready for it to be over, so he can spend his days working on his book, having his feet and his belly rubbed, and being fucked stupid by his adorably protective alpha.

They get a call the following day and go and see their lawyer, and he smugly tells them that they’ve managed to get the offer up to 2.7

Stiles looks at Peter, and they nod in confirmation.

One time payout, no court case, no appeals, all confidential.

It’s a sweet deal, the lawyer says, and as they shake hands and go to leave, he places a hand on Stiles’ belly saying “Good job, junior.”

It takes three grown men to drag Peter off him after he pins the poor man to the table with his hand wrenched up to the middle of his back, hissing at him “Don’t touch! Mine!”

Stiles has to wrap himself around Peter afterwards, reassuring him that no, it wasn’t a threat, no he isn’t hurt, yes, everything’s fine, yes he’s safe, yes he can claim him but not here, can they at least go home first, OK fine, he can scent him, but that’s all.

Peter nuzzles and licks at Stiles’ throat and his scent glands, until he’s calm again.

For a given value of calm, anyway.

He can’t stop touching Stiles, running his hands over him repeatedly, pulling him close.

His eyes flick around the room, lighting on the table, and he starts “there’s a table, if we could just borrow the room - If I could only-”

“No, we’re going home” Stiles tells him firmly, and drags him out to the car.

But Peter’s still keyed up and desperate, so they compromise – Peter fucks him over the hood of the car, but they park in a secluded spot first.

Possessiveness isn’t nearly as much fun without the sex, as Stiles discovers.

Peter won’t leave his side.

In fairness, he does try to restrain himself, but the one time Stiles went out to pick up some ice cream
on his own, by the time he got home Peter was pacing and clutching his phone, and he threw himself
at Stiles as soon as he walked in the door, and spent so long scenting him and checking that he
wasn’t hurt that the damned ice cream was half melted before he was finished.

And then it took Stiles another twenty minute to convince him that no, Stiles wasn’t going to leave
him just because he was a little needy at the moment.

Stiles has to laugh when he realises that he’s currently the emotionally stable one in the relationship.

The clinic assures him that it will pass, probably in a few weeks, so he shows Peter the same
courtesy that Peter showed him when his hormones were all over the place, and he doesn’t mention
it, and he doesn’t make it a big deal.

And he tamps down firmly on his desire to hit Peter in the face with a shovel.

Because protectiveness is all well and good, but it turns out to be one of those things that’s awesome
in theory, less so in practice.

It’s fine that Peter wants to stay near Stiles and look after him, but that doesn’t include threatening the
barista when they go out for coffee just because “She looked like she wanted you, Stiles, I swear.
She was undressing you with her eyes.”

And he drags Stiles home half way through doing the groceries, because he gets irrationally jealous
when he’s choosing fruit and a man says to Stiles “I love a nice ripe melon” with a wink.

“You leave his damned melons alone, he’s engaged!” Peter snarls out, and the next thing Stiles
knows, he’s being hustled out to the car park and Peter’s driving him home, muttering about perverts
in produce, and they still don’t have anything for dinner.

When they get home he sighs, and sits Peter down, and crawls into his lap the way he knows he
likes, straddling him and wrapping his arms around his neck with his head tipped back so Peter can
scent him.

And after he’s calmed down, Stiles looks him in the eye, and tells him “Peter; I love you. And I love
that you care so much for me and Bumpty, honestly. But this has to stop. I can actually take care of
myself, you know.”

Peter sighs, head in hands.

“I know, alright? I know! I’m fully aware how ridiculous this is. My rational mind is screaming at me
to calm down. But my alpha brain? All it wants is to lock you away somewhere so that nothing can
take you away from me.”

Stiles hums, and snuggles in. “Peter, we have no damned groceries, and I’m hungry. Order me
Chinese and we’ll consider you forgiven, OK? Just feed me, please.”

Peter hurries to comply, because feeding Stiles plays into his caretaking instincts perfectly.

Stiles goes to shower while he waits for the food, and the next thing he knows Peter’s in there with
him, just standing patiently and holding a towel.

“Coming in?” he asks hopefully, because he’s horny as well as hungry.

Peter shakes his head, telling him “I just want to make sure you don’t slip getting out, sweetheart.
Shower sex is too dangerous – anything could happen.”
“Orgasms could happen, that’s what could happen” Stiles grumbles to himself.

But he turns the water off and stands there patiently while Peter dries him carefully and leads him away from the treacherously wet tiles, and deposits him in a chair in their bedroom, making sure he’s settled.

And it’s hard to stay grumpy when Peter starts to rub his feet and his legs, and massage oil into his belly, and whisper to the baby about how precious his Papa is.

Stiles is dozing by the time their food arrives, and Peter lays him out gently on the bed before going to pay the delivery guy.

And when Stiles wakes a short time later, Peter’s standing there with a massive plate of all his favorites, smiling softly at him.

“Feed me, alpha, and then please, please, come to bed?” Stiles begs him.

Peter does feed him, and he does come to bed, and he covers Stiles in his scent and his seed, not content until he’s filled his partner to overflowing.

Not that Stiles is objecting.

They find that Peter can cope if he’s the one going out and Stiles stays home, as long as there’s somebody staying with him to make sure he’s safe.

And as long as said someone doesn’t try and hug him as they leave, as Scott discovers after Peter punches him yet again.

Stiles accuses afterwards “You did that on purpose”.

Peter looks innocent, and maintains he couldn’t help it.

And as long as he gets to claim him as soon as they get home, Peter assures Stiles that he’ll be perfectly fine if they go out.

He argues that it’s only when there’s a threat that he becomes overprotective.

Sadly, Peter’s perception of a threat is slightly skewed.

People have an unfortunate tendency to think that they can touch Stiles’ belly.

Peter has an unfortunate tendency to threaten them with violence, or on one memorable occasion, tackle them to the ground.

The checkout lady who patted his bump was not a threat, Stiles scolds Peter, and he helps the poor woman up and apologises profusely.
She assures him it’s fine, commenting “My alpha was the same, back in the day.”

Peter also apologises, but he’s side eyeing her the whole time.

Stiles drags him out of the shop, muttering about idiot alphas.

“She was looking at your bump” Peter protests.

“She was looking at my shirt, dumbass” Stiles grouses.

“She just wants to know where she can buy one for her daughter, so stop growling” he tells him.

They head home, with Peter sheepishly admitting that possibly he might be still feeling the aftereffects of his rut a little, and he might not be as in control as he thought.

Stiles is just happy that they successfully obtained the essentials before Peter lost control, so he soothes him, telling him that admitting he has a problem is the first step in overcoming it.

Everybody looks at the shirts.

He can’t go ten paces without someone commenting, or asking where they can buy one.

“Not for sale” is his brusque reply, every time.

Peter runs his hands over his belly and over the stupid shirt that afternoon, and his hand pauses on the slogan.

“You know, we could market these, if you wanted” he muses.

“You’ve said it yourself, there’s no decent maternity wear out there for men.”

“No. Absolutely not.” Stiles is quick to reply.

Peter arches a brow.

“No?”

“No. Nobody else can have these” Stiles is firm.

“All right, it was just a passing idea” Peter soothes.

“I’m curious though, why not?”

Stiles sighs.

“Nobody else can have these because you made them just for me. You thought of shit that would make me laugh, and then you chose colors I’d like. They’re mine.”

“I don’t want to share. I want to keep it for me”.

Peter’s face breaks into a smile.
“So you do know what it’s like, then” he observes.

Stiles looks at him curiously.

“Know what what’s like?”

“Having something precious and wanting to keep it for yourself” Peter says smugly, pulling Stiles into his lap, and rolling his hips hopefully.

“That’s not ….” Stiles trails off when he sees the amused look on Peter’s face.

“OK, fine, it’s a little bit the same, except I don’t go round threatening people who touch my clothes” he admits grudgingly.

Peter’s still rolling his hips, and he peels Stiles’ shirt off and starts kissing down his neck.

“I think” he murmurs against Stiles’ neck.

“That it might help me immensely” as he kisses gently down his collarbone, making him shiver.

“If we spent the rest of today” and he pulls away briefly to strip his own shirt off.

“Naked, in bed.”

Stiles nods vigorously as he runs his hands up the planes of Peter’s chest.

“Bound to help” he agrees, and kisses Peter softly.

Funnily enough, it really does help, but not for the reasons they initially think it will.

Peter doesn’t hold back as he touches and kisses Stiles all over, soaking up the skin to skin contact, whispering to his belly, humming a quiet tune as he rubs his hands over the ever expanding flesh.

Stiles just lays back and revels in the touch, and he tells Peter “You’re a giant sap, you know that?” as he runs his own hands over his bump.

“Papa says I’m a sap, little one” Peter murmurs to the belly.

Stiles stills suddenly, and his eyes go wide.

Peter’s immediately alert, asking “What’s wrong?”

Stiles breathes out “I felt ….something. I felt it moving. Peter, the baby’s moving!”

He can’t contain his excitement. He’s been feeling little flutters and twitches for about a week now, but had dismissed them as gas, not wanting to get excited over nothing, but this, this was a definite movement.

Peter’s hands bracket his bump.
He presses down, gently.

“Probably won’t happen again, and I’m not sure you’ll feel it” Stiles warns him.

Peter jokingly addresses Bumpty, saying “Say hi for me, baby”.

The baby obliges with a distinct tiny kick.

And Peter probably wouldn’t be able to feel it normally, except that his hand’s in just the right spot, and he has werewolf senses, so he’s able to feel the vibrations running through his hand as his baby shifts beneath his fingers.

‘Oh, what a good baby, yes you are, so good for me” he croons, and there it is again.

The tiniest of ripples under his hand.

Stiles shifts then, leaning up on his elbows so he can see better. His movements cause the baby to shift as well, and Peter feels it.

He turns to Stiles, eyes sparkling, and says “He likes me. He’s moving for me.”

“Might not be a he” Stiles points out.

“Don’t care” says Peter, wrapping himself around Stiles and pressing his ear to his belly, the better to hear the steady heartbeat of his child.

Any thought of sex has gone out the window, and the rest of the day passes with Peter waiting patiently for any sign of movement, whispering to Stiles that he loves him, and kissing him softly, and laughing every time he feels something move under his hands.

And it must calm something in him, feeling the evidence that his baby is alive and healthy, because he doesn’t even object when Stiles eventually pushes him off and grumbles that all the pressing on his bladder has him needing to pee, and then he’s going to have a shower.

Peter just lets him go, and he doesn’t bring him a towel, and he doesn’t warn him to be careful, he just lays on the bed and looks at the ceiling with a lazy smile spreading across his features, and thinks about the sound of a strong heartbeat, and the feeling of their baby beneath his hands.

The next day, when Noah comes over and Stiles invites him to feel the baby moving, he hesitates and looks pointedly at Peter, but Peter doesn’t bat an eyelid when he carefully places his hands there.

Stiles looks at Peter curiously, saying “you don’t mind?”

“Of course not, Stiles. You invited him to touch you.” Peter tells him, as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

Noah feels the briefest of movements then, and smiles broadly.

“Oh, look at you Bumpty, getting all comfy” he whispers.
“Are you moving for grandpa?” Peter asks the bump, smiling.

The baby moves again.

“He moves for your voice” Noah observes jokingly.

“Rubbish. Coincidence” Peter scoffs, but Stiles looks thoughtful.

When Dr Evans hears that it’s Stiles on the phone, he tells the receptionist to tell him he’s not in.

“Whatever the hell it is, let Wilson deal with it. I just…can’t” he tells her.

“Oh you’ll want to hear this, I promise” she tells him, and he can hear something in her tone that makes him take the call.

“So, the baby’s moving” Stiles tells him excitedly.

“Excellent, I’d expect it by this stage. We talked about it last week, remember?”

“Yes, but there’s something else” Stiles tells him.

“Color me surprised” he says resignedly.

“No, it’s nothing bad, and it might not even be a thing, I just want to check something with the medical professional. Since, y’know, that’s your job and all” Stiles says, sounding distinctly miffed.

Dr Evans sighs noisily.

“OK, hit me. Whatever it is, let’s just go ahead and assume, since it’s you two, that it is a thing, and take it from there.”

“So, um, my dad said it as a joke, but I think he might be right.”

Philip Evans rolls his eyes skyward.

“What, Stiles? He said what?”

“That the baby responds to voices.”

The doctor lets out a sigh of relief.

“Is that all? He might actually be right. External stimulus can definitely cause a response. My son used to get a hell of a groove going whenever my wife listened to Queen” he says, leaning back in his chair and smiling at the memory.

“Was it…only to Queen?” Stiles asks quietly.

Something in his tone alerts the doctor that he’s not getting the full story.

“Stiles, tell me what the issue is, and I’ll go and find my big book of obscure pregnancy problems, and see what it says.”

“Look, it’s not even a problem, more of a …quirk I guess.”
Stiles hesitates before saying "The baby moves for Peter’s voice”.

Oh.

The doctor sits back up in his chair, interested now, despite himself.

“Only for Peter?”

“Well, it moves generally, but if Peter talks to the bump, it moves. Every time. He doesn’t realise, but I’ve been keeping track.”

Phil Evans closes his eyes, cursing the day he’d been chosen to call Peter Hale and tell him about his faulty shot.

The puzzle pieces in his mind slot neatly together, and he knows exactly why the baby moves for Peter.

Well, at least it's not bad news, as such.

He debates whether tell Stiles over the phone, but in the end he makes an appointment for both of them to see him later that day.

“And tell Peter to behave this time” he admonishes Stiles.

“Oh, he will. Since he can feel the baby moving, he’s calmed right down” Stiles assures him.

The doctor’s not surprised, if what he suspects is correct.

After he hangs up, the receptionist sticks her head round the door.

“Is it what I think it is?” she asks, grinning.

“Yup” he says.

Because of course it is.

Peter’s the picture of calm as he and Stiles take a seat, and the doctor breathes a small sigh of relief.

He asks Stiles “Do you mind if I have a listen to the heartbeat, and then see if I can feel the baby moving?”

He doesn’t dare touch him without permission, since he’s wearing a t shirt with a mockup of a warning sign printed prominently on the front of it that says

**DANGER**

**BABY CONSTRUCTION SITE**

*No Trespassing or Touching*
But Stiles agrees happily, and Peter doesn’t even twitch when the doctor puts a stethoscope to Stiles’ belly.

“Move for the doctor, little one” he says, smiling.

And there it is, bump bump. Two small kicks.

Stiles looks pointedly at the doctor, and says “See? It moves for Peter.”

“OK” the doctor starts.

“I’m ninety five percent sure of what this is. By the time we do the next scan we should be able to see for certain, but the voice response is a fairly solid indicator.”

He hesitates.

He thinks Peter will be thrilled - this time it’s Stiles he’s worried about.

But in fact, Stiles takes the news that he’s carrying a baby werewolf remarkably well.
Fuck those Old Wives Tales.

Chapter Summary

Stiles thinks that old wives tales are all a crock, and he’s horrified when he discovers that actually, maybe those old wives knew some shit after all.

They tell the pack first, Peter absolutely beaming with pride when he informs them that they have a new wolf on the way.

Derek’s eyes go wide, and he stares at them for a moment before walking over to them and suddenly pulling Peter into a tight embrace.

“New pack” he whispers softly, and it takes a few minutes before he’ll let Peter go, but Peter doesn’t seem to mind, if his grin is anything to go by.

When he finally lets Peter go, Derek turns to Stiles and asks “May I?” before hesitantly extending a hand towards his belly.

‘Sure thing” Stiles replies easily, and takes Derek’s hand and places it on his now quite prominent stomach.

“How baby wolf, welcome to the pack” Derek says, and the baby responds with a solid double kick.

Derek grins delightedly. “It gave me a kick!”

“Recognizes his Alpha’s voice” Stiles confirms. “The doctor said that’s why it responds to Peter – it’s a wolf thing, pack calling to pack.”

Scott gives Stiles a hurt look when he calls Derek the Alpha, but Stiles ignores it, instead offering “Hey Scotty, wanna feel?”

Scott lays a hand on his midsection, and tries “hey baby, it’s Uncle Scott.”

And there it is, the tiniest of kicks.

“It gave me a kick too!” he says, with a smile almost as wide as Peter’s.

Derek leans over to Stiles and quietly observes “Mine was bigger though, right?”

Noah has a few more questions, although he’s happy for them.

“Huh. A wolf. Is that rare?” he asks them.

“About the same as the odds of twins” Peter tells him, and Stiles suppresses a shudder at the thought.

“Give me this over two babies, any day” he observes.
They tell Noah that yes, the baby will be born in human form, and won’t start to shift until they’re two or three. It does increase the chances of an early labor, simply because wolf babies are larger, and Stiles will basically be on bedrest from next month to reduce the risks.

Although as Peter states indignantly “To hear the damned doctor tell it, it’s a done deal that the baby will come early. He says we’re the textbook definition of an abnormal pregnancy, whatever the hell that means.”

Noah looks amused at that, and he points out “To be fair, you guys have hit a few speed bumps on the way.”

Although Peter’s gotten past his possessiveness, he’s determined to prove Doc Evans wrong about early labor, and as the seven month mark approaches he makes sure that Stiles follows all the guidelines for a healthy pregnancy, even the ones that Stiles insists are old wives tales.

“How do you think those wives got to be old, Stiles” he reasons. “They must have known something we don’t.”

And he pulls the plug on the hot bath Stiles had been looking forwards to, telling him “Sorry sweetheart, but no baths for you. We don’t want to start labor.”

“Those old wives are full of shit” Stiles grumbles.

Stiles is also apparently not meant to raise his arms above his head in case the movement causes him to strangle the baby with the umbilical cord, as Peter reminds him when he’s attempting to get a book down off a high shelf.

Stiles rolls his eyes hard at that one, challenging “So, how exactly are we going to have sex for the next two months then?” because he’s finding that with his increased size, one of the most comfortable positions for him is on his knees, with his arms stretched forwards gripping the headboard, as Peter takes him from behind.

Peter fidgets and looks at the floor.

“Darling, you know I love you, and I’m more than happy to just hold you and scent you” he starts out.

“Peter? What aren’t you telling me?” Stiles demands.

‘They say sex can start contractions so we shouldn’t do it’ Peter gets out in a rush.

Stiles takes a moment to process what he’s heard, and says disbelievingly “Care to repeat that? Because I could have sworn you said no sex.”

Peter sighs.

“Orgasming with your alpha can cause contractions, and we don’t want to trigger early labor, so it’s best if we hold off until after the baby’s born.”
‘Well obviously, that’s bullshit” Stiles declares, and he quickly fires up his laptop and enters the question into google, confidently expecting Peter’s claim to be refuted.

As the pages load, he starts clicking on links. He works his way down the list, and he’s horrified to discover that in betas, pregnancy sex is allowed, even encouraged, right up until the baby is born, but in omegas, there is a chance of exposure to alpha semen triggering premature labor, especially if the sex is frequent (it is) and both parties orgasm more than once (they do), and if the baby is a were, the chances skyrocket.

“Dammit!” he shouts, and slams the lid of his laptop closed so hard that it cracks.

A thought occurs to him suddenly.

“So, am I allowed to jerk off?”

Peter’s face tells him all he needs to know.

