So Well Suited

by Bunnywest

Summary

Chris and Peter run HA Menswear.
Stiles works at Gamesworld.
They strike up an agreement, sharing kitchen and bathroom access.
Stiles would like to share more, but Hot Suit guys are a couple, so he knows it will never happen.
Never.
Right?

Notes

I did the thing, people.
I wrote the nerdy/suit au fic.
Based on this Tumblr post
Suit shop gamer shop
Chapter 1

Stiles drops the catalog he’s flicking through and nudges Scott as he sees the two men striding in the door of Gamesworld.

“Who’s that?” he hisses.

Scott looks up, shrugs, and goes back to putting the security tags on the latest release games. Stiles scrambles to stand as the men approach him confidently, and he can’t help but let his eyes roam over them freely.

He does love a man in a suit. But two of them? Hot damn. They’re both older, both unfairly attractive, and both impeccably groomed. The older one with the salt and pepper beard is in a classic black three piece, and the younger, more muscular one is wearing a charcoal grey pinstripe with a maroon shirt.
They’re the stuff of fantasies, honestly, but Stiles can’t help but wonder if they’re in the right place. “Um, Hot Ass Suits is over there,” he says, pointing to the exclusive menswear store across the way.

The younger man grins, and says “Hot Ass Suits?”

Stiles groans, and tries again. “Sorry. That’s just what I call it in my head. I meant HA Menswear. It’s over the way.”

The man’s grin becomes a full blown smirk as he says “I’m aware. We just came from there. I’m Hot. Christopher here is the Ass.”

Well, shit. Stiles has just successfully insulted the owners of the new suit shop. Way to go.

The men don’t seem upset though, more amused than anything. The younger man extends his hand and says “Peter Hale.”

Stiles can feel the strength in the man’s grip as he shakes and says “Stiles.”

Peter arches a brow at him and asks “Pleased to meet you Mr Stiles. And your first name is?”

Scott snorts next to him and says “His first name is a mess, that’s what it is. It’s like his parents pulled a handful of letters out of a scrabble bag and threw them on the floor.”

Stiles turns and glares at him, but Scott just smiles sweetly, like the asshole he is. “I go by Stiles. Stiles Stilinski.”

“Nice to meet you, Stiles Stilinski,” Peter says, eyes dancing with merriment.

His companion elbows him in the ribs and says “Behave, Peter.”

And oh, that voice. As if the suits weren’t bad enough, and the beards, and the general hotness, this guy has a voice that makes Stiles want to weep. It’s deep, and velvety, and he can just imagine how it would sound whispering obscenities in his ear at 3 am. “Chris Argent,” the man says, snapping Stiles out of his fantasy, and he realizes he was staring.

Peter seems to have noticed, if his amused smirk is anything to go by.

“Are you in charge here?” Chris asks, and Stiles’ heart sinks into his shoes, because technically, he’s shift supervisor, which means that whatever these guys have come to complain about, he’s going to have to deal with it. And he has no doubt that they’re here to complain about something.

The suit store only opened last week, and he can’t think of anything he’s done in that time, but maybe they’re offended by the sign in the window that says Our new controllers are ready for you to finger them. (Stiles put it up three weeks ago as a bet, and the store owner hasn’t noticed yet. If he makes it to a month, Scott owes him a dozen pizzas and a case of beer, so he hopes it isn’t that.)

He sighs as he says “Yeah, I’m the supervisor. What’s the problem?”

“Oh, no problem at all. We just have a proposition for you,” Peter tells him with a smile, and Stiles didn’t think it was possible for the man to get hotter, but apparently he was wrong.

He perks up at the news that he’s not in trouble, and asks “How can I help?”

“Well, there’s no kitchen over there,” Chris rumbles out.
“One of us didn’t think a kitchen was necessary, and one of us was wrong,” Peter says, shooting an annoyed look at Chris.

“I told you, I don’t want the place smelling of your heated up leftovers. You’ll bring lasagna and then all the silk shirts will smell of garlic,” Chris tells Peter sternly.

He turns back to Stiles. “Anyway, since Peter apparently can’t live without a hot meal, and god forbid he should eat in the food court, we were wondering if you had a kitchen and a microwave we could borrow for five minutes a day? Just to heat up some lunch?” His expression is hopeful, and Stiles looks into his wide eyes and thinks Marry me.

But what he says is “Oh, sure. I guess it would be fine.”

Peter’s smile widens, Chris gives him a fond look, and just like that all Stiles’ hopes are dashed. He realizes that the two men aren’t partners, they’re partners.

“So, you just wanna come over and heat up your meals? I mean, the lunch room’s not very big. You wanna see?”

The two men follow him out the back and he shows them the tiny back room with its fridge and microwave and kettle and squeezed in there, along with a table and four chairs. “This is it. Tah dah” he says drily, spreading his arms wide in the tiny space.

Peter looks around and nods, then he looks around again. He turns to Stiles with a puzzled expression. “Where’s your bathroom?” he asks.

Stiles is slightly taken aback by the question. “We don’t have one. We walk up to the staff bathroom.”

“That’s a five minute walk each way,” Peter observes.

“Don’t I know it. It’s a bitch when we’re busy, but what are you gonna do?” Stiles says with a small grimace.

Peter looks at Chris with an eyebrow raised. Chris looks at him consideringly, and then nods.

“We have a bathroom in our store. Maybe you’d like to use it, since you’re giving us access to your kitchen?” Peter suggests.

“SAY YES, STILES!” yells Scott from the front of the store.

Chris looks surprised, asking “How did he even…”

“Yeah, guy’s got freakily good hearing. It’s like a superpower,” Stiles says.

“So, bathroom privileges for kitchen access?” Chris prompts, and Stiles nods eagerly.

He hates the walk to the bathroom with a passion, and he suspects, given the quality of their merchandise, that the bathroom at HA will be a hell of a lot cleaner than the ones he’s using now.

“Did you say yes? You better have said yes!” Scott calls back.

Stiles leads the men out to the front of the store and says loudly “Heads up, if Scott comes over and he has his phone, take it off him. He’s in there sending dick pics to his fiancé.”

Scott whirls on him with a scandalized look on his face, saying “Dude! That was one time! And
you said you’d never mention it again!”

Chris chuckles, deep and low, and Stiles wants to pin him down and demand that he read erotic fiction to him then and there. Peter’s standing next to him with a raised eyebrow, saying “Oh, I think we need to hear more.”

Scott goes bright red, and Stiles smiles innocently as he plots his revenge for earlier. He’ll teach Scott to make fun of his name.

“Kira was loonely, they hadn’t seen each other in two weeeeks…..” he says in a mocking falsetto. “Scott thought he was aloooone in the back room…..” he continues.

Peter’s smile is growing broader by the minute.

“You’ve never seen a man zip up so damned fast” Stiles says gleefully. “He got caught in the zipper.”

Chris chokes on a laugh as Scott hisses “Dude! Not cool!”

“Oh, that’s terrible. I love it,” Peter snickers.

He seems like he’s an awful person. Stiles likes him immediately.

“I thought you said he had great hearing?” Chris interjects, a tiny smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

“Apparently not when he’s concentrating on taking a picture of his junk that makes it look decent,” Stiles snorts.

“At least I have someone to send pictures of my junk to” Scott snaps.

“Ouch, dude. I’m wounded,” Stiles tells him, arranging his face into an expression of hurt and slapping a hand to his heart.

“One day, my prince will come. And when he does, I won’t be sending him dick pics at work,” Stiles says pointedly.

Scott scowls furiously at Stiles, who looks completely unconcerned. They’re interrupted by the sound of someone clearing their throat, and Stiles turns to see a middle aged man looking curiously at the four of them, Peter and Chris in their high end fitted suits, and Stiles and Scott in their baggy cargo shorts and nerdy tees. Stiles is suddenly all professionalism and charm, because he actually is very good at what he does.

“How can I help you?” he asks, and coaxes out of the man that he wants that new game that his nephew keeps talking about, Stiles must have heard of it, Duty Calls?

Stiles expertly sifts through the clues the man gives him, and sends him off happily clutching his copy of CoD. By the time he’s dealt with the customer, Chris and Peter are walking back to their own store, and it’s just him and Scott and the kid lurking in the corner who thinks they haven’t seen him shoving a game down the front of his sweats. Stiles is sad to see them leave, but he thoroughly enjoys the view as they walk away.

“Dude, bathroom access!” Scott says happily.

“Yeah. Bathroom access,” Stiles says absently as he watches Peter’s retreating ass, before going to
terrorize the thieving kid by threatening to stick his hand in his pants.

Later that afternoon, Stiles decides that since it’s quiet, he’ll go over to HA and see exactly what he’s getting out of the deal. He looks down at himself in his shorts, Mario kart tee, and plaid shirt, and suddenly feels underdressed, but he walks over and enters the shop anyway. He can hear Peter’s voice coming from the change rooms, smooth and calming, assuring whoever he’s in there with that no, they aren’t too tight, they’re just highlighting his assets.

Chris is at the counter doing something with a box of ties, and he smiles as Stiles enters. “Stiles! Hey, how are you?” he asks, as if he hadn’t just met him three hours previously. Stiles looks at the wide, even smile and blue, blue eyes, and he can immediately see that this man is going to be the death of him.

“Hey. I just came over to check out the bathroom” he says hesitantly.

“Sure. It’s back here” Chris says, leading him towards the back of the store.

Everything’s fresh and new and unsullied, with a tang of paint still in the air, and Stiles can’t help but admire the rows upon rows of suits and shirts and jackets and overcoats as they walk through the store.

“These are some seriously nice threads, dude” he offers, and Chris’ smile becomes even wider.

“Thanks. We don’t deal with anything that isn’t the best,” he says, as he unlocks the door to the staff area, and Stiles can only gape as he sees what’s behind there. It’s a bathroom, but as he suspected, it’s nothing like the ratty, soiled abomination he’s been using up till now. Everything’s sleek and clean and smells faintly of vanilla, and he grins when he sees the high powered hand dryer.

Chris sees his expression and says “It was either a decent bathroom or a kitchen, and I made the call. Peter might moan about it, but you’d never see him using the mall bathrooms, I can tell you that now.”

“Well, yeah. I think you made the right choice” Stiles breathes. He’s fairly certain this bathroom’s nicer than his apartment.

“So, I’ll leave you to it” Chris says, and he does.

When Stiles emerges several minutes later, rubbing expensive lotion into his hands, because why not, Peter’s standing there.

“Everything to your satisfaction?” he inquires.

Stiles nods and tells him “Seriously dude, I think we’re getting the better deal here.”

“Oh, I don’t know. I think this arrangement is definitely going to be mutually beneficial” he purrs, and if Stiles didn’t know better, he’d think the guy was checking him out. Except he’s obviously not, because he has Chris. As if summoned by a mere thought, Chris appears behind Peter, placing
a hand on the small of his back.

Stiles notes the gesture and nods, saying “So, how long have you two been together?”

Peter smiles softly, and the affection in his voice is obvious when he says “Ten years. It would have been longer, but Christopher never could take a hint. It took him forever to realize I was serious.”

Chris rolls his eyes and says “I realized fine. I just wanted to make you work for it.”

“You do like to make me beg, darling,” Peter coos, and Stiles’ face heats up a little.

Chris just laughs and in that sinful voice says “Damn straight I do.”

They’re as cute as fuck, and Stiles is jealous. He tears his gaze away from the two men, feeling as if he’s intruding on something private, but Peter catches the way his eyes drop to the ground and says “Don’t mind us, Stiles. We’re a couple of romantic fools. Here, have this,” and he holds out a swipe card. “Key to the back room, in case we’re busy when you come over. Is it just you and Scott who work there?” he asks.

Stiles takes the card, saying “Yeah. Just us. I mean, the owner comes in a couple of times a week, just to check on things, but mainly us.”

“And you’re in charge?” Chris asks.

“I know, right? Believe it or not, out of the two of us I’m the responsible adult. Speaking of which, I’d better go – I’ve left Scott alone for long enough.”

“He does seem like he needs supervision,” Chris says with a chuckle and damn, all it does is make his blue eyes sparkle and the attractive creases at the corner of his eyes deepen.

Stiles catches himself staring again, and stammers out “Yeah, uh, I’ve gotta go” as he drags his gaze away.

He heads back to his own store, and he’s just in time to intervene as a twelve year old tries to convince his grandparent to buy him Mortal Kombat. Stiles cheerfully walks Grandma through exactly what all the warning tags on the game are for, as the grandson sulks and scowls when he realizes he won’t be getting his own way today. Stiles directs them to more age appropriate games, and accepts the woman’s thanks.

It’s petty maybe, but he wasn’t allowed to play those games till he was eighteen, so he’s damned if he’s going to let anyone else.

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Scott heads over to use the bathroom an hour or so later, and when he comes back he high fives Stiles, saying “Dude, this is going to be awesome. No more ten minute walk!”

Stiles grins back brightly, saying ‘I know, right? And we get to see hot suit guys every day!”

Scott snorts. “You think they’re hot. They don’t do a damn thing for me. And anyway, aren’t they
together?”

“I can still look. There’s no harm in looking.”

Scott rolls his eyes. “Just don’t look too hard. They’re exactly your type, and you’ll only end up pining.”

Stiles doesn’t dignify that with a response, but he has to admit, for someone who’s a stone cold idiot most of the time, Scott can be surprisingly perceptive at the most inconvenient times.

As he closes up the store that night, he waves to Chris and Peter, who are doing the same. Chris waves back and smiles, and Stilesflushes a little. He can’t help it, OK? There’s someone hot like burning paying attention to him, and he’s always been a little needy. He ducks his head so Chris can’t see, but when he looks up Peter’s eyes are on him. He leans in and whispers something into Chris’ ear that makes him glance over at Stiles with a raised eyebrow and a predatory grin.

Then Peter looks directly at him and says “Have a wonderful evening, Stiles.”

It’s a completely innocuous farewell, so why is his heart beating faster, and why does Peter give him a knowing look when he says it? Stiles scurries off to his car and drives home, trying to make sense of the look Chris gave him. By the time he’s home, he’s managed to calm his racing heartbeat, and convince himself that he’s imagining things.

It’s just wishful thinking, that’s all. Peter and Chris are happily together and anything else is a pipe dream. He’s going to prove Scott wrong for once and not pine over something he can’t have, like he did over Derek the quarterback in high school. But that doesn’t mean he won’t enjoy looking. After all, what harm ever came from looking?

What Peter whispers in Chris’ ear is this.

“I think that pretty boy likes us.”

And as Stiles walks quickly to his car, he adds “I think he’d like to be friends. Maybe more.”

Chris hums noncommittally, before saying “We’ve just met him.”

“But still, he’s exactly our type. We should talk to him.”

“No, Peter.”

“What’s the harm in a little chat? We could let him know we enjoy a little extra company now and again.”

“No, Peter.”

“Why not?”

“It’s too soon. We’ll spook him.”
‘But what if I –“

“No, Peter.”

Peter sulks a little, right until Chris says “Besides, we don’t even know if he’d be interested.”

Peter arches a brow. “Oh, he’s interested. I can tell.”

“No, Peter.”

Peter rolls his eyes as he says “I’m telling you, he’d be perfect. And he has that lovely pale skin that marks so pretty, just the way you like it, and those long, long legs –”

He’s cut off mid-sentence by Chris pulling him into a rough kiss. When their lips finally part, Chris murmurs “We take it slow. We get to know the kid before we even consider it.”

Peter looks smug, even as he agrees “We take it slow.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Stiles and Scott bond with their new neighbors.

They settle into a routine.

Scott and Stiles go over to the suit store to use the bathroom, sometimes drawing odd looks from the customers as they wander through in their scruffy attire and let themselves in the back like they have a right to be there. If it’s not busy, they might stay and chat a little.

