Creatures Like Us
by Green

Summary

Creepy vampire turns Stiles. Stiles runs back to Beacon Hills and straight into Peter's arms.

Notes

Spoilery warnings in the end notes.

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See the end of the work for more notes
In hindsight, Stiles realizes he should have told someone about his 'secret admirer'. He had a bad feeling about it and should have gone with his gut. But no, Stiles brushed it off. He ignored the way the attention — the flowers, the notes, the gifts — made him feel and tried to focus on the positives. Someone liked him. Just because he felt hunted, stalked, didn't mean it was true, right?

He was so, so wrong. Now he's paying for it.

When Stiles wakes, his mind immediately goes back to how he got here. He remembers hurrying to his dorm after returning some materials to the library. His mind was on the upcoming fall break, and putting things together so he could leave for Beacon Hills in the morning. But he never made it to his dorm. In a blink, a man had stood in front of him, smiled, and then put a cloth over his face. Stiles will never make another 'does this smell like chloroform to you' joke again.

His head hurts. He's half naked, lying on what feels like very expensive sheets. He's not alone.

The man is watching from a nearby chair. "You're awake." He sounds delighted.

"This is some creepy shit," Stiles mutters.

The man just smiles. "I'm Roderick. It's a pleasure to finally meet you. I apologize for the way I brought you here, but I couldn't wait any longer."

Stiles sits up in the bed and frowns. He looks around, scoping a way out. Creepy dude is blocking the door, though he looks thin and Stiles thinks he could plow through him.

"Did you like my gifts?" Roderick asks.

Stiles may have been slow to put it together, but he's got it now. Roderick is his secret admirer. His stalker. He knows now that there's no way this ends well. In his calmest voice, Stiles says, "I need to go now."

Then Roderick's eyes turn red. They don't glow, not quite, so he's not a werewolf. He does have fangs, though. "I'm not letting you go."

Stiles tries not to let fear freeze him. He swallows hard. "Vampire?"

Roderick smiles wider. The fangs are more delicate than a werewolf's, but look just as deadly. "Yes. Such a smart childe I've chosen."

"Um." Panic has Stiles's heart hammering, and his breath is coming too quick. He needs to stay calm. There's got to be a way out.

Roderick's eyes rove over him and Stiles feels naked. He doesn't know where his shirt is. "I'm going to turn you, Stiles. Don't worry. You'll learn to embrace it."

"I don't get to have an opinion here?" Stiles asks. Roderick gets up from the chair and Stiles scrambles back as the vampire advances. "I don't want to be a vampire!"

His mind flashes back to that night in the parking garage with Peter. Peter at least gave him a choice. Even when Stiles lied, Peter respected his 'no'. Roderick clearly isn't going to.
And then the vampire is on him, holding him down. Stiles didn't even see him move. Roderick is impossibly strong, and as much as Stiles struggles, he can't get away.

"I don't want it!" Stiles shouts one last time, or at least he tries to. As soon as Roderick's fangs pierce Stiles's shoulder, all he can do is whimper.

There's pain, but there's also a sick kind of pleasure Stiles doesn't want to feel. His body reacts even as his mind screams out against it. He goes lax against the vampire as waves of pleasure roll over him. His cock hardens against his will. He knows Roderick feels it because the vampire makes an amused sound.

Stiles is left dazed when Roderick pulls away and licks his lips. "I knew you'd be delicious," he says. Then he bites into his wrist and presses it to Stiles's mouth. Stiles is still too out of it to fight. Blood gushes into his mouth, down his throat, and Stiles has to swallow or drown in it. Roderick smiles as Stiles's throat works. "There you go, sweet one."

"No," Stiles says weakly. Then his eyes slip closed and darkness pulls him under.

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When he surfaces, he knows instantly he's changed. There's an aching, gnawing hunger in the pit of his stomach and he's so, so cold.

But beyond that, he's pissed off. His anger gives him the strength to push Roderick away when he comes close again.

"Let's not be that way, sweet one," Roderick coos. Stiles isn't having it.

"I'm leaving," Stiles spits out. He wants to rip Roderick's head from his body, but he doubts he's strong enough to fight the older vampire. Not to mention… something inside him says he can't hurt his sire. There's a sick kind of bond there now, and the idea of being so closely linked makes him feel nauseated.

Roderick's voice dips into a cajoling tone. "Relax. You need to feed, Stiles."

And that's when Stiles hears it. A heart, beating fast. Scared? The sound is coming from another room. Stiles's new hearing is sharp, and a new part of him whispers prey. His hunger pushes to the forefront.

"I'm not killing an innocent person just so I can feed on their blood," Stiles says, though the word 'blood' itself makes his mouth water. He swallows hard and moves toward the door.

Roderick follows at a close distance. "Oh, he's not innocent. You'll learn, sweet one. None of them are really innocent. Even the young ones are perfectly nasty, given the chance."

"Stop calling me that," Stiles says. "I'm not sweet. And I'm not feeding on people." He tries not to think too hard on Roderick's words. He doesn't want to think of innocent children dying at the hands of a vampire.

"This one came hunting me," Roderick says. "He wanted to put a wooden stake through my heart. It's self-defense to cull the hunters."

Stiles opens the door and moves toward the heartbeat. It's calling to him like the song of a siren. The closer he gets, the more he thinks he can smell the man's blood. He moves down the hall to the next door and tries to open it. It's locked.
Roderick hands Stiles a key and lets him open it himself. His eyes widen at what he sees. He bites back the name that comes to his lips.