“It’s probably safer if you don’t, for now” Peter offers apologetically.

The look Stiles shoots him is absolutely murderous.

“Try and damned well stop me” he mutters under his breath, stomping off to the bedroom.

If he can’t have Peter, he’ll have the next best thing.

He opens his toy chest, the wooing gift from Peter.

And finds it completely empty.

“FUCK FUCK FUCK!” he screams at the top of his lungs.

Peter comes up behind him, wrapping his arms around him, making soothing noises.

Stiles refuses to be soothed.

“You. You did this” he accuses, pointing to the empty chest.

“It’s for the baby, Stiles” Peter reminds him.

Right.

The baby.

Stiles sags a little at the reminder.

But he still whines as he turns in Peter’s arms and snuggles in. “You could have warned me. I would have made sure to enjoy myself more yesterday if I’d known it was going to be the last time, instead of making it quick like I did.”

And it’s true, the last time they made love, Stiles had carelessly ridden Peter hard and fast, gotten them both off, and then bolted out of bed because he was supposed to be meeting Noah.

He pulls Peter closer then, and it’s probably a dirty trick, but he closes his eyes and thinks about Peter’s cock filling him, and revels in the smell and touch of his alpha, deliberately allowing himself to become aroused, until he can feel slick leaking out, and the scent of his need is thick in the air.
And then he looks at Peter through lowered lashes and bites his lip and whimpers a little, before asking in a breathy voice “Please, alpha, just one last time? It would mean so much to me.”

As Peter takes in the sight of his young lover, flushed and desperate and begging, he can feel his resolve weakening.

“Oh, Stiles, believe me, I’d like nothing better, but maybe we shouldn’t“ he tries.

“What harm can it do? We could just pretend we don’t know for one more day” Stiles pleads.

And he leans in and kisses Peter passionately, putting everything he has into the kiss, trying to convey his desire without words.

He must succeed, because the next thing he knows, Peter’s carrying him over to the bed, saying “You’ll be the death of me, I swear. One last time, and then you have to promise me you won’t ask again.”

“I won’t Peter, I promise. Just want to feel good one last time” Stiles tells him sincerely.

He’s lying, of course.

Peter undresses him tenderly and lays him on the bed gently, and sighs.

“I want to do everything with you, since this will be the last time for months” he confesses frankly “And I have no idea where to start.”

Stiles raises himself up on his elbows and grins wickedly at Peter, and tells him “Everything sounds perfect. But how about we start with me blowing you, just to take the edge off for us both?”

And he slides around on the bed so that his head’s hanging off the side, and tilts his head backwards, and opens his mouth enticingly.

Peter groans at the image in front of him, and quickly strips before standing at the side of the bed and slowly feeding his erection into Stiles’ waiting mouth.

Stiles can’t take him all the way in at first, but he sucks and licks and swirls his tongue around the half that he can fit in, and Peter rubs his hand up and down the rest of his shaft, spreading the saliva that’s drooling out of the corners of Stiles’ mouth.

He thrusts his hips carefully, and slowly, slowly, manages to work himself deep into Stile’s throat. He can see the bulge there, and runs his fingers gently over it as he moves in and out in a gentle rhythm. Knowing that this is the last time he’ll be able to have this with his partner for a while, he’s in no rush.

_Is it though?_ A treacherous part of his mind supplies. _As long as Stiles doesn’t come, he can still suck you off safely…_

He clamps down on that train of thought before it can go any further. He’s never been a selfish lover, and he’s not going to start now. If Stiles is going without, then so will he.

*Except for jerking off in the shower,* the voice helpfully suggests.
He’s started thrusting a little faster, a little deeper now, and Stiles is moaning around him, but he shows no signs of needing to stop, and he’s hard and leaking, so Peter continues to pick up the pace and finally he manages to get his whole length in, and he lets out a throaty moan at the sensation.

Stiles hums deliberately and clutches at his thighs, and Peter takes the hint and starts moving in and out faster and faster, until he’s fucking Stiles’ throat ruthlessly, grunting with every thrust. When finally it’s too much and he can feel his climax approaching, he goes to pull out, but Stiles flicks his tongue across the head just so, and then it’s too late and he’s coming in his mouth and it’s too much for Stiles to swallow it all, and he sputters a little and pulls off, which means that Peter ends up spraying copious amounts of come all over his face and neck, and his wolf loves it, revels in the sight, and he can’t help the satisfied growl that leaves his throat.

Stiles looks a mess, but his eyes are bright and he’s grinning as he licks his lips before rolling over so he’s on his side, and shuffling himself onto the bed properly.

He props himself up against the headboard with his legs spread wide, and without breaking eye contact with Peter, he carefully swipes his fingers through the come on his face, and gently rubs it into the swell of his belly.

The sight of it makes Peter’s breath catch in his throat, and he surges forwards onto the bed, taking Stiles’ face in his hands and kissing him roughly, licking hungrily at his mouth and catching the spilled drops of his own release.

Stiles laughs delightedly, and responds by kissing back just as enthusiastically.

“I want to ride you’ he tells Peter when they break apart, and he pushed him back into a sitting position so that he can straddle him.

It’s becoming a little more difficult for him to fit in Peter’s lap, which is why they haven’t done it this way for a few weeks, but he wants, oh he wants so badly, so he spreads his legs as wide as he can and leans back a little to make room for his girth, determined to make this happen.

But his body won’t cooperate, and he feels his back start to twinge and spasm, forcing him to lean forward again and brace himself against Peter’s chest, which in turn crushes his belly.

He groans in frustration, but Peter shushes him, and then rolls them over until Stiles is flat on his back, and he slides down his body smoothly until his head is between his legs, and he starts licking and tasting the spilled slickness there, flicking his tongue expertly in and out of Stiles’ body and making him squirm.

“Want you in me” Stiles pants out, pulling at Peter’s hair to get his attention.

But Peter shakes his head, says simply “Not yet’ and goes back to what he was doing.

He loves the taste of his mates’ arousal, loves how he can make him leak even more just by using his mouth, and he’s keenly aware that it may be the last chance he gets to do this for a while, so he savors the experience, drawing it out for as long as he can.

Finally though, Stiles can’t take any more, and he pulls at Peter’s hair more sharply, saying “please, alpha, fill me” in a shameless attempt to get Peter to fuck him.

He knows what hearing him beg does to Peter.

And this time is no exception.
Peter’s head snaps up, his gaze hungry, and he growls out “going to fill you so good, my greedy little omega, going to fill you till you’re dripping with it.”

The words send a shudder down Stiles’ spine.

“Get on the floor, sweetheart, and present for me” Peter tells him, and guides Stiles so he’s positioned how he wants him – kneeling, arms, chest and head resting on the mattress, belly hanging low in the space beneath him, and ass presented temptingly.

“How do you want this darling? Slow and sweet? Or hard and fast?” he asks Stiles.

“If this is the last time we can do this for months, then I want you to fuck me over and over until I beg you to stop. And then I don’t want you to stop” Stiles says bluntly.

Peter grins, and says “As you wish.”

He kneels behind Stiles, grabs his hips, and drives in suddenly, making him cry out in pleasure.

He can feel that Stiles is more than ready, his channel clenching in a steady pulsing rhythm that indicates the omega’s readiness to be mounted. Peter goes with the pace set by Stiles’ body, a gentle in, out, in, out, and it’s long slow strokes, penetrating him deeply every time, and Stiles is moaning with pleasure.

Peter makes sure to aim for his prostate, and he’s worked Stiles into a panting, writhing mess by the time he can feel the omega getting ready to come.

His moans get louder, and he begs Peter for more, and the fluttering of his channel becomes faster, and Peter’s pace matches it, until finally it’s too much and Stiles comes with a sharp cry.

Peter remembers what his partner asked for, and he keeps going. He’s already come once, so he feels no urgency, just enjoys the sensations as Stiles tightens incredibly around him, and then keeps thrusting relentlessly, making sure to fill him deeply.

Stiles is whining now, a high pitched desperate sound that’s punched out of him with every stroke, and the noises drive Peter to enter him harder, faster.

The pair of them are panting, and Stiles is almost crying with oversensitivity, but he’s hard again, and he still keeps panting out “more, Peter, please…. And as Peter finally comes a second time, Stiles suddenly does as well, shaking with the force of it.

Peter stays buried deep in his lover, stroking gently down his sides, soothing him until his shaking stops and he can hear Stiles’ breathing settle from gasping into a more regular pattern.

He eases out slowly, and slides his hands under Stiles’ pregnant belly to help him up off the floor, and they both roll onto the bed together, boneless and exhausted.

There’s a mess of liquid on the sheets where come and slick are dripping from Stiles, and Peter slides two fingers into him, rubbing his inner walls gently.

“How much?” he enquires gently.

Stiles hums.

“Can manage one more, if I can come on your hand, but I don’t think I can move” he decides.

Peter smiles gently and tells him “Anything for you, love” and sets to work with his hands and his
mouth, trying to tease out the last orgasm Stiles will be allowed to have until the baby’s born.

He sucks and kisses at his swollen nipples until they’re rosy and leaking, all the while working his fingers deftly into Stiles’ ass, and he has four fingers moving in and out before long.

Stiles grinds back into his hand, and Peter twists his fingers sideways just so, and bites hard at the side of his neck, and Stiles manages to come one final time with a breathy whimper.

He barely comes at all, but every muscle in his body relaxes afterwards, and he falls asleep in a messy puddle, and Peter doesn’t have the heart to wake him, instead opting to wipe him down gently with a warm cloth and cover him with a blanket, and then going into the bathroom.

He gets in the shower and washes off the evidence of their lovemaking, and thinks about what a long two months this is going to be for both of them.
One Little Orgasm

Chapter Summary

Stiles does his best to embrace abstinence, really he does.

Chapter Notes

Oh hey, look! Two chapters in one day!
Make the most of it folks, because wedding madness has descended here, and I may not get near a keyboard for the rest of the week.

Stiles lasts a week.

Their doctor has impressed upon them the importance of abstinence, and he really, genuinely is trying to do as he’s told.

He manages to get by on Peter scenting him and hugging him and rubbing his belly and his feet, and he tells himself that it’s for the good of the baby, and that he’s an adult for god’s sake, and that he can do this, if he just takes one day at a time.

And if he hadn’t walked in on Peter toweling himself dry after a shower, he would have managed it, too.

They’ve been careful, and considerate of each other, and Peter’s made sure to keep his touches to non-sexual areas, and to wear a t shirt and sweats to bed, so that he’s not making Stiles’ celibacy more difficult to bear.

And Stiles, for his part, has avoided being naked around Peter, and he’s kept kissing to a minimum so that he’s not tempted to take things further.

They’re living like affectionate brothers, and they both hate it.

So when Stiles walks into the bedroom and sees all the gorgeous flesh on display, maybe he doesn’t leave the room quite as quickly as he should.

And when he goes to have his shower later, maybe he feels reckless, and lets one hand roam over his sensitive chest while he slips two fingers into himself and pumps them gently.

He closes his eyes and thinks about Peter’s body, and the fingers speed up and his cock starts to plump up.

The angle’s not great, but by kneeling down, he manages to get three fingers in as deeply as he can, and thrusts them in with a vengeance.

It’s been far too long, and he reasons that one little orgasm can’t hurt. He’s soon grinding back onto his hand and twisting his nipples, but he can’t get deep enough to come.
He’s so busy trying to get himself there that he doesn’t hear Peter coming into the bathroom, drawn by the sound of his moans.

Peter’s floored by the sight of Stiles on his knees, fingers pumping in and out of himself, eyes closed and moaning and keening.

One little orgasm can’t hurt, he thinks, and he can see that Stiles isn’t going to be able to get there without a cock filling him.

He can’t help himself.

So he slips into the shower behind his lover, and kneels behind him and nuzzles at his neck, and whispers “Sweetheart? Something you need?”

Stiles presses back and whines.

Peter’s cock has hardened in seconds at the sight of Stiles, and he fucks in without preamble. It doesn’t take more than a dozen strokes before Stiles is coming, clenching down violently on Peter’s cock, tight and hot and wet, and Peter lets loose his own stream of come with a sigh.

They pant together for a minute or so, before getting to their feet carefully, aware how ironic it would be for them to slip and fall on wet tiles.

Stiles starts to giggle like a naughty child, burying his face in the crook of Peter’s neck as he snickers. “Doc Evans will kill us if he finds out we did this” he giggles.

“Doc Evans can go fuck himself” Peter states.

That starts Stiles giggling again, as he adds “fuck himself with the ultrasound wand.”

He laughs even harder at his own joke.

Peter rolls his eyes fondly, and hugs Stiles close as he helps him out of the shower and dries him, taking the chance to rub his hands over Stile’s naked belly and whisper to the baby.

Bumpty obediently kicks in response to his voice, and as always, Peter grins widely.

He pats Stiles belly affectionately, and wraps himself around him.

“We really shouldn’t do that again though” he sighs, because he’s being an adult.

Stiles pouts, but he grudgingly agrees.

“This is bullshit, but I guess you’re right” he gripes.

And as he turns to grab something to wear, a sudden spasm runs through his body, and he hits the floor.

He cries out in agony as all the muscles in his stomach tighten like a steel band, and he lies on the floor clutching his belly and gasping.

Peter’s there right beside him, eyes wide, saying “sweetheart, are you OK?”
Stiles can’t speak.

His hands reach out for Peter’s and he drags them desperately to his stomach, eyes wide, and Peter gets the hint, draining his pain until he can breathe again.

Stiles lets out a huff of breath, and tells Peter “Muscle cramps like you wouldn’t believe.”

Peter looks skeptical but Stiles assures him it was honestly just a cramp, and that if he lies down for a while he’ll be fine.

And he is, too.

For around half an hour.

And the another cramp strikes, and Peter overrides his protests and calls the doctor, who comes over immediately.

He arrives just as Stiles is breathing through another wave of pain.

He briefly examines Stiles, cursing under his breath as the couple confesses that yes, they’d broken the abstinence rule.

He turns to Peter and starts to abuse them both roundly.

“I swear to god, people try to make me out to be a bad guy, but all I want is for this damned baby to be born healthy.

Do you think I enjoy telling you that you can’t make love? That I told you that as some kind of a joke? I told you no sex for a reason, but noooooo, you two know better, and you can’t help yourselves, you had to fuck him, and now we’ll be lucky if he doesn’t go into full blown labor.”

“Wait, what? This isn’t labor, it’s just muscle cramps” Stiles protests.

“What the fuck do you think labor is, Stiles? It’s literally the muscles tightening to squeeze the baby out!” he shouts, frustrated beyond belief.

Peter steps in then and growls, lowly.

Evans whirls on his heel and points at him, saying “And you! Don’t pull your damned werewolf bullshit on me, this is serious, and you can growl all you want, but that’s not going to stop this baby if it decides to arrive early. If you want to stay, you can shut the fuck up, while I see what I can do to fix this.”

Stiles and Peter stare at him, dumbfounded.

“You. Get out” he tells Peter.

Stiles starts to protest, but the doctor’s having none of it.

“I’m going to give you an internal exam Stiles, and the last thing I need is your partner threatening to rip my throat out because I’m touching you. So if he can’t control himself, and we know he can’t, he can damned well wait outside.”

And he actually hustles Peter out of the door and closes it firmly.

Once it’s just him and Stiles in the room, he relaxes a little.
“Sorry about that, but I couldn’t risk him losing control while I was examining you.”

He has Stiles roll over onto his knees and present to him, sighing when he’s confronted with the sight of an omega channel that’s obviously recently been fucked.

He’s surprisingly gentle as he dons a glove and slides a single digit in, feeling for any irregularities. He adds another finger, then a third, and Stiles tenses.

He sighs and withdraws his hand.

“Stiles, I’m so very sorry, but I’m going to have to put my hand in there to see whether labor’s truly started. As you know, when your body’s ready to give birth, the birthing canal’s opening will appear. I need to check it’s still sealed. If it’s opened, then all we can do is get ready for an early birth. But if it’s still sealed, we may be able to buy a little time. So I need to know. Can you cope with the exam here? Or would you prefer me to move you to the hospital?”

Stiles grits his teeth, and says “Just do it, but make it quick.”

Doc Evans changes his glove, and coats his hand with a thick gel, before forming his hand into a cone shape and slowly easing it in as far as he can. When he reaches the widest part of his hand, he pauses, telling Stiles “deep breath, and push out for me”.

Stiles does, and the doctor’s hand presses further into his channel. Stiles is panting, and his hands are curled into fists as he endures the exam.

It’s over in under a minute, and the doctor removes his hand as gently as he can before saying “well, it’s good news. Birth canal’s still sealed up tight as a drum, which means there are steps we can take.”

He calls Peter back in, and silences him with a glare when he starts to growl at the sight of Stiles naked and exposed.

“Just don’t. I had to examine him, I’m a doctor. It’s what I do.”

Peter has the good grace to look sheepish.

The doctor addresses them both, then.

“You’ve dodged a bullet, you pair of fuck happy idiots. But I will not, repeat not, put up with any more of your shit. If you can’t be responsible for your dicks, I’m going to do it for you.”

He points at Stiles. “You. Bedrest, and a chastity belt.”

Stiles gapes.

“Surely not” Peter interrupts.

The doctor holds up his hand.

“The alternative is a cock cage for you. So think carefully before you speak, because I am deadly serious about this. One of you is going into lockdown, because I’m damned if I’ll risk this baby’s life because you can’t wait to get your dicks wet.” he snaps.

“Wait, what do you mean risk their life?’ Stiles demands. “Surely being a little early’s not so bad?”

“33 weeks is not a little early, Stiles. 33 weeks is incubator territory. Your baby’s chances are good,
certainly, but there’s no guarantee. Is that a risk you’re willing to take?” he challenges.

Stiles pales a little, and his hand goes to his belly instinctively.

The doctor continues “normally I’d separate you, and get Stiles in hospital and under full medical supervision. But because of your APD I can’t do that, so this is the next best solution. You stay home, but you absolutely one hundred percent cannot have sex. At all.”

“I’ll do it” Peter says suddenly.

The doctor quirks a brow at him.

“Stiles has enough to contend with. This is something I can do” he explains, and sends Stiles an apologetic look.

“I don’t think so, Peter” Stiles protests.

“I’m happy to do it for you, baby” Peter soothes him.

But Stiles shakes his head.

“No, you don’t understand. I mean there’s no point you doing it, because it won’t help.”

He explains to the doctor “It was me. I couldn’t stand it anymore, and I was um…having some me time in the shower when Peter walked in. Even if he had been caged, it probably wouldn’t have stopped me. So, um, I think it needs to be me. For the baby’s sake” he adds.

“Fine. You’re on complete bed rest for the next week, and if these contractions don’t stop within twelve hours, you call me immediately, and you meet me at the hospital.”

Stiles’ bottom lip wobbles slightly at the doctor’s brusque tone, and he looks like a scolded child.

Peter’s suddenly reminded of exactly how young his mate really is, and he moves to hold him close, and soothe him.

“Shh darling, it will be fine, the weeks will fly by, and the baby will be fine” he reassures him, nuzzling and scenting him softly, and running his fingers down the nape of his neck.

While he calms Stiles down a little, the doctor is busy retrieving the chastity device from his bag.