Peter educates Stiles on the intricacies of steam pressing delicate fabrics, and the way a good pair of dress pants should fit. He uses Chris as his model, pointing out all the places his trousers cling just so, brushing his hands lightly over his ass as he does so. Chris just bats his hands away with a laugh, but he doesn’t miss the way Stiles’ eyes linger.

Scott and Stiles introduce the men to video games, firing up their display consoles when there’s a lull, or if they have a little extra time at lunch. Peter has lightning fast reflexes - he’s almost superhumanly quick, and excels at anything that needs speed and coordination. He’s unbeatable at Mario Kart.

Chris can take or leave the racing games, but he’s frighteningly good at first person shooter games. He ploughs through the levels relentlessly, hitting everything in sight, never pausing, never missing. Stiles can’t decide if it’s terrifying or arousing. (That’s a lie - it’s hot as fuck.)

“Holy shit. What would you be like with an actual weapon?” he says admiringly.

Peter’s just come over for his lunch break, and he smirks and says “Once Christopher has you in his sights, there’s no escape. Isn’t that right, sweetheart?”

Chris turns to Stiles and says “I’m a natural born hunter I guess,” with a wink, before heading back to his own store.

Stiles watches him walk away, mesmerized by the long lines of his body.

“Hell of a sight, isn’t it?” comes Peter’s voice, close to his ear.

Stiles turns to find Peter watching Chris just as avidly as he is, and he can’t help but breathe out “Yeah, it really is.”
Stiles gets to see Chris in action properly the following weekend. On the Friday afternoon, Peter comes over and says “Laser tag. Sunday. You boys interested? Let’s see if we can give Christopher a run for his money, shall we?”

Stiles perks up at the prospect, and the boys decide that they’re in. Once they get inside, it quickly becomes apparent that Chris is a ruthless predator, and initially it seems that Stiles is going to be the first to go down. After all, Peter’s fast as fuck, Scott can hear a pin drop, and all Stiles has going for him is sheer blind luck.

But it doesn’t pan out that way. Scott could hear Chris coming if the man made any damned noise at all, but Chris moves silently and steadily, body pressed against the wall, and quick as a flash he rounds the corner and shoots Scott with deadly accuracy. Stiles nearly cheers, but that would give away his position.

He’s found a nice quiet corner, and he plans to camp out there for a while. He watches Chris carefully for a while, and then, feeling brave, he starts following him at a distance, hoping for a lucky shot. He’s distracted by a noise, and the next thing he knows Peter’s coming at him, and the way the lights reflect his eyes glow eerily. Peter doesn’t stop, he just keeps coming, and Stiles is too flustered to raise his own weapon.

Peter has him backed up against a wall, and he’s raising his pistol for the shot, when Chris bursts in between them, taking Peter out without a second’s hesitation.

“You’re SUCH an asshole! Can’t I win just once?” Peter exclaims, and throws his weapon down in a fit of pique.

Chris laughs and laughs, saying “You’re such a sore loser. You’d think you’d be used to it by now.”

Stiles gets lost in that rich laugh, and never even notices when Chris spins around. He shoots Stiles dead centre. “Aaand we’re done,” he announces smugly.

“What the hell?” Scott whines.

It took Chris fifteen minutes to track them all down, and he didn’t even break a sweat. They reset, and go again.

And again. And again.

Argent cleans them up every single time.

Stiles has to laugh when he spots Chris crowding Peter up against a wall, leaning in close as if he’s going for a kiss, and then pulling the trigger. Peter’s face goes from expectant to outraged in seconds, and Stiles could swear he sees him actually lift Chris off the floor just for a second. Chris just kisses him anyway, and soon enough he’s back on his feet and the two of them are gently making out. Stiles leaves them to it, and takes the opportunity to go and shoot Scott. It’s a good afternoon.

Chris is the undisputed victor, and Stiles goes home with images of his two favorite men making out, which is not at all helpful in his campaign to stop fantasizing about them.
There are days when Peter brings in four portions of lunch instead of two, and the boys happily devour whatever he provides. There are other days when they’re all run off their feet and barely nod in passing. But generally it’s all very nice, and Stiles looks forwards to sharing lunch with one or the other of the Suit Dudes, as Scott has nicknamed them.

He behaves, and doesn’t flirt, and doesn’t read anything into it when they appear to flirt with him. He just enjoys the view. He knows he can’t go there, won’t go there, but he freely acknowledges that he has a thing for Chris’ long legs and Peter’s thick-as-fuck throat. He thinks that they might actually be...friends. For a month and a half, they wander in and out of each other’s stores, happy with their arrangement.

Stiles should have known it was too good to last. He’s out the back having lunch with Peter one day when he hears a voice from the doorway.

“Mr Stilinski, a word? In private?”

He turns and finds the shop’s owner, Harris, glaring at him.

“Sure thing,” he says as he scrambles up out of his chair and follows Harris to the tiny office that nobody ever uses.

Harris closes the door and turns to him, arms folded across his chest. “Mr Stilinski, why is there a member of the public who looks like a hired killer having lunch in what is a strictly employee only area?”

Because of course today’s the day that Peter’s wearing black on black, and Stiles has to admit, he does give off the tiniest of hitman vibes. Stiles runs his hand through his hair, trying to find a way to explain the arrangement they have. “He’s not a member of the public, exactly?”

“Well they’re not employed by me, so why are they in my staff room? Mr Stilinski, is that your boyfriend in my store?”

“No! God, no, I wish,” Stiles says, flustered at the very thought. “That’s Peter. He runs the suit shop. We let them use our microwave and we use their bathroom. It’s a good arrangement” Stiles explains.

Harris fixes him with an unimpressed look. “Good for them, maybe. I fail to see how it benefits me. I’m the one paying for the electricity to feed them, and I’m getting nothing in return. I don’t like this. I don’t like it at all. I bet they come over and help themselves to my coffee as well.”

In actual fact they do, but Stiles isn’t admitting that.

Harris frowns. “How long has this been going on? How long have you been letting strangers into my store without asking me?”

“Um, a few weeks?” It’s six weeks, and Stiles knows it.

“Well it stops today.”

Stiles gapes at him. “Really? Why? Where’s the harm?” he blurts out before he can stop himself.

“I have no idea who these people are. They could be robbing me blind for all I know, waltzing in here unannounced and unsupervised.”
Stiles has to bite his tongue at that - what does the man think they could possibly steal? He’s still trying to formulate a reply when there’s a knock at the door. Harris opens it to see Peter standing there. He smiles broadly and sweeps into the office, offering a hand to Harris as he does so.

“Peter Hale, at your service. You must be Adrian Harris” he says, voice smooth and seductive. “It’s such a pleasure to finally meet you. I’ve been hoping to see you so I can personally thank you for the wonderful favor you’re doing us, letting us share your space. You have no idea how much it means to meet a fellow business owner who understands the trials of working in a less than ideal situation,” Peter purrs, and Stiles is spellbound.

He’s seen Peter working his magic on customers before, but this is taking it to a whole new level. He’s oozing charm from every pore, looking at Harris like he’s the second coming. Harris isn’t sure what to do when faced with Peter’s earnest appreciation, so he retreats behind a wall of blustering.

“I don’t know who you are, or who told you that you can just come over here whenever you want, but I’m putting a stop to it.”

Peter’s face takes on a slightly hurt expression, and color Stiles impressed, he almost believes it. “Really? That would be such a shame. I mean, it seems like the arrangement’s working so well, too. What exactly is your objection?”

Harris opens and closes his mouth a few times while he tries to decide what he’s objecting to, and Peter takes the opportunity to look the man up and down.

“You know, we really do appreciate you being so generous with your space. How can we possibly express our gratitude?”

Harris preens a little at being called generous, despite having nothing to do with the whole thing. Peter pretends to think for a moment. “Perhaps you’d like to come over and see if we have something in our store that you’d like? We have some wonderful three piece ensembles over there that would suit your body shape perfectly. Christopher and I would be happy to make it a gift – call it a thank you for allowing us to continue to use your kitchen,” he suggests.

Harris’ eyes light up at the prospect of something free.

“Of course, we’d include the shirt and shoes and tie – we can’t have a man of your elegant stature leaving our store half dressed,” Peter continues smoothly.

Stiles fights to contain a snort – elegant and Harris are not words that belong in the same sentence, but Peter says it with total sincerity. Harris regards him silently, but Peter doesn’t crumble under his gaze, just continues to stand there with a smile on his face, waiting.

Stiles can see the internal battle going on. Harris is a petty dick, and he hates the thought of something going on that he didn’t know about. But he’s also stingy as fuck, and the allure of a free suit is nigh irresistible.

“There’d need to be more than one shirt,” he says finally.

“Well of course, I’m sure we could come up with a three shirt and tie combo suitable for all your formal occasions.”

Stiles is beyond impressed when Peter leads the man away. It’s an hour before Harris comes back, and sure enough, he’s wearing a suit and carrying a bag with the extra shirts, and they’ve even managed to make him look attractive. From the neck down, anyway. Peter walks him back over,
and Stiles hears him assuring Harris “Your wife won’t know what’s hit her, Adrian. All the ladies love a man in a suit, and you look positively dashing.”

He tips Stiles a wink as he passes. And then, in a miracle for the ages, Harris turns to Stiles and says “I suppose you can keep doing what you’re doing. It doesn’t seem to be doing any harm, and the gentlemen seem nice enough.”

How the hell did Peter manage that? Harris is known for never changing his mind, even when his decisions are patently wrong. Peter’s a damned snake charmer, Stiles decides.

“Thank you, Mr Harris. You look great in that suit, by the way,” he says, and damned if Harris doesn’t actually smile at him.

“Peter and Chris suggested I take my wife out to dinner, and I might just do that,” he says, looking extremely pleased with himself as he takes his leave.

And well he should - Stiles recognizes the suit as one of the pricier models. He really thought this was all going to go south, but somehow Peter’s managed the impossible. And watching him in action, Stiles has to admit, was mesmerizing. He wonders if there’s ever a time when Peter doesn’t get what he wants.

He somehow doubts it.

After Harris is gone, he walks back across to the suit store with Peter and asks “Why did you do that, dude? You didn’t have to. I mean, I appreciate it and all, but damn, that’s a six hundred dollar suit.”

“Not to mention the two hundred dollar shoes and the silk shirts.”

Stiles chokes a little. “But, why?”

Peter turns to him and says “I like you, Stiles. I enjoy your company. We both do. But more than that, I like the fact that I don’t have to eat my lunch at the food court. That alone is worth the price of that suit.”

He visibly shudders at the thought of mixing with the rest of the world, and Stiles snickers. “You’re a snob, Hale.”

“I prefer to think of myself as extremely discerning. I like the finer things in life, that’s all,” he counters.

“Speaking of which, they don’t get much finer than you, sweetheart,” he says, as Chris heads towards them.

Chris just laughs, saying “You know it, baby.”

“So Stiles, get your boss all squared away?” he asks with a smile.

“Um, yeah, he changed his mind, we’re all good. Thanks for that,” he tells Chris.

“It was our pleasure, honestly. That man was crying out for clothes that fit him properly.”

“Well, he looked pretty damn good, considering what you were working with,” Stiles observes.

Peter has a smug expression on his face as he says “He did, didn’t he. Just think what we could do, Stiles, if you ever let us get our hands on you.” And he lets his eyes sweep over Stiles shamelessly.
Stiles turns to Chris to see if he’s noticed, and he’s doing the same damned thing. His eyes travel slowly up Stiles’ body, and then back down again. “You do have the frame for it, Stiles. Nice broad shoulders, legs for miles. We could make you a work of art,” Chris observes, and the way he says it, deep and throaty, it sounds like he wants to devour him.

Stiles suddenly feels like the last shrimp at the buffet with the way both men are eyeing him hungrily. And the worst of it is, he doesn’t mind. He doesn’t mind at all. He blushes, and makes his escape back to his own store.

Scott takes one look at him and asks “Why are you blushing?”

“No reason,” Stiles lies.

Scott rolls his eyes, and says “Hands off the suit guys, dude. That could get all kinds of messy.”

“I know, I know,” Stiles grouses. He hates when Scott’s right.

But he’s been cheated on himself in the past, and he felt like shit for a long time afterwards, which is why he’d never do that to someone else. He can look, but he definitely won’t touch.

No matter how much he wants to.

“That Harris man’s an idiot,” Peter grumbles. “He’ll have thrown those shirts in the wash and ruined them by the end of the week, I guarantee it.”

“Maybe, but at least you talked him into changing his mind. Which means you can carry on with your project,” Chris observes.

Peter bristles a little at that. “Stiles isn’t a project. I’m quite fond of him, and so are you.”

Chris sighs. “Yeah, the kid’s all right.”

Peter snorts. “Oh, please. Like I didn’t notice you flirting with him earlier. You made him blush. It was adorable.”

“I was just testing the waters. And you weren’t any better.”

“Poor Stiles. He’s trying so hard to do the decent thing, and we keep teasing him. We really should clue him in that we aren’t the jealous type,” Peter suggests.

“You can’t rush this. Not everyone is as open-minded as we are,” Chris reminds him.

“I bet Stiles is, though. I bet he’s open to all sorts of ideas. I say we start courting him a little. Subtly, of course.”

Chris just shakes his head in resignation. “Has there ever been a time you didn’t get your own
“Way?” he asks fondly.

Peter pretends to think about it. “You know, I don’t think there has,” he muses. “Maybe it’s because I’m generally right.”

“Or maybe it’s because you won’t ever take no for an answer,” Chris says with a deep laugh.

“If I wasn’t persistent, I never would have ended up with you, sweetheart,” Peter reminds him.

Chris turns and pulls Peter so they’re standing close, arms wrapped around his waist. “You always would have ended up with me, Hale. I just made you chase me till I wanted to be caught.”

He leans his forehead against Peter’s, and they stand there, enjoying a quiet moment together.

“I really do like Stiles. And he does seem to like us. Maybe this could work out,” Chris says, finally.

“So we can start to court him?”

“We’ll feel him out. Slowly. But if he runs screaming for the hills, you let it go, Peter,” he warns.

“Of course. I would never force him into anything he doesn’t want to do. But I’ve seen the looks he gives both of us, Christopher. And so have you. He wants us. I can see it. I can smell it. And he’s hopeless at hiding it.”

Chris chuckles. “He’ll never make a poker player, that’s for sure.”
Peter walks over, carrying a lunch bag. “Just popping this in your fridge,” he tells Scott.

“Sure. Go ahead.” Scott waves him through absently, and so it is that Peter comes into the kitchen without any warning to find Stiles with his face propped on the table, ghostly white and looking
like he’s about to puke into the coffee cup in front of him.

“Fuck off, Scotty,” he moans without raising his head.

“Does that apply to me?”

Stiles’ head snaps up at the sound of Peter’s voice, and he groans.

“Stiles? What’s wrong? You look terrible.” Peter crouches next to the table, looking genuinely concerned, which is the only reason Stiles doesn’t brush him off with an assurance that he’s fine.

“Head’s killing me,” he confesses.

“So why are you here then?”

“I need the money. I’ll be fine, I’ll hide out back here and Scott will cover me.” He can sense Peter standing there, unmoving and he says “Not to be rude, but what do you want?”

Peter turns and places his lunch bag in the fridge before moving to stand behind Stiles. Right behind. Stiles can smell his cologne, feel the warmth of his body, as the man moves even closer. “I could help ease the pain. Would you like me to try and loosen the muscles in your neck? I promise I know what I’m doing,” Peter offers.

It’s a testament to the agony Stiles is in that he doesn’t even argue. All he hears are the words help and loosen muscles before he nods in agreement. “Please” he whimpers.