Then Chris Argent rushes them. Stiles is caught by surprise and nearly falls over, but Roderick catches the hunter and throws him back into the room. Chris rolls where he lands and ends up on his feet again, ready for another attack. His eyes move to Stiles and widen almost imperceptibly. But then he stiffens up even more, steeling himself.

"Do you see? This is no innocent. He'll make a good first meal for you, sweet one," Roderick says.

Stiles isn't sure if he should mention knowing Chris. Maybe that would make things worse. Stiles swallows hard. "I'm not killing anyone, no matter who they are."

Roderick laughs and pulls him into his too-strong arms. He kisses Stiles's cheek before he can push away. "We simply must do something about your human morals, sweet one. But I suppose we'll work on that later. How about I teach you to feed without killing? Your control is already quite good, as you haven't attacked the man yet."

And Stiles is hungry, okay? He knows he's a vampire now. His fate is sealed in that regard. He's not going to starve himself — he's a survivor, he's not looking to die now just because of a change in supernatural status. If he can feed without killing people, that's a skill he should have, right?

"I'd rather feed on someone willing," Stiles grumbles.

Chris says nothing. He just watches. Looking for another opening, probably.

Stiles is faced with a dilemma. He could turn on Roderick now, and together with Chris they might have a chance to overpower the older vampire and get away. They might even be able to kill Roderick, though that thought gives Stiles a pang in his chest.

Or he could go along with Roderick and feed on Chris. Stiles can smell Chris's blood now. It's right below the surface of his skin, rich and thick. Stiles knows it would be warm, too, and he's so cold. The warmth is a big draw. Stiles moves to step closer to Chris, to feel his body heat, but Roderick stops him with a hand on his chest.

"Wait. Let me put him under first," he says. "I don't want him hurting you. Hunters are dangerous, you must never forget."

Chris's heartbeat speeds up and he looks fearful for the first time.

"Don't let me kill him," Stiles says, not looking away from the hunter. Then, because he's curious, "What do you mean, 'put him under'?"

Roderick smiles. Stiles isn't looking at him but he can feel the other vampire's pride in him. Stiles doesn't want to feel good about it, but he does.

"We have a thrall we can use against humans," Roderick explains. He advances on Chris. "You simply make eye contact… No, look at me, hunter." He takes Chris's chin in his hand roughly and forces him to look. "Good."

Stiles can see when Chris succumbs to Roderick's thrall. His body language goes loose and unguarded. Stiles moves closer and sees his pupils have dilated.

"You look into their eyes and pull them to you. It's like calming a skittish horse," Roderick explains. "Shh. You're safe, hunter. My childe is going to feed from you, and it will feel so good."
Don't worry. Everything will be fine."

Chris's eyes slide over to Stiles and he smiles. Stiles feels a shiver of unease. This isn't right, his mind screams at him, but he's so hungry and Chris is right here for him. Stiles reaches out and touches the pulse at his throat. It's strong, and his skin is warm and alive. Stiles wants to touch more, wants to fill himself up with that warmth.

"See how easy it is?" Roderick says. "Now take him. He's yours. I fed earlier."

"I don't want to kill him," Stiles repeats quietly. He can't ignore his hunger pangs now. His gums hurt and his fangs are ultra-sensitive.

Roderick slips up behind him as Stiles bends to Chris's throat. "Shh, sweet one. Just feed."

Chris gasps when Stiles's fangs slide into the side of his neck. Then the hunter moans, and his scent becomes more heady as he feels pleasure. Stiles remembers what it feels like. He nearly balks at the memory, but then the blood is hitting his tongue and it tastes like ambrosia.

Stiles drinks greedily. He pulls Chris closer to him and lets the man grind against his leg. He knows it's wrong, but he can't stop drinking. The blood is hot, and for the first time since Stiles woke he's warm again.

"If you don't want to kill him, you should stop now," Roderick says, though he does nothing to pull Stiles away.

Stiles has to do that himself. He squeezes his eyes shut tight and pushes Chris away. Chris crumples to the carpet, but his heart is still beating strongly. He's alive. Stiles stopped in time.

"Hmm. Very good," Roderick says, and Stiles feels even warmer. He hates that he reacts so positively to his sire's praise.

He hates his sire and the perverse bond they share.

Roderick slips his arms around Stiles and smiles at him. "Why don't we go to bed now, hmm?"

He doesn't like how that sounds. Stiles jerks in Roderick's hold. "I don't. Please, I can't…"

Roderick frowns. "I suppose I should give you time to get used to your new life."

Stiles pulls away and wipes blood from his mouth. He looks down at Chris. "What happens to him?"

"We'll keep him around while he's useful, though hunters are usually more trouble than they're worth. Better to kill them quickly." Roderick ushers Stiles out of the room and locks the door behind them. "But he'll keep for now." Stiles watches as Roderick places the key on a table next to the door.

"Can I call my dad, let him know I'm okay?" Stiles asks.

Roderick's expression hardens. "If you must."

"He's my family," Stiles says, though he feels bad, like he's disappointed his sire. He hates these new vampire emotions of his. They're shit.

Roderick waves a hand. "Call him. Your phone is in the dining room, downstairs. I believe I'll go out, pick up a few things.
Stiles frowns. "What things?"