It doesn’t look like much, but Peter can see immediately that it will be effective in stopping any type of penetration.

The doctor efficiently snaps the locks into place, ensuring there’s no pinching or chafing, and then he adds a cock cage for good measure.

“I’ll be back tomorrow to check on the baby” he tells Stiles, and his tone has softened now.

“Hey, I meant what I said. All I want is a healthy baby for you two. Trust me on this?” he asks them both.

Stiles nods dumbly.

Peter offers to walk the doctor out, and he’s gone for longer than he should be.

Stiles pokes and prods at the chastity device, and fiddles with the cock cage, flicking it up and down
in a desultory fashion.

He’s definitely sulking, though he won’t admit it.

And where the hell is Peter?

He’s just about to climb out of bed to investigate when he feels another spasm. It’s less sharp than it was before, and doesn’t last very long, so he breathes through it and stays put.

When Peter finally come back into the room, Stiles groused at him, saying “What the hell took you so long?”

Peter climbs up onto the bed next to him, and takes his hand, and presses it against his crotch.

It feels…..odd. Lumpy. Hard.

“Had to find one that would fit” he says, smiling ruefully at Stiles.

Stiles looks at him questioningly, and Peter sighs and drops the sweats that he’s wearing, to reveal that his cock is also in lockdown.

“But why, Peter? What’s the point of us both being in dick jail?” Stiles asks him, mystified.

“Call it moral support, sweetheart. We’re in this together” Peter tells him simply.

“If you can’t jerk off, neither can I”

Stiles stares at him for a moment, and then a tiny grin appears.

“How long is this for again?”

“Seven weeks” Peter sighs.

“Oh god, we’re going to be awful, aren’t we?”

”Insufferable, I’d imagine” Peter agrees.

“What the hell are we going to do?”

“Well” Peter says as he snuggles up close “I thought I could do some writing.”

He adds “All my steamiest work is written when I’m sexually frustrated. I could potentially write a best seller.”

Stiles laughs.

They can do this, he thinks.

After all, it’s not like they have any choice.

It’s for the baby.
Home Stretch

Chapter Summary

Some couples can cope easily without sex.
Peter and Stiles are not one of those couples.

It takes half a day for the contractions to taper off to nothing, and during that time Stiles dutifully stays in bed, and he’d be lying if he said they didn’t both heave a sigh of relief when they’re able to call the doctor and report that it’s all quiet on the western front.

Peter has the unenviable task of ringing Noah and telling him why they aren’t able to come over.

Noah wants to know exactly why his son is on bedrest, and Peter hems and haws around the specifics, until Noah takes pity on him and says “Let me guess. If he’s anything like his mother when she was pregnant, he’s ignored doctor’s orders and overdone it somehow.”

“Yes, overdone it somehow” Peter agrees.

Noah snorts.

“It’s the no sex thing, isn’t it? His mother was the same. Nearly went into labor early twice because she refused to listen to the doctor. I’d wake up and she’d be riding me, and there wasn’t a damned thing I could do to stop her. I had to spend the last month sleeping in the spare room. With the door locked.”

Peter chokes a little at the revelation.

“Tell my son to do as he’s told, and tell him I’ll come over and keep him company, because otherwise he’ll drive you crazy.”

Stiles manages to get through his week of bedrest, once he accepts that there’s no getting away from it, and realises that what it means in real terms is that he can lie in bed and finally make a start on all the comics that Peter had loaded on his tablet.

He reads, and eats, and sleeps and reads, and whines.

Noah, true to his word, comes over to entertain him in the evenings so that Peter can take a break.

Stiles doesn’t mention their new accessories to his dad, but from the smirk on his face when he looks at the pair of them, Peter gets the feeling that he knows, somehow.

The doctor comes over daily to check on him, and takes off the restricting devices so that he can go to the bathroom and clean himself, but insists on escorting Stiles into the shower and standing guard to ensure he doesn’t try any ‘funny business’, and then he locks him back up in the belt and the cage with firm admonitions to rest.
And at the end of the week, he examines him again, and upon hearing that there have been no more contractions, he grudgingly agrees that Stiles can come off bedrest, but insists that he remain at home, and tells him he’s still coming over every day to supervise him when he showers, because he’s proven he can’t be trusted.

Stiles is so relieved that everything’s OK that he doesn’t even argue.

Peter spends a lot of time the first two weeks in his office, muttering to himself and writing.

He manages to get five complete novels out, and emails them off to his publisher.

They’re very happy, telling him that the sexual tension is leaping off the pages, and that it’s some of his best work.

He should be happy about it, but it’s not much consolation when he’s desperately missing his time spent with Stiles.

It’s not even the sex.

It’s partly the sex.

But it’s also the snuggling, the scenting, the holding each other close. Normally they’d spend at least an hour or two each day just wrapped around each other, with Peter talking to the baby and feeling it kick, and Stiles gently mocking him over what a proud father he’s going to be.

And they’re having to hold off on that, because the snuggling and the nuzzling inevitably leads to grinding and hand jobs, or grinding and blowjobs, or just flat out fucking each other’s brains out.

They can’t do any of those things, as they quickly discovered the first day that Stiles was allowed off bed rest.

Peter was nipping at Stiles’ throat, and running his hands down his body, and he could feel himself starting to get aroused, but he….couldn’t. He groaned, and pulled away.

Stiles whined, trying to pull him back, before huffing in frustration as he also started to feel the restrictions imposed on him take effect.

They looked at each other, and Stiles muttered under his breath before getting up and going for a cold shower.

Peter could hear him mumbling at his belly, saying“I hope you appreciate this, baby. I’m gonna make you support your Daddy and I in our old age for this shit.”

Peter had smiled to himself at the thought of them, still together in their old age.

It had been the best part of the day.

Now, two weeks later, they sit next to each other primly on the couch, barely daring to hold hands, and both sulking and snappish.
Five weeks, five weeks, Peter chants in his head, as he resists the impulse to snatch the remote from Stiles, who’s flicking through the channels at lightning speed.

He ends up leaving the room before he starts screaming at Stiles to just choose something, and goes into the kitchen and starts chopping a tray of fruit with unwarranted force.

He’s particularly vicious with the banana, slamming the knife down and chopping the tip off with savage glee.

“Wow. Projecting much?” Stiles observes from the doorway where he’s standing.

Peter sighs, and his shoulders droop.

“Sorry sweetheart. I have a little pent up energy” he admits.

Stiles snorts.

“Oh, really? I can’t imagine what that’s like – oh wait, I don’t need to” he grumbles.

He walks over and rubs Peter’s shoulders.

“You know you don’t have to do this, Peter. I mean, it seems stupid for us both to suffer.”

Peter turns and looks at Stiles, standing there with his stomach hanging low in front of him, wearing a massive t shirt and yoga pants, sporting a shaggy beard, with dark circles under his eyes, and thinks he’s never seen anything more gorgeous.

He tells him “I’m happy to do it for you, sweetheart.”

“And I appreciate it, I do. I think it’s sweet. But it’s not necessary.”

Peter hesitates, before confessing “Stiles, it really, really is.”

And then he tell him “I’m rather good with locks, and extremely untrustworthy. If I don’t wear this damned thing, I’m likely to have you out of that belt and bent over the nearest flat surface the first chance I get.”

Stiles swallows thickly, before saying “Not helping, Peter.”

Peter hums, and nuzzles Stiles’ neck.

Stiles leans in for just a moment, before pulling back, stating “Nope, not helping at all. You need to go out. Please?”

Peter can smell Stiles’ arousal and frustration, mixing into a sour scent, and he doesn’t want to make this any harder for him than it already is.

So he grabs his jacket, and heads out to visit Derek, leaving Stiles chanting “five weeks, five weeks…we can do this baby…”
Derek opens the door, sniffs at him, and says “What the hell happened? Why do you smell like a horny teenager?”

Peter says “Nice to see you too, nephew. Can I come in?”

Derek steps aside to let him, saying “No seriously Peter, is everything OK with Stiles and the baby?”

Peter rolls his eyes. “I’m fine, thank you for asking. And so is Stiles.”

“But we’re having to refrain from intimacy in case it causes early labor. Stiles has sent me out of the house” he sighs.

Derek actually looks sympathetic at that, and asks his Uncle “Will it help it we get drunk and watch a stupid film?”

“Probably not. Let’s do it anyway” Peter replies.

He figures that at least if he’s drunk, he won’t be horny.

He texts Stiles to check he’s ok with him staying out overnight, and receives a terse

**Fine. Not like you’re any good to me here** in response.

Derek whistles when he reads the response.

“Wow. And this is for how much longer?”

“Five weeks”

Derek goes into the kitchen and brings back a bottle.

“Peter, we need the good stuff for this” he tells him seriously, and lays out the fifty year old wolfsbane laced scotch.

They watch *Mad Max* first, and then *Kingsman*, and drink half a bottle between them.

Peter feels a warm glow as the alcohol takes effect, and as the evening progresses, he truly relaxes for the first time in a fortnight, and he drinks a little more.

And a little more.

They watch as Colin Firth singlehandedly kills everyone in the church, and he smiles, telling Derek “Stiles loves this movie.”

He thinks of Stiles, sitting home alone.

His poor baby, he thinks, and suddenly he needs to speak to him desperately, just to check he’s OK.

He’s only a little drunk, he thinks.

It’s not drunk dialing.

It’s not.

He dials, and Stiles takes an age to answer the phone.

“’Lo?” He sounds half awake.
“Stiles? Are you OK, baby?“

“I was sleeping, but I’m awake now. What do you want?“.

Peter sighs happily at the sound of his voice.

He’s really rather more drunk than he thinks he is.

“Miss you, baby. So hot looking with your lovely beard, and so gorgeous all full of our cub, and your pretty dick. I miss your dick…” he rambles.

Stiles is less than amused.

“Peter, are you drunk?” he demands.

“I might be a little drunk, but only because I miiiiss youu. I miss your body, and I missing licking you out, and putting my fingers in you, and I really really miss fucking you all the time, baby. It’s too hard, being in dick jail, Stiles, I don’t think I can do it…..” Peter wails.

Derek looks on, horrified, as his Uncle starts to cry into the phone.

He can hear every word Stiles says in reply, and it’s not pretty.

“Peter, it’s nearly midnight. Do you know how long it took me to get comfy without you here? Two hours. Two hours, Peter, and I was only just asleep, and now I’m awake, and I have to pee, and it will take me another hour to settle again, because the damned baby can hear your voice, and they’re kicking the shit out of me.

And tomorrow I have to get up early for the damned doctor, and shower under supervision so I don’t touch myself, like I’m a child, and then I have to get locked up in this fucking piece of shit belt again, and sit around home because I’m not allowed out, and my back aches like a bitch, and I can’t see my feet, and I found stretch marks yesterday.”

“And you’re crying on the phone to me about how hard this is for you?”

And he hangs up.

Peter blinks at the phone, still sniffing.

“Derek, he hung up on me. He hates me” he says, bottom lip wobbling.

He dials back before Derek can get the phone off him.

Stiles answers with a huffed “What?” and Peter starts pleading with him, sobbing out “Don’t hate me baby, I’m sorry, I’ll come home right now so you can sleep, and I’ll get the locks off, I promise, and then I’ll suck your dick the way you like, and then we can spend all night -“ he’s cut off as Derek snatches the phone and tells Stiles “ I’m cutting him off and putting him to bed. I’ll hide his phone. Sorry, man”

“You got him drunk, you deal with him” Stiles says shortly, and then he hangs up a second time.

Derek runs his hands over his face and groans, and puts Peter’s phone away inside his jacket pocket where it’s safe from its owner, and pulls Peter to his feet, dragging him up the stairs to bed, as Samuel L Jackson tries to take over the world unheeded on the screen.

He deposits Peter fully dressed on the spare bed, only stopping to remove his shoes.
Peter’s hit that point of drunkenness where he’s affectionate and pliable, so it’s no problem for Derek to tuck him in after enduring a drunken hug and a declaration that he’s the best nephew ever.

He turns out the light, and by the time he’s gone downstairs, locked up, and turned everything off, he can hear gentle snores coming from the spare room.

He hasn’t had nearly as much to drink as Peter, but he’s had enough that bed sounds like the best idea, so he strips, dropping everything in a pile on the floor, and curls up happily under the blankets, falling asleep within minutes.

They both sleep deeply, and it’s nine the next day when Peter emerges from his room, clutching his head ruefully.

“How drunk did I get?” he asks Derek, who’s sitting there nursing a coffee.

"Drunk enough that you called Stiles and cried about being in dick jail” Derek tells him, looking highly amused.

Peter’s expression is priceless.

“I’m sure I’d remember that” he argues.

“Oh, really? Stiles, I miss you and your beard and your lovely belly” Derek mimics in a falsetto.

“Ringing any bells?”

Peter frowns.

It does sound worryingly familiar.

“Did….did he hang up on me?” he asks hesitantly.

“Yup” Derek tells him cheerfully.

“And then you rang back, and cried some more”

Peter frown deepens.

“How did he take it?” he whispers.

“Well, it was midnight, and you woke him up, and the baby wouldn’t stop kicking him. What do you think?”

Derek’s enjoying this thoroughly.

“He was mad, wasn’t he?”

Peter can remember that much.

“So very, very, mad” Derek confirms, grinning hugely.

Peter puts his head in his hands and groans.

“I didn't call back did I? Where’s my phone?”

“I took it off you and kept it safe“ Derek reassures him, retrieving it and handing it over.

There’s a text from Stiles, sent last night.
Call me again tonight and you sleep alone for the next month

“So very, very mad” Derek repeats, snickering.

Stiles, once he gets back to sleep, actually has a remarkably good night’s rest.

He sleeps till ten, only waking when Dr Evans knocks on the door.

“Where’s Peter?” he asks, surprised to find Stiles home alone.

“He went out last night. I sent him out, rather” Stiles clarifies.

“Having him around was too frustrating.”

“And you’re OK without him here? “the doctor asks, frowning.

Stiles shrugs.

“I managed. I’ll be glad when he comes home though, bump misses him. They’ve been quiet all morning.”

As if in response, the baby kicks once, and then is still.

“Still, and I can’t stress this enough, don’t spend too much time apart, especially at this late stage. It’s not good for you or the baby.”

“Hear that? Your Daddy’s a special snowflake and we need him around” Stiles tells his belly, running his hand over it.

“So, I was wondering” he asks hesitantly.

“Can we unlock Peter at least? Surely we both don’t need to be miserable, and frankly, I don’t mind if he gets off, if it’ll stop him being a grouchy asshole.”

“Nope. He told me himself, he needs it. Trust me, I wish I could unlock you both as much as you do” the doctor tells him sincerely.

They hear the sound of a knock at the door then, and Stiles opens it to find a delivery of flowers with a card that says

*I’m a drunken fool. Forgive me, darling? Love you, Peter.*

He sends off a text saying

*I forgive you if you bring home curly fries and one of the good cheesecakes*

*There in fifteen* comes the reply.

He smiles fondly at the phone, and tells the doctor “Right. We have fifteen minutes before Peter’s home. Take this damned thing off me so I can shower, and then when he arrives, you and him can figure out what’s going to happen at the full moon.”
The doctor looks at him blankly.

“Peter’s a werewolf. It’s the full moon in a week, and he’s normally insatiable then. And how will he manage the cage when he shifts?

I mean, I don’t think that thing you’ve got him in is gonna fit when he’s shifted, for a start. And if he wants to take it off, I can tell you now there’ll be no stopping him. It could be an issue.”

The doctor thinks Stiles is joking at first, but one look at his face tells him he’s deadly serious.

“What do you mean, it won’t fit him?” he demands.


The doctor’s eyebrows raise up in shock.

“Yeah” Stiles tells him. “He gains a decent couple of inches with the shift. He’ll bust right out of that thing.”

“Shit” the doctor sighs.

“Of course. Of course there’s an issue.”

“Sorry, it’s not like we do this deliberately” Stiles protests. “I just thought I’d see if you can, I dunno, let him out for the night and set him up somewhere to watch porn or something.”

“Actually, that’s not a bad idea” Evans muses. “Not the porn” he hastens to add.

“But we’ll need to send him out for the night, for sure.”

“And you’ll need to be somewhere that he can’t track you. If he’s shifted, his instinct will be to find his pregnant mate and mark them as his own.”

“He’s not my mate” Stiles corrects.

Mating’s a whole other ball game, and they haven’t ever discussed it.

Evans fixes him with a look that clearly says he thinks Stiles is an idiot.

“Of course he’s your mate. You wouldn’t be having a baby wolf if he wasn’t.”

“What?” Stiles asks, feeling slightly faint.

“Sit” the doctor orders him, and guides him to chair as he sees him going pale.

He gets him a glass of water, and checks his pulse.

“I’m fine” Stiles waves him away.

“Just a little confused. I mean we’re getting married, but the mating bite, that’s only for wolf/wolf couples, surely?”

“Usually, I’d say yes, but in rare cases, a wolf’s mate can be human.”

“Rare cases” Stiles repeats faintly.

The doctor shrugs.
“Color me surprised, Stiles. You and Peter are a rare case.”

Stiles flips him off absently, but the doctor can see his the wheels in his mind turning.

He carries on, telling him “Generally, in a Were/human pairing, the baby will always be human. The three percent exception rate is where those couples are mates. How can you not know this, Stiles?”

“Well shit, I don’t know, I’ve had a busy year! What with being wooed, and leaving home, and getting knocked up, and all the medical bullshit that goes along with that, forgive me if I haven’t had time to research werewolf matings!” he snaps.

He exhales a long sigh, and his shoulders slump.

“Besides, Peter’s never even mentioned anything about mates” he adds quietly.

The doctor’s expression softens.

“As you said, it’s been a hell of a year for both of you. Maybe he’s waiting till the baby’s born? I mean, you can’t take a mating bite while you’re pregnant anyway.”

Stiles presses the issue though.

“But he must know, right? Why hasn’t he mentioned it? “

Normally I’d say yes he knows, but then I assumed you knew too, so I can’t answer that” the doctor says carefully.

Evans is pretty certain Peter knows damned well that a wolf cub means they’re mates, but he’s not going to stir up that hornet’s nest any more than he inadvertently has.

“I suppose” Stiles concedes, but he doesn’t look convinced.

In fact he looks pretty damned miserable as he slumps off to the shower.

He’s still showering when Peter comes home, and Evans takes the chance to corner him.

“Peter. Please, please tell me that you know why you’re having a wolf cub instead of a human baby?” he pleads.

He must know, he thinks. He’s a born wolf.

Peter quirks a brow at him. “Strong genes? I haven’t really thought about it to be honest. Isn’t it just one of those things?”

“No, Peter. I’m sorry, but I think I’ve dropped you right in it with Stiles. I assumed he knew, and then I thought you must know.”

“Know what, exactly?” Peter asks, folding his arms.

“I have the hangover from hell, and I can’t deal with bullshit, so spill.”

“Peter, the only time you get a wolf cub from a were/human pairing is if you’re mates. And when I told Stiles, he said you haven’t mentioned anything about it.”

“Mates” Peter repeats.
The doctor nods.

“I thought that human/were matings were a myth?” Peter asks him.