Peter whisks the coffee cup away, and Stiles feels slightly less green. “OK, head down and rest it on your arms” Peter instructs.

Stiles does as he’s told, and the next thing he feels is a broad, strong palm cupping the back of his neck firmly, just resting there. Peter’s hand feels like heaven. Heat radiates from his palm and warms Stiles’ neck, and he mumbles “so warm” without even realizing it.

Peter chuckles and says “I know. I’ve always run naturally hot,” as he starts to knead at the muscles in Stiles’ neck, gently at first and then with a little more pressure. Peter’s hands are deliciously heated, and his grip is firm without being painful, but Stiles can feel the power lurking there. They’re nice hands, no mistake. It’s almost a shame that he’s in too much pain to really appreciate them.

Stiles melts into the touch, and Peter continues to move his thumbs in a steady, unhurried, circular motion, gradually working his way to the base of his neck before working his way back up again, and by the time he’s done it three or four times, Stiles can actually feel the muscles loosening. It seems Peter can sense it too, because he moves his hands to Stiles’ scalp and starts to massage there, firm but not painful, and for a wonder he can actually feel his headache starting to fade away as the muscles soften under his skillful touch.

Then the hands move back down his neck and slip under the collar of his shirt, working at the knots in his shoulders. Peter presses his thumb into one point right near Stiles’ collarbone, and he can feel the knot releasing, and suddenly everything feels so much better, almost as if the pain’s been sucked right out of his body. He groans with the relief of it, and Peter chuckles.

“Better?” he purrs out close to his ear, and Stiles turns his head to find the man crouched down right there next to him, one hand still absentely massaging the back of his neck. He feels a little out of it, and wonders exactly how long Peter’s been massaging his neck. It feels like it could have been hours, or no time at all, who can tell?
But his headache’s a lot better than it was, if not completely gone, and he smiles dopily at Peter and slurs “Yeah. Better, thanks.”

“I want you to drink plenty of water today, and take it easy” Peter instructs, watching Stiles carefully as he sits up.

“Oh. Water, got it.”

Peter turns to the fridge then, and starts rustling around in there, and when he turns around he has a six pack of energy drinks in his hand. “Yours?” he asks.

Stiles makes grabby hands as he says “Yeah, what are you –“

“They’re coming with me until you’re feeling better. They’re the last thing you need right now.” And he tucks them under his arm and walks out.

Stiles would get up and chase him, but that would mean getting up, and that’s not something he has the energy for right now. He drops his head on the table with a sigh, and closes his eyes just for a moment. It’s Tuesday, and the store’s always quiet on a Tuesday. Scott can manage for a little longer on his own, he thinks as he drifts off to sleep.

When he wakes a little later, he’s surprised to discover that his headache is still mostly gone, and he feels better than he has for days. He sits up and rolls his head around experimentally, and he finds that the tightness in his neck is noticeably absent. He grins, drinks a glass of water, and goes out front to see how Scott’s coping.

Scott’s surprised to see him, saying “I thought you were out for today?”

Stiles shrugs. “Peter massaged my neck, and it must have loosened everything up because it feels great.”

Scott looks at him through narrowed eyes. “Peter. Suit guy Peter. Massaged your neck.”

“Uh huh.”

“Stiles…” Scott says, and Stiles recognizes that tone. It’s Scott’s “I’m going to give you my opinion whether you want it or not” voice.

He holds up a hand to forestall the lecture and says “It’s nothing. It was nothing. I told him about my headache and he wanted to help, that’s all. He was just being a nice guy.”

Scott looks unconvinced, but he lets it go with a mumbled “Well just be careful, OK?”

“Yes Mom,” Stiles snarks back.

Scott flips him off with a retort of “You wait till your father gets home, young man,” which makes them both snicker.

Stiles is surprised to see that it’s only ten – according to Scott, Peter was back there less than ten minutes, which means he’s been asleep on the table for nearly an hour. Stiles walks to the front of the store and looks out to see if he can spot Peter, but he’s nowhere in sight. He’ll have to thank him later, he thinks.

An idea strikes him, and he tells Scott he’ll be back soon. When he returns, he’s carrying a box from the nearby bakery. Scott tries to open it, but Stiles slaps his hands away, saying “It’s a thank
you for Peter. Don’t touch.”

When lunch time rolls around, Peter comes over and opens his lunch bag to reveal two portions of chicken alfredo. While he’s heating his, Stiles takes the cake box out of the fridge and gives it to him, saying “Just, um, thanks for this morning.”

Peter opens the box to reveal half a dozen red velvet cupcakes with chocolate frosting, and his face lights up at the sight. “I’m hiding these from Christopher. He’ll inhale them on sight. He has a terrible sweet tooth,” Peter reveals.

“Really? You’d never guess - there’s not an ounce of fat on him,” Stiles says without thinking.

He blushes when Peter looks at him keenly. “Oh, he has quite the workout routine. He does love to work up a sweat, and he has incredible stamina,” he says lightly.

Stiles isn’t touching that one. He’s already basically admitted to checking Peter’s partner out, no need to bury himself any deeper. Peter pops one of the cupcakes into his mouth and actually moans as the flavor hits his tongue. It’s not a sound that should be heard in the cramped kitchen of a video game store. It belongs firmly in a bedroom. Stiles kinda wishes it belonged in his bedroom, but he’s not going there, Nope, No Siree Bob.

Instead he says “Dessert first? Really, Peter?”

Peter cocks a brow at him and says “One of perks of being an adult, Stiles, is the ability to bend the rules when it suits you. You should try it sometime. Christopher and I do it all the time. We find it opens up all sorts of options to us.”

Stiles swallows thickly, and tries not to think too hard about what that might mean. It sounds incredibly suggestive. Then again, anything Peter says sounds suggestive, with that sinful smirk of his and the way he cocks his head back as he speaks, almost challenging Stiles to ask him what he means.

In an effort to distract himself Stiles asks “So, the massage thing, how’d you learn?”

Peter gives him a lazy grin as he licks a little icing off his top lip. ”I took an evening class. It was part of my plan to seduce Christopher. I signed up for the course and then asked if he’d come to class and let me practice on him. I figured if I could get him half naked and get my hands on him, he’d be powerless against my charms.”

Stiles grins, and asks “So, did it work?”

Peter smirks as he replies “Spectacularly well. It was an eight week course, and by the end of two weeks he was putty in my hands, literally.” He adds “I’m very tactile by nature. I love nothing better than getting my hands on a slab of muscle.”

Stiles nearly chokes on his tongue at that. He’s saved by the microwave beeping.

“I gotta go work, so, y’know, make yourself comfortable” he says as he escapes the kitchen and Peter’s knowing look. He knows Peter’s just teasing, but he’s finding it hard to stop himself from saying something really, really inappropriate in reply.

He tells Scott to take his lunch break first, just so he can catch his breath. Scott agrees eagerly, and Stiles can hear him chatting with Peter out the back. It sounds like they’re discussing the wedding, so Stiles tunes it out. It’s not for another six weeks. Scott will tell him what to wear, and he’ll turn up wearing it, and he’ll hand Scott a tissue when he cries at how beautiful Kira is.
He puts away stock, tidies the clearance table, sells a couple of games, and then Scott’s back and Peter’s leaving (carrying the cake box, Stiles notes) and the coast is clear. He can go and eat his lunch without embarrassing himself.

Except.

Except Scott ducks over the way to use the bathroom, and when he comes back he has Chris in tow. The microwave beeps for a second time just as they walk through the door. “Sounds like I timed that just right” Chris says, and Stiles is struck again by how unfairly delicious his voice is.

Chris heads out to the back, and sure enough, Peter had put his lunch in to heat so it would be ready when Chris arrived. It’s so thoughtful it’s sickening, and Stiles is once again painfully reminded that both these men are in a happy, committed relationship, and he needs to just back the fuck away, no matter how many of his buttons they push. He sits quietly eating his sandwich, lost in his thoughts.

Chris breaks into his reverie when he says “I see you bought Peter cake.”

Stiles shrugs. “It was nothing. Peter really helped me, that’s all,” he mumbles, suddenly shy about buying a gift for this man’s partner and hoping he didn’t cross a line.

“He’s very good with his hands. Some of the things he can do should be illegal.”

Stiles’ head snaps up at that, and he finds that Chris is looking at him with an almost perfectly straight face, but there’s a glint of mischief in those eyes.

“Um, yeah,” Stiles mumbles, and casts his eyes down again. He refuses to have a discussion about what Peter Hale’s hands can do with his partner, for god’s sake.

Chris chuckles and says “He’s more than just a pretty face.”

“I guess?”

“Well, maybe I’m biased” Chris muses.

“Maybe” Stiles agrees, and tries to draw his gaze away from Chris’ muscled forearms, clearly visible where he’s rolled his shirtsleeves up. As Chris moves his hands he causes the muscles to roll and dance, and there are veins bulging out, and that skin is so tan and lickable, Stiles could spend hours looking at the play of the light on the fine hairs there, the shadowy dips as his arms flex and ripple before him.

“Stiles?”

He blinks for moment, gathering himself, and looks up to see Chris looking at him as if he knows exactly what he was thinking about.

“You OK? You were miles away.”

“I’m fine. Just still a little fuzzy from this morning, I guess,” he lies. He puts the remainder of his sandwich back in the fridge, appetite gone.

When he closes the fridge door and turns, Chris is watching him closely, and the next thing he knows he’s standing next to him. “May I?”

He has a hand hovering close to the back of Stiles’ neck, waiting for permission. Stiles doesn’t
know what he wants to do, but he’s so very close, and so very muscled, and he smells so very good, that Stiles nods without thinking. Chris lays his palm against Stiles’ flesh, and it’s different from when Peter did it. The palm is broader, slightly more callused, the fingers thick and long, whereas Peter’s are more elegant and clever, and holy shit Stiles needs to stop thinking about these guy’s hands right now.

“You’re still carrying a lot of tension,” Chris observes and yeah, no shit, thinks Stiles. Chris takes his hand away before saying “I’ll give you a card for a friend of mine. She has a therapeutic massage centre. I think she’ll be able to help with those headaches.”

He adds “She’s almost as good as Peter,” with a glint in his eye.

Stiles closes his eyes and takes a deep breath before saying “Yeah. That’d be good.” A thought strikes Stiles then.

“Why do you need to go to a masseuse when you have Peter?”

Chris chuckles as he says “We’ve found that it doesn’t really work for us, Peter giving me massages.”

“How come?”

Chris raises an eyebrow, asking “Are you sure you want me to answer that?” He’s wearing a mischievous expression, and Stiles has a feeling that he’ll regret asking, but what the hell.

He shrugs and deadpans “Go ahead. Shock me.”

Chris leans in close, and in his velvety deep voice he purrs “It doesn’t work out because Peter’s damned near insatiable. And I’m already naked, and his hands are already covered in oil, and we just never seem to be able to stop ourselves.”

Stiles stares at him, openmouthed. Chris Argent did not just imply that all their massages have happy endings. Did he? Stiles’ brain helpfully conjures up a picture of a naked, oiled up Chris and a greedy, desperate Peter on top of him, and he knows that it’s a fantasy he’ll be revisiting in the very near future.

Like, as soon as he gets home from work and is in the privacy of his bedroom.

Chris takes in his stunned expression, and casually adds “We broke the damn table last time. Turns out those things aren’t built to hold two grown men getting frisky.” He winks at Stiles, who’s still speechless.

“You said you wanted to know,” he says, smiling smugly.

“That’s...just...wow” Stiles finally breathes out.

Chris just laughs, and says “What can I say? We like what we like.”

Stiles has no reply to that. Chris fishes the card out of his wallet and hands it over, and Stiles takes it wordlessly. “Tell her I sent you and she’ll give you a discount,” Chris advises.

Stiles nods, brain still stuttering over the image of Peter and Chris fucking a massage table into the ground.
He does go and see the therapist later that week, and she does give him a discount when he hesitantly mentions that Chris sent him. “Wow, you’re really tight. You need to find a way to release some tension” she observes as she works at the knots in his shoulders.

Stiles thinks he’d be a hell of a lot less tense if certain smoking hot men would just stop teasing him, but he just grunts in reply, lost in the sensation of nimble fingers skillfully easing the tightness from his muscles. She’s good at what she does, and at the end of the hour he leaves with a second appointment booked, feeling more relaxed than he has for months. He makes a point of thanking Chris the next day, wandering over to HA and bringing him his own box of cupcakes, coffee and walnut this time.

Peter swoops in and whips them out of his hands, and when Chris furrows his brow he says “Frosting? When you’re handling new stock? I don’t think so, Christopher.”

“Fair,” Chris concedes.

“Don’t worry darling, I’ll feed them to you later,” Peter says, and Chris’ eyes get a hungry look in them.

“Promise?” he husks out.

“Just the way you like me to,” Peter smirks, and leans in and gives Chris a gentle peck.

Stiles takes that as his cue to leave. Goddam happy couples, he thinks, being all content and shit right in front of him. It’s bad enough that he has to put up with Scott and Kira making eyes at each other. And then there’s him, terminally single. Even his dad gets more action than he does.

He’s walking away and ruminating on the unfairness of it all when Chris calls out “Stiles?”

He turns, and Chris and Peter are both holding a cupcake in their palm, and they both drag their tongues through the frosting on the top at the same time. “We’ll be thinking of you when we eat these later,” Chris tells him, his tone smoky and seductive, and goddammit, that just isn’t fair.

Because what Chris is implying? It could never happen. They’re just messing with him.

Surely.

But when he looks at the two men, they don’t look like they’re joking. They look completely sincere. And they look like they want to eat him alive. He turns and walks out without a word, his head spinning and his heart racing.

What if they're joking?

What if they're not?
"Stiles gave us cake. He likes us. He wants us," Peter says happily.

“He doesn’t realize we’re serious yet, he thinks we’re teasing him,” Chris says, as he swipes his thumb over Peter’s nipple and catches the traces of frosting there.

“I think he’s starting to realize, though. Did you see the look he gave us when he left?” Peter muses.

“I did. Kid’s got it bad,” Chris chuckles.

“We’ll talk to him soon, before he ties himself up in knots.”

“Mhmm” Chris manages in reply, sucking the icing off his thumb.

They’re sprawled in bed together, legs tangled, bodies sweat-slicked.

Peter made good on his promise to feed Chris cake just the way he likes.

The way Chris likes is directly off Peter’s naked body, and the sheets will need to be washed now, because they’re filthy. They also have cake on them. Peter drags a finger through the top of the last cupcake and reaches down with a wicked glint in his eye.

“What do you think he’d say if he knew I was spreading frosting all over your cock right now?” he asks lightly, as his fingers move skillfully beneath the sheets, causing Chris to groan aloud.

“Lick. That. Up” Chris growls, reaching out and tangling his fingers in Peter’s hair, pulling him down the bed.

Peter laughs, and opens his mouth wide.

They don’t talk about Stiles any more after that.
Stiles and Scott go suit shopping.

Scott’s trying to select a suit for the wedding, and Stiles has the horrible feeling they’ll still be locked inside HA come tomorrow morning, if the speed at which he’s moving is any indication. Peter had nearly had a conniption at hearing the words “get one cheap off the internet” pass Scott’s lips, and to be honest, Stiles doesn’t blame him.

And now Kira’s made it abundantly clear that the wedding’s in four weeks, and if Scott doesn’t have something to wear by this weekend, he won’t need to bother, because it’s all off. Peter and Chris won’t hear of them going to anybody else, so Scott and Stiles are there after hours, at Peter’s suggestion.