Roderick smiles and touches Stiles's chin. "Don't you worry about that, sweet one."

Stiles doesn't waste any time. He grabs his phone and calls Derek as soon as he can. Derek is the Alpha. He'll know what to do.

Stiles practices his thrall when he goes outside. He makes eye contact, smiles, and pulls a woman in. She gives up her car keys with an absent smile and Stiles puts her on a bench to wait for the next bus.

Then he goes back into the house and gets Chris. It's easy enough to carry him downstairs. He's still pretty out of it.

Then with a loopy, half-drained hunter in the passenger seat, Stiles starts to make the five hour drive back to Beacon Hills.
Stiles paces the length of Derek's loft, head down, mind whirring. He dropped Chris off at his house with Allison earlier after making sure he was okay. He jokingly suggested juice and cookies, but maybe he shouldn't have made light of the situation.

"Stiles," Derek grits out. "Sit down."

They aren't alone. Peter is sitting on the sofa, tracking his movements. Stiles doesn't look over, but he can feel Peter's eyes on him. After being stalked and kidnapped, he's a little more sensitive to the feeling now. He feels like he did after the Nogitsune. Like he's not sure what's a dream or reality, like he wants to scratch his skin right off.

Stiles huffs. He doesn't want to sit, but he does it anyway. He could have sat on the far end of the sofa, or in a chair. Instead, he sits right next to Peter. Peter's… warm. Warmer even than Chris had been. Stiles's borrowed blood has long since cooled and though he's not exactly hungry anymore, he's cold again.

"What are you going to do?" Stiles asks. He looks at Derek for direction, but Derek looks a bit lost.

"You're still pack."

"You're still pack." Derek sits on the coffee table across from Stiles. "Your control seems good, from what you've said."

"Yeah, well, Chris is probably going to want to stake me," Stiles says with a lopsided smile. He's only partly joking. He has no idea how Chris is going to react once he's up and moving again. And Allison will follow his lead. "What do hunters think of vampires? Is it like… only go after the violent ones or… or burn them all?"

Peter growls lowly. Derek ignores it. "We're not letting anyone hurt you."

"And… when I have to hurt other people to survive?" Stiles says lowly.

Peter presses against his side. The warmth of his body heat is addictive. Stiles leans into it without a thought.

"We'll work something out. Maybe you can drink animal blood," Derek says.

But Peter shakes his head. "His body will reject it."

"You can't know that for sure," Derek says with a frown.

Stiles thinks about drinking pig's blood, like Spike on Buffy the Vampire Slayer. The thought makes him want to heave.

"I've researched extensively," Peter says. "He's going to have to feed on humans. Or maybe humanoids, like werewolves."

"Are you volunteering as tribute?" Stiles asks dryly.

Peter smiles. "Yes, actually. It's safer than you feeding off random humans. That way is just begging for you to be caught."

Derek looks uncomfortable. "We should try the animal blood first before we go to any extremes."
"It's a waste of time," Peter tells him. Stiles is inclined to agree, but Derek needs to know for sure. For his own peace of mind.

"I'll try it," Stiles says. "Maybe it'll work." He shrugs, though he doesn't believe for a minute that animal blood will be a real substitute for human. Or werewolf.

This close, he can smell Peter's blood rushing through his veins. It's stronger than Chris's scent. More potent.

Derek nods and gets up. Grabs his jacket. "I'll get some. Stay here. Pack meeting later."

Stiles sighs. He doesn't really want everyone knowing yet, but he guesses they have a right to learn of his new status as undead creature of the night.

The animal blood doesn't work. Stiles throws it up almost immediately, stomach rebelling. It's pretty much what he expected to happen. He even had a bucket close by, so he wouldn't get blood all over Derek's floors.

He's thoughtful that way.

He wipes his mouth and shrugs. "You tried, Derek. Thanks anyway."

Derek stands with a frown on his face. "I don't like this."

Stiles looks at him incredulously. "You think I do? I didn't ask for this. I specifically told the bastard no, but he turned me anyway. And now… now I have to drink people's blood to live, and you don't like it?"

Peter rubs his back soothingly. Usually Stiles would recoil, but it's nice. Peter's hand is warm, and all Stiles wants right now is a little sympathy. He decides not to be choosy about its source.

Derek opens his mouth and then shuts it. Whatever he was going to say he decided against it.

Stiles leans back against Peter, seeking more warmth. He realizes he's shaking from remembering Roderick and what he did. What he expected when he invited Stiles to his bed. "He's going to follow me here, I just know it."

There's a growl in Peter's voice. "We'll handle it."

"I really… I didn't want it," Stiles whispers.

Peter wraps arms around him, and Stiles turns his face into Peter's shirt.

Stiles stays on the couch with Peter when the pack starts arriving for the meeting. He gets some strange looks, but not as many as he feared. Lydia in particular doesn't look surprised, though she frowns at Stiles — he wonders if she can feel the death on him. She doesn't look like she wants to scream, but maybe she's hiding it.

"What's this meeting about?" Scott asks. He scowls at Peter, but otherwise doesn't comment on the closeness.

"Wait until everyone gets here," Derek says.

It's fall break, so Lydia and Boyd are home from college just like Stiles. Jackson and Isaac, he
remembers, are staying overseas until the winter holiday.