“They’re rare, but they’re real. How do you two not know any of this?”

In an echo of Stiles’ earlier statement, Peter tells him “We’ve had a big year, and research hasn’t exactly been at the top of our list. We thought the medical professional would tell us important things like this!”

And then he repeats wonderingly “Mates.”

“Yes. And now Stiles thinks that you knew already and didn’t tell him. I think he’s a little upset.”

Peter growls at that.

“You’ve upset my pregnant *mate*” he says, and even as he uses the word he savors how it rolls so easily off his tongue.

“Not deliberately” Evans defends himself. The more time he spends with Peter, the less intimidated he is, so he draws himself up to his full height and says “Maybe instead of growling at me, you should go and see him. He’s in the shower.”

Peter turns on his heel and heads to the bathroom.

Too late, Evans remembers that Stiles is out of lockdown.

He curses under his breath and follows Peter, hoping he's not too late.

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Stiles isn't crying.

He’s just...hormonal.

He definitely doesn’t think that Peter’s rejected him as a mate.

He stands under the stream of water, head back and eyes closed, hand resting on the shelf that his stomach now makes.

He reasons that the doctor’s probably right, Peter’s waiting till the baby’s born to ask about a mating bite.

He doesn’t even want a stupid mating bite. Who wants to be bound to their alpha for life anyway?

Even if their alpha’s gorgeous, and clever, and dotes on them, and smells delicious all the time.

If Stiles tries hard enough, he can almost smell Peter’s scent nearby, can almost feel his breath on his neck, can almost hear his voice, murmuring “Oh, look at you, darling.”

His eyes snap open.

Peter’s right behind him in the shower, and he’s running his hands over his belly and cooing, and nuzzling, and Stiles arches back into him instinctively.

He can feel himself getting wet between his legs.

Peter’s talking to him in sexy tones, but Stiles is hard pressed to listen to a word he’s saying.
“Uh huh” he manages, just as there’s a loud pounding on the bathroom door, and then Evans bursts in.

“Peter Hale, leave that man alone and put your hands where I can see them” he demands.

“No, he’s my mate, and I’ll fondle him if I want to” Peter snaps back, rolling Stiles’ nipple between his fingers as he speaks.

Stiles grins delightedly at the words, but then his expression changes, and he gives Peter an accusing look.

“You never told me we were mates! Did you not want me?” he asks.

“I honestly didn’t know, I swear” Peter tells him sincerely.

“If I’d known, I would have claimed you on the spot. I’m having trouble holding back as it is, to be honest” he says, and then starts sucking at Stiles’ neck.

Stiles moans, and starts stroking his cock.

“Oh, for god’s sake” the doctor mutters to himself, as he’s forced to step into the spray and drag Peter backwards, wet and naked and protesting.

Peter could break away easily of course, but as much as he hates to admit it, he knows the doctor’s only looking out for their baby, so he reluctantly lets himself be pushed out of the bathroom.

Stiles whimpers and tries to follow him, but Evans tells him “No” firmly, and locks the door.

Stiles looks at the door, looks at his half hard dick, looks at the cage that the doctor’s holding, and promptly bursts into tears.

“I just, I just need to come” he wails. “I’m in physical pain!” and he gestures to where he’s now fully hard.

The doctor can see that there’s no way that’s going back in the cage the way it is.

Stiles looks at him pleadingly.

“Come on, just one, I swear I won’t ask again.”

Peter can hear Stiles crying, and he’s banging on the door, demanding “What did you do?”

Evans goes and unlocks the door, and pokes his head out saying “I didn’t do anything, but thanks to you we now have a situation.”

Peter takes in the sight of Stiles, sitting on the floor of the shower crying and stroking his dick, and says “oh”.

“Yes. Oh.” The doctor says archly.

Peter considers for a moment, ignoring his own cock as it tries and fails to harden within its confines.

Finally he asks “Can he come safely if it’s just him?”

“Really, he shouldn’t, but it would take a braver man than me to try and get that to go down” the doctor admits.
He sighs, and concedes “Fine. He can get off once, and you can’t use your cock. It’s when you come together that the combination of hormones is the most risky. You can finger him to orgasm, and that’s it.”

This is not what he went to medical school for, he thinks to himself, as he utters the next part of the sentence.

“And I’ll be supervising to make sure that’s all you do.”

Because yes, he thinks, he studied for years to become a guy who watches a man get his partner off and makes sure they don’t get their dicks involved.

His mother would be so proud of him.

Stiles protests weakly, and so does Peter, but Dr Evans stands firm.

“Its this, or I ice it down” he states plainly.

At least his presence has the side effect of dampening Peter’s libido completely.

Nothing is going to dampen Stiles’ though.

It takes three fingers, thirty seconds, and a well placed love bite on his hip for Stiles to clench down on Peter’s hand with a cry.

Peter blinks, and says “Wow.”

Doctor Evans pulls his hand away and warns “No more”.

Stiles sighs happily, even as the doctor moves swiftly to put the cage back on him before he can get hard again.

“We’ll need to monitor you and make sure this doesn’t have any ill effects.” The doctor tells them.

He glares at Peter, who’s licking his fingers where they were buried in his partner, saying “I’m right here, do you mind?”

Peter tries to look innocent, even as he sucks on his own fingertips.

Stiles lets out a moan at the sight, and his own fingers stray down to where Peter’s just were, and he starts fingering himself before Evans can get the belt back on him, pressing back and panting, saying “mmm, feels good.”

“Oh for god’s sake you two!” are you trying to bring this baby early? Because you’re going the right way about it!” he snaps at them.

And even as he speaks, Stiles squawks.

”What the fuck?” he exclaims, as his waters break and flood the bed.
Chapter Summary

Peter's an absolute rock when Stiles goes into labor.
No, really.

Peter’s head whips around when he hears Stiles swearing, and he sees him sitting there naked in drenched bedding, his eyes wide with panic.

“Nonononononono” Stiles moans out, “It’s too early!”

Doc Evans is by his side and stroking his back gently, and saying “Just breathe, Stiles, no need to panic, 35 weeks isn’t ideal, but it’s a Were baby, and these extra two weeks will have made all the difference in the world. Baby should be fine.”

Stiles breathes in and out slowly, until he’s calmer.

Peter, meanwhile, is standing in place, frozen in shock.

Doc Evans calls him repeatedly, trying to get his attention.

His tone is firm, but gentle.

“Peter. Peter. Peter. Deep breaths, and get over here” the doctor coaxes.

“Stiles needs you, Peter. The baby needs you.”

That seems to register at least, and Peter finally moves over to the bed, reaching out and taking Stiles’ hand and stroking the back of it ineffectually.

Doc Evans takes in the scene, and he can tell that the two of them are too shocked to be any use at all, so he’s going to have to step up.

Suddenly, he’s all business.

“OK, here’s what’s going to happen. Stiles, it’s odds on that you’re having this baby today. I’d prefer to get you to the hospital if we can, but it’s all down to what the little one does next.

Peter, you need to go and call your pack Alpha while I examine Stiles and see what’s happening. It’s vitally important that he’s here and that the baby scents him as soon as possible after the birth. It will help trigger the baby’s werewolf healing in case there are any health issues. So will scenting you, so once bubs is born, the absolute best thing for him or her is to be snuggled up between you and your Alpha.

The important thing is to stay calm. A Were baby at 35 weeks is on a par with a human baby at 38 weeks. There’s very little risk here as far as I can tell.

Besides, I’ve put up with too much already from this baby, and I’m damned if the little shit’s going to get the better of me now.”
He folds his arms and looks at both of them.

“Stiles, clothes. Peter, you too” he prompts.

It’s as if a spell is broken, and Peter goes digging in the drawers for his pants.

Wait, wait” the doctor says. He looks down at Peter’s caged dick, and says “Stable door, horse. May as well unlock the damned things” and he retrieves the key and releases Peter, and then Stiles.

Stiles, who has been strangely quiet up till now, turns to him and says “Sorry, Doc. I really didn’t mean for this to happen.”

“Stiles, sometimes, no matter what you do, if a baby decides to come early, they’ll come early. This one’s just stubborn. Who do they get that from, I wonder?” he teases.

That earns him a small smile.

“I think I might be ok, I haven’t had any contractions” Stiles says hopefully.

The doctor sighs.

“In some cases, maybe. But in your case, we’ve already had a scare, and once the waters have broken, the risk of infection’s too great to wait. Like it or not, you’re becoming parents today.”

And as he speaks, Stiles goes pale, and clutches his midsection, breathing heavily.

Peter’s there, hands on his belly and draining his pain, and the doctor nods approvingly.

By the time the contraction has passed, both men seem to have come to grips with the fact that they’re having a baby.

Peter calls Derek and tells him what’s happening, only pausing to ask “Here, or hospital?”

The doctor looks to Stiles for an answer.

“I want to say here, but….hospital I guess, just in case?” he says hesitantly.

“Hospital, Derek” Peter tells him.

Then he calls Noah and tells him he’s going to become a grandfather sooner than they thought.

They arrive at the hospital and Noah’s already there, pacing wildly.

He turns on Peter immediately and points accusingly, saying “What the hell did you do? You couldn’t keep it in your pants for a few more weeks, and now my son’s in early labor because of it.”

He attempts to push Peter back, and is spectacularly unsuccessful. It’s like shoving against a concrete wall, and Peter growls loudly at him, eyes flashing.

Derek steps between them then, and guides Noah to a corner chair, and settles him in it.

He lays his hands on his shoulders, holding him firmly in place, and looks him in the eye before
saying “Noah. Peter didn’t do anything. Sometimes, babies are early, and if this one is anything like their Papa, they just can’t stay still any longer. So take a deep breath, and wish your son luck, and be happy that so far it’s all going smoothly.”

Derek turns to Peter then, and tells him “If you want to be here for the birth, you keep yourself under control Peter. As your Alpha I can kick you out, and if I need to I will. So you damned well calm down as well”

The two men can’t help but submit to Derek’s tone, and they both mutter a sheepish apology before turning to Stiles, who’s waiting patiently to be booked in.

“Hey, kiddo. Big day?” Noah says softly.

Stiles gulps.

“I….I don’t know if I can, Dad” he says softly.

And Noah knows he’s not only talking about labor.

He takes Stiles’ hand and squeezes it gently, and Stiles squeezes back.

“He. It’ll be fine. You’ll have this kid, and you and Peter will spoil them rotten, hell if you don’t their alpha will, probably I will as well. Between us, I’m pretty sure we can handle a tiny person. Just focus on getting through today, and we’ll all be there to help with what comes after, OK?”

Stiles pulls his dad in for a hug, whispering “Thanks, Pops” before squaring his shoulders, taking a deep breath, and declaring loudly “Let’s do this.”

Noah’s relegated to the waiting room, after Stiles tells him “Dad, I love you, but I don’t want you here for this. Just no” and Noah grudgingly agrees with him.

They fit him out with the hated hospital gown, and check him onto the birthing suite.

He sees that instead of a normal hospital bed it has a massive bed that can easily fit four people on there.

“Designed for baby wolves” the doctor explains. “Room for pack piles.”

He indicates to both Derek and Peter, and tells them “Shirts off, and get on the bed. One behind, one in front. “

Derek scrambles to be the one who’s behind Stiles, sitting with his back against the head board and his legs spread wide so that Stiles can sit in the V that’s formed.

Stiles settles back against him just as another contraction hits, and Derek’s there, drawing his pain, soothing him, and far calmer than anyone else in the room.

He’s definitely far calmer than Peter.
“Stiles, are you OK? I mean obviously you’re not OK, but apart from the baby, are you OK? I’m so sorry sweetheart, I didn’t mean to start labor, but you looked so good, and smelled so good, I couldn’t help myself. How’s the baby? Are they moving? Oh god, they’re not moving are they? Did you tell the doctor? Are you in pain? You’re in pain aren’t you? Let me help you, just tell me when the contractions start” he babbles anxiously, all while pacing.

“Peter. Bed. Now” Derek orders him in a firm tone, and Peter’s head snaps up, and he replies “Yes, Alpha” before he even thinks about it, and obediently climbs up on the bed and kneels in front of Stiles, hands on his belly as they await the next contraction.

Stiles looks on, highly amused despite the situation.

“Peter, I’m fine” he reassures him, and now that he’s bracketed between the two wolves, he really does feel fine. His omega biology is kicking in, and between the soothing alpha scents surrounding him and the baby, and the four hands constantly drawing the slightest bit of pain away, he’s actually feeling pretty damned good.

He stage whispers to Derek “Good job, Alpha” and Derek smiles widely at the praise.

His Alpha instincts are kicking in, and it seems the most natural thing in the world to take part in the birth of his newest pack member.

Peter leans forwards and wraps his arms around Stiles’ neck, calmer now, nuzzling into his mate’s neck, telling him ‘Love you Stiles. You’re doing so well for me, so well for Bumpty.”

Stiles scents him back, humming at the familiar scent of Peter, and home, and mate.

The next contraction arrives sooner than they expected, and it’s a big one Both Derek and Peter absorb the pain from it, and the black lines snake up their arms long and dark, much darker than before.

The doctor eyes them critically, humming to himself.

“That one was quicker than I’d expect” he comments. “Someone needs to start timing these.”

“Peter, keep track” Derek orders, instinctively taking charge.

“Yes Alpha” Peter says quickly before glaring at him and saying “Godammit Derek, stop doing that!”

Stiles snorts.

“Oh please, don’t stop Derek. I’ve never seen Peter do as he’s told. It’s fantastic” he says. He gets a mischievous look in his eye then, and says “Make him stand on one leg for me?”

Derek and Peter both say “No” at the same time.

Peter looks highly offended at the suggestion, but Derek just rolls his eyes.

“How are you feeling, Stiles?” the doctor asks him.

“Pretty damned good actually. These two are doing a good job. Excellent job.” Stiles says happily. A little too happily.

The doctor takes a closer look at him and sees that his pupils are slightly dilated, and Stiles looks…. high.
He sighs and pinches the bridge of his nose, because of course.

“Have you been constantly taking his pain?” he demands.

“Of course” Peter says.

“Even between contractions?”

“Well we want him comfortable” Peter defends. “Is that a problem?”

“He’s high as a kite, between all the alpha scent and the side effects of the pain drain. You may need to ease off a little. Also, I need for you to let the next contraction progress naturally so I can get some idea of how far along he is without another exam.”

Stiles starts to protest, saying “I’m not a kite, I’m a bird” and giggling.

“Next contraction, let him ride it out” the doctor orders.

Peter grumbles, but Derek gives him a look, and he settles for just sulking.

It’s five minutes till the next contraction, and when it hits it takes all of Derek’s willpower not to draw the pain away as Stiles tenses up and starts swearing loudly.

“Motherfucker! Peter, Peter, make it stop, please?” he pleads.

Peter reaches out a hand, because his mate is in pain, but Derek clamps a hand over his wrist and snaps out “No, Peter” and Peter is helpless to resist an order from his pack Alpha, the “Yes, Alpha” coming out of his mouth even as he glares at Derek.

“I must say nephew, I’m not liking this side of you” he mutters.

Stiles is panting and whining in pain, trying to breathe through the contraction, and it seems to go on forever.

“That’s not normal. Something’s wrong’ Peter says worriedly. “This is going on for far too long. Look how much pain he’s in. We need to get the baby out. We need to operate. Why aren’t you doing anything?” he asks the doctor, frantic.

“Peter, it’s been twenty seconds” the doctor tells him drily.

“Longest….fucking….twenty seconds…..ever…..” Stiles pants out.

The pain is subsiding now, but Stiles is shooting the doctor dirty looks.

“What was the point of that, when I have two werewolves here who can take the pain for me?” he gripes, and the doctor is glad to see that he appears to have come down off his temporary high.

“Stiles, they can take most of your pain, but how do we know if there are any complications if you can’t feel anything? How will you know when the baby’s in position if you can’t feel it, how will you know it’s time to push? I’m going to say that every third contraction, you have to get through it yourself. The other two, I’m happy for the mother hen brigade to take care of.”

“Fine, I guess” Stiles grumbles.

“How much more of this is there, anyway?”
The doctor considers.

“Based in the exam I did back at your place, and the distance between contractions, I’m guessing at least half a day.”

Stiles pouts, and shuffles over a little on the bed.

“In that case, Peter, get closer and cuddle me” he demands.

They rearrange themselves on the bed so that Derek’s the big spoon, Stiles is the middle spoon, and Peter’s the little spoon, facing him and gently stroking his belly and talking to the baby.

It’s all very domestic, and Doc Evans thinks he can safely leave them for a while, after instructing Derek “keep timing the contractions, only take his pain for two out of three, and ring the bell if anything changes drastically. Otherwise, I’ll be back in an hour or two.”

Derek nods his understanding, and his wolf preens at being left in charge.

He thinks that perhaps stepping up as the pack Alpha isn’t such a bad thing, after all.

Half an hour later, Derek revises his opinion of being the Alpha rapidly, as he wrestles Peter to the ground and tells him “No!” yet again, eyes flashing.

It’s fucking exhausting.

All Peter wants to do is constantly drain Stiles’ pain, and all he wants to do is push Derek off the bed so he can curl up with his omega in his lap.

Neither of those things are going to happen, not as long as Derek’s in charge, anyway.

So he ends up pinning Peter against the floor with an arm up his back for the fifth time, growling out “You will do what the doctor says, and what I say, understand?”

“Yes Alpha” Peter says meekly, and tilts his head to the side, baring his neck in submission.

“And Peter? We’re not going to keep doing this every contraction, understand?” Derek tells him sternly.

Peter gestures to the bed where Stiles is breathing deeply, his face pale and screwed up in pain.

“But Derek, look at him! I can’t just stand by and watch!”

Derek can see that it’s causing both his uncle and Stiles distress, so he makes the hard call.

“You’re right. You can’t. Get out.”

Peter gapes at him.

“Peter. Leave the room until I call for you.”
The “Yes, Alpha” he gets is grudging, but Peter has no choice but to leave, whispering “I’m sorry darling” to Stiles as he goes.

Stiles watches Peter leave the room, sighs as the contraction finishes, and tells Derek “Thank god, Derek, honestly. I was going to kill him if he kept it up.”

Derek arches a brow.

Stiles elaborates.

“I knew this would suck going in. And I know I need to feel what’s going on in my body. It is what it is. But watching Peter fall apart every time? That shit is exhausting. But you can never tell him I said so, OK? Let him think I pined the entire time.”

Derek snorts.

“Now, let’s get down to business” Stiles tells him.

Derek can’t help it.

“To defeat…the hun” he sings softly.

Stiles stares at him for a moment, and then bursts out laughing.

And without Peter in the room, the level of emotion is dialed back from eleven to three, and Stiles and Derek settle into a rhythm. Derek’s not as emotionally involved, so he’s able to watch as Stiles swears and cries through his pain, soothing him afterwards, holding him against his bare chest and letting him scent him.

And Stiles doesn’t feel the need to hold back when the pains hit him, because he’s not trying to protect Peter, so he swears and curses and sometimes throws things, and finds that it actually helps with the pain, being able to let go.