Scott heads straight for the reduced rack, and Chris grabs him by the shoulders and steers him gently away, to the nicer merchandise. Peter and Stiles watch as Scott drifts aimlessly from rack to rack, barely looking at what’s hanging there. “I appreciate that Scott’s your brother, but he seems like he’s a little unsure,” Peter observes.

Stiles agrees with a snort. “Scott’s the most indecisive person I know. He only got the nerve up to propose when I threatened to tell his mom he’d had the ring for three months and hadn’t done it yet.”

“I take it his mother’s a fan of the bride?” Peter asks. He and Chris have met Kira, and they’re both quite taken with her, agreeing that she’s perfect for Scott.

“Oh yeah, big time. She loves Kira. She says she prefers her to Scott, some days.”

“That must be nice for Kira,” Peter says quietly, and something in his expression catches Stiles’ attention.

“Your in-laws aren’t your biggest fans, then?”

Peter rolls his eyes. “As far as Christopher’s family is concerned, I’ve corrupted their son with my depravity and I’m dragging him to the depths of hell. Apparently I’m an abomination.”

“Ouch! Please tell me your family are better?”

“Oh, they think that Christopher and I are an unholy union, and that we’re both deviants. They’d get on well I think, if they didn’t hate each other already.” he says with a grimace.

“Hatfields and McCoys?” Stiles asks sympathetically.

“Closer to Montagues and Capulets” Peter says with a dramatic sigh. “Chris and I actually are the original star-crossed lovers.”
“Without the suicides,” Stiles observes drily.

Peter looks over at Chris with a smile, and says “We decided we didn’t like that ending. We wrote our own, and to hell with the rest of them. Our parents haven’t spoken to us in ten years.”

Stiles whistles. “That’s harsh, man.”

Peter gives a small shrug. “We’re better off without them, honestly. There’s bad blood that goes back literally generations, and if we’d stayed in touch, someone would have ended up murdered in their bed – and it would probably have been me. Besides, I wouldn’t give Christopher up for anything.”

*So why are you both flirting with me?* Stiles wants to ask. But he’s not brave enough, and then the moment’s gone.

“What about your family? I assume they know you’re gay?” Peter asks.

“Yep. My dad’s a cop. He’s trained to notice things. I think he knew before I did, to be honest.”

“And he didn’t throw you out?”

Stiles shrugs. “Nope. I mean, I think my dad would like grandkids, but he’s okay with it. Not like it’s something I chose, y’know?”

Peter nods in understanding.

“Anyway, Scott and Kira will probably pop out an adorable baby in a couple of years’ time, so he’ll get to be a grandpa then.” Stiles sighs and adds “Let’s face it, even if I was straight, I’d still probably be single. There aren’t a lot of people who want to date 147 pounds of pale skin and sarcasm.”

“You’d be surprised,” Peter says cryptically. Then he goes to herd Scott away from the clearance rack, where he’s ended up again. Truth be told, even the suits on clearance are much nicer than anything Scott would normally look at, but Peter’s shaking his head.

“That’s it. I’m taking charge,” he declares.

He walks over, grabs four suits off a different rack, and takes them over to Scott. “Choose one,” he orders in a tone that brooks no argument.

Scott tries to argue anyway. “Peter, we have a budget. Those are far too much. They cost more than the dress.”

“Choose. One.”

Scott hesitates, biting his lip. “I really don’t think I can afford-“

Chris walks over then, carrying another three suits. “Scott, just pick something, and don’t worry about the cost. We’ll help you out. It’s a wedding present, OK?” he says gently.

Scott brightens a little, saying “Wait, you’re giving me a discount?”

Stiles reflects that Scott really is slow on the uptake sometimes.

“Yes, Scott. We’re giving you a discount. I guarantee that whatever you choose, it will fit your budget,” Chris tells him with a grin, and a twinkle in his eye.
“My budget’s less than two hundred, though.”

“I think we can work with that,” Chris assures him, and his grin widens.

Behind Scott’s back, Peter’s mouthing free at Stiles. Stiles raises an eyebrow in query, mouthing back really? Peter points to Chris, rolls his eyes, and says soft touch. But the look on his face as he glances at his partner is pure, unbridled affection, and Stiles knows that beneath all his posturing, Peter’s just as soft.

Chris is watching them, and when Stiles smiles at him gratefully, he just winks. Scott’s absorbed in choosing a suit, and he misses the whole interaction completely.

Even with Peter and Chris gently steering the process, it takes an hour of Scott trying on the same five suits numerous times for him to narrow it down to two. Stiles is beyond done by now, and in the end he grabs his phone and snaps a picture of Scott wearing each of his choices, and sends them to Kira, asking for her opinion. He receives an almost instant reply.

**OMG MAKE HIM GET THE BLACK ONE!!!!!**

He smirks at the vehemence of her reply, and tells Scott “Kira says the black one.”

Which is exactly what the three of them have been telling him. Repeatedly. Scott still looks unsure, but before he can argue, his phone rings. It’s Kira.

Scott answers with a dopy smile on his face. He listens for a moment, and Stiles notes the flush creeping into his face the longer he’s on the phone. “Kira! Stop it! People will hear!” Scott hisses, and he’s bright red. ‘I’ll call you back when I get home, OK? Yes, I promise I’m getting the black. Love you too.”

He hangs up to find all three of them watching him with amused expressions.

“She, uh, really likes the black one,” he offers.

“OK, let’s get you both fitted then,” says Chris, all business.

Scott’s brow furrows. “Don’t they already fit?”

Chris fixes him with an unimpressed look. “Scott McCall, if you’re wearing our suits at your wedding, you’re wearing suits that fit you perfectly.”

He makes Scott and Stiles put the suits on again, and he and Peter look them over critically.

“Actually, I think Scott’s…” Chris begins.

“You’re right. He is,” Peter finishes.

“I’m what?”

“You’re almost a perfect standard sizing. Just a half inch off the end of the sleeves, and an inch off the length…” hums Peter as he produces a stick of tailors chalk and a box of pins from somewhere, kneeling in front of Scott, measuring and marking and muttering as he goes. They make him put
shoes on as well, to get the fall of the pants just right, and then they add a classic white shirt and a charcoal silk tie, and somehow, awkward, messy, dopey looking Scott is transformed into something off the pages of GQ.

He looks at himself in the mirror, and his face breaks into a wide smile. “This is awesome! Wait till Kira sees it!” he exclaims happily.

Peter sends him off to get out of the suit, and tells him the alterations will be done in a week. “You may as well go home, Scott. Measuring Stiles could take quite some time,” Peter says.

“How come? Isn’t he a standard size?” Scott asks.

Chris and Peter look Stiles up and down, and in unison they say “No.”

Stiles looks down at himself, surprised. He thought he looked pretty damned sharp, thank you very much.

Scott insists on leaving his credit card, telling them to just put the sale through and call him when they know what the total is. He waves as he heads out the door, leaving Stiles squirming under the weight of Chris and Peter’s gaze.

“He’ll need a total refit, won’t he?” Peter sighs.

“Uh huh. We’ll need to go up a jacket size and down a half a pants size, but keep the length,” Chris says thoughtfully, as he circles Stiles, looking him up and down.

“In English, guys?”

Chris turns to face him and places his hands lightly on Stiles’ shoulders. Stiles tries to ignore how nice they feel resting there. “It’s these babies here. You’re long in the body, and you’re lean, but you’re so wide across the shoulders it’s throwing the look of the jacket off. We’ll need to bring it in at the waist, maybe some darts in the back. But because your damned legs go for miles, we need to maintain jacket length to make sure it’s all proportional.”

“So you’re saying…..?”

“We need you to strip,” Peter tells him briskly.

Stiles’ head whips around at that. “What?”

“I need to measure you properly, so I need you to strip down,” Peter repeats patiently.

Chris nods. “He’s much faster at measuring than I am. And you don’t need to strip, just down to your underwear is fine.”

Stiles breathes a small sigh of relief. He retreats back into the changing room and takes off the suit, and stands there in his boxer briefs. At least he’s wearing a decent pair. He hesitates, and at the last minute throws his t shirt back on. It makes him feel slightly less exposed. He might have fantasized about Peter or Chris stripping him bare, but this most certainly isn’t how he pictured it.
Peter comes into the change room with a tape measure draped around his neck, and instead of the suggestive comments Stiles is expecting, Peter simply instructs him “Arms out.”

Stiles obediently stretches his arms wide, and Peter doesn’t ask him to take the shirt off, doesn’t make small talk at all, just takes measurements and jots them down, moving around Stiles as he measures his arm length, the breadth of his shoulders, his neck, his chest, the length of his body, one after the other. His fingers brush softly against Stiles’ skin, barely there, never lingering, always so warm, and Stiles feels himself start to relax as the process goes on and Peter shows no sign of being anything other than a consummate professional.

It’s as he takes Stiles’ waist measurement that Peter murmurs “You hide quite a lot of lean muscle under that plaid, don’t you Stiles?” but other than that, he doesn’t comment.

Stiles should have known that wouldn’t last. Peter steps out of the change room and comes back with a small wooden box, instructing Stiles “Stand on that. It makes it easier to measure your lower half.”

Stiles complies, and Peter drops to his knees in front of him. Stiles stands there, doing his best not to fidget. He waits to feel the tape measure against his leg, or Peter’s hands, but when he looks down, Peter’s just kneeling there, eyes glued to the front of his boxer briefs where they cling to his crotch, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. There’s a lot for them to cling to.

He licks his lips, and waits for Peter to say something. Peter looks up and him and down once more before finally taking his measuring tape in hand. “Well, I see now why you always wear the loose shorts,” he comments lightly, as he puts his tape measure to work and his hands skim over Stiles’ hipbone in an almost-caress.

Stiles shrugs awkwardly. He knows he’s hung, OK? For all the good it’s ever done him. “There’s nothing down there you don’t have yourself dude,” he says, aiming for nonchalance.

Peter looks up from where he’s on his knees in front of Stiles, and his eyes are dark with desire. “Stiles, trust me on this. I’m hardly under-endowed, but I don’t have that. Not many people do.”

There’s silence for a beat before Peter adds “Christopher comes very close, mind you.”

Stiles feels his face flush, and he swallows. Peters’ hands are running up the inside of his thigh now, fingers light as a feather. Every time his soft fingertips brush against his flesh it’s like a gentle caress, and it’s incredibly arousing. It doesn’t help that he can smell Peter’s cologne, and see his thick, dark hair, tousled locks that are crying out for a hand to be tangled up in them. Stiles breathes deeply, biting the inside of his cheek in an effort to keep himself under control, while Peter’s hands dance and play over his thighs and hips and stomach. He chants in his head - don’t get hard, don’t get hard, don’t get hard.

He might as well tell the sun not to shine.

Against his will, Stiles can feel his cock stirring, filling and plumping and thickening. He wants to reach down and adjust himself, but he figures that he’ll only draw attention to the situation, so he just stands very still and tries to think unsexy thoughts. With Peter right there in front of him, he fails miserably. All he can do is pray that Peter will be finished soon, or that he won’t notice, and that if he does, he won’t mention it.

Peter reaches behind him and wraps the tape measure around his ass, bringing the ends together right over where Stiles is half-hard. He goes eerily still, and Stiles closes his eyes, mortified, because now the damn thing’s practically in Peter’s face. He feels his cheeks heating up, and waits
for Peter to say something.

But all that happens is that suddenly the hands are gone, and Peter’s saying “Actually, just let me check your neck measurements again.”

The tape measure gets draped around Stiles’ neck, a nice, safe non-erogenous zone, and when Stiles opens his eyes Peter’s in front of him. He doesn’t say a word about Stiles’ arousal – he doesn’t need to. The tiny smirk on his face says it all. Stiles is grateful to him for not mentioning it anyway.

He finally takes his warm, wonderful hands away, and leaves Stiles to get dressed. When he emerges from the change rooms, Chris is looking at the measurements with Peter, one eyebrow raised. They don’t spare Stiles a second glance as they make quick notes on the paper, before Chris walks over the racks and selects a jacket and pants in differing sizes. “Try these on for me, Stiles?”

Stiles takes the clothing from Chris, and quickly changes into it. He can immediately see the difference. The jacket’s longer, and the shoulders fit him perfectly. The pants are smaller, and they’re a little on the snug side. When he walks out, Chris takes one look and shakes his head. “I could have sworn those pants were right” he mumbles, half to himself.

“Stiles can’t have the slim cut, darling,” offers Peter.

“Why not? The way he’s built all long and lean, I thought they’d be perfect.”

Peter leans over and whispers in his ear, and Chris’ eyebrows raise. He looks Stiles up and down again, and goes and gets a different pair of suit pants. “Try these. Same suit, relaxed cut. More….storage room,” he tells Stiles with a devilish look.

Stiles huffs, and goes to put them on. They are better though, roomier in the crotch without sagging, and a comfortable fit all around. When he steps out again, he can’t help but notice where Chris’ eyes linger, and he wonders what Peter said. Scratch that – he can probably guess exactly what Peter said. Chris nods, and says “Get the chalk, Peter. We’re pinning our boy up.”

Stiles lets them move him around as they mark where the suit needs to be altered, lifting and lowering his arms, turning him this way and that, until he feels like a puppet with its strings cut, with no control over his own body. They work seamlessly in tandem, rearranging his limbs to suit their needs until they’re satisfied. Stiles can’t help but imagine what it would be like to do this in a different setting, with a different goal in mind. Having four hands on him at once shouldn’t turn him on as much as it does.

Peter puts the last pin in the cuffs, and steps back. “Well?” Stiles asks. He’s not even sure what he’s asking, exactly.

“Yes,” is all Peter says.

“It’ll be perfect, Stiles,” Chris reassures him. “Your date’s a lucky man. Or is it a woman?”

“It’s neither, actually,” Stiles tells them. “I’m going alone.”

“Well, that’s just a waste,” says Chris.

Peter folds his arms and looks him up and down consideringly. “Oh, I don’t know. You might be
arriving alone, but you’ll definitely leave with company. You look positively sinful.”

Stiles preens a little at that.

“Now get that off so we can get it altered,” Chris orders him.

Stiles obeys quickly, climbing back into his scruffy t-shirt and shorts and handing the new clothes off to Peter as he leaves the change room.

Chris is on the phone, and as Stiles emerges he hears Chris saying “Scott? It’s Chris.”

He stops to listen, curious.

“Here’s the thing. We can’t bring ourselves to take your money. So consider it on the house.”

Stiles can hear Scott arguing, but Chris just says “I’m really not giving you a choice, Scott.”

Peter’s standing there with his arms folded, smiling broadly as he listens to the conversation, and it’s almost as if he can hear what Scott’s saying, if the expressions playing across his face are anything to go by.

“You two are going to put yourself out of business if you keep this up,” Stiles murmurs to Peter.

Peter shakes his head. “It’ll be fine. The amount of suits that Chris and I have written off for personal use, what’s a couple more?”

Stiles looks at Peter strangely then. “What do you mean by a couple?”

“Yours and Scott’s. Two. That’s how many are normally in a couple, Stiles. Although Chris and I have been known to stretch that definition in the past,” he smirks.

Which, wow. Stiles tucks that information away for later, because that’s not the point right now.

“You can give Scotty a suit, but I’m happy to pay. I was buying my own anyway,” he protests.

“And now, you’re not. This conversation is over,” Peter tells him firmly.

“But – “

“Over.”

“You can’t just –“

“Over, Stiles.”

“Let me at least –“

“Nope. Over.”

And then Peter puts his hands over his ears and starts to hum, ignoring anything else Stiles tries to say.

Chris comes over, placing a hand on Stiles’ shoulder and laughing as he says “You might as well give up, Stiles. When Peter wants to get his own way, it’s best not to fight it.”