The loft soon fills with pack. When the intercom buzzes, Stiles says he'll take care of the pizza. Except it's not pizza. It's Chris and Allison.

Stiles's anxiety ratchets up another notch. He takes some steps back, away from the Argents.

"I'm surprised we weren't invited," Chris says.

"You're not pack," Derek tells him, and it sounds like that goes for Allison, too.

Scott makes a disgruntled noise but otherwise says nothing. Stiles keeps backing away until he's behind Derek and next to Peter again. The pack looks confused, but when Derek squares up in front of Chris and Allison, they take their cues and go loose, like Derek's taught them. They're ready for a fight though they may not even realize it.

Well, Scott doesn't. He smiles at the Argents, Allison especially. They may not be together anymore, but Scott's still just as smitten as he was in high school.

"Have you told them yet?" Chris asks.

"Someone interrupted us," Peter sneers.

"Tell us what?" Erica asks. Stiles looks over at her and she looks back. Winks.

He doesn't want to lose her friendship. He doesn't want to lose any of his pack over this, but what if they think he's a monster now?

The room is very tense. Derek doesn't say anything. Chris doesn't say anything. They just sort of glare at each other. Peter is tensed up. Scott's frowning and Lydia has her lips pursed in thought. Erica and Boyd are still in loose stances, ready to fight. Stiles can't stand it.

"I'm a vampire now!" Stiles says. As one, everyone turns to look at him. He shrugs. "That's the big news. Okay?"

At first, everyone seems to take it as a joke. There's a couple muttered 'Stiles' said in exasperation.

But since not everyone is calling him out, since Derek looks serious and Chris's eyes are narrowed, eventually it starts to sink in that it's not a joke.

Stiles pops his fangs out just to be obnoxious.

"Do you sparkle in sunlight?" Erica jokes, and Stiles relaxes just a bit.

"Nope. And so far I haven't felt any particular attraction to velvet and lace, either."

"So you're keeping the plaid?" Lydia asks, nose scrunched up.

"This isn't a joking matter," Chris says, ruining Stiles's good mood. "He's a predator now. You should all think long and hard about whether you want to protect something like a vampire."

And Allison speaks up as well. "Dad's right. Stiles put him under a thrall and drank his blood."

"I can explain that!" Stiles says when Scott gives him a betrayed look. "Okay, for one, I didn't put him under my thrall. That was my um, my sire. The guy who kidnapped and turned me against my will." It was only good sense that he remind everyone he didn't want this. "Roderick would have killed him eventually. I had to go along with him, just until I could get Chris out of there. So yeah,
I fed from Chris. But I also saved his life!

Chris doesn't look very grateful.

"You drank blood?" Scott asks slowly. "Literally?"

Peter rolls his eyes. "He's a vampire. He has to."

But Scott is looking at him like… like he's disgusted, now. Stiles bites his bottom lip, but his fangs must have come out again because he feels the sting of them cutting through.

"Dammit." Stiles wipes at the blood dripping down his chin. Scott curls his lip and turns away.

"Here you go," Peter says, producing a handkerchief from somewhere and blotting at Stiles's mouth.

"I'm not a baby," Stiles grumbles, taking the cloth and wiping his own mouth and chin. But he gives Peter a grateful look. He doesn't know why he's so touched, but at least Peter isn't treating him like he's a monster.

"How are you going to feed from now on?" is Lydia's question.

"Well, animal blood was a bust," Stiles says. "I rejected it like it was poison, so."

Scott still isn't looking at him. His gaze is mostly on the floor, like he's thinking, but he looks over at Chris and Allison from time to time.

Stiles takes a deep breath he doesn't really need. "Peter volunteered to let me feed from him, though."

Scott's head shoots up and he looks at Stiles, wide-eyed and full of horror.

Stiles looks around the room, hoping the rest of the pack isn't as freaked out. Lydia looks like she wants to take notes. Stiles isn't sure what about all this has Erica's interest, but she has a sly look on her face. She smiles at him and raises one brow.

Stiles ducks his head.

"Werewolf blood will make you more powerful," Chris says. It sounds like an accusation.

"It's safer, right?" Stiles asks, looking at Peter for confirmation. "Than feeding from a human, I mean."

"Definitely," Peter murmurs. "You can take what you need and my body will replenish what blood you take. Plus I'm stronger and can push you away if you start to take too much."

"How often do you need to feed?" Lydia asks.

Stiles shrugs. "I don't know. I've only done it once so far, and it's helped tide me over."

"You expect us to believe I'm your only victim?" Chris asks.

"Whoa!" Stiles says. "I'm not some mindless monster who can't control himself, okay?" Though now that he thinks about it, he is getting hungry.

"What did Chris mean when he said 'thrall'?" Scott suddenly asks. "Does that mean you can make
people do things they don't want?"

Stiles thinks of the woman whose car he 'borrowed'. "I think that's probably one of those things where I'd only do it if I had to."

"You can't mess with people's minds like that," Scott says. "That's just wrong."

Stiles leans closer to Peter without thinking.

"Shut up about things you don't understand," Peter says. "You have no room to judge."

"It's not like us," Scott says. "A vampire… At least werewolves don't prey on people. We don't… we don't mess with people's minds."

"I didn't choose this," Stiles spits. "Why are you saying this stuff, Scott? I thought…"

Scott squares his jaw and sits back. He doesn't say anything more, though Stiles knows him. He's thinking hard, and stewing in it. He's too stubborn to see another side.