So when Doc Evans comes back two hours later, he finds Peter sulking in the waiting room along with Noah and Scott and Isaac, and he enters the birthing suite to find Stiles on his hands and knees panting, with Derek in front of him, one hand on his shoulder, talking him through his contraction, telling him “One breath in, now hold, one two. Now out, one two. And in, one two. Hold, one two. Out. one two”

Stiles breathes along in synch, and Derek tells him ”Good job.”

It’s absolutely textbook, and he watches for a moment before muttering “Well I’ll be damned.”

Stiles turns at the sound of his voice, and Derek tells him “Don’t get distracted Stiles, keep going, in, one two, hold, one two…”

Stiles nods and keeps going, and after another minute he breathes out shakily, saying “Done.”

Derek checks his watch. “A minute apart, running for a solid minute”

“What?” The doctor exclaims.

Derek looks up at his tone, frowning.
“I thought I told you to let me know if you needed me” the doctor grumbles.

Derek shrugs.

“We didn’t need you. Did we Stiles?”

“Not really, once Derek kicked Peter out.”

The doctor shakes his head.

Then he goes out to the waiting room to give them an update, and reassure Peter that yes, Stiles is fine, but no, he can’t come back in.

Noah’s eyes dance with amusement.

“Claudia kicked me out when Stiles was born. Said I was a distraction, and that omegas know their business without their damn alpha butting in” he recalls fondly.

The doctor chuckles.

“It’s more common than you’d think” he agrees.

Peter’s still pouting, but it makes him feel a little better.

The doctor goes back in, and asks Stiles “Are you OK with me doing an exam with Derek here, or do you want me to send him out and get Peter for you?”

Both Stiles and Derek shake their heads vigorously, saying “No!”

“Derek can stay, don’t let Peter back in whatever you do” Stiles tells him emphatically.

“I mean, you can leave if you want Derek” he offers belatedly.

Derek looks like he desperately wants to say yes, but he takes a deep breath and says instead “How about I stay up here near your head, and hold your hand, and take any pain?”

“Perfect” the doctor declares.

He gloves up and settles between Stiles’ legs, and the exam is over in less than a minute. He slides his hand in easily, and straight back out, and declares “Ten minutes at most, you’re nearly all the way there.”

“Really? I mean, are you sure?” Derek asks, surprised.

“Yep. It happens sometimes – a calm omega, and a good birth partner, resulting in a much shorter labor.”

He grins at Stiles and tells him “Congratulations. Finally, you’ve done something by the book.”

“You think you’re funny” Stiles mutters.

“I’m hilarious actually, when I’m not dealing with pregnant people” Doc Evans informs him.

Stiles flips him off.

By now he’s panting as another contraction grips him, but this is one that Derek can help with, so he places his hand on Stile’s belly and swiftly relieves him of the pain, all the while keeping an eye on
“You’re a natural at this Derek” the doctor tells him, watching in awe as Derek repositions himself behind Stiles and draws him in close, making sure he’s comfortable.

Derek grins hugely under the praise, even as he says “Alpha instinct, I guess.”

“He’s pretty awesome” Stiles confirms.

He starts to squirm then, and his brow furrows.

“Damn, that was fast” he says, as another contraction begins. Derek comforts him and sees him through it, but it’s barely over before another begins, and another, and then it’s one long contraction, and the doctor nods, and says “Time to push, when you feel the urge, Stiles.”

“Peter, want Peter here” Stiles pants.

The doctor quickly goes to fetch him, and as Peter enters the room Derek starts to move off the bed.

“Where the hell are you going?” Stiles snaps.

“I thought you’d just want you two for this part?” Derek asks.

“I want you both” Stiles demands, making grabby hands at Peter, who nuzzles in to him eagerly.

“Actually, it’s best for baby if they can scent you together as soon as they’re born” the doctor reminds Derek. “Also, it will cement your Alpha bond with the child”

“Ultimate….favorite uncle……status….” Stiles gets out, between groans.

Peter goes to lay a hand on him, but the doctor shakes his head.

“Sorry Stiles, but you need to feel this part, so you know when to push”.

“Need to push…..now’’ he grunts out, and rolls away from both the wolves, positions himself on his hands and knees, arches his back, throws his head back, and screams as he bears down hard and pushes.

Derek and Peter look on in awe, as Stiles turns onto a wild thing before their eyes, primal and powerful.

He pushes relentlessly until the urge passes, and then collapses on his elbows, panting.

Doc Evans slides a hand between his legs and examines him, and says “Head’s right there, Stiles.”

“Can feel it. Feels like a fucking watermelon.”

He beckons his wolves over, saying “Need you, please?”

He positions them so that there’s one on either side of him, Derek with his hands on the small of his back, holding him steady, and Peter with his arms wrapped round his shoulders, their faces close enough for him to steal a kiss.

Peter’s cooing and telling him he’s doing so well, and Stiles is leaning into his touch when the next contraction hits moments later.
Once again, Stiles goes with it, riding out the pain, bearing down even as he screams and cries. It passes eventually, and he pulls Peter close afterwards.

The next contraction though, he doesn’t pull Peter close and snuggle.

Instead he swears and starts to call Peter names, saying “You filthy rat bastard, you and your fucking dick, you did this! See if I ever let you near me again!”

The doctor starts laughing, saying “Excellent!”

Peter looks hurt, until the doctor explains.

Normally when they’re cursing their alpha, it means one more push and we’re there. It’s a hormonal thing, trust me.”

“I’ll give you one more fucking push” Stiles growls out.

And a minute later, he does, and Peter honest to god thinks he must be dying from the sounds that are coming out of his mouth, but the doctor doesn’t seem concerned, instead positioning himself between Stiles’ legs in preparation for the baby’s arrival.

“That’s it Stiles, nearly there, head’s out, that’s the hardest part, one more push for the shoulders now.”

“DON’T TELL ME WHAT TO FUCKING DO” Stiles roars, and he pushes and that’s it, he’s done, he collapses against Peter, panting, and crying, and saying “I can’t, I can’t, no more.”

Peter holds him up, and kisses him gently on the cheek, eyes alight with excitement, as the sound of an infant crying rings out.

It’s a loud, lusty cry, and Stiles cranes his head around, looking for the source.

Peter guides him over onto his back and sits him up, and Doc Evans places a small, squalling bundle against his chest, grinning from ear to ear.

“Baby girl, perfectly healthy“ he proclaims, and if he sounds a little smug about it, nobody can really blame him.
What's in a Name?

Chapter Summary

“What’s her name?” the doctor asks.
Peter and Stiles look at each other.
“We have no idea” Peter admits.

Chapter Notes

Tiny chapter - this was like pulling teeth, but that could be the three day hangover from
my son's wedding at the weekend....

The baby squirms and nuzzles, still crying, but Stiles instinctively soothes her, holding her close, and
she settles against him.

Peter’s overwhelmed with affection, stroking his daughter’s face softly with one finger before
looking at Stiles with eyes that are suspiciously bright and whispering softly “You did it sweetheart.
I’m so proud of you. Look at her, she’s perfect.”

“She really is” Stiles agrees with a contented sigh.

She’s fine for a few minutes, but then she starts to grizzle again, quickly gaining volume, and Stiles
asks “What’s wrong with her?”

Doc Evans gently reminds him ”She’s looking for her Alpha, Stiles. It’s wolf instinct. She needs
Derek.”

Stiles holds the child out to Derek like an offering, saying “Alpha?”

Derek’s absolutely beaming as he takes the now howling infant from Stiles.

He holds her firmly against his chest, and makes a low rumbling noise, soothing her and letting her
be enveloped in his Alpha smell.

They can see her tiny nostrils flare as she scents Derek deeply, and she stops crying instantly, instead
making a contented gurgle.

“I can feel her pack bond” he says softly, and he rocks her gently until she’s completely relaxed,
before he says “Peter?” and holds the now placid baby out to her father.

Stiles nods, smiling at his mate.

“You next, Daddy” he confirms.

Peter’s grinning from ear to ear as he wraps his arms around his infant daughter, cooing “Hello,
Bumpty. Look at you darling, aren’t you a beauty? Just like your Papa.”
And she really is.

She has a head full of thick dark hair, sticking to her head in haphazard waves, and the softest cupids bow mouth, and an upturned nose.

She opens her eyes, and as with all babies, they’re startlingly blue.

She regards her father solemnly for a moment, before closing them with the tiniest of sighs, and going to sleep in his arms.

Stiles pats the bed next to him and tells Peter “Get over here with our baby.”

The two of them curl up in the bed together, sitting propped up on the headboard with the baby between them, both quietly touching her, stroking her face, counting her fingers and toes, running their fingers through her hair.

Stiles takes a deep breath suddenly, placing his hands on his belly and wincing as he does so.

“Afterpains” he tells Peter, when he looks concerned.

The doctor nods, saying softly “Stiles, you need to pass the placenta, and we need to weigh baby and clean her up a little, and then you can have her back, all right?”

He reaches out for the child, and Stiles reluctantly hands her over. “We just need one more push from you, whenever you feel ready” Doc Evans tells him, and Stiles rolls his eyes.

“Damned doctors, always wanting more “he grouses.

But he does as he’s asked, and pushes when he feels the urge, and submits to one last exam, and Peter holds his hand through it all, calling him clever and strong and brave, and by the time he’s done and cleaned up so is their daughter.

She’s wearing a tiny beanie and a bright pink onesie when they get her back, and Derek holds her and lets her scent him, holding her up to the crook of his neck. The baby makes a happy sound as she burrows against him, and he makes sure she’s covered in his scent before he turns her over to her parents.

“You really are good at this” the doctor observes.

Derek shrugs. “It just comes naturally. I’d do it again in a heartbeat.”

Doc Evans hums, and tells Derek ”Come and see me after this.”.

Baby Hale disturbs the peace by letting out a pitiful cry then, bringing their attention back to her.

“What’s her name?” the doctor asks.

Peter and Stiles look at each other.

“We have no idea” Peter admits.
The name issue has been a bone of contention for the last few months.

For a boy, they’re agreed – David Peter.

As Stiles points out, “I can tell you from personal experience, no kid wants a weird name. Something easy to spell, easy to pronounce, and easy to remember.”

For a girl though, they can’t agree at all.

“Ruth” suggests Peter.

“Grandma name”

“Stacey” he tries.

“White girl trash name”

Stiles suggests Chelsea. Peter shudders.

He also vetoes Lara Croft Hale and Rose Tyler Hale.

And on it goes on, until they agree to just wait and see whether they even have a girl, because Peter’s convinced it’s a boy anyway.

And so now they’re the proud parents of Baby Girl Stilinski, as the card on her crib reads. (Although Peter sees Stiles arguing with the nurses, and the next time he sees the card, it’s been changed to read Baby Girl Hale.)

And they have no name.

“Don’t stress” Doc Evans advises them. “You legally have a month to name her, and you’d be surprised how many parents don’t have something picked out. You’ll know it when you hear it.”

For now, her name is Princess.

“Is my princess hungry?” Peter coos as he hands her to Stiles for feeding.

“Oh look, my little princess loves her Pops” smiles Noah when she gurgles happily at him.

“What’s wrong with princess?” asks Scott, when the baby won’t stop crying the first time he holds her.

He reluctantly hands her over to Derek, who hums as he cradles her. The baby stops crying immediately.

“Princess likes me best” says Derek smugly.

Scott pouts, and Derek grins.

Stiles is released from the hospital two days later, once his milk has come in and the baby has established her feeding routine.
He’s completely enchanted with his tiny daughter, and Peter’s no better.

She has a nursery, but she’s never in it – she tends to end up asleep in Peter’s arms, or on Stiles’ chest as he nurses, or in bed with the pair of them as they all nap together.

A thorough checkup has confirmed that she’s perfectly healthy, as the Doc had surmised, but Derek comes to see her and scent her every day for that first week -“just to help her wolf settle.”

Stiles watches the two of them together and he’s not sure who enjoys the process more – Derek as he strips off his shirt and sits in the rocking chair with the baby pressed up against the crook of his neck, a soothing sound coming from deep in his chest, giant hands engulfing her tiny body, or the baby, who nuzzles in eagerly, her nose flaring, and makes tiny, happy sounds as she settles against him.

It’s Derek who broaches the subject of the approaching full moon.

“Stiles, you know Princess won’t change with the moon, but she might be restless. Do you want me to stay with her?” he asks.

Peter speaks up then.

“I’ll stay with her” he offers.

“But Peter, you know you love to run. Are you sure?” Stiles queries.

“It’s my daughter’s first full moon. I wouldn’t miss it.” Peter tells him.

“Besides” he adds, “She’ll probably sleep through the whole thing.”

She does sleep through the whole thing.

She sleeps with her face pressed into the neck of Peter’s beta shift, as he holds her gently and rocks her, and lets out soft rumbling growls to soothe her when she stirs.

Stiles watches from the door of the nursery, and surreptitiously takes a photo and sends it to his dad.

He texts when he sends the photo.

**Big bad wolf’s not so tough**

Noah texts back

*Undone by a pretty face*

“Who are you texting?” Peter asks through fangs.

“My dad. He says you’ve been undone by a pretty face.”

The baby’s solidly asleep, so Peter shifts back, fangs and claws retracting, face settling into its normal besotted expression.

“He’s not wrong “he murmurs softly.

“You realise I’m never going be able to say no to her, don’t you. She’s made me weak.”
Peter coos at the tiny scrap of a thing in his arms, and places soft kisses on his daughter’s face.

Stiles looks again at the pair of them.

“Oh my god” he breathes. “I have a name.”

Peter quirks a brow.

Stiles looks supremely pleased with himself. “The woman that even the strongest man alive couldn’t refuse? The one who took his strength?”

“Daddy, meet Delilah.”

Peter murmurs into the baby’s ear “Are you my weakness, sweetheart? Are you my Delilah?” and the baby opens her eyes at the sound of his voice, and makes a soft aaahing sound before closing her eyes again and going back to sleep.

“Delilah” Peter muses.

“I like it.”
It takes some adjusting, having a baby in the house.

The first two weeks of parenthood pass in a blur of sleeplessness, feeding the baby, soothing the baby, changing the baby, taking pictures of the baby, holding the baby, watching the baby, and adoring the baby.

Stiles is still tender after giving birth, and Peter orders him to rest and recover, telling him he’ll bring Delilah to him for feeding, and he’ll do everything else, while Stiles sleeps and heals.

And he does.

As soon as Delilah makes the tiniest whimper, Peter’s there and bringing her to Stiles, often laying on the bed with them and just watching, mesmerized by the child’s features as she feeds, and by the look on Stiles’ face as he holds her.

He thinks that really, he should be the one paying the pharma company for this gift they’ve given him.

And he becomes an expert at diaper changes, and burping, and wiping up the tiny milky drool dribbles that his daughter leaves down his shirt.

Contented doesn’t even begin to cover how he feels.

When the baby’s asleep, he’ll spend the time cooking, and cleaning, and doing laundry, and he can’t get over just how adorably tiny the clothes he’s washing are, and how many of them he has to wash.

Babies are messy.

He doesn’t mind.

And once he’s done all that, he’ll curl up next to Stiles, and rub his hands all over him, and remind him that he loves him, and wants to marry him, and that they’re mates.

Stiles will arch up into his touch, and smile, and tell him that he loves him too, but that if he thinks that he’s getting anywhere near him with his dick, he can think again.

“Nice try, Peter, but Evans said no go till after my checkup” he’ll remind him.

And Peter will insist that that’s not what he was after, but Stiles will ask him “Really?” as his hand palms Peter’s obviously hard cock.

And the baby will be moved to her bassinet, and Evans never said anything about not giving hand jobs.
Stiles goes for his checkup at three weeks.

Omegas heal quickly after giving birth, but Evans wants to check that everything’s as it should be before giving the all clear for intimacy.

Stiles good naturedly answers all Phil’s questions about how he’s feeling and how they’re coping as parents while he takes his blood pressure and listens to his heartbeat.

Then he says “It’s time for your exam now Stiles. Hop up on the bed for me, legs spread?”

Stiles gets into position with a loud sigh.

“OK, I’m going to feel inside now, and I’m sorry, but it’s probably not going to feel great for you. But I’ll go as slowly and gently as I can, OK, and tell me if it’s too much”

Stiles props himself up on his elbows then, and observes “You’ve changed your tune. What ever happened to ‘nonsense, this doesn’t really hurt?’

Evans shrugs. “I had this mouthy omega patient who told me off enough times that I realised he may have a point. And when I asked some of my other patients, turns out that he was right, and I needed to listen more” he says ruefully.

“Now stop looking so damned smug and lie down.”

Stiles lies down, but he doesn’t stop looking smug.

And after what is possibly the gentlest exam of his entire pregnancy, Doc Evans tells him “Everything’s perfect, Stiles. You and Peter can go back to being sexually active any time.”

Stiles grins broadly at the news.

“Thanks, Phil.”

He hesitates.

“You did a good job. I know we weren’t the easiest couple to deal with.” He says apologetically.

Evans tells him “I won’t disagree, but it looks like I’ve got Derek as a birthing coach out of it, so I’m not complaining.”

“He really likes it, huh?” Stiles asks, intrigued.

“He loves it. And the parents love him. And I think half the nurses want to either marry him or adopt him.” Evans replies, grinning.

“I can see it now, Evans and Hale, the ultimate birth experience” Stiles jokes, as he dresses.

And he leaves to go and tell Peter the good news.
Delilah’s a snuggler.

Oh, she’ll settle if they put her down in her crib, but they can tell by the little sighs and squeaks and happy sounds she makes that her favorite place is snuggled against someone’s front, nose buried in the crook of their neck, scenting happily.

Peter tells Stiles it’s a wolf thing.

Stiles tells Peter it’s a Peter thing.

“You do exactly the same” he points out.

“Well yes, but only because you smell so delicious, darling” Peter tells him, even as he does the very thing he’s been accused of and snuggles against Stiles, nuzzling in.

Lila’s sleeping deeply, milk-drunk and sated, in her crib, and for the first time since Stiles has been given the all clear, they finally have some time alone.

Peter kisses softly down Stiles’ neck, and then lowers his mouth to his nipple, still swollen from feeding, and places one gentle kiss there. He looks at Stiles with his brows raised, asking permission.

Stiles rolls his eyes, saying “Go on then, I know you love it.”

Peter latches his mouth onto his breast and starts to suck firmly, and Stiles throws his head back and moans at the sensation.

He loves it too.

When he feeds Delilah, it feels nothing like this. She’s all gentle pressure and soft suction and smooth skin.

Peter? Peter’s all rough stubble and teeth and want.

He pulls on his hair, dragging him away.

“How asleep is she really?” he asks breathily.

Peter cocks his head for a moment, listening to the rhythm of the baby’s heartbeat and her deep, steady breathing.

“Asleep asleep” he confirms.

Stiles pulls Peter up for a kiss then, and it’s not soft and sweet, it’s hungry and desperate.

“Really, really, asleep?” he confirms.

“Uh huh” Peter manages, from where he’s sucking a dark mark into Stile’s throat.

Stiles pulls him off his neck, but it’s only so he can go and close the nursery door.

“Want her to stay that way” he says, and hurries to shed the boxers he was wearing.

Peter licks his lips at the sight of Stiles naked.

His body still bears the evidence of his pregnancy, but Peter thinks it’s made him more gorgeous, if
that was possible.