Chris taps Peter on the shoulder, and when he removes his hands from is ears, he tells him “Scott and Kira insisted on inviting us to the wedding, as a thank you. They’re nice kids.”
Peter smiles fondly at his partner, saying “You’re too kind for your own good, Argent. No wonder you failed in the family business.”

Stiles has to at least try one more time. “Chris, are you sure there isn’t some way I can pay for this? Peter won’t let me, but I feel kinda bad about it.”

Chris looks at him for a moment, considering. “You can save us a dance at the wedding.”

Stiles thinks about it. He thinks about feeling Peter’s warm body pressed against his, and Chris’ muscled arms wrapped around him as he gets to look his fill at those ridiculous blue eyes, and thinks *Fuck it.*

“Deal. You get one dance each, and you have to lead, because I have no idea what I’m doing.”

And because it’s Peter, he adds “And you? Keep it decent.”

“Of course,” Peter assures him, looking wide eyed and innocent.

Stiles doesn’t believe him for a second.

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“Christopher, I think it’s time.”

“You don’t want to wait a little longer, baby?”

“No. He wants us. And the poor boy’s so frustrated.”

“I know, you’ve said. Repeatedly.”

“Did I tell you about the size of his - “

“Repeatedly.”

Peter sighs happily at the memory. “And that was almost soft. I can’t imagine what it’ll be like once I get my hands on it. “

“I’m surprised you didn’t try.”

“Absolutely not, he was nervous enough. I was completely professional when I measured him.”

Chris raises a disbelieving eyebrow. “Completely?”

“Completely. And you have no idea how difficult it was when I was kneeling there, with that right in my face, just begging for me to lean in and – “

“Enough, Peter,” Chris growls, and he slams his partner against the change room wall and presses up against him. “Keep teasing me like that and you know I’ll make you pay.”
Peter smirks. “I’m counting on it.” He grinds back against Chris for a moment, causing him to groan deeply, before pushing him aside easily and continuing their conversation. “Now, back to the matter at hand. I say it’s time.”

“And you know this because?”

Peter rolls his eyes. “Call it my Spidey senses.”

Chris hums. “You’re right,” he finally says. “We’ll talk to him this week. Invite him for coffee.”

“Excellent,” says Peter. “Now, shall we go home? I can tease you some more, and you can make me pay.”

“Insatiable,” Chris mutters, but he’s smiling broadly as he says it.
There’s a new store opening next to HA Menswear. Stiles and Scott have been watching with interest over the past few weeks as workmen go in and out, laying bets on what it will be. Scott’s convinced it’s a pet shop.

“You think?” Stiles declares, after watching glass fronted cabinets get carried in.

“You think? Sweet. Maybe they’ll give me a discount on our wedding rings!” Scott says excitedly.

Stiles whirls on him then, pointing accusingly. “You told Kira you had the rings already! Jesus Scott, the wedding’s in just over three weeks. You do know that, right?”

Scott looks sheepish as he admits “I know it is, but time just got away on me, you know? And we talk about the wedding so much, that it feels like we’re getting stuff done, when really we aren’t.”

“Kira deserves a medal, honestly. What jobs has she actually given you to do?” Stiles asks.

“The rings, the suits, write my vows, find a song to walk up the aisle to,” Scott recites dutifully.

“And apart from the suits, which of those have you done, dude?”

“I’ve…started the vows?”

Stiles rolls his eyes. “She’s too good for your sorry ass, I swear to god. She should marry me instead,” he mutters.

“Except that you like guys” Scott points out helpfully.

“That’s true, I do prefer a decent dicking,” Stiles agrees, grinning.

“Well now, that’s good to know” says an unfamiliar voice, and Stiles turns to find a young man looking him up and down. He’s all right looking, in a generic kind of college boy way, until he smiles at Stiles. OK, he’s way prettier when he smiles. He extends a hand, saying “Jackson Whittemore. My dad owns the jewelry store that’s opening. I’ll be working there.”

“I knew it!” Stiles crows, holding out his hand to Scott and saying “Ten bucks, buddy.”

Scott shrugs, saying “I’ll pay you later,” before asking Jackson “So, when do you open?”

“Two days. I just came to invite you both to the opening on Saturday morning. My dad told me to ask all the surrounding businesses, so I’m doing as I’m told. Didn’t realize I’d meet a cutie who likes a good dicking,” he says, addressing Stiles with a wink. Stiles blushes as Jackson looks him up and down shamelessly.
“We could go, Stiles” Scott suggests, subtle as always.

“Sure thing. We have the day off, and Scotty here needs to look for a wedding ring.” Stiles agrees.

“Excellent. See you then, Stiles is it? Now I gotta go ask the old dudes in the suit place,” he says, rolling his eyes.

“Peter and Chris and pretty cool, actually,” Stiles finds himself saying.

Jackson shrugs. “If you say so. See you Saturday” he says, and heads over to HA.

Stiles watches him go.

“He likes you,” Scott points out.

“Wow, what tipped you off, Captain Obvious?” Stiles asks. “The fact he called me a cutie or the fact he practically ignored you?”

“I’m just saying. And you don’t have a date for the wedding yet.”

Stiles hums. It’s true. He’s depressingly dateless. He doesn’t even have a fuck buddy he could drag along. “Maybe. Let me talk to the guy for more than thirty seconds before you go matchmaking. I mean, he might be an asshole. Most guys who look like that are.”

“Well at least he’s under forty, and available” Scott emphasizes.

“Hey! Peter’s only thirty five,” he protests.

“Interesting that you thought of him straight away. And is he free to take you to my wedding? Or is he planning to come with his long term partner?” Scott says pointedly.

Stiles hates it when Scott’s right.

When Saturday morning rolls around, Stiles doesn’t move from under his blankets until nine thirty, and he only gets up when Scott comes into his room and looks at him with his best puppy dog eyes. “You said you’d go ring shopping with me today. Kira wants to see what I’ve picked before I pay for it, I told her I’d show her this afternoon. Please, dude?”

The only reason Stiles doesn’t bury his head under the pillow and ignore his idiot brother is because he’s brought coffee and donuts with him. He knows Stiles’ weaknesses. He sits up, grabs the mug and the donut box, and starts eating, all the while grumbling “Do you really think lying to your fiance’s a good idea Scotty?”

Scott squirms. “It’s not lying. It’s stalliong for time, that’s all.”

“Whatever. Now get out so I can get dressed. And leave the donuts.”
Scott obediently leaves the room, calling out as he goes “Dress nice. You want to impress Hot Boy.”

Which, good point. Stiles pulls on a pair of skinny jeans that he knows make his ass look fantastic, and looks in his drawers, indecisive. It’s Saturday, which normally means a t-shirt, but he does want to look a little nicer than normal, so he finds a nice fitted white button down and puts it on.

He eyes himself critically in the mirror, frowning. It’s not quite right. He looks like a schoolboy. He undoes the top three buttons, adds a leather wrist cuff and rolls the sleeves up halfway and yeah, that’s better. The very edge of his chest ink is visible, teasing. His arms are nicely displayed. His legs and ass look hot as fuck.

He thinks Hot Boy will like it. After he has a wash and wrestles his hair into some semblance of style, he’s ready to go.

When they arrive at the jewelry store, it’s the normal sort of lackluster event that passes for a grand opening – a drooping red ribbon symbolically tied across the front of the store, a young girl wandering around with a tray of finger foods of questionable quality, and some sort of generic piano music playing softly in the background.

There are a few people there, obviously drawn by the huge signs in the window offering Massive Opening Discounts. Scott giggles for a good five minutes when Stiles whispers “I wonder where they’re keeping those massive openings?”

He leaves Scott looking at wedding bands and scans the room for Jackson, but instead his eyes light on Peter, standing in the corner, regarding his canape as if it’s personally offended him. Peter looks amazing. He’s opted for no tie today, because it’s Saturday, which is ‘casual day.’

Chris and Peter’s definition of casual is decidedly different from Stiles’. Peter’s attire consists of fitted graphite dress pants, tight enough that Stiles can see the thickness of his thighs, and a deep plum button down. Like Stiles, he’s rolled the sleeves up to the elbow, and left the top three buttons undone, exposing a neck that always reminds Stiles of a bull’s – thick and long, with cords of muscle clearly visible.

Stiles has fantasies about that neck, even though he knows he shouldn’t. Peter’s thrown a waistcoat over top of the shirt but left it unbuttoned, and the whole ensemble gives the impression that he’s started undressing after a night out, and now he’s looking for someone to finish the job.

Or maybe that’s just Stiles’ imagination at work. He decides he’s not going to pass up the chance to drool over Peter’s neck, and to chat a little. He’s barely seen Peter and Chris in the past few days since his suit fitting, because they’ve been run off their feet. Scott went home after they gave him the suit and called every single one of their friends who wanted something to wear to the wedding and sent them to HA, as a thank you.

Even Noah got outfitted, and if the way Melissa dragged him out of the store with a determined look in her eye is anything to go by, he looks pretty good. But it does mean that they’ve barely had time to breathe, let alone talk. There’s time now, though.

He’s making his way over towards Peter when he feels a hand on his shoulder.

“Well aren’t you a sight for sore eyes?” Jackson says, as he leers at Stiles.

Stiles is taken aback – there’s something off about Jackson’s expression.
“Hey, man. How’s the opening going?”

“Better now you’re here” Jackson says, and his hand remains firmly on Stiles’ shoulder.

Stiles subtly shrugs so that Jackson’s grip loosens, and deftly twists out of his reach.

“Like the suit?” Jackson asks, gesturing to himself, and Stiles takes in what he’s wearing.

It’s a suit, no question. It has a jacket and pants, so it definitely qualifies. But maybe he’s become spoiled getting to look at Peter and Chris every day, because it just looks….wrong. It’s too big in the shoulders, and the sleeves are half an inch too long, and dear god is that a teal shirt he’s wearing?

No wonder Peter looks like he’s smelled something unpleasant. Stiles has heard him go off on a tangent about the evils of teal before. And the ill-fitting jacket must be killing him.

“Where’d you get it?” Stiles asks, avoiding the question.

“Walmart, where else? I mean, I can get a suit there for seventy bucks. The guys next door want upwards of three hundred” he snorts.

Stiles cringes a little internally at hearing HA’s clothing compared to Walmart’s. And then he stops thinking about it because Jackson’s all up in his personal space, standing with his face inches from Stiles’, and he screws up his face as he smells the bourbon on the other man’s breath. “As good as I look in this suit, I look even better out of it” Jackson breathes into Stiles’ ear.

Which given the state of the suit, isn’t a lie. Stiles steps backwards abruptly, putting his hands out in front of himself and saying “Woah there, buddy. Cool your jets a little.”

Jackson steps forwards again, backing Stiles into a corner and saying “We could go somewhere, after this. You can’t tell me you aren’t interested in tapping this.”

The hackles on the back of Stiles’ neck begin to rise, and the need to get away from this guy is overwhelming. Stiles places his hand firmly on Jackson’s chest, shoving him lightly. “You know what? I really don’t think so.”

Jackson stumbles back a little, and his expression turns nasty. “So why turn up here dressed in painted on jeans then, if you aren’t interested? Are you being a fucking tease?”

Stiles feels his back hit the wall as Jackson crowds into him aggressively, and then there’s a hand on his junk. He slaps it away, yelping. “What the fuck, man?” he says loudly.

People start to look over at them, drawn by Stiles’ cry. "Stop making a scene. You said you like a good dicking, I’m just offering to give you what you want,” Jackson hisses.

Jackson’s rancid breath is hot in Stiles’ face, and he’s not backing off. Stiles decides he’s going to have to hit this guy, and he starts to pull his arm back, ready to throw a punch. But then, he doesn’t need to.

“He said he’s not interested,” a voice says, and suddenly Jackson is being pulled backwards by strong hands, allowing Stiles to step forwards and escape. Stiles looks to see who his rescuer is, and smiles broadly when he sees Scott with a vice like grip on Jackson’s shoulders.

Scott’s a muscly little fucker underneath his shaggy hair and innocent face, and he holds Jackson in place effortlessly even as he struggles and argues “What’s your deal, man? We were just having
“No, I wasn’t, dickwad. That was practically assault,” Stiles tells him.  

“I’m telling you, it was just a little flirting,” Jackson insists louder this time, only going quiet when Scott grabs his arm and twists it firmly up his back.

Stiles hears a low growl, and looks up to see Peter standing there. His expression is stony, and he’s glaring at Jackson. Stiles thinks he’s never seen anybody look so terrifying in his life. Peter looks for all the world like he’d like to rip Jackson’s throat out. “Tell me, are you a complete idiot?” he asks Jackson between gritted teeth. “Can you really not tell when someone’s not interested?”

Stiles has a sudden suspicion that Peter’s going to do something he’ll regret later, so he intervenes, and says “Leave it, Peter. He’s not worth wasting your breath on, and I’m fine.”

Peter turns to Stiles, saying “Are you sure?”

Stiles nods.

‘Fine, but I’m still educating this disgraceful human,’’ he says, turning back to Jackson. “Let me clear something up for you, Jackass was it? Stiles is right. What you were doing is harassment, and very different to flirting. Allow me to demonstrate,” he says as he extends an arm towards Stiles.

Stiles shoots him a grateful look as he links their arms together, suddenly feeling a whole lot safer.  

"Now this? This is flirting. Hello, Stiles. You do look gorgeous this morning. That shirt really shows off your physique.”

“Thank you, Peter. Lovely of you to say,” Stiles replies, playing it up. He’s rattled, but he can’t deny that Peter’s presence is calming his frazzled nerves, and his closeness is making him feel warm inside.

“You seem a little distressed after that unpleasantness, sweetheart. Perhaps you’d like to come next door and freshen up?” Peter offers smoothly. “I’ve seen everything this...place... has to offer, and it’s sadly lacking. Let me take you away from all this, darling.”

“Why yes Peter, I would love you to whisk me away,” Stiles replies, leaning into Peter a little. The contact helps calm him further, as he feels the heat radiating from Peter’s body. Damn, that man really does run hot, in every sense of the word.

As they walk away, Stiles calls back over his shoulder “And that’s how it’s done, asshole.”

Peter nods to Scott, saying “Make sure that creature doesn’t bother anyone else, won’t you?”

Scott nods firmly, and Stiles notes that his gaze is hard. Most of the people who witnessed the scene are deserting the store, leaving barely half a dozen people in there. Apparently the lure of sub-par finger food is trumped by the awkwardness of witnessing someone forcing their attentions on an uninterested party.

The look Jackson gives him is murderous, and Stiles whispers quietly to Peter “I think we ruined his massive opening.”

‘Good,” Peter murmurs back. “He deserves it for treating you so badly. And for wearing that abomination of a suit.”
Stiles rolls his eyes fondly. Peter’s so damned particular.

As soon as they’re in the doors of HA though, the smile drops from Peter’s face, and he’s asking “Are you really OK, Stiles?”

Stiles shrugs, saying “I’m fine, honestly. A little shaken is all. Guy just couldn’t take a hint.”

“More than a little, I’d say. Your heart’s racing,” Peter says, frowning. He’s running his hands gently up and down Stiles’ arms, and when he pulls Stiles close for a hug, Stiles goes willingly. He’s a little more rattled by the whole thing than he’d like to admit, with adrenaline racing through his veins, and if Peter wants to comfort him, he’s OK with that. He stands there, leaning into Peter’s surprisingly firm grip, as his heart rate starts to steady.

“I was on my way to step in, but Scott beat me to it. I’m sorry I wasn’t faster,” Peter tells him quietly.

“I feel like I’m in a Harlequin romance, with dashing men coming to my aid against a rakish brute,” Stiles jokes feebly.

“Be serious, Stiles,” Peter all but growls, and when Stiles looks at his face he can see the worry there.