Maybe Stiles will eventually be able to get him to see it's not so bad, but for now Scott's made up his mind.

Lydia looks at Scott like he's a bug on her windshield. Then she turns her head, obviously dismissing him. She looks at Derek. "Where is the vampire who did this to Stiles?" Her voice is mild, but her eyes are narrowed.

Derek frowns. "We don't know, but considering the circumstances, I think we need to prepare to face him if he comes after Stiles."

Stiles shudders. "*When* he comes. He… he doesn't accept rejection. He'll want me back."

Peter wraps an arm around him. "And when he shows up, we'll stop him. Permanently."
Chapter 3

After everyone leaves, Derek says he's going out as well. "You need to feed," he says. "Just don't get any blood on the furniture."

Stiles realizes he's hungry. He just didn't think he'd be feeding so soon.

Derek walks out the door, and Stiles shifts from foot to foot in front of Peter. He's hungry but he knows he needs to talk to Peter first. "How do you want to do this?"

Peter smiles. "Come sit." He pats the couch cushion beside him.

"Can we, um, talk first? Before we get to the biting?" Stiles asks.

"Of course," Peter says.

Stiles sits, but not as close as he has been. "It's about the whole biting thing."

Peter's eyes glitter with something Stiles can't decipher. "Go on."

Stiles tangles his hands together in his lap and looks down. "When Roderick bit me, and when I bit Chris… it makes… it feels good. Whether you want it to or not. I understand if you don't want to do this, if it makes you feel things you don't want to. I mean, you're really being awesome about this but I don't want to make things weird between us, so maybe-"

"Stiles," Peter says quietly, cutting through the anxious chatter. "I know what a vampire bite is supposed to feel like. I knew when I offered."

Stiles nods without understanding. "Okay. But see, I don't want you to feel one way when you… when you don't want to."

Peter reaches out and puts a hand over Stiles's. His thumb rubs soothingly over the back of one of Stiles's hands. "Darling, I already want you. You won't be making me feel something I don't already feel. It'll just be more intense."

It's definitely not something Stiles ever expected to hear. He stares down at their hands and replays what Peter just said. "You… want me. You want me?"

"Don't sound so surprised," Peter says with a smile. "Surely I haven't been so subtle you've missed every single cue."

Stiles huffs a laugh. "Half the time I was convinced you were joking."

Peter's eyes are a beautiful, soft blue. Sometimes the blue is harsh and cold, Stiles remembers, but right now all he can see is the softness. Peter's eyes are locked with his now, and Stiles can feel his thrall trying to edge into action. He jerks his gaze away. "Sorry."

"It's okay," Peter says.

"I can control it," Stiles says, closing his eyes. "I mean… I don't even need to put you under a thrall, why'd I even consider it?"

"You have new instincts. New abilities. You probably should practice with them."
"You don't think it's wrong to mess with someone's mind?" Stiles says in a voice smaller than he'd like.

"It's an advantage," Peter says. "One you should learn to use."

"Scott was pretty upset tonight."

"That boy is an idiot."

Stiles laughs softly and opens his eyes. Peter is looking at him with an unguarded expression. Stiles doesn't know what to do with an open, soft Peter who tells him he wants him and makes him feel better about being different suddenly.

"Thank you."

Peter tilts his head. "For?"

Stiles turns his hand over and laces his fingers with Peter's. "Everything."

"Are you hungry?" Peter sounds concerned. "We should figure out how long you can go between feedings."

"I am hungry, yeah," Stiles says, ducking his head. "A day seems about right."

"Can I request one thing?" Peter asks.

"You can request just about anything at this point," Stiles says, only half joking.

"Don't feed from anyone else," Peter says. "Just me."

"Jealous?" Stiles asks lightly. Peter stretches his chin up, bares his throat, and Stiles can't look away from his thick neck.

"Possessive," Peter corrects. He squeezes Stiles's hand and the look on his face is almost too earnest to bear.

It's different, Stiles thinks. With Roderick, Stiles felt hunted and captured, and not in a good way. His possessiveness had been gross. Unwanted. With Peter, it's so different. Stiles knows Peter much better, of course, but it's more than that. Stiles knows if he said no to Peter, it would be respected. And Peter makes Stiles feel safe.

Stiles leans in and traces Peter's jawline with his fingertips. Then he ducks down to do the same thing, but with his lips. "Where do you think is the best place to bite you?" he murmurs.

Peter's breath hitches and he points to the junction of his neck and shoulder.

Stiles bares his fangs. He wishes he had enough control at the moment to tease Peter a little, maybe kiss and bring the blood to the surface before piercing the skin. But Stiles is hungry, and Peter smells incredible. His blood is rushing beneath the surface, all there for the taking. All for Stiles.

Peter lets out a low moan when Stiles breaks the skin with his fangs. His blood floods Stiles's mouth. It's so much richer, sweeter, than Chris's had been.

"Stiles," Peter moans, and it makes him hard. Stiles practically crawls into Peter's lap to get closer. Peter's so warm and solid. Perfect. When Peter puts his arms around him, holding him in place, Stiles feels so much… emotion. So much gratitude. And yes, possessiveness of his own.
Peter is his.

He's careful not to take too much. Sure, Peter's a werewolf, but that doesn't make him invincible. Stiles knows instinctively that he could hurt him, drain him, if he isn't cautious. He takes just enough so he's not hungry anymore, then pulls away. Peter smiles at him when Stiles looks him over.