He shucks his own clothing carelessly, before crowding Stiles against the wall and kissing him passionately.

Stiles responds in kind, opening his mouth to grant Peter better access, and moaning quietly as Peter ravages his mouth. Peter’s cupping his small breasts and rubbing his thumbs over the nipples, and the sensation makes Stiles gasp loudly.

Peter goes still for a moment, listening.

“Nope, still asleep” he says, grinning.

He picks Stiles up and deposits him on the bed, wasting no time before burying his head between his legs, licking and sucking at him, opening him with his tongue, lapping at the slick that’s started leaking from Stiles’ hole.

Stiles is gasping and groaning, and his cock is hard and leaking.

“Shit, shit, shit” he moans out, hands buried in Peter’s hair.

Peter wants to take this slowly, he really does, but it’s been weeks, and he’s as desperate as Stiles.

He works two fingers in, unable to resist.

Stiles hisses sharply and Peter stills.

“Want me to stop?” he asks, praying that the answer’s no.

“Just… give me a minute” Stiles pants out. “It’s good. So good. But I’m still sensitive.”

Peter slides his fingers out, going back to one, and moves up to suck and bite at Stiles’ nipples.

The sweet milk floods his mouth and he sucks harshly, hungrily.

Stiles whines at the dual sensations, and by the time Peter’s moved onto his other breast he’s writhing, and asking for more.

Peter slips the second finger back in, and finds Stiles slick and soft and ready.

He quickly adds a third, and bites softly on Stiles’ nipple at the same time.

Stiles lets out a squeal.

So does Delilah.

They both freeze, waiting to see if any further sounds come from the nursery.

Peter shakes his head after a moment, whispering “Still sleeping, I promise.”

Stiles lets out a breath then, and whispers back “Well be quick, before she wakes up.”

Peter wants to ask if he’s sure, if he’s ready, but one look at Stiles face tells him that he’d better damned well do as he’s told and not ask stupid questions.

He lines himself up and slides just the head in, and feels the clench and pulse of an omega channel ready to be filled.
He closes his eyes and just revels in the feeling for a moment, but then Stiles is grabbing his hips and pulling him forwards so he’s all the way in, and he’s engulfed in warmth and moisture, and it feels so good.

“Move” Stiles tells him, and there’s a hint of desperation to his tone. Peter can feel how ready he is, and so he doesn’t hold back, pulling back until he’s almost all the way out and then slamming back in, causing Stiles to groan loudly.

“Yeah, fuck, more” he gasps out, and Peter obliges, fucking in hard, filling him the way he likes, and he can feel his orgasm approaching quickly, faster than he’d like but there’s no stopping this, he’s going to come, any second now….

Delilah gives a single sharp cry, and Stiles tenses immediately beneath him, and suddenly he’s pushing at him, hissing “Get off, she’s awake!” and before he know it he’s been rolled over and the warmth surrounding his dick has been replaced by cold air as he’s left humping against nothing.

Peter nearly cries.

“No, she’s still asleep, I promise” he protests, but Stiles is out of bed and halfway across the room by then.

He comes back from the nursery a minute later, looking sheepish.

“Still asleep” he admits.

Peter casts him an unimpressed look. “Told you” he grumbles, sulking a little over his lost orgasm.

“Sorry, I just panicked. I’m new to this parent thing” Stiles sighs.

Peter looks at him then, and sees the flushed cheeks and wide pupils, and remembers that he’s not the only one who’s unsatisfied.

He draws Stiles into his arms, and tells him “Stiles, its fine. Now, come back to bed, and let me take care of you?”

“But what if she really wakes up?” Stiles worries.

Peter privately thinks that if the baby will sleep for about two minutes he can get them both off, but he can see that it’s a lost cause unless he can reassure Stiles.

Peter stands up.

“Come with me” he invites Stiles.

He leads him back to the nursery.

He opens the door, and they both look to see that Delilah’s still asleep.

Her eyes are moving rapidly behind closed lids, and she’s snuffling a little, and occasionally one of her tiny hands will twitch.

“She’s dreaming, that’s all” Peter whispers. “She’s an active sleeper, just like you.”

And it’s true. Stiles has always tended to flail and mutter in his sleep. More than once Peter’s had
whole conversations with him while he’s sleeping.

Stiles doesn’t look quite convinced though, so hoping that he’s right about this, Peter tiptoes across the room and gently lifts Delilah’s arm up, and lets go.

It hits the bedding with a soft whump, and she doesn’t stir.

“Sound asleep. Heart rate’s slow and steady. Trust me on this?” he pleads.

Stiles draws Peter out of the nursery and closes the door firmly. Then he walks them back to the bedroom and closes that door as well.

And then he climbs up on the bed and presents himself to Peter, back arched, ass glistening, and tells him “If she didn’t move at your voice, she’s not waking up anytime soon. Now get back inside me, I’m so damned close.”

Peter’s flagging erection springs back into readiness at the sight, and he wastes no time climbing onto the bed and thrusting back in. And somehow the interruption makes it better, makes him more desperate, and he can feel Stiles’ hole fluttering around him as he gets more and more aroused by Peter filling him, and he was right, it really does only take two minutes for them both to come.

Stiles swears as he clenches down on Peter tightly, and Peter groans as he finally comes as well.

They stay there breathing heavily for a minute, before Peter rolls them onto their side, staying firmly lodged inside Stiles as he does so.

Stiles gives a lazy chuckle.

“Got there in the end” he breathes out.

“Mmmm.” Is all Peter can manage.

Stiles casually asks Noah if he was a good sleeper as a baby.

“You were a damned nightmare, kiddo. You’d be fast asleep, but you’d still move around, and make noises, or cry just once and then never again, but it was enough that your mother would hover over the crib for an hour waiting for you to wake up. Why, is Princess not sleeping?”

Stiles heaves a sigh of relief, and tells his dad “No, she sleeps fine, she just…does all that.”

Noah throws back his head and laughs.

“You know what they say son, payback’s a bitch” he tells him.

Stiles goes home and relays to Peter what his dad has told him, and then states firmly that no matter what, he’s going to ignore those noises when they’re in bed together.

He suggests that they practice immediately after Delilah’s next been fed and put into her crib.
Peter’s no fool though, so he waits five minutes, just gently kissing Stiles, before taking him to check on her, just to be sure she’s asleep.

She’s completely out to it.

And once they’re both assured that she’s really really really asleep, he lays Stiles out on the bed, and takes his time, and slowly takes him apart with his mouth and his hands and his tongue, and he makes him come twice on just his fingers before laying on his back so Stiles can straddle him and sink onto his length, leaning forwards with his arms on either side of Peter’s so that Peter can crane his head up and suck and bite his breasts.

The angle’s so good, and he makes such delicious sounds, and Peter growls deep in his throat as he pounds up into him, and if there are any sounds from the nursery, neither of them pay it any heed, too caught up in making their own noises as their bodies slip and slide against each other frantically.

It’s only after they’ve both come and Stiles is lying nestled against Peter’s chest, sweaty and out of breath, that he asks “Did I hear Lila?”

“Nope, not a peep” Peter tells him, grinning.

“I should check” Stiles murmurs sleepily.

‘No need, I’ll hear her, you nap” Peter tells him.

In the end, they both nap.

And when they wake, and she’s still asleep, Stiles grins and suggests to Peter that since it looks like time alone might be a scarce commodity, they should make the most of it.

Peter agrees.
Stiles is a good parent to Delilah right from the start.

Once that first month has passed, and he’s recovered from the birth, and rediscovered sleep and sex, he just takes to it.

Delilah’s a fairly easy baby, and between them they muddle along, learning as they go, and Peter thinks they’re doing OK, but suddenly, apparently it’s not enough.

Peter couldn’t even tell you exactly what happens, all he knows is that suddenly Stiles is spending time on the internet scouring parenting forums, scribbling notes, and calling his dad to ask him questions, all with a look of determination on his face.

Stiles starts employing some of the techniques he’s learned about, swaddling Delilah firmly, massaging her legs every night, rubbing her belly clockwise, and she becomes even more contented, if such a thing is possible. It’s rare for her to even grizzle.

By the time she’s two months old, instead of cuddling her to calm her, Peter finds that they’re only cuddling her to scent her, and play with her.

“You’re a natural at this, sweetheart” he tells Stiles one afternoon, as he watches him expertly strip Lila out of her onesie, change her diaper and redress her, all at lightning speed.

Stiles turns to him grinning, saying “You think so?” and there’s a hopeful note in his tone.

“Absolutely. Like a duck to water. It’s wonderful to see” he assures him, and sees Stiles sag a little with relief.

“Oh, thank god, because you know I have no clue what I’m doing, and I’m faking this whole competence thing, right?” Stiles confesses.

Peter arches a brow at him. “Really? Because I just watched you change and dress our baby in record time, and I can’t help but notice that she’s thriving. Don’t undersell yourself, darling.”

Stiles puts Delilah in her crib and comes over to Peter, sprawling on his lap where he’s sitting in the rocking chair.

“You really think I’m doing OK?” he asks in a small voice.

Peter pulls back and looks at him. “Stiles, what’s this about? You’re a good parent. Why do you doubt it?”

“Because I’m too young for this. I don’t know anything” Stiles says.

A horrible suspicion creeps into the back of Peter’s mind.

“Stiles, did someone say something?” he asks gently.

Stiles sighs.

“It was just a stupid old woman. I don’t even know her.”

“Stiles” Peter prods. “What did she say that upset you? Whatever it was, she’s wrong.”
Stiles is silent for a moment before he starts to speak, and when he does, the pain in his voice breaks Peter’s heart.

“I was at the store with Lila, and I was looking at the different diapers, and this hatchet faced bitch walked past, and said to her friend ‘Oh look, they’re letting them breed before they can read’ and then they fucking laughed, Peter. And then her friend said ‘Such a shame for the baby, though. Bound to end up neglected.’

“And then they saw me listening, and had the hide to say “Do you have a responsible adult helping you with that child, young man?”

Stiles’ hands have curled into fists, and he’s shaking.

“They took one look at me and assumed I’d neglect my baby, Peter. Just because I’m young. “

His voice is hard, and Peter can see the hurt in his eyes.

Peter would very much like to track that woman and her friend down and claw their eyes out right now.

But instead, Peter runs his hands soothingly down Stiles’ back for a few minutes, shushing him and nuzzling at him.

Then he speaks.

“Stiles, tell me something. When I courted you, did everyone approve?”

Stiles pulls back and looks at him, puzzled.

“You know they didn’t. Scott carried on for weeks.”

Peter looks at him steadily.

“Did you pay any attention?”

“Well, no.” Stiles answers, wondering where this is going.

“Why not?”

“Well, because I didn’t care. It felt right to me, and also you were hot” Stiles tells him, smiling at the memory.

“When you decided to go ahead and have our baby, who is the most precious thing in our lives by the way, did everyone approve?”

“Peter, I left my job because I got sick of people telling me how unprepared I was to be a parent. Of course they didn’t!”

‘But you went ahead anyway” Peter observes.

“Well, yeah. It’s what we wanted.”

“So, tell me why this is different. Why do you care what these people say?’

Stiles stops and thinks about it.
“Because…what if they’re right, Peter? What if I make a mess of this? What if I can’t cope, and Delilah suffers? I could ignore what people said when I was pregnant, but she’s here now, and she’s real, and it scares me.”

He curls further into Peter.

“Sweetheart, when did this happen? And why didn’t you tell me?” Peter asks.

“It was weeks ago. And I didn’t say anything because it’s stupid, I know it’s stupid, OK? But it still hurts” Stiles admits.

Peter looks at the sleeping baby, and lifts Stiles off his lap and carries him through to the bedroom.

He walks to the bed, lays down, and pulls Stiles on top of him so that his head’s resting over Peter’s heart, and wraps his arms around him.

“Stiles, you’re a good parent. You love that baby, and you take such good care of her. But even if you weren’t coping, I think you’ve forgotten something.”

Stiles lifts his head and looks at him.

“Delilah has two parents, darling. And she has a pack. And we’ll always take care of you both.”

Stiles drops his head back down and groans.

“Jesus Peter, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to imply that I’m doing this alone. I just got a little obsessed with what they said, and I wanted to prove them wrong, even if they never knew it.”

Peter snuggles him closer.

“And you have, sweetheart. You have a happy, healthy wolf baby asleep in there, who adores you. And you have a mate who thinks you’re amazing. And all that woman has is a bad attitude.”

Stiles hums.

“So you really think I’m doing OK?”

Peter huffs fondly.

“Sweetheart, you’re parenting like a boss.”

“I really am” Stiles agrees, appeased for now.

He snuggles in further.

“Like a motherfucking boss.”

Delilah continues to be a delight, with her daddies wrapped firmly around her finger.

Every time she smiles, or goos, or blows spit bubbles, it’s so adorable that they just have to take a picture.
And Peter loves nothing better than to dress her up in her various tiny outfits, telling her what a beautiful girl she is, just like her Papa, and then to take her out and show her off, reveling in the praise of passersby.

And now that he’s stopped worrying, Stiles is starting to enjoy the child, laughing with delight the first time she smiles at him, telling her that she’s going to be a big strong wolf just like her daddy, and blowing raspberries on her belly as she squeals happily.

She’s growing steadily, and has started eating solid foods. There was a period of a week of so where she grizzled constantly and demanded to be fed hourly, and Stiles simply couldn’t produce enough milk to satisfy her wolf metabolism.

They realised what the problem was quickly, and now she’s mainly drinking a formula made specially for Weres.

Stiles is a little sad about it, but he knows it’s what’s best for Delilah, and now they’ve switched her to the bottle and a solid meal at night time, she’s much happier, and has started sleeping through the night again, much to their relief.

He still feeds her at bed time though, simply because they both love it.

Before they know it, she’s four months old.

Since she can take a bottle now, Peter persuades Noah to take her for the night. It doesn’t take much convincing, truth be told. Noah adores his princess.

They drop her off, leaving amid assurances that of course Noah will call if there’s a problem.

Stiles glances back towards the house as they drive away, asking ”Do you really think he can look after her properly?”

”The man is a sheriff. He protects a whole town. He can manage ten pounds of sleepy baby” Peter reminds him, smiling.

”I guess. Now where are you taking me?” he asks, because Peter’s refused to tell him where they’re going.

”We’re going out for dinner, and then we’re spending the night at the Grand” Peter tells him.

He looks at Stiles and smiles softly, adding “It’s been too long since we had time to ourselves. I miss you.”

Stiles starts to object, saying “But Peter, I thought we’d be home tonight. I have things to do there. I still need to finish the last chapter of my book, and I was going to get up early and make a grocery list.”

“I know” Peter says. “That’s the point. You always have things to do there. If we go home we’ll have sex exactly once, and then you’ll be in the office working while you have the chance, and you won’t relax. If I take you to the Grand, there are no distractions, and you can actually unwind...”
properly, sweetheart.”

He adds “There’s a hot tub in our suite.”

Stiles loves hot tubs, and Peter has no qualms about exploiting the fact to get what he wants, which is some actual alone time with his mate.

“You make a compelling argument” Stiles says, grinning widely.

Dinner is at a steak house, because fine dining is all well and good, as Peter points out, but they have a night alone, and they’re going to need plenty of protein to keep their stamina up.

“Why, I swear Peter, it’s almost like you’re planning to seduce me, you wicked man” Stiles says, in his best Southern belle accent.

Peter grins wolvishly, replying “I certainly am, my dear. I plan to ruffle more than your petticoats tonight.”

Stiles snorts at that, and suggests they skip dessert and head to the hotel, so Peter can ruffle anything he wants.

It been far too long, thinks Peter, since he’s been able to do this.

He’s filled the spa, and ordered strawberries and champagne, and they’ve spent the last hour relaxing in the bubbling water, getting tipsy, touching each other playfully, and just being together.

He can see the tension leaving Stiles’ body as the hot water does its work and relaxes his muscles. He hums happily, and says “Does it make me a bad parent that I’m enjoying this so much, I don’t even want to check on the baby?”

Peter hums into Stiles’ neck from where he’s sitting behind him, and observes “The fact you’re asking if something makes you a bad parent actually precludes you from being a bad parent, I should think.”

“Besides, you checked before.”

Stiles shrugs. “It was just a text. So I could relax properly.”

“Hmm. And she’s fine, and you’re relaxed. And we have all night, just the two of us, and this lovely tub, and a giant bed with fresh sheets. I wonder what we could possibly do?” Peter drawls, and rubs a thumb softly over Stiles’ nipple.

“Yes, that, we could definitely do that” Stiles says, arching into the touch.

Peter bites softly on the side of his neck.

“Oh that, too” Stiles moans.

Peter suckles and nips at his neck and his collarbones gently, and his hands continue to roam across Stiles’ chest, cupping and massaging his now almost nonexistent breasts.
“I’m almost sad to see these go” he murmurs.

“I’ll miss the feeding, but I’m glad to have my body back” Stiles replies.

“Your body is gorgeous either way, and whenever you’d like to get out of the tub, I’d quite like to play with it” Peter breathes into his ear, and he wraps a hand around Stile’s cock and strokes it slowly as he speaks.

“Do you know, I suddenly feel clean?” Stiles grins, as he pulls out of Peter’s grasp and climbs out of the tub, barely bothering to dry himself before flinging his body across the big bed.

Peter follows him out of the tub, and is on him in a flash, pinning him down and kissing him eagerly. He breaks away and tugs lightly on Stile’s beard.

“I do like this, are you keeping it?” he asks.

“I think so? I mean, I it saves me time not shaving. And my fiancé says it makes me look hot” he adds, smiling.

“Your fiancé does indeed think it makes you look hot. It’s very arousing” Peter purrs, and goes back to kissing Stiles stupid.

They spend a long time just teasing each other, with soft touches and lingering kisses, until finally Peter lifts his head from where he’s been sucking on Stiles’ nipple and asks in his most seductive tones “So tell me, my innocent young omega, is my plan to seduce you working yet?”

“Mmmm, definitely working. Helpless to resist your rakish charms, you wicked alpha. I’m sure I shall be quite ruined by the end of the night” Stiles says breathily, playing his part perfectly.

“I shall do my best to make sure of it” Peter replies, twirling an imaginary moustache and raising an eyebrow.

Stiles snickers.

“This is nice, just playing. I’ve missed this” he sighs happily.

Peter tilts his head for a moment, listening, and then asks Stiles “Can you hear that, sweetheart?”

Stiles listens too, saying “Can I hear what?”

Peter grins wickedly and says “The sound of nothing interrupting us for hours and hours.”

“Oh, I hear it. It’s the sound of no small children anywhere nearby.”

Stiles waggles his eyebrows at Peter and says “We really should take advantage of that.”

Peter agrees happily, and takes his time exploring Stiles’ body, making him squirm and pant beneath him, until finally Stiles grabs at his hair and tugs at it, pulling him up from where he’s buried between his legs licking hungrily, and begs him for more.

“Please, Peter” he whimpers.

Peter settles himself over Stiles, and closes his eyes as he slowly, slowly slides into him. He lets out a low groan as he buries himself deep in the heat of Stiles’ body.
They set up a slow, lazy rhythm, enjoying the luxury of not having to rush, and not having to stay quiet.