“It’s no big deal. It’s not the first time I’ve been propositioned by someone I wasn’t into.”

Peter actually does growl then, low in his throat, and Stiles hastens to reassure him “Peter, I’m truly, truly fine.”

Peter’s expression relaxes a little. “Are you sure?”

“I’m positive. What can I say? Guys throw themselves at me all the time,” he says teasingly.

Peter’s not laughing. He looks almost…jealous, and he makes a deep rumbling noise, a little louder. At the sound, Chris looks up sharply from where he’s just finished serving a customer. He sees the way Peter’s holding Stiles, and suddenly his gaze is keenly focused, and Stiles is reminded of how he looks when he has a target in his sights. He demands “What happened?”

“Our neighbor thought he’d pin Stiles to the wall and make unwanted advances on him,” Peter tells him. “It was highly unpleasant.”

Oddly enough, Chris’ first question is “Tell me you didn’t lose control, Peter?”

Peter gives Chris a flat look, and says “Of course not. Scott stepped in. I just got Stiles away from there.”

“Good thing you were there to look after him.”

“I was a little shaken, but I’m honestly fine now, guys. Stop acting like a mama wolf, Peter,” Stiles says, bemused.

Chris looks at him, then at Peter, and suddenly starts laughing. Peter glares at Chris for a moment, but then he joins in.

“What? What am I missing?”

Chris stops laughing first, and says “Sorry Stiles, but Mama Wolf is the most accurate description I’ve heard of Peter in a long time. He can be a little overprotective of his….friends.”
Stiles snorts at that, but he must admit, it feels nice to think somebody wants to protect him. Even as a friend.

“So, that moron was hitting on you?” Chris asks him.

“Yep. Apparently I spoke to him once, so that means I have to sleep with him now. Scott pulled him off me though, and then everyone left his grand opening, so y’know, karma.”

“I knew I didn’t like that unpleasant little reptile,” Chris growls out.

Stiles snickers into Peter’s shoulder. “I’m calling that dude lizard man from now on.”

He feels like maybe he should let go of Peter now, but Peter’s warm and strong and making him feel about a million percent better. Chris comes over, and he doesn’t seem to mind that Stiles is in Peter’s arms, he just lays a comforting hand on the back of his neck.

“I could get used to this,” Stiles sighs out.

Peter pulls back and looks at him keenly, and Stiles realizes that shit, he’d said that out loud.

“Um, how about we just forget I said that?” he says sheepishly. “Put it down to shock or something.”

“Now, why would we do that, when I was just thinking the same thing?” Peter asks, and he has a hungry expression on his face.

Stiles shakes his head. “You guys are together, and I won’t get in between you.”

“Oh sweetheart, we’d make room for you,” Chris tells him, smiling.

“We’d both love to,” adds Peter.

Stiles looks from one man to the other, and sees nothing but desire there, but he’s also not an idiot, and this isn’t porn. Even if he’d love to go home with them for a night, he can’t imagine facing them every day afterwards at work. He feels his face heat under the intensity of their gaze as they both look at him expectantly.

“Yeah, I don’t think that’s gonna happen, honestly.”

“And why’s that, Stiles?” Chris asks, running one finger gently down Stiles’ jawline.

And Stiles decides then and there that he needs to make them just fucking stop. “Because you’re sickeningly happy, and I don’t do one night stands,” he says firmly. He’s not sure what he expects them to say, but what comes out of Peter’s mouth next sure as hell isn’t it.

“What if it’s not just a one night stand though, Stiles? What if we want something more?” he asks quietly.

Stiles freezes in shock. What?
He’s standing there between the two men, trying to work out exactly what they’re asking, when Scott bursts in the door, with impeccably awful timing. “Dude, that guy was such a creep! Thanks for getting him out of there, Peter. Hey bro, are you OK? You’ve gone white. He looks like he’s about to pass out,” Scott babbles, completely unaware of what he’s interrupted.

And sure enough, Stiles has gone distinctly pale. Chris and Peter both take a step back, and Chris says “He’s fine, I think. Just a little shell shocked,” as he exchanges a look with Peter.

Stiles shakes his head to clear it, takes a deep breath, and says “I’m good, Scotty. Thanks for helping me out.”

“That’s what brothers do, man” Scott says, and he and Stiles share a fist bump.

Stiles grabs onto Scott’s presence like a lifeline. “Are we still looking at rings?” he asks.

Scott shuffles his feet as he says “I dunno. Maybe we should just go home, after what happened. I’m sure I can explain to Kira. Besides, rings are expensive.”

Stiles would like nothing better than to go home and hide under his blankets for a couple of years while he thinks this through, but Scott just literally hauled his ass out of the fire, and Stiles isn’t going to repay him by flaking out when his brother needs him most. Also, Kira’s kinda scary. Stiles sighs deeply, before taking Scott by the shoulders and looking him in the eye as he says slowly, so that the words will sink in, “Wedding rings are expensive, Scott. Wedding rings are for life, Scott. Kira thinks you have the rings, Scott. We have to get the rings, Scott.”

“You don’t have the rings yet?” Peter interrupts in an incredulous tone. He shakes his head, saying “Hopeless. Let me make a call,” before fishing out his mobile and disappearing to the back of the store.

He comes back a couple of minutes later, and Stiles spends every one of those minutes with his head spinning. Was Peter serious?

They’re the perfect couple. Why do they need anyone else at all?

If you had Chris Argent in your bed, why would you need anything more?

And if you had Peter Hale in your bed, why would you need anything more?

And why do they want him?

He’s dragged out of his musings by Peter coming back with a business card that he’s scribbled some details on. He hands it to Scott and says “Go to this address, and give this to the jeweler there. He’s doing me a favor, so you’ll get your rings at a discount.”

Scott stares at him, openmouthed. “Why would you do that for us?” he asks.

“Because I just watched you defend your brother when he was being assaulted, and that sort of loyalty deserves to be rewarded. Also, I’ve met your fiancé, and if you don’t have a ring to show her, I suspect she’ll explode into a crackling ball of rage. She seems the type.”

Stiles snorts. “True, Scotty.”

Scott nods in agreement. “Kira’s a fiery one all right. It’s why I love her.”

“Spare us the sap, and go,” Chris commands, waving them out of the shop, smiling as he does so.
But as they leave, he catches Stiles by the arm and rumbles lowly in his ear “We’d like to talk about this, Stiles. We both like you. We both want you. And we don’t want just one night.”

“I can’t talk about this now,” Stiles says quietly, and his voice is shaking just a little.

“I understand. It’s not exactly conventional,” Chris says, looking at Stiles with understanding.

Peter joins the conversation then, adding “We’re in no hurry, Stiles. Take your time. Decide if you’re interested. Then come and find us, whenever you’re ready to talk.”

Stiles nods silently, and bolts.

He goes to the jeweler with Scott, but he’s not really concentrating. His mind is awhirl with what’s just happened, and he replays the scene over and over in his head, examining it from every angle. However he looks at it, it seems like Peter and Chris want to date him. And he likes, really likes Chris and Peter.

But as Scott says, it could get all kinds of messy. He sighs, deciding that they really do need to talk. But they said when you’re ready, and he’s not. Not by a long chalk.

If Scott notices that Stiles is unusually quiet, he doesn’t mention it, probably chalking it up to the incident with Whittemore earlier. Instead he nudges at him, asking his opinion on ring designs, distracting him and drawing him out of his head, until Stiles is back with him. By the time Scott’s settled on a ring, Stiles feels a little more like himself, but floating around the inside of his skull like a feather on the breeze is the phrase

_We both want you._

Stiles goes home and locks himself in his room, and stares at the ceiling. It’s been a hell of a day. First he was virtually assaulted, and rescued by Scott. Then the hot guys who he now considers his friends, and who he thought were a perfectly happy couple, said they want to date him. Or do something with him, anyway.

And then there was the weird thing where Chris was worried about Peter losing control. Stiles briefly wonders if Peter has some sort of anger management issue. He imagines Peter hulking out, and snorts at the image of suave, perfectly groomed Peter Hale, turning into an unrecognizable beast. As if Peter would ever have a hair out of place.

The ridiculous mental image calms him a little, and he lets his mind drift to the possibility that he might actually be interested. Physically, at least, the men are a dream come true. But there’s so much more to consider than that.
The events of the day all catch up with him at once, and suddenly he’s hit with a wave of exhaustion. He feels headachy and tired, and he hasn’t eaten much except the finger food at the opening, but even that’s sitting in his stomach like a rock. When Scott calls out and tells him that dinner’s ready, he shouts back that he’s not hungry, and stays hiding out in his room.

He can’t even be bothered to shower, instead lying in his bed in just his boxers, thinking until his brain hurts and he’s made himself sick with worry. There are too many questions he needs answered before he can even really consider this. Questions that won’t get answered until he talks to Peter and Chris.

He will talk to them, he decides. As soon as he screws up the nerve. And then he’ll consider it. But as he drifts off, he realizes that maybe he already is considering it, at least a little.

―

“Well, he didn’t say no.”

“He didn’t say no.”

Peter rolls over in bed and props himself up on his elbow, looking at Chris. He leans in, and the two of them gently trade kisses, soft little things with no urgency behind them.

“We did spring it on him,” Chris says when they finally part. “We just need to give him a little time.”

“It was a little less elegant than I’d hoped for” Peter admits. But then he smiles and says “But he brought it up, so he can’t be too against the idea.”

Chris hesitates before asking “And we’re telling him…everything?”

“I think it’s best, don’t you? He’s a clever one, he’ll know something’s different,” Peter points out.

“You’re right. Kid’s no fool. I just hope he’s all right with it.”

“We’ll make sure when we sit him down and tell him that we don’t get interrupted again.”

“Definitely. Scott really does have horrible timing,” Chris grumbles.

“I know, but can’t really be mad at him, he did protect Stiles.”

“And prevented you from lashing out,” Chris reminds him.

“Oh, please. I haven’t lost control in over a decade, you know that. I just wanted to get Stiles out of there.”

“Speaking of which, what do we do about Whittemore? I don’t want him anywhere near Stiles, and I know you don’t either. Do we talk to his father?” Chris asks.
Peter hums. “I think you’ll find he suddenly has a pressing need to find employment somewhere other than Daddy’s store. Possibly after a stint in rehab for his drinking problem.”

Chris sits up in bed and folds his arms, fixing Peter with a keen look. “What did you do?”

Peter grins, and his eyes flash, and his fangs lengthen. “Jackson and I had a private chat in the parking garage as he was leaving today.”

Chris sighs, saying “We’ve talked about this. You can’t just go round threatening people, Peter.”

“He was touching what’s ours,” Peter growls out.

“He’s not ours, not yet,” Chris reminds him, and Peter pouts a little.

Chris takes pity on him, and adds “I’m sure he will be, soon enough.”

And he silently offers up a prayer to whatever gods will listen that he’s right.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

They finally have that talk. Stiles asks questions. The boys give him answers.

Chapter Notes

WOW. Just, WOW.
I'm absolutely blown away by the response this is getting.
I posted chapter five, went to bed, and got up to 45 comments.
I mean, guys, come on.
The love, the comments, the kudos?
Seriously, I'm blushing right now.
Thank you all so much.
I hope this chapter is everything you were hoping for.

Stiles is woken from a restless sleep by a hot, heavy feeling in the pit of his stomach. He sits up in bed, barely realizing in time what’s happening before he’s stumbling to the bathroom and heaving into the toilet bowl, bringing up green bile and chunks of the crab puffs he’d eaten at the jewelry store.

He feels his stomach rebel again, and another wave of fluid leaves his mouth, leaving a sour taste behind. He stays there panting for a moment, still half asleep, before dragging himself upright. He looks at himself in the mirror and his face is flushed and blotchy, and he still feels like shit.

His stomach is gurgling dangerously, but he doesn’t need to throw up again. He puts two and two together as he vaguely remembers thinking that the crab puffs tasted a little wrong. His gut clenches painfully, and Stiles resigns himself to spending the rest of the night in the bathroom.

Fucking food poisoning.
Just fucking perfect.

It’s an hour before Stiles feels confident enough to leave the bathroom and go back to bed. He’s expelled everything from his body at roughly the speed of light, including possibly an internal organ or two, if the way he feels is anything to go by. He goes to the laundry and retrieves a bucket
to put next to his bed, and then lays there feeling miserable.

A quick glance at the clock shows that it’s a little past four am. At least he doesn’t have work today, so he can spend the day wallowing, he thinks. He tries to sleep, but his stomach is cramping, and his mouth tastes sour and unpleasant, so in the end he gets up again and goes to brush his teeth in an effort to rid himself of that horrible post-puke feeling.

It’s a major tactical error – as soon as the taste of toothpaste hits his throat, he’s heaving all over the place, dry retching helplessly. There’s nothing left for him to throw up. He decides to see if a shower will make him feel better, and it works, sort of. The warm water is soothing, and he just stands there with his head against the wall while he lets it run down his back.

He stays there until the water starts to cool down, and then drapes himself in a towel and wanders back to bed, where he promptly passes out for six hours, only waking twice to puke in the bucket.

He’s woken by a tentative knock on the door. “Stiles? You OK? I thought I heard you throwing up last night,” Scott says quietly.

Stiles just groans, and rolls over.

He hears his door opening, and Scott saying “Wow, you look awful. And it reeks in here, man.”

He spots the source of the smell, wrinkling his nose at the bile filled bucket, and taking it away and dealing with it. When he comes back he has a bowl with ice in it, and a bottle of water. “Suck on the ice, and try and drink something” he advises.

Then Stiles feels a cool cloth being laid on his forehead, and he cracks an eyelid to see Scott mopping his brow. “Hey, Scotty,” he croaks out, his throat raw from the stomach acid he’s vomited.

Scott regards Stiles with a worried expression on his face. “Is it stomach flu?”

“Nah. I think I ate something funky,” Stiles manages. He struggles to sit up in bed so he can have a sip of water, but he feels dizzy and lays back almost immediately after he takes a drink. “Feel like shit,” he mumbles.

“Get some fluids in you, and I’ll stay here and take care of you,” Scott says.

And he does. For the next half a day, he watches over Stiles as he dashes to the bathroom and throws up repeatedly, he makes sure that he keeps his fluids up, and he opens the windows and airs out the room without comment. It’s patently obvious that he’s picked up a few tips from his mom, and Stiles appreciates it.

By the time evening comes around, Stiles seems to be over the worst. He’s well enough to bitch and whine about having to go to work the next day, anyway.

“So stay home” Scott challenges.

Stiles shakes his head, mumbling “Can’t afford it.”
What he doesn’t tell Scott is that he’s hoping for a chance to continue his conversation with Chris and Peter. Just to get the lay of the land, so to speak. And maybe see if he can get another hug.

Scott goes off and comes back with a plate with a small stack of crackers on it, and a bottle of some kind of sports drink. “Try and finish that, and get some sleep, and we’ll see if you’re well enough in the morning,” Scott tells him.

“Yes, Mom,” Stiles groused, but as Scott goes to leave the room he adds “Thanks, man. You’re the best.”

“Yeah, I really am,” Scott grins, and closes the door behind him.

Stiles nibbles dubiously at the crackers, and is relieved when they stay down. He manages the drink as well, although it gurgles dangerously for a few minutes. He feels washed out, and he starts to drift off to sleep.

That’s when his brain decides that it’s a good time to think about Chris and Peter’s proposal. As he lays in bed feeling miserable, it actually cheers him up a little, thinking that they’re interested in him, not just as a one night stand. He wonders, if he was sick would they take care of him? He wonders if they’ll want him to move in eventually. He wonders which one of them would top.

How the hell does that even work, with three of them?

And he goes to sleep smiling as he imagines it.