Stiles can only lean in and kiss his lips, soft and tender and full of gratitude. He backs off immediately when Peter tries to deepen the kiss, looking away.

"Are you okay?" Peter asks.

Stiles huffs. "I should be asking you that."

"Look at me," Peter says. Stiles drags his eyes back to Peter's face. There's a smear of blood on his lips from where Stiles kissed him. Stiles wants to lick it away, but he settles for wiping it with his thumb.


Peter frowns and asks again, "Are you okay?"

Stiles shrugs. "Horny and embarrassed, mostly."

"You have nothing to be embarrassed about," Peter assures.

Stiles searches Peter's face for any hint of disgust but doesn't find it. "You really don't mind that I'm a vampire now?"

"Not at all. Well, I miss the sound of your heartbeat," Peter admits. He puts his hand on Stiles's chest. "It was always so fast, especially when you were startled or aroused."

"Or scared?"

"You aren't seriously afraid of anything, at least not often."

Stiles swallows hard. "I'm afraid of what my dad will say about all this."

"It will probably take him some time to get used to, but he loves you unconditionally. You don't have to worry."

Stiles wants to kiss him again. But he's not ready for that. It's Peter, and that means complications. Plus Stiles is still reeling a little from everything that's happened. He doesn't want to make any snap decisions just because Peter makes him feel safe again.

"There's something else I'm afraid of," Stiles says. He moves so he's beside Peter and can snuggle against his warmth. Werewolves are like strong, muscled furnaces. It's great. Peter puts an arm around him so he's even warmer.

"We'll face whatever it is together," Peter says.

And Stiles isn't sure what that means. Together as a pack? Together... as a couple? His brain does the mental equivalent of a record scratch and he shuts down that line of thought completely. He focuses on the subject at hand. "Roderick... he's my sire. And I hate him, but at the same time we have a connection. I don't want it there, but he... I don't think I can hurt him. If it comes down to it. I think... I think I can't."
"Will it hurt you if he dies?" Peter asks.

Stiles has to think a minute. "Yes. But I don't think it will kill me. The bond isn't strong enough for that. It's there, but... after what he did to me... I want him gone. Dead."

He doesn't want to think about it, but with the words come the memories. He shudders, and when Peter pulls him closer he almost fights. But no, this is Peter. His... something. His wolf.

Stiles relaxes as he cuddles against him and squeezes his eyes shut tight.

Eventually, Stiles goes home to tell his father what happened. What he is now.

"I thought if you went to school away from Beacon Hills you'd be safe," his dad laments. He's already poured a short glass of whiskey and is looking at it like it might bring sanity back to the world.

Stiles knows he can't even drink liquor anymore. Nothing but blood. He wonders if he'd feel the effects if he fed from someone who was intoxicated.

"I'm sorry?" Stiles finally says. "I didn't go looking for trouble, if that's what you think."

His dad sighs and looks at him like he doesn't quite believe it.

"I didn't want this." Why does he have to keep saying that?

His dad takes a sip of his drink and puts the glass down hard on the table. "Well at least this makes you a little less breakable. Right?"

"Yeah, see? Bright side," Stiles says cheerfully.

"My son is a vampire. I didn't even know vampires existed. Isn't it a little Hollywood cliché?"

"What, and werewolves aren't?" Stiles asks. He grins, though it feels forced. "It'll be fine, Dad."

"Are hunters going to be after you?"

Stiles sighs and slouches in his chair. "Yeah. Apparently I'm a predator now. Even Scott thinks I'm gross and evil."

"Scott howls at the moon," his dad says wryly. "I don't think he has room to judge."

Stiles wants to point out that Scott doesn't actually howl at the moon, but it makes him laugh so he lets it go.

"So... do you have to be invited into someone's house?" his dad asks.

"Nope," Stiles says. "So far I've been in the Argent house and Derek's without an invite, and I didn't notice anything like that."

"Do you burn up in sunlight?"

Stiles shakes his head. "I'm a little more sensitive to light now, but that's another myth debunked."

"Holy water and crosses?"

Stiles laughs. "I haven't had a chance to try those out yet."
"Stake to the heart?"

"That one I think is real," Stiles says. "And you know… Fire. Decapitation. I'll stay away from those."

"Good thought," his dad says. He reaches out and scrubs a hand over Stiles's hair. Stiles closes his eyes and is so, so grateful for his father's acceptance.
Stiles is expecting Roderick to show up. He's just not expecting him to show up so soon. At his house.

It's a good thing his father is already at work. If Roderick had threatened him…

"Hello, Stiles," Roderick says. He walks into Stiles's house like he has every right to be there. Maybe he thinks he does.

"Go away." Stiles stands stiffly, hands fisted at his sides. "I left for a reason."

"You nearly broke my heart when you ran away," Roderick says. "That won't be happening again."

Stiles's breath comes quicker. Automatic function. Panic doesn't realize he doesn't need breath anymore. "Please just go."

Roderick smiles. Smiles. It's unnerving, and Stiles wants him to get out of his sight. He doesn't like the way his sire makes him feel. He doesn't like the connection between them.

"What's so special about this Beacon Hills? Is it your father?"

"This is my home," Stiles says slowly. "And you stay away from my father."

"I won't hurt him… if you come with me."