Stiles is groaning and whimpering, and Peter is letting out a series of grunts as he thrusts in.

Peter can feel as Stiles’ body responds to his, his channel clenching steadily around him, his muscles massaging Peter’s length, bringing him closer to release with every stroke.

He slows down a little, wanting to make it last, but Stiles makes such pitiful noises that he’s forced to speed back up, and Stiles lets out a sigh of relief as the rhythm picks up again.

In the end, he comes much sooner than he wanted to, carried over the edge by Stiles clenching and moaning beneath him as he comes, the sudden tightness overwhelming him.

“Dammit” he huffs out. “Too soon.”

Stiles runs his hands down Peter’s back where they’ve been resting, and gently squeezes his ass.

“Was perfect” he breathes out.

Peter looks at his face then, fucked out and blissful, and concedes that maybe it was, at that.

“Sides, no Lila. We can do this again, and again, and again…” Stiles reminds him, smirking wickedly.

They can, and they do.

Stiles sleeps till 5am the next morning, and then he wakes Peter up by sucking on him till he’s hard and riding him hard and fast.

They’ve made love so many times during the night that he has no problem lasting long enough for Stiles to come explosively all over his chest, gasping in great heaving breaths as he does so.

He collapses on Peter’s body panting, and Peter lets out a low chuckle.

‘Good morning, sweetheart” he purrs, the first words between them since he woke to find Stiles eagerly deepthroating him.

“Mmmm. Morning” Stiles manages from where he’s slumped atop Peter.

Peter lets him rest for a few minutes, but eventually he nudges at him, and Stiles takes the hint and rolls off to the side.

“Love the feeling of you coming in me. I’m so glad we didn’t go with condoms after the baby” he says, apropos of nothing.

“Pardon? “ Peter asks him, confused.

“I said, I’m glad we opted for the shot after Lila was born” Stiles clarifies.
“You know, for the increased risk period. That’s why you got the extra shot.”

Peter sits up in bed.

‘Stiles, what are you talking about?’ he asks.

Stiles looks at him as though he’s a particularly dim child.

“Peter, do you remember when Lila was born, and Phil was telling us that there could be an increased risk of pregnancy for six months after the baby was born, and we could either use condoms or you could have the shot?”

Peter shakes his head, mystified.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about. When exactly was this?”

Stiles groans, frustrated.

“I can’t believe you don’t remember this. It was the day after she was born, and I clearly remember Phil talking about it, and I told him we’d get the shot because you don’t like condoms.”

Peter’s been going steadily paler as Stiles speaks.

“Stiles” he grits out. “Was I meant to get a shot? Because I don’t remember any of this.”

Stiles starts to pale as well, as realization dawns.

“Shit.”

"I didn't tell you, did I?"

"This is the first I've heard of it"Peter tells him.

“I was meant to tell you about it, because you weren’t there, and I thought I had, or I forgot. I’m guessing this means that you didn’t get the shot?” Stiles asks quietly.

Peter’s face tells him all he needs to know.

“Oh shit, I’m so sorry Peter. I genuinely thought you knew about it, and I just assumed you’d had it done.”

Peter groans, and runs his hands down his face.

"Are you telling me that we’ve been having unprotected sex for the last four months?"

"Apparently? Phil said with increased fertility after the birth there’s about a 20% chance of pregnancy outside of a heat."

Peter takes a deep breath, and takes Stiles’ hand.

“Stiles, I won’t lie, this is a shock. But let’s not panic yet. I mean, really, what are the odds?”

Stiles gives him a flat look.

“It’s us Peter. I don’t think the odds matter.”

They sit there together in silence, and the carefree mood from earlier is a distant memory.
Finally, Stiles heaves a sigh, and goes to shower.

Peter slides out of bed and pads across to the phone once he’s gone, and calls reception.

When Stiles comes out of the shower, Peter’s just answering the door, and he comes back with a trolley with covered trays on it.

“Breakfast?” he offers.

Stiles lifts the lids to find a cooked breakfast underneath, and he inhales deeply.

And then Peter hands him a small box.

“With a side of pregnancy test?” Peter says wryly.

Stiles wrinkles his nose at the box.

“Do we have to?” he asks.

Peter shrugs.

“Of course not. But I know how your mind works, and I thought you’d like to know one way or another, before you worry yourself sick” Peter tells him.

"I guess” Stiles concedes.

He hesitates, and adds “Sweetheart, I know this isn’t ideal, OK? But I want you to know, it would hardly be a disaster if you were pregnant.”

“You say that” Stiles mutters. “You’re not the one who might be pregnant.”

Peter rolls his eyes.

“Go pee on the stick Stiles, and put us out of our misery” he tells him firmly.

Stiles slouches off to the bathroom, and comes back minutes later.

He sits down and lifts the top of the breakfast tray, and starts eating mechanically.

Peter says “It’ll be fine, sweetheart. Another little one like Delilah? Honestly, I’d be thrilled.”

Stiles just shrugs.

Peter tries again.

“Stiles, please. Whatever the result, we’ll face it together. Don’t be afraid.”

Stiles puts down his fork and sighs.

“I’m not afraid, Peter, I’m annoyed.”

"I’m annoyed at myself for putting us in this position. I can’t believe I forgot to tell you about this, especially with our track record.”

Peter smiles ruefully at that.

“We are very good at beating the odds, aren’t we.”
“Oh god, can you imagine having to tell my dad? Having to tell *Phil*?” Stiles groans.

Peter snorts. “I think he’ll probably retire.”

That gets a weak smile out of Stiles. “If we have to tell him, can we film it?” he jokes.

The timer on his phone beeps.

“Well, showtime.”

He heads towards the bathroom, and Peter stands up and follows him, taking his hand and bumping shoulders as they walk.

Stiles never knew that room service provided such things as boxes of condoms, but apparently they do.

And Peter tells him in no uncertain terms that he doesn’t care how much Stiles wants to celebrate the negative test, he can damned well wait until they’re delivered, because just this once, it looks like they’ve beaten the odds, and he’s not prepared to push their luck.

Stiles sulks until Peter distracts him with four fingers and his mouth.
Derek is definitely the favorite

Chapter Summary

Delilah bonds with the pack.

Chapter Notes

i know, i know, I'm on holidays, and I should be out sightseeing in Singapore, but instead I'm posting. What can I say? Delilah needed me.

“You dodged a bullet there. It was the breastfeeding that saved you, just so you know” Phil tells Stiles and Peter when they go to see him for Peter’s shot.

“You still feeding, even just that one at night, dropped your odds right down.”

He sighs, before continuing “And really? This one’s on me. I should have made sure I spoke to Peter about this, and not made it your responsibility, Stiles. I’m sorry.”

“Well yeah, you kinda dropped the ball, but we got away with it, so I guess we can let it go“ Stiles tells him.

”It’s fine, Phil” Peter agrees. “Like you said, we dodged the bullet, and we’re covered now, at least.”

“I’m adding this to the book, though” Stiles adds, and Phil rolls his eyes.

“You’re going to paint me as a villain in this book of yours, aren’t you? “

Stiles considers.

“It’s not like I actually name you, you know. And anyway, I might not. You’ve grown on me.”

Phil snorts.

“I’ll try not to let it go to my head” he says drily.
Stiles actually does put it in the book, but it’s more of a cautionary tale, listed in the chapter titled *No, everybody doesn’t know that shit, actually*

It covers all those things that nobody had thought to tell him about, like

- That a sugar rich diet for a feeding parent will result in an upset stomach for their baby
- That small babies like to be wrapped up tight when they sleep
- That during labor, you may feel the urge to punch your alpha in the face. This is normal.
- That your stomach will, in fact, look like a bowl of jelly after the birth, but don’t worry, it will go away after a few weeks.
- That if your doctor tells you to abstain in case you start labor, for the love of god, listen to him.

He’s had a ball writing it, honestly.

He and Peter are both home, and Peter’s more than happy to look after the baby, so finding the time to write hasn’t been an issue for him.

He’s happily written chapter after hilarious chapter about his experiences, but he’s also included good, solid information, things he learned the hard way, and even a chapter for alphas, entitled *Hey dumbass, telling your partner they’re huge isn’t a compliment, trust me*

It’s a surprisingly helpful read, and he’s proud of it.

He’s polished up the manuscript by the time Delilah’s six months old, they’ve presented it to Peter’s publishers, and it’s on track for publication in three months’ time.

“I’m so proud of you, sweetheart” Peter tells him when he receives the email telling him that it’s been approved for publication.

“I dunno, I doubt it will be as popular as your books” Stiles says.

He’s kept his promise and kept Peter’s secret, even though there are times he really, really wishes he could tell someone.

“Yes, but your book’s actually useful” Peter reminds him, smiling softly.

“I guess. Should I dedicate it to you?” Stiles teases.

“You know damn well you want to dedicate it to Phil” Peter replies. “Are you going to tell him beforehand?”

Stiles’ eyes light up with mischief. “Where’s the fun in that? I think I’ll just send him a copy and see how long it takes until he reads it.”

Peter’s eyes crinkle attractively at the corners as he laughs, and Stiles is distracted from all thoughts of his book.

He pulls Peter in for a kiss, and Peter responds eagerly. He’s just slipped a hand down the back of Stiles’ jeans and is cupping his ass firmly when Delilah interrupts them with a loud wail.

“She does that on purpose” Stiles grumbles, but he goes and picks her up before Peter has a chance to offer.

He changes her and feeds her a bottle, and they spend the next hour playing games with her and trying to teach her to clap, and Peter’s so happy when he’s with his baby girl that Stiles finds he
doesn’t really mind the interruption, not when it makes Peter’s expression go soft the way it does.

“So, what do you think?” Stiles asks.

Peter’s standing there with his mouth open, staring at him.

Stiles has just come out of the bedroom, and is showing off the results of his afternoon out shopping with Noah.

“It’s for the launch tomorrow” Stiles adds.

He looks every part the successful author, dressed in a brand new, perfectly fitted suit, hair styled nicely, and even his beard is groomed.

“Delicious” breathes Peter.

“Really?”

Stiles looks doubtful.

“Stiles, do you realise this is the first time I’ve seen you in a suit? It’s always been plaid and jeans, or maternity wear, which was basically just bigger plaid. This….this is spectacular. You should wear a suit all the time” he declares firmly.

Stiles laughs. “Yeah right, because it’s so practical with a nine month old.”

“Still” Peter tells him “It’s a very good look on you. But I think we should take it off you now. I’d hate it to get damaged.”

“How will it get damaged?” Stiles asks.

Peter walks over to him and rubs their bodies together, pressing him against the wall. “It will get damaged” he purrs “When I rip it off you.”

Stiles kisses him then, deep and filthy. He whispers to Peter “My dad’s keeping Lila overnight. He said you’d probably like the suit, and to tell you that you owe him.”

“I do so like your father, Stiles” Peter grins.

The suit escapes with only minor wrinkling, and no marks. Stiles doesn’t, but Peter’s careful to leave any marks on Stiles below the collar line.

It’s a relatively small book launch, but it’s well attended.

Word’s gotten out that this is not just your run of the mill pregnancy guide, and people are curious
about what kind of a book the teenager who sued the big pharma company has written.

Stiles seems overwhelmed that so many people would turn up to meet him and buy a signed copy of what he insists on calling his ‘idiotic ramblings’ but he turns on the charm, and does a damned fine job of it too.

He’s making the rounds with an easy smile, shaking hands, accepting congratulations, making small talk, Peter at his side, and it’s as if he’s been doing it all his life.

They’ve left Delilah with a babysitter, because Stiles insists she be kept out of the public eye.

And so they have a pleasant, childfree evening, and the book is sent out onto the unforgiving waters of publishing to sink or swim, and Stiles tells Peter that really, he won’t be all that surprised if it gets relegated to the bargain bin, and he honestly doesn’t mind either way, because he never expected it to get published in the first place.

But publishing’s a funny business.

Nobody’s more surprised than Stiles when the damned thing becomes an overnight sensation.

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The book shouldn’t be as popular as it is.

It’s a niche subject, its non-fiction, and it’s by an untested author.

But people go wild for it, and sales are through the roof.

Peter attributes the book’s unexpected popularity to the title, which Stiles had fought tooth and nail with the publishers over, refusing to budge.

Stiles credits the cover photo.

It had been a struggle to find a picture for the front of the book, and in the end, Stiles had been so over it that he’d sent off the worst pregnancy picture of himself that he could find in a fit of pique, and promptly forgotten about it.

Peter had taken it of him when he was seven months pregnant.

It shows him sitting on the couch, elbows propped on his knees, feet wide apart to make room for his massively swollen belly, and he has a murderous glare on his face. His hair’s messy, and there are dark circles under his eyes. He’s wearing sweats and the Big Fat Bitchin Baby Belly shirt, but the way it’s folded, all you can read is the word Bitchin.

He looks like shit, and he’s flipping Peter the bird.

The publishers took him seriously, and used the damned thing. When they’d sent him the mockup for the cover, he’d taken one look and laughed for ten minutes straight.
“Fuck it” he told Peter. “The book’s meant to be a realistic portrayal of pregnancy. That picture nails it.”

And he’d given his approval to print, much to Peter’s amusement.

So between the eye-catching cover, the brutally honest title, and the frank contents, Stiles suddenly finds that he’s written a best seller.

Noah’s as proud as punch, and sends a copy to everyone he knows.

Phil calls him within three days to say a quiet “Thank you.”

Derek’s smile when he reads the dedication can be seen from space.

Stiles is curled up against Peter’s chest in bed a month after the book is released, idly running his fingers through his chest hair, when he finally brings up the topic that’s been niggling at him.

“Peter, did you know we’ve been engaged for a year already?”

“Hmmm?” Peter answers, distracted by the fingers running over his flesh.

“A year. We’ve been engaged for a year” Stiles repeats impatiently.

“Are we ever going to set a wedding date? I mean, you do still want to marry me, don’t you?” he asks.

Peter pulls him closer, reassuring him “Darling, I absolutely still want to marry you. But to be honest, with the baby, and the book and everything, I thought you had enough going on. Besides, you never mentioned it at all, so I didn’t think you were in a rush.”

“Not in a rush, just don’t want to end up one of those couple who are engaged forever” Stiles says, mollified. “Just pick a date, and I’ll turn up.”

Peter hums.

“You know, if we wait a little, Delilah will be old enough to go and stay with Derek or Noah, and maybe we can go away, have a proper honeymoon” he suggests.

“I’d like that” Stiles agrees.

“How about after she turns one? Once she’s a year old, you can set a date” he proposes.

“Sounds good” agrees Peter, confident that by the time Lila is one she’ll surely be big enough to spend a week away from her parents.

He takes the hand that’s still playing with his chest hair and moves it lower, to his groin. ”We should celebrate setting a date to set a date” he murmurs into Stiles’ ear.

Stiles snorts.
I wonder how you’d like to celebrate” he muses, even as his hand starts stroking gently along Peter’s hardening cock.
“I may have an idea or two” Peter concedes, grinning, and he proceeds to spend the next hour ravishing Stiles thoroughly, until they’re both sex-drunk and sleepy.

By the time Delilah’s ten months old, the full moon has somehow become pack night at Peter’s.

Neither of them minds. Sure, it’s a squeeze with Scott and Derek and Isaac and Lydia, but once they heard that Delilah can make wolf noises, there was no keeping them away.

Delilah sits in the middle of the impressive blanket fort that Peter’s built, surrounded by shifted pack members, happily reveling in the attention they’re paying her. She doesn’t know quite why they’re all praising her and cooing at her, but they growl, and she growls back, and she squeals happily as they pass her around, cuddling and rocking her.

Scott’s holding her and making nonsense noises at her, and he’s really very good with her. Normally she likes him holding her, but it’s the full moon and she wants her Alpha.

She starts squirming and fussing, leaning towards Derek, but Scott doesn’t realise what she wants, and tries to settle her, shushing her and bouncing her gently on his knee.

She wriggles a little more insistently, waving her arms and trying to crawl off his lap.

Peter sees that she needs something, and he takes her from Scott, cuddling her close, asking “What is it princess, do you want Daddy?”

Lila lets out a tiny frustrated growl.

She wriggles around till she’s facing Derek and strains towards him, arms outstretched.

“Oh, you want Derek?” Peter asks her, going to hand her over.

Derek lifts her onto her chest and she gives a happy sigh, snuggling in to his bare chest and saying quite clearly “Dek.”

Peter stares at her before asking “Did I hear that right? Did she just say Derek?”

“Dek” Lila agrees happily.

Derek’s beaming as he encourages her, cooing “Clever girl, Lila, say it again, say Derek”

“Dek Dek Dek” she tells him, nodding.

Peter starts to laugh.

Stiles wakes from where he’s been dozing on the couch, and Peter tells him “She said her first word!”

Stiles sits up then, asking “Was it Papa or Daddy?” Because he and Peter have been trying to teach her for weeks, and there’s an unspoken rivalry between them.

Peter just shakes his head as he tells him “It was Derek”
Lila turns to Stiles and claps happily, saying “Dek!”

Stiles stares at her for a moment, before breaking into a huge grin. ”She’s talking Peter! I was starting to worry, but listen to her!”

He goes to take her from Derek, but she buries her head against his neck and clings to him, growling and stating “DEK” in the firmest tone a ten month old can manage, so Stiles leaves her there.

Derek has a broad smile, and he snuggles his littlest pack member close, rubbing his broad hand comfortingly up and down her back as she scents him and soaks up the physical contact, telling her she’s a clever girl, and humming to her.

Stiles takes in the sight and sighs.

“I can’t even be mad, that’s too cute” he tells Derek.

Derek shrugs. “What can I say? Baby wolf loves her Alpha.”

Eventually Delilah decides that it’s Daddy she wants now, and she scrambles off Derek’s lap and crawls over to Peter, wrapping her arms around one leg.

“Oh hello darling” Peter murmurs at her in the soft tone reserved exclusively for his baby girl. “Have you come to see Daddy?”

“Dada” she says, nodding.

Peter swings her up into his arms, grinning from ear to ear. “Say it again baby, say daddy!” he urges, and she does, delighted by his reaction. “Dada dada dada” she babbles, while running her hands over his shifted features in fascination.

“Goddamit’ Stiles mutters.

“Now now Stiles, watch your language in front of the baby” Isaac teases.

Stiles flips him off, and spends the rest of the evening trying to get Delilah to say Papa, but she sticks resolutely to ‘Dek’ and ‘Dada’ in between letting out little wolf growls, much to the amusement of the rest of the pack.

He gives it up as a bad job in the end, and contents himself with watching Peter’s face go soft every time he hears “Dada.”

Once Delilah gets the idea, she starts gaining more and more words, and it’s only a matter of days before she murmurs “Papa” sleepily as she snuggles into Stiles.

Stiles preens, telling Peter that p sounds are harder for a baby to make, and their daughter’s obviously a genius.

The rest of the pack starts a concerted campaign over the following weeks to teach her their names, heaping her with praise every time she comes close to saying them. Delilah soaks up the attention,
and once she realises what they want her to do, she gives it her all.

Her brow furrows in concentration and her brows pull together as she points at Lydia and manages “Deea”.

Lydia smiles, satisfied, and rewards her with candy, much to Stiles’ dismay, but Lila beams happily while sucking on the lollipop and he doesn’t have the heart to take it off her.