Stiles feels a little less like death warmed up in the morning, and manages a slice of toast, although coffee still makes his guts curdle. He takes some painkillers for his headache, and drags himself into work. He’s only working till two today, so he plans to come home and crash afterwards – he’s pretty sure he can manage a five hour shift.

When he opens the store, within minutes there’s a handsome older man standing at his counter. He’s not anywhere near as hot as Chris or Peter, but he’s a solid seven, if you’re into older men. Stiles turns on his best customer service face, and asks “How can I help you?”

“I’m looking for a Stiles?”

“By lucky chance, I’m the only Stiles for miles around,” Stiles grins. The man doesn’t smile at all, and Stiles wonders briefly what he wants.

It all becomes clear when he extends his hand and says “David Whittemore.”

Stiles shakes his hand silently, and waits. He’s expecting the man to ask him to keep quiet about the incident at the store, so he’s frankly shocked when the man says “I heard my son was paying you unwanted attention, and I wanted to assure you that it won’t happen again.”

Stiles looks at the man skeptically, but he continues “Jackson had some sort of breakdown when he came home, and he’d obviously been drinking. He was babbling about the opening being ruined, and then crying hysterically about some man threatening him as he left. He’s refused to come
Stiles raises his eyebrows in surprise. “Oh, wow.”

“He’s a disgrace. He was begging to go into rehab, saying if he didn’t this mystery man would come after him, so I’ve sent him. I never realised how weak he was, asking for help. A man should be able to handle his own problems.”

Stiles feels a sudden stab of sympathy for lizard boy – he can’t imagine growing up with a man like this for a father. No wonder he drinks. He says “Well thanks for telling me, I guess?”

“It’s no bother. Once again, my apologies.” And he walks from the store.

Stiles can’t help but feel a little relieved that he won’t have to deal with Jackson anymore, but he does wonder who threatened him. Probably Scott, he thinks.

He’ll have to thank him.

He spends the morning doing as little work as possible, burping up acidic little breaths of misery, and waiting for Scott to come in at twelve so he can go to the pharmacy for some antacids. As soon as Scott arrives, he dashes out to get something to settle his stomach, and then he has to detour to the public restrooms– he’s not completely recovered, and like hell is he subjecting the HA bathroom to his stink. By the time he gets back, it’s been half an hour. Scott doesn’t mind, just nodding at his explanation of “Bathroom.”

“You missed Peter at lunch. He was asking after you,” Scott tells him, looking mildly disapproving.

“Yeah?” Stiles keeps his tone casual.

“Yeah. He said he and Chris would like to chat, if you have time and if you’re ready. “

Scott fixes Stiles with a hard stare. “Since when do you need to be ready to talk to the guys, Stiles? What’s going on?”

Stiles hesitates, debating whether to tell Scott what’s going on. He knows that Scott will listen without judgement, but more importantly, he hasn’t kept a secret from Scott since third grade. He’s just about to open his mouth and tell him everything when a warm hand lands on his shoulder, and he turns to see Chris there.

“Hey, Stiles” he says with a soft smile, and Stiles is struck all over again by how handsome he is.

“Hey” is all he can manage, suddenly shy in the face of the knowledge that this man wants him.

“Got a minute?”

Stiles looks at Scott, who rolls his eyes and waves at him, saying “Go on, go take care of your secret squirrel business, whatever it is.”

“Thanks Scott. We won’t keep him long,” says Chris, and he keeps his hand on Stiles’ shoulder as they walk across to HA.
“We thought you might be avoiding us, and we just wanted to be sure we hadn’t upset you the other day,” Chris explains. “Peter was concerned when you weren’t there for lunch,” he adds.

“Not concerned, just surprised,” Peter counters. He’s leaning against the front doors of HA, and he looks even more mouthwatering than usual, if that’s possible.

“I missed you, Stiles,” he says, and he has the same soft look on his face as Chris.

“I wasn’t dodging you guys. I had an upset stomach from the food at the opening, and I didn’t wanna contaminate the bathroom. And I needed some antacids, so I ducked out.”

“See?” Chris says to Peter.

Peter huffs, saying “I wasn’t worried, Christopher.”

“Liar,” Chris shoots back. Then he turns to Stiles and says “Seriously though Stiles, if this isn’t something you’re interested in, you can always say no. Nobody’s forcing you into this.”

And hearing that, that he can say no, makes Stiles feel safer somehow. In all honesty, Peter and Chris are already treating him with a lot more respect than his last boyfriend, just by giving him the choice to turn them down. Maybe this isn’t a mistake, no matter how unconventional it is.

“I’m not saying no. But I’m not sure if I’m saying yes yet, either. I had some things I wanted to ask you guys about. Is now a good time?” he asks.

Peter hums. “Why not? While it’s quiet?”

“Ask your questions, Stiles,” Chris tells him, leading him back into the stock room. “A little more privacy,” he murmurs and yeah, Stiles can see where that’s a good idea.

Peter’s standing close to him, and he says suddenly “You really not well yet, are you?”

Stiles shrugs, saying “Eh. I’m better than I was.”

“Let me help you relax,” purrs Peter, and he places his hands on the back of Stiles’ neck. Stiles leans into the touch. Peter’s hands are so warm and comforting, and he relaxes against them. Just having him touch him is making him feel better, somehow. His lingering headache fades, and the tightness in his stomach muscles seems to be fading, too.

He moans happily, saying “Those are some magic hands, dude. How do you do that?”

Peter looks satisfied as he takes his hands away, and says “It’s a trick my mother taught me.”

“Well, it’s fantastic. You can do that whenever you want.”

“What about me?” Chris asks a twinkle in his eye. "Peter's not the only one who's good with his hands, you know."

And Stiles remembers why he’s here. Because both of these men want to be with him, apparently. Right.

He takes a deep breath and dives in. “So….the thing you said. You were serious?”

Peter and Chris both nod.

Stiles asks the most pressing question. “Why?”
Peter looks at Chris, nodding as if to say you first.

“Peter and I have done this before,” Chris starts.

“Wow. Way to make me feel special,” Stiles mumbles, but Chris catches it.

“We’ve done this before casually,” he emphasizes. “But with you, we’re don’t want to keep it casual. We want something more.”

Oh.

“We work well with a third person,” Peter adds.

Stiles nods, dumbstruck at how casually they’re talking about this. “Won’t you get jealous?”

“Why would we be jealous when we’re all there of our own free will? What is there to be jealous of?” Peter asks.

He adds “I think you need to understand that my family is very nontraditional. The idea of having more than one partner isn't a stretch for me. For Christopher either, now.”

“Parents ran around the woods, dancing naked in the moonlight, huh?” Stiles jokes.

Chris snickers, and says “Something like that.”

Peter arches a brow at him, and there’s a whole conversation contained in that look.

“OK, so you had hippie love child parents and the whole threesome thing’s no big deal. But why me?” Stiles asks. “I mean, you two are hot like burning, and you own your own business, and I’m a skinny assed twenty three year old who works at a videogame store.”

“I feel a pull towards you, Stiles. An animal attraction, if you will. The only other time someone’s made me feel like this was Christopher,” Peter reveals.

“Flatterer,” murmurs Chris, kissing Peter deeply.

Peter responds, eyes closed as he leans into the kiss, and Stiles thinks it should be awkward watching them, but instead it’s hot as hell. They part then, and Peter gives him a knowing look, asking “Enjoying the view, Stiles?”

“You two are menaces. Hot, hot, menaces,” Stiles accuses, but he’s grinning as he says it.

He can’t deny that it feels right, somehow, the three of them. But he has to check they’re both into it. “What about you though?” he asks Chris “Do you want me too, or are you just going along with it for Peter’s sake? Because if it’s not both of you, I’m not interested.”

Chris cups one hand around the side of Stiles’ face and looks into his eyes, telling him “Believe me when I tell you, I want this just as much as he does. I’m drawn to you, Stiles. We both are. We want to take care of you, treat you right.”

It’s such a heartfelt speech, and it's said so tenderly, that Stiles is a little taken aback. He takes a moment to gather himself, before saying “You said you’ve done this before. So what happened?”

He thinks it’s a fair question. He doesn’t want to start something if it’s just going to be a flash in the pan.
Peter says “It was an arrangement of convenience, more than anything. We weren’t looking for anything serious, and neither was he, just a good time. And then, he left to travel.”

“So, no drama? No jealous scenes? No big break up?” Stiles asks, skeptical.

Peter chuckles, saying “We really don’t like drama, Stiles. We had enough of that when our families found out we were together.”

“But you’re willing to take a chance with me? I mean, I could be a nightmare, you don’t know. What if it gets messy? Why risk what you already have?”

It’s Chris who answers this time, moving in a little closer as he says “The heart wants what it wants, Stiles,” before leaning in and kissing him softly on the cheek. It’s just a fleeting touch, a whisper of stubble and lips against his cheek, but Stiles is overwhelmed by the affection behind the gesture.

“Do I get one too?” asks Peter, and he leans in and kisses him on the other cheek. It’s different, the press of Peter’s mouth a little firmer, and he can feel Peter’s lips curve up into a smile against his skin, but it’s just as tender.

The men pull back almost in tandem, and Stiles licks his lips. That was far hotter than a chaste peck had any right to be. “Wow,” is all he can say.

“Christopher, you’ve made our boy blush,” Peter observes, with a wicked smile, and Stiles can imagine only too well what it would be like to be between these two, to be at the mercy of those mouths, and to feel those hands on him, Peter’s smooth and warm and clever, and Chris’, broad and firm and powerful. His breath hitches at the thought, and he lets out a tiny whine.

“Too much?” Chris asks.

Stiles shakes his head, breathing out “Perfect.”

Chris takes his hand, and says “This isn’t the time or place for this. We just want to know if you might be interested. And if you are, we’d like to get to know you better, and then we can all decide if we’re a good fit, that’s all.”

“Oh, I think we’d be an excellent fit,” Peter says, smirking.

And if that isn’t a perfect opening to bring up one of his concerns, Stiles doesn’t know what is. “Yeah, about that. The mechanics of it,” he says, squirming a little.

“What did you want to ask us?” says Peter.

“I just wanted to put it out there that if we do this, and that’s a big if, I’d want to top sometimes, that’s all. I refuse to be your bitch.”

Chris snorts at the turn of phrase, and Stiles flushes. “You know what I mean.”

“Indeed we do, sweetheart. And trust me when I say Christopher and I are both flexible. In every way,” Peter purrs.

Chris observes Stiles keenly as he says “That’s a real deal breaker for you, isn’t it?”

He nods, and says “The way I look leads to certain assumptions, you know? I’m not interested in history repeating itself. I just want to be sure at least one of you likes to catch, as well as pitch.”
“Stiles, assuming we all agree to this, and we do eventually go to bed, we’ll discuss it first. But for
now, just know that Peter and I both love getting fucked,” Chris tells him, with a gleam in his eye.

Stiles brightens up at that – it was a genuine concern. Then he replays the conversation, and says
“Wait, what do you mean, eventually?”

“As I said, we want to spend time with you, get to know each other better. We’re looking for a
permanent arrangement, Stiles. We’re in no hurry. And we want you to know everything about us
before you decide,” Peter tells him.

“Sounds fair. I mean, that’s how dating normally works, right?” Stiles says carefully.

"Normally," Chris agrees.

“And that’s really what you’re asking for, isn’t it? To date me?”

Peter grins widely. “Stiles, are you saying yes, sweetheart?”

Stiles looks at the two men in front of him, and thinks about Chris’ words. The heart wants what it
wants. And oh, he wants.

“I’m saying yes.”

The press of two bodies against his is sudden, but welcome. He expects them to be pleased – hell,
he’s pleased, but he didn’t expect to find himself sandwiched between the two of them as they
bracket him in a hug, holding him close, both of them burying their faces in the crook of his neck
and just holding him.

He closes his eyes and lets himself enjoy the warmth and scent of them. They’re wearing the same
cologne, but it smells slightly different on each of them - earthier, muskier on Peter, spicier on
Chris. He thinks it’s a smell he could get used to being surrounded in easily.

“You smell good. What is it?” he murmurs, inhaling deeply.

Chris leans in close, and in something out of Stiles’ wildest fantasies, he rumbles “Wolfthorn.”

In the end, Stiles reluctantly pushes the men away from him, saying “I need to get back to work,
but I finish in an hour.”

“Dinner tonight?” Chris suggests.

Stiles screws up his face. “I don’t think my stomach would cope, honestly. Tomorrow maybe?” he
says hopefully.

“It’s a date,” Peter says, looking extremely pleased with himself.

Stiles starts to walk away, but then a thought strikes him. “Can I tell Scott about this? I mean, is it
a secret?”
“Only if you want it to be,” Chris assures him. “You set the pace, you make the rules.”

Stiles shakes his head. “We set the pace, we make the rules, together.”

He adds “I’ve tried it where one person made all the rules. It didn’t suit me.” And then he heads out the door to tell Scott that he’s got a hot date.

“Somebody’s hurt our baby, before,” observes Peter.

Chris hums in agreement. “He’s been burned, all right. I wonder if that’s why he stays single?”

They both frown at the thought of anyone treating Stiles badly.

Peter catches the expression on Chris’ face, and teases “Now, now, don’t go all mama wolf on me, Christopher. We’ll make it better.”

Chris snorts, saying “Pot? Meet kettle.”

Peter sighs, and says “I can’t help it. He brings out my protective side.”

“I’ve noticed. And I love you for it, baby,” Chris replies, as he pulls Peter in close.

Then he breaks into a wide smile as he says “We have a date, Peter.”

“We have a date, Christopher.”

Peter’s eyes twinkle with excitement as he says “I want to spoil him.”

Chris rolls his eyes. “Why am I not surprised?”

“I’m sending him a gift basket,” Peter decides, pulling out his phone.

Chris chuckles for a moment, but then his expression becomes serious. “We have to tell him, Peter. Before he gets too attached. Otherwise he’ll feel like we’ve led him on.”

“And we will, darling. But first we’ll take him out to dinner, talk to him some more, feel him out. We’ll ease into it. Trust me, I know what I’m doing.”

“I just hope he’s OK with it,” Chris says quietly.

Peter smiles to himself as he thinks about the boy’s tee shirt that day, the one that proudly proclaimed him as Team Jacob, and says “Personally? Once he gets over the shock, I think he’ll love it.”
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Scott finds out.

Chapter Notes

Barely a passing thought, but I needed to write it.

“You’re what?”

“I’m going on a date. With Chris and Peter.”

“You mean you’re going to bang them. And I’m telling you Stiles, it’s a bad idea.”

“Actually, Scott, they’re not interested in a one night stand,” Stiles tells him, arms folded.

Scott stares at him, mouth hanging open, until it’s too much for Stiles to bear, and he leans forwards and puts a finger under Scott’s chin, gently closing it. Scott remains silent, just looking at him until Stiles says “Why are you freaking out? It's just a date, OK?”

“A date. As in, a proper date. Like people who are dating. Only, with three of you,” Scott clarifies, struggling to get his head around the concept.

“That’s what I said,” Stiles repeats patiently.

“And you’re OK with it? Isn’t that, I dunno, weird?”

Stiles shrugs. “It’s less weird the more I think about it, y’know? It’s like we fit, somehow. And we’re taking things slow.”

Scott thinks about it for a minute, before saying “I don’t really get to say anything about this, do I?”

“Nope. Just telling you so you don’t flip out when they both turn up to collect me tomorrow night.”

“Just, be careful, OK Stiles? You’re a pain in the ass when you’re heartbroken,” Scott says with a sigh.

“I don’t think that’s going to happen, somehow,” Stiles says with a smile.
When Scott next goes to use the bathroom, he corners Peter and Chris. Peter takes one look at his face and says “So, he told you then?”