Stiles burns with fury. How dare this man threaten his dad? Stiles swallows hard. Shakes his head in denial.

"Stiles, all I've wanted is to give you everything," Roderick says it so calmly, like it's reasonable. "Why do you have to fight me on this?"

"You're a creepy stalker who turned me against my will… and I don't want you. I never wanted you." He hates the way his voice shakes when he says it.

"You're lying." Roderick's eyes narrow. "You can't deny our bond. You're my childe now. We belong together."

Stiles shakes his head. He may not be able to kill his sire, but he can hurt him. He walks closer and Roderick smiles, thinking he's won. Stiles strikes out, knocking Roderick down. Then Stiles barrels through the still-open door and runs as fast as he can. It turns out, that's pretty fast now.

Stiles runs and runs. Roderick doesn't know the area, and it's Stiles’s home advantage. He doesn't know where he's going until he's run all the way to Derek's loft. It makes sense. Derek is the Alpha. He's the best chance Stiles has against Roderick.

"Derek!" Stiles yells. He doesn't see or hear Roderick, but he knows the other vampire has to be close behind him. "Peter!"

Roderick appears out of the shadows, and Stiles backs toward the building at the sight of him. He doesn't know if Derek heard him. Doesn't know if Peter is even there. Maybe Derek isn't, either. Stiles wants to cry. He can feel the bond between him and his sire tightening, and Roderick is sure to do something horrible.
Does thrall work on other vampires? Maybe it does when an older vampire like Roderick uses it on a fledgling like Stiles. Looks like he's about to find out.

They lock eyes, and Stiles should have known better than to let that happen. He shakes his head, but he can still feel himself being pulled in.

"You're coming with me, little one," Roderick says sweetly.

And Stiles wants to, even though he knows he shouldn't. He wants to please Roderick, wants to do just as he asks. In the back of Stiles's mind he knows it's the thrall, but he can't bring himself to care.

There's a roar, then another, and Stiles can't move, can't do anything to help himself, but he can think and what he thinks is, Thank god.

Roderick is taken by surprise. He wasn't expecting to have to fight a couple of werewolves, one of them an Alpha, one of them a former Alpha with a special interest in the fight.

Stiles stumbles back and sits down beside the building on the cold, dirty ground. He can't get involved yet, he's still caught up in Roderick's thrall, but he can feel the hold loosening as the other vampire's attention is taken up by fighting two angry werewolves.

The thrall pulls on him. Tells him to help protect his sire. He shakes his head but finds himself moving toward Derek despite not wanting to.

"Stiles, get back," Derek snarls, swiping at Roderick with one long arm. His claws miss though, because Roderick is just as fast as Derek. Maybe faster.

"He's in thrall," Peter yells as Stiles moves closer.

He doesn't want to do this. He doesn't want…

His leg kicks out and connects with the side of Derek's knee. Derek's leg goes out from under him. He goes down and Stiles is horrified. Roderick takes advantage, moving in, but Peter slips between them and roars.

Roderick doesn't care who he hurts. He kicks at Peter's chest and Peter goes flying.

Stiles doesn't like that. He feels his fangs pop out and his vision goes red. No one can hurt his wolf. Peter is his. He breaks out of the thrall and attacks.

Then it's three against one. Roderick may have been able to fight two werewolves, but an added pissed off vampire? Roderick doesn't have a chance.

Derek grabs Roderick's arms. Stiles kicks his legs out from under him. And Peter comes down hard with something in his hand — wooden, pointed… a stake.

It's agony when Roderick turns to dust. Stiles can feel the moment the other vampire ceases to be, when the bond of sire and childe is broken. He cries out in pain, and Peter catches him before he hits the ground.

"It's okay, you're going to be okay," Peter says fervently. He's holding onto Stiles tightly, saying the words against his temple. Stiles believes him but it hurts. "I know. I know."

Stiles is crying. Fat tears roll down his cheeks. He feels like he will never be whole again, and he
had no idea the bond had progressed that far. Maybe the thrall made it stronger. Maybe Roderick did something to make sure Stiles couldn't kill him. Maybe…

Maybes don't matter. Roderick is dead. Good riddance. It just… it just hurts so bad.

He loses time. One moment he's in Peter's arms, held tight and rocked with reassurances, and the next moment he's in the passenger seat of a car he doesn't recognize. It's fancy, though, and fast. He watches the street lights fly by his window and looks over at the driver.

Peter looks back at him and reaches over. Takes his hand.

Then they're at a building Stiles only knows from driving past. "You live here?" His voice is croaky.

"Yes. Come on up," Peter invites, even though Stiles doesn't need an invitation. That myth is just a myth. The one about turning to dust, though…

He shudders at the memory. He's glad Roderick is dead, he is. But there's an ache inside him now that he wishes he couldn't feel.

He presses close to Peter once they're inside. Stiles is cold, colder than he's been since he first woke up as one of the undead. He blinks and remembers Peter was hurt, so he turns in his arms and starts searching for injuries. There's a sluggishly healing cut high on Peter's forehead.

Stiles reaches up and touches the small injury. "Are you hurt anywhere else?"

Peter catches his hand and kisses the inside of his wrist. "I'm fine, sweetheart. I'm much more worried about you."

There's a little bit of tacky blood on Stiles's fingertips. He brings it to his mouth, sucking it away carefully. Peter watches, his eyes growing dark.