She masters ‘Zac’ without too much effort, and Isaac hugs her close and comes dangerously close to shedding a tear. Nobody mentions it though, because they all know that the pack is the only family he has.

Scott gives her the most trouble. She can’t manage the soft s and the hard c together, no matter how she tries.

‘Maybe she can call you McCall, like in a seventies cop movie’ Stiles jokes.

“Can you say McCall, darling? Mc- Call” he sounds out for her carefully.

She watches his lips carefully, her expression serious.

“She’s not going to call me McCall, Stiles” Scott protests.

“Scott, baby, can you say Scott?” he pleads with Delilah.

She considers for a moment.

“Cot.”

Scott grins lopsidedly, and declares “Close enough.”

“Dadadada’ babbles Delilah, waving her arms at Peter as she stands proudly on her own two feet. She reaches too far and overbalances, making a surprised noise as she falls back onto her padded butt.

‘Yes princess, look at you, you’re so clever darling” Peter coos as Stiles looks on indulgently.

“She’s nearly walking on her own” he smiles as he finishes decorating her birthday cake.

The pack are coming over to celebrate, and of course Noah and Phil, because somehow, he’s family now.

The book’s still selling at a ridiculous rate, and Stiles has finally agreed to do some publicity for it, as long as he doesn’t have to venture too far from home.
Derek and Phil tell him they’re booked solid twelve months in advance.

“I could probably squeeze you two in whenever you’re ready for another one though” Phil tells them cheerfully.

‘Don’t keep any dates clear’ Stiles snorts. “We’re in no hurry for another one.”

‘Well, we don’t want to wait too long” Peter starts, and Stiles turns to him and fixes him with a firm look, saying “Not. Anytime. Soon.”

He adds “At least not until we’re married. I’m waiting on Peter to set the date.”

Peter chokes around his cake. He hadn’t forgotten, exactly, but he certainly hasn’t given it any thought either.

“I’m working on it sweetheart, I promise” he soothes.

Stiles pulls Delilah up onto his hip, and tells her “Daddy had better hurry up, hadn’t he, because Papa’s a successful author now, and he might ditch Daddy for someone who will make an honest man of him, yes he might.”

Peter rolls his eyes.

“I’ll set a date, Stiles.”

Stiles grins.
Finishing with a bang.

Chapter Summary

Peter does his best to set a wedding date, with not much success.

Chapter Notes

LAST CHAPTER GUYS!
Also, this is brought to you from a Royal Caribbean Cruise Liner, so I hope that you appreciate me thinking of you while I'm on holidays.

Peter tries, he really does.
But he keeps getting sidetracked.
First he’s derailed by the return of Stiles’ heats two weeks after Delilah’s birthday.
They knew it was coming, but it still sneaks up on them unexpectedly. Peter wakes at 5 am one morning and can’t help but scent Stiles, the sweet aroma of an omega nearing heat filling his nostrils. He shakes his mate gently, and Stiles responds by rolling over and plastering himself along Peter’s side and starting to grind against him, still mostly asleep.

He shakes him with a little more force, and Stiles opens one eye and grumbles at him sleepily.
“What? I was having the best dream” he whines.

“Sweetheart, I’m going to take Delilah over to your dad’s place, OK? Your heat’s close.”
Stiles opens both eyes when he realises what Peter’s saying.
“Are you sure?” he asks, still grinding mindlessly.

Peter puts one hand on his hip and stills his movements, looking pointedly at where they’re joined.
“I can smell it all over you, sweetheart. I’m going to drop Lila off now while we don’t have to rush, OK?”

“And then you’ll come back and I’ll have you all to myself” Stiles grins.
But he still gets out of bed and snuggles his baby girl and tells her to be good for Noah, and that he’ll miss her.

Peter packs up her belongings and drives her over to Noah, who’s been able to take a week’s emergency leave. There are some perks to being in charge, as he tells Peter.

“Are you sure this is OK Noah? I mean, if you need any help, we can call the babysitter” he offers.
“And miss the chance to have my only grandchild all to myself for a week? Not on your life. I’ve been looking forwards to this. We’ll have you saying Pops by the time you go home, little miss, won’t we?” he addresses the baby, who smiles at him sleepily.

“But I will call the pack if I need to, so don’t panic. I’ll keep you updated on her, I promise” Noah tells him, and extracts the baby from his arms.

“Now get going, and I’ll see you in a week” he tells Peter firmly, and closes the door on him.

By the time Peter gets back to their place, Stiles is humping a pillow, but he insists his heat’s not quite there yet, so they have some time.

He wraps himself around Peter, feeling tactile and needy, and Peter rubs his hands down his sides soothingly.

“Can you just cuddle me?” he asks, firmly attached to Peter’s side. “We don’t have much time just to have time nowadays, and I miss when you used to just hold me.”

Peter pulls him closer, and scents him deeply.

“My pleasure, darling” he purrs. “I’ve missed it too. I love Delilah with a passion, but it’s just so…..peaceful with her away.”

Stiles reminds him gently “She’s only been gone an hour, Peter. I bet you’ll be texting my dad every chance you get.”

“I most certainly will not’ Peter huffs.

He doesn’t tell Stiles he already messaged Noah when he got home with a list of emergency numbers, just in case he’s lost the one packed in Lila’s bag.

“Anyway, on to more important things – shall we cuddle and nap, or would you prefer a massage?”

“Oh god, massage please” Stiles sighs. ”You know how to get the knots out just right.”

Peter puts into practice all the tricks he learned massaging Stiles while he was pregnant, and soon Stiles is groaning happily as he relaxes into the mattress. Peter rubs his fingers gently down the back of his neck softly, and Stiles hums, so Peter keeps doing it until he hears steady, regular breathing, indicating that Stiles is asleep.

Peter kisses him softly on the shoulder, and curls up next to him, settling in for a nap himself.

He knows that if this is anything like the last two heats they’ve spent together, he’ll need it.

Stiles sleeps deeply for about three hours, because like all parents of small children, he’s sleep deprived to some degree. When he wakes, though, he’s flushed and sweaty, and pulls Peter towards him without even checking if he’s awake. He nuzzles him and scents him desperately, before gritting out one word “Peter.”
It takes Peter approximately four point six seconds to wake up and get with the program, because Stiles smells amazing to his wolf senses. He pins him to the bed and slides one hand between his ass cheeks, and he can tell that Stiles’ heat has arrived in full force. He wastes no time, flipping Stiles onto his front, taking himself in hand and feeding his cock into Stiles’ dripping hole. Stiles moans, and rocks his hips in response.

Peter fucks him fast and furious, not stopping, not slowing, just slamming in relentlessly until Stiles is panting and keening with pleasure. Peter keeps driving home, slamming into his prostate, as Stiles presses back against him on his hands and knees, whimpering with need. He starts stroking himself furiously, and soon he’s coming with a cry. Peter just keeps going though, he knows the drill by now. He fucks Stiles through another orgasm, and finally comes himself as Stiles clenches around his shaft.

Stiles lays panting under him, barely satisfied. Peter rolls off and pulls Stiles with him, bracketing him from behind. He slides two fingers into Stiles’ ass, knowing he wants to feel full, and takes a few minutes to catch his breath. Stiles starts to press back against him, rocking and whimpering, and Peter quickly pulls his fingers out and replaces them with his already hard cock, pressing forwards steadily. It’s slower this way, and gentler, but Stiles still hums in satisfaction as his body responds to the feeling of his alpha filling him.

“Fuck, I love wolf stamina” he pants out.

Peter just hums in reply, and keeps rocking his hips forwards, in time with the pulsing of Stiles’ channel. It doesn’t take long this time before Stiles is coming with a bitten off sound, but Peter knows his body’s demands haven’t been met yet, not by a long shot.

He slides out, still hard, and Stiles rolls over to face him, a hungry look in his eye.

“Want it” he growls, and pushes Peter onto his back.

Peter just goes with it when Stiles starts riding him, knowing the best thing he can do when he’s in heat is give him what he wants.

Stiles stretches it out, riding long and slow, grinding down against Peter every time he sinks down onto his length. They’re both making hungry, desperate noises, and when Stiles finally comes again, Peter follows him rapidly, unable to hold back when he feels the tightness around him.

Stiles is finally satisfied, and they lay on the bed curled around each other, grinning stupidly.

‘I do love your heat, Stiles” Peter tells him as he runs his hand up and down his back.

“It’s exhausting, true, but I love that you need me, and that I get to satisfy you.”

Stiles hums into the crook of his neck.

“Shush. Nap time. Spoon me” he tells him, and Peter obediently slots himself against Stiles’ back, and they doze until it’s time to do it all again.

The heat lasts six days, and Stiles tells Peter later that he thinks it’s the best he’s ever felt during a heat.

Peter does his best to satisfy Stiles, and he mostly succeeds. They both come out of it exhausted but happy.

Their daughter spends the week with Noah without a hitch, helped along by frequent visits by Derek.
and Isaac and Scott, who take care of her while Noah showers and naps, and admits that small children are a lot more energetic than he remembers.

And when Noah brings Lila back home, she’s happily saying “Pop –op –op –pop” in a singsong voice, and Noah’s eyes glisten when she gives him a sloppy kiss.

“Anytime, kiddo” he tells Stiles when he thanks him for having her.

“She’s got the best of both of you, son” he says lovingly, stroking his granddaughter’s dark curls and pressing a soft kiss to her forehead.

Stiles makes a mental note to take Delilah over to his dad’s more often.

And then Peter has a publishing deadline of his own to meet, and he’s cloistered in his office for three weeks while he pounds out three novels of fluttering eyelashes and heaving bosoms and brooding but well intentioned alphas.

He doesn’t have a chance to even look at a calendar, too busy fulfilling the contractual needs of Hannah fucking Hunnicut, Louisiana widow and author of over seventy bodice rippers so far. He curses her every day as he types madly.

And now that Stiles is off doing book signings and appearances, he’s looking after Delilah a lot more, and he just doesn’t have time to think about it.

And after that, there’s the distraction of Derek meeting and falling in love with a male model, of all things.

It’s a textbook whirlwind romance, like something Peter would write if he was feeling lazy, but Derek’s so damned happy he can’t find it in himself to tease him.

When they finally meet the boyfriend, Stiles has a minor conniption, because he’s apparently all sorts of famous.

Peter immediately likes the young man. He can’t quite put his finger on who he reminds him of though.

Anyone can see that Sam is just as besotted with Derek as Derek is with him, and the two are obviously mates.

Peter honestly couldn’t be happier for his nephew. It’s time he had something good in his life.

Derek courts Sam in the blink of an eye, and when the families finally meet, and Peter’s introduced to Sam’s twin sister Jess, it strikes him just how much like his own fiancé the twins are.
He’s not sure whether to be pleased or terrified.

When the conversation takes off, and Stiles starts making pointed comments about whether Peter will ever get around to marrying him, Peter realises that he’d better get serious about setting a date.

Especially when less than six weeks later Derek, the traitorous bastard, actually marries his mate in a civil ceremony with four days’ notice.

Stiles doesn’t say anything when they get their invitation, he just looks at Peter pointedly.

Peter takes the hint, and starts trying to pick a damned date.

It’s just that there literally isn’t a good time.

He’s sitting at the table sighing over the calendar one night when he feels Stiles’ arms wrapping around him.

“Why are you up?” he grumbles. “It’s 3 am.”

“Well this damned wedding won’t plan itself you know” Peter replies thoughtlessly.

Stiles draws away.

“Oh well, if it’s such a trial, maybe we won’t bother“ he snipes.

“Pardon?”

“Well I mean, if even choosing a date’s too much, then I guess you’re not that interested, that’s all.”

Peter pulls Stiles down into his lap, and kisses the scowl off his face, before pointing at the calendar.

“I’m assuming you want a weekend wedding, right?” he asks.

Stiles nods, still a little stiff.

Peter points to the boxes that are already marked.

“Full moon, full moon, heat, Noah’s birthday, book signing here and here and here, your birthday, concert…. he lists all the events in front of him, and Stiles realises what he’s saying.

“Jesus Peter, we’re booked solid, aren’t we.”

“We’re booked solid, for at least six months” he confirms.

“It’s not that I don’t want this, Stiles, honestly, it’s just a matter of when we can fit it in.”

Stiles hums.

He flips through the calendar, and circles Christmas Eve.

“There. Date’s picked. Christmas wedding.Low key, honeymoon afterwards, and Lila can stay with Derek or Dad.”

Peter thinks about it.

He grabs the pen and circles New Year’s Eve.
His eyes sparkle as he says “A better night for celebrating, sweetheart.”

And so they set the date for seven months’ time, for New Year’s Eve.

Stiles reflects that he should have clarified to Peter what he meant by low key, because Peter’s idea of simple and his own seem to be poles apart.

His idea of simple is two witnesses and dinner at a nice restaurant.

Peter’s idea of simple involves three photographers, a four tier cake, and a cocktail hour before the reception, and individual mementos for all the guests.

But when he tries to protest, Peter confesses “Stiles, I never really thought I’d find someone to marry. I never expected to find my mate, or have the most beautiful child on the damn planet with them. And I never, ever expected I would be lucky enough for it to be someone like you. Of course I want to make a big deal of our wedding day, sweetheart. Let me?”

And since Peter insists on planning the whole thing, Stiles gives in and leaves him to it.

He tells Stiles that he just needs to trust him, and turn up when and where he’s told.

Stiles suspects it’s his way of apologising for the delay.

And so every so often over the following months, Peter will come wandering out of the office and wave two nearly identical swatches of fabric under Stiles’ nose and say “Pick one for the ties” and Stiles will stab at one wildly, and Peter will say “Huh, really?” and disappear again.

Or Stiles will come home and open the fridge to be confronted with seven tiny cakes, and Peter will demand that he pick a favorite.

Or he’ll have five types of orchids shoved in his face, and a demand of “Buttonholes”.

By the time December rolls around, Stiles will honestly be happy when it’s done, and their lives can go back to normal.

He’s starting to think Derek and Sam had the right idea.

Peter’s constantly on the phone, berating some poor soul who doesn’t know the difference between navy blue and royal blue and has ordered the wrong shade of ribbon for the seat covers, or telling the caterers that no, when he said he wanted steak he meant steak, and a fish option is not necessary.

Of course, Stiles has things to do as well.

His most important job is coaching Delilah to walk in a straight line. She’s going to be the ring bearer, but she keeps getting distracted and wandering off.

In the end, they figure out that since Derek’s going to be Peter’s best man, all he has to do is hold his arms out and Delilah will go straight to him.
OK, so it might be more of a run than a walk, but she’s so cute that he really doesn’t think anyone will mind.

As the day gets nearer, Peter starts to get more and more snappish, and several times Stiles has to take him quietly in his arms, and remind him that he loves him madly, truly, deeply, but if he keeps acting like a Bridezilla then Stiles will, in fact, be forced to marry Jess instead.

And then he’ll make him leave whatever it is he’s doing, and take him to bed, and placate him with soft kisses and gentle touches, and if that leads to Peter burying his face between Stiles’ thighs, or sliding his cock into him, well, as long as it helps him relax, Stiles honestly doesn’t mind.

It’s not like making love to him is a hardship.

The suits are a soft charcoal, with blue ties and white shirts, and the bridal party are all unfairly handsome.

Stiles has Scott as his best man, Peter has Derek.

The wedding’s outdoors, and there’s a marquee and fairy lights and flowers everywhere, and Stiles takes back everything he’s ever thought about not wanting a big production, because it looks amazing.

There’s an actual string quartet playing “God Only Knows” as Stiles walks up the aisle on his father’s arm, and he tears up just a little because Peter knows how much he loves that song, and he’s picked it just for him, and Stiles thinks he might be the luckiest man alive.

Delilah walks ahead of them in almost a straight line, a flower crown nestled among her dark curls, wearing a gorgeous dress of blue tulle and satin, and the color matches her eyes exactly.

There’s an audible aaaw from the guests, and Peter beams proudly at his baby girl.

When they reach the front, Peter follows with tradition, asking Noah “Alpha Stilinski, do you give permission for me to wed your child?”

Noah replies formally “My permission is freely given, and unlinks Stiles’ arm from his own and hands him to Peter with a soft smile, saying “Take care of my boy, OK?”

“Always” Peter replies.

Derek’s scooped Delilah up in his arms, and she snuggles in contentedly, leaving her fathers free to commence with the ceremony.

The celebrant runs through the legal requirements, but Stiles doesn’t hear a word of it.

He’s too busy looking at Peter, who’s looking at him, and they’re both a little teary, but they hold it together for the vows.

Stiles goes first.
“Peter, I said I wanted to be courted properly, and you did it. I said I wanted you to woo the fuck out of me, and you did it. I asked you to raise a family with me, and you did it.

You’ve always done anything I’ve asked of you, so now I promise you this.

I’m going to love you, care for you, make you happy, give you more babies, and be yours, until the day we die. I love you.”

Peter has to blink a few times before he can reply.

“Stiles, you’re the best thing I never expected to happen to me. You said you wanted somebody to court you, and I was thrilled when you gave me the chance. And the when you asked me to woo you, I knew it meant that you saw something in me too. Then, when there was Delilah, you could have walked away, but you trusted me to take care of you both. I don’t know why a gorgeous young man like you wants to marry someone like me, and frankly I don’t care.

I don’t deserve you, sweetheart, but I’m going to marry you anyway, and I’m going to love you, care for you, make you happy, give you more babies, and be yours, until the day we die. I love you.”

Now it’s Stiles’ turn to blink away tears.

And possibly Derek’s.

And Scott’s.

And Noah and Sam both seem to have something in their eye.

Then it’s time for Delilah’s big moment.

Stiles is no fool, so the rings have been securely tied to the cushion they rest on with ribbon, and Derek hands it to her now, whispering “Go see Papa, darling.”

She waddles across to where Stiles and Peter are standing, swinging the cushion around as she goes, to a few giggles from the guests.

She holds it out to Stiles, who kisses her cheek as he takes it, and then runs back over to Derek, arms up for a hug.

And they exchange the rings, and sign the paperwork, and when the celebrant says “You may now kiss your husband” they share a deep, long kiss that verges on indecent, to applause and whistles from the crowd.

Lila claps along from her perch in Derek’s arms, and Stiles sees Sam watching them together with a wistful expression on his face.

He nudges Peter and nods in Sam’s direction, and Peter murmurs “I know. They’ll have one of their own within the year, I’d put money on it.”

But then he’s distracted from thinking about his nephew by his new husband kissing him again.

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At the end of it all, after the last photo’s been taken, the last speech made, the last drink downed and
the last dance danced, Stiles tells Peter “That was amazing. It was the best wedding ever. Thank you, Peter.”

Peter smiles at his mate softly, and tells him “I did it for you, sweetheart. Because I love you.”

They’re standing outside the hotel where they’ll spend the night, and as Peter wraps his arms around Stiles and draws him into a hug, they hear a boom. They look up, and see the fireworks starting.

It’s midnight.

Stiles grins at Peter, takes his hand and drags him up the steps of the hotel, asking “Shall we bring in the new year with a bang?”

Peter shakes his head fondly, and scrambles to follow Stiles inside, to start their married life.

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