"Are you hungry?" he asks.

Stiles licks his teeth — fangs. Yes, he's hungry. And cold. He wants some of Peter's warmth, wants to crawl inside him and make sure he's okay.

Peter smiles. "I'll take that as a yes." He pulls his shirt off over his head and Stiles can't help but look at all the skin on display.

"Show-off," Stiles mutters.

Peter cracks his neck, baring his throat. "Is it working?"

Stiles reaches out and runs his hands over Peter's shoulders, down his strong arms. It gives him a swooping, wanting feeling. Not just hunger, not just a craving for his heat. Desire. Lust. Stiles wants everything Peter's willing to give, and he already knows Peter wants to give him it all.

"I don't think I can stop at a kiss tonight," Stiles murmurs.

Peter leans in and his lips glance across Stiles's jaw. "I'd never stop you." Then he takes Stiles's hands in his own and pulls him toward the bedroom.

Stiles isn't inexperienced. Away at school, he's had time to date, to fuck. He's hooked up with more than one guy, and he's been experimenting by himself with toys for ages. He knows what he likes.
That said, there's something pushing at him, telling him what he likes and what he needs are two different things.

He could have lost Peter tonight. A week ago, that thought wouldn't have been so damned devastating. They've been friends, sure. But Peter is more now. His.

He kisses him with that thought in mind. Peter lets out a small sound of surprise, but then he's there with him, giving as good as he gets. Stiles runs his hands down Peter's chest, over his abs, down to the button on his slacks. Peter chuckles and toes out of his shoes while Stiles pushes his pants down. Peter's not wearing any underwear and he's half-hard already.

Somewhere along the way, Stiles loses his flannel and t-shirt. He's not as scrawny as he used to be. He's got nothing to be ashamed of, and the growl of appreciation Peter gives is extra proof.

Stiles grins and nips at Peter's shoulder with human teeth. Then there's a flurry of movement and they're both naked, lying on Peter's bed. They seem to move together without direction, without stopping to see what's what. Peter understands what it is Stiles needs, even when Stiles doesn't understand wholly himself.

Peter runs hot, like most werewolves, and Stiles loves the feeling of the overheated skin against his own. It makes him crave more warmth, to bury himself inside it.

Oh. That's what he wants. And Peter is already reaching for lube and fingering himself like it was the only way this could go. That alone makes Stiles feel warm.

Stiles wriggles down the bed while Peter preps himself. He nuzzles at Peter's knee, at his thigh. He can smell the blood there, thick and hot, and his fangs drop in anticipation.

Another scent in the air is desire. He knows what it is now, can practically feel it coming off Peter, it's so thick in the room. Stiles wants to say something, anything, but he's so overwhelmed with feeling he's not sure what should be said.

His vision goes red as he watches Peter's fingers disappear inside his stretched hole. Peter gasps and Stiles meets his eyes. Peter's own eyes glow a supernatural blue and Stiles wants.

"Come on," Peter says, pulling his fingers away and wiping them on the sheet. "Fuck me."

Stiles growls and covers Peter's body with his own. He kisses him and his fangs cut at Peter's lips. He licks at the blood that wells there and shivers at the desire driving him on.

"Take what you need," Peter murmurs.

What Stiles needs is to bury his dick and his fangs deep, so he manhandles Peter into the perfect position, Peter's back to Stiles's front. Then he presses in with his cock, right into Peter's welcoming heat. They moan together when Stiles bottoms out. He kisses Peter's shoulder, the nape of his neck. He scrapes his fangs over Peter's hot skin, bringing blood to the surface for Stiles to lick.

Peter moans and pushes back. Stiles wraps one hand around his hard cock, stroking him gently. He's leaking precome and that helps slick the way for Stiles's hand.

"Bite me, sweetheart," Peter says urgently. There's something else he's not saying, but Stiles knows. Peter wants Stiles to claim him. The wolf in him demands it, seeks it out.

So Stiles gives him what they both want. His fangs slide into Peter's shoulder easily. They go deep.
Peter moans in ecstasy, his cock jerking in Stiles's hand. Stiles can tell he wants to come, that he's close. Stiles strokes Peter's cock faster, twisting his hand at the head, and that's all Peter needs. He comes, crying out Stiles's name.

Peter clenches around Stiles's cock. Stiles thrusts again, buries himself deep, and lets the tide crash over him.

"How are you feeling, darling?" Peter asks.

Stiles stretches and smiles. "Fantastic."

Peter leans over and places a chaste kiss on Stiles's lips. "Good. I was worried earlier."

Stiles closes his eyes and prods at the place where his sire's bond had been. It's still a little achy, but he's sure even that small hurt will go away in time. "It's much better now. You helped."

And he did. Not just the sex or the feeding, but by being there. By giving him what he needed, what he still needs, emotionally. Peter and he fit perfectly, and it's a wonder he didn't see it before.

Peter smirks. "I'm always up for that kind of help if you need it."

It makes Stiles laugh. He pulls the sheet up over them both and sighs happily. "Let's get some sleep."

"Yes, the sun is coming up. Time for all good vampires to go to bed."

End Notes

Spoilery warnings:
Stiles does not want to be turned and says no, but the vampire does it anyway. He doesn't want to feel sexual attraction but is forced to via the vampire's bite. Chris Argent also feels sexual attraction against his will, at Stiles's hands.

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