“Yep. And I’ll admit it’s worrying me. I mean you guys are together, and older, and you want Stiles to just slot right into that sort of history? How do you expect that to work out?”

“Stiles already fits with us,” Chris says, and he gives Scott a look that challenges him to say otherwise.

Scott’s still a little afraid of Chris, something about the man screams predator, but he straightens his spine as he says “Just make sure you take good care of him, OK? He’s dated douchebags before, and I won’t watch it happen again.”

The last thing Scott expects is for Peter to pull him into a hug and say “I knew I liked you, Scott.”

Chris nods, saying “We appreciate you’re looking out for him. But trust us when we say we only want the best for him.”

Scott sees the sincerity in his eyes, and realizes that maybe, these two men are actually what his brother needs. But he still says “You mess with him, and I’ll kick your ass.”

“I have no doubt you’d try, but it won’t be necessary, I promise you,” Peter tells him. And then he says “Since we’ve got you here, you can help. What would Stiles like as a gift, more than anything else?”

Which is how Scott finds himself making a list of all Stiles’ favorite things for his two new boyfriends.

Maybe they're OK, after all.

“Peter, stop.”

“Just one more, darling.”

“Peter, no.”

“But I’m having such fun.”

“I swear, I’ll unplug that thing if you don’t leave it alone.”

Peter sighs and closes his laptop. “I only ordered him a few things off the list,” he pouts.

“You know I can tell when you’re lying to me, right? Now get over here, I need you in bed, and I need you naked.”

Peter’s eyes light up at the order, and he slides into bed with Chris eagerly. “And you call me insatiable” he says, teasing.

Chris doesn’t reply, simply rolling over on top of him and kissing him roughly.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles ducks out of work right on schedule, and on impulse, he detours to get his hair cut. What? He was due to get it cut anyway, the fact he has a date tomorrow is entirely a coincidence.

By the time he’s done, he’s regretting the decision. Not because of his hair, no. That looks great. It’s just that his lack of sleep and general unwellness is catching up with him, and his head’s throbbing again. He leaves the salon and starts walking towards the car park, before thinking better of it and heading back to HA.

He walks in the door hesitantly, feeling nervous for some reason. But then Peter spots him, and greets him with a wide smile. “Hello, Stiles! Nice haircut.”

Peter walks over and runs a hand casually down Stiles’ arm in greeting. Stiles follows the trail of his hand with his eyes, and Peter says “I should warn you, I’m a physical touch person. Let me know if I’m crossing any lines, won’t you? Christopher’s used to it, and truth be told, he’s not much better, but I understand if you’re not comfortable.”

“It’s fine. Actually, I was hoping you could do that pressure point thing on my neck? My head’s starting to hurt again.”

“I told you sweetheart, anytime,” says Peter as he leads Stiles into the change rooms and finds him a chair.

Stiles leans forwards with his elbows on his knees and his head down, and Peter starts by massaging his scalp, before working his way down the column of his neck. Like last time, Stiles can feel the pain receding, and he takes a moment to just enjoy the fact that Peter’s getting his hands all over his neck and he doesn’t have to feel guilty about it.

He hums in pleasure before saying “So if this is a perk of dating you, I think I’m making the right decision.”

Peter slips his hands under the collar of Stiles’ shirt and runs them over his shoulders, warm and strong and comforting, before replying “It’s definitely a perk. One night, I’d like to take you home with us, and let Christopher loose on you.” He waits just one second too long before he adds “His foot rubs are divine. He gets those big broad palms and wraps them around your feet, and then he runs his thumbs over the arches, and it’s like nothing you’ve ever felt. Absolute bliss.”

Stiles tries to imagine it. “So, I get Chris kneeling in front of me?” he asks with a wink.

“Oh, I think that could be arranged” comes Chris’ voice from the doorway, and it’s thick with want.

Stiles startles a little, but then he laughs. This is much preferable to pining, he decides. His headache’s gone, and he feels much better - partly from the massage, partly from the easy banter, partly from the sense of being welcome. Chris walks over and runs his hand through Stiles’ newly trimmed hair, messing it up even more than Peter had. “I like this look,” he observes.

“It’s a total mess. Peter wrecked it,” Stiles complains.
'Oh, I don’t know. It seems quite delightful to me – all tousled and messy. It looks like you’ve just rolled out of bed after doing wicked things to some lucky soul,” Peter says smoothly, his hands still working Stiles’ shoulders under his shirt.

Stiles snorts. “Trust me, you don’t want to see me first thing in the morning.”

“You say that, but you’re so wrong” Chris murmurs in his ear, and Stiles wants to pinch himself, because two gorgeous men are rubbing his neck and playing with his hair and flirting with him hard, and it’s all going swimmingly.

He decides to go while the going’s good, so he says “I gotta head out guys, but thanks for the neck rub and the, uh, doting.”

Peter laughs at the description, and smacks Stiles playfully on the ass as he leaves.

When Stiles gets home, he decides to make the most of the empty house and nap for a while. Peter’s ministrations have left him relaxed and sleepy, and he wants to take advantage of it. He lays down intending to nap for two hours, tops. When he wakes it’s 9 pm and he’s been asleep for five hours.

The house is still silent, so he guesses Scott’s gone to Kira’s. He feels much better, and when his stomach gurgles this time it’s he’s relieved to note it’s from hunger, not sickness. He scrambles some eggs and devours them with gusto, before checking his phone.

As expected, there’s a text from Scott saying simply Kira’s. Won’t be home tonight

But there’s also another one, from Chris. Stiles has his number saved from when they were arranging laser tag, but Chris has never messaged him before. The message simply reads Hope you’re feeling better, sweetheart

Stiles grins dopily at the phone, because those five words say a lot more than they say. Someone’s thinking of him, and wants to know he’s OK. And someone wants to call him his sweetheart. It’s been a while since Stiles was anybody’s anything, and he can’t deny that he’s missed it. He sends back Much better. Slept all afternoon.

After a moment he adds Thx for asking

His phone pings almost immediately. Just wanted to check you’ve recovered in time for our date tomorrow ;)

Stiles’ grin widens. Why Mr Argent, I hope you’re not expecting me to put out tomorrow. I’m not that kind of man.

Not on the first date, anyway

Of course not. We just want to take you out and treat you right.

I’m looking forwards to it
And he really, really is. After a moment he texts back saying

**I kinda thought Peter would be the one checking in. Where is he?**

_He’s still at work – after hours fitting for a wedding party, and the groom’s more indecisive than Scott._

Stiles laughs aloud at that. **Nobody’s more indecisive than Scott**

_Speaking of Scott, did you know he gave us a shovel talk today?_**

**HE DID NOT**

_He did. Peter was very impressed. He’s a good friend._

Stiles shakes his head at the thought of Scott threatening Peter and Chris, and that reminds him of something.

_Jackasses dad came to see me, to tell me he won’t be working at the store anymore. Apparently someone threatened him in the carpark. I’ll have to thank Scotty for that, I guess._

……...

……...

……...

**What?**

……...

_It wasn’t Scott. It was Peter. He gets a little protective._

Stiles stares at his phone, stunned. He knew Peter and Chris were fond of him, knows now that they want to be more than friends, but threatening someone? He feels as though he should disapprove, but somehow he can’t.

In the end he types **Mama Wolf threatened someone for me? That’s actually pretty hot.**

His phone rings a moment later, and he answers it to hear a deep, throaty chuckle that makes him go weak at the knees. “Better not let him hear you calling him that,” Chris advises, and fuck, that’s a voice that was just made for phone sex.

“God, you have an amazing voice. Talk to me some more” Stiles demands.

Chris’ tone turns sultry as he teases “What would you like me to say, exactly? Want me to describe what I’m wearing?”

“Oh god, yes,” Stiles breathes.

“I’m wearing…..sweat pants with a grease stain on one leg, and an old t shirt with holes in the armpits” he growls out.

It takes Stiles a moment to reconcile what Chris has actually said with what he was expecting, but when his brain finally catches up he throws his head back and laughs delightedly. “You absolute fucking troll!”
“Uh huh,” Chris agrees easily. “I live with Peter, what else did you expect?”

Stiles can hear movement on the other end of the phone, and Chris tells him “Speak of the devil, he’s just walked in.”

Stiles hears “Is that our boy? Let me talk to him.”

The next thing, Peter’s on the end of the line, asking “How are you feeling, Stiles? Better?”

Stiles can hear the concern in his voice, and he’s quick to reassure Peter, saying “I’m good. Fully recovered.” He adds “So, I hear you threatened lizard boy for me.”

Peter’s tone is cautious as he says “is that a problem?”

“Peter, it’s hot as hell. But you really are a mama wolf, you know that?”

Stiles can hear Chris laughing in the background. “Hush, you” he hears Peter scold, before he’s back on the line. “Trust me on this, Stiles. If I was any kind of wolf, I’d be the Alpha,” Peter tells him, almost growling out the last word, and fuck if that isn’t hot.

“Yeah, I guess you would. What does that make Chris then?” he muses.

“My devoted mate, of course,” Peter says lightly. He deftly changes the subject then, saying “So, tomorrow night, dinner. What would you like to do? Full five star experience, or not too fancy?”

Stiles thinks about it. “I like the idea of fancy, but in reality I’d probably just spill food down my shirt and get intimidated by all the cutlery, so probably casual.” he admits.

“I know exactly the place. We’ll collect you at seven tomorrow. Smart casual,” Peter advises.

“What the hell even is smart casual?” Stiles grouses. He’s never been able to figure it out.

Chris comes back on the line. “Come over to the store after your shift tomorrow. I’m sure I can help you find something suitable.”

Stiles bristles a little at that. “Are you implying I don’t have anything decent to wear?”

“No, I’m implying that I have some gorgeous shirts that have just come in and I want to wrap one around you, and see how damned good you look.”

Stiles can hear the desire in Chris’ voice, and he grins. “I guess I could come over - I do want to impress my dates,” Stiles tells him, and dates, doesn’t that word sound fabulous rolling off his tongue?

“Oh baby, we’re already impressed. But I’d love the chance to dress you up. Indulge me?”

How can Stiles say no, when Chris sounds so damned sexy when he asks? “I’ll be over - I finish at two tomorrow, does that work?”

“I’ll make sure I’m free,” Chris promises.

Stiles feels like he should hang up, but it’s quiet without Scott, and he’s a little lonely. “Hey, put Mama Wolf back on?”

“Sure thing,” Chris says, and hands over the phone.
“That’s not my name and you know it, sweet boy. Now, you wanted to talk to me?”

Stiles hesitates. “I didn’t want anything, really. I just wanted to thank you again for the neck rub. And to hear your voice a little more, maybe.”

Peter sounds pleased at that as he replies “I’ll talk to you all night if you want me to, Stiles. What shall we talk about?”

If Chris has a voice made for phone sex, Peter’s is soothing, smooth and melodic, and his conversation is entertaining and lighthearted, and before Stiles knows it he’s been on the phone for an hour. A little way into their talk Peter puts Stiles on speaker so Chris can join them, and Stiles melts a little at hearing both of their voices at once, the way they tease each other with obvious affection.

They talk about his favorite books, and Stiles reveals how he’d been quietly devastated when his Hogwarts letter hadn’t arrived when he was eleven. “I mean, I knew it was just a story, but I was a kid, and that world seemed so amazing. I wanted it to be real. I wanted magic and kind wizards and werewolves and flying broomsticks. I wanted it all.”

Peter doesn’t laugh, like he’d half expected, but instead says “Well who knows? Maybe some of those things are real, after all.”

“Do you believe in the supernatural, Stiles?” Chris asks.

Stiles snorts. “My dad’s a cop, and Scott’s mom’s a nurse. Some of the shit they’ve seen that couldn’t be explained away, I’d be mad not to believe in it. I mean, Melissa’s seen people come in with injuries that should have killed them, but hours later there’s not a scratch on them. And my dad? He swears he’s seen people running faster than they should be able to, lifting things that are impossible for one person to move. So there must be something out there. The stories have to start somewhere, right?”

He can’t quite figure out why Peter sounds so pleased when he says “Well, exactly,” but he doesn’t think too hard about it, and the conversation moves onto other, more important things, like whether pineapple has any place on a pizza.

Stiles defends his position vigorously, but it all devolves into filthy innuendo when Peter drawls “Really Stiles, do you think we’re at the point in our relationship where we should be discussing topping?”

Stiles hasn’t laughed so hard in a long time, and he loves the fact that not only are Peter and Chris as hot as hell, but they’re also smart, and they don’t mind him geeking out, and they don’t try and stop him when he waxes poetic over the art in the Sandman comics, but encourage him to keep talking, to share what he’s passionate about, adding their own opinions and observations. Stiles can’t remember the last time he had such an intelligent discussion.

He starts to yawn halfway through telling them a story about the time Scott tried out for the lacrosse team and ended up giving himself concussion, and Chris says “Sounds like you’re ready for bed, baby.”

“Yeah, probably. But this was nice. Thanks for the company.”

“It was our pleasure, Stiles. Now go get some rest, and we’ll see you tomorrow. “

“Two o’clock,” Stiles confirms, and hangs up.
He goes into the bathroom to shower before bed, and catches sight of his face in the mirror. He’s wearing the same dumb grin that Scott wears has whenever he’s been speaking to Kira. “You have a hot date tomorrow,” he tells his reflection, and the grin just gets wider.

He strips off and gets into the shower, washing his hair to get rid of the loose hairs from the cut, and washing himself thoroughly. The hot water makes him even sleepier, and he slides between the sheets naked, because he can. He dozes off in record time despite sleeping all afternoon, and he dreams of warm, comforting hands on his neck.

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Scott’s still not home when Stiles has to go to work, so he can’t tease him about threatening Peter and Chris, much to his disappointment. He could text him, but something as good as this needs to be addressed in person, so he can watch Scott squirm. As he gets dressed, he remembers that Chris is going to help him pick clothes today, so he makes a point of wearing decent underwear. He doesn’t know if Chris will expect him to strip like Peter did, but if he does, he’ll be ready.

He’s excited for tonight, and so of course the day drags on, minutes stretching and twisting into long endless things as he watches the clock. When Scott arrives at twelve, he manages to fill in some time mocking him for his poorly hidden lovebite, but even that only takes up ten minutes.

Scott sees him eyeing the clock, and says “Counting down to your date?”

Stiles grins excitedly and says “Hell, yeah. Two hot men in suits, Scotty. Two. And you know how I feel about suits.”

Scott rolls his eyes as he cautions “Just don’t get talked into anything you don’t want to do, OK?”

“I won’t, Mom. Do I need to be home by ten?”

Scott sticks his tongue out, then squawks when Stiles leans forwards quickly and grabs it. “Do they even know what a child you are?” Scott grumbles.

Stiles shrugs. “I work at Gamesworld. I’m sure they’ve figured it out by now.” He remembers, then and turns to Scott, saying “Did you really go and give them a shovel talk?”

“Maybe, just a little one?” Scott hedges.

“So how did it go? Are they shaking in their boots? Should I wait for them to cancel?”

Scott screws up his face. “It was weird. Peter hugged me and told me he knew he liked me, and Chris told me they appreciated me looking out for you.”

Stiles laughs loudly. “I can’t believe you tried to threaten those two. I mean let’s face it Scotty, it’s not like you’re intimidating.”

“I could be though. I could be all dark and brooding, with enough practice,” he protests.

“You’re my favorite idiot,” Stiles tells Scott fondly. And then he leans forwards and pushes Scott clean off his chair, laughing again as he hits the floor. “Yeah, so brooding,” he mocks.
Scott scrambles up off the ground saying “Fine. If you disappear because they’ve sold you into the white slave trade, don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

“I’ll take my chances. White slave traders don’t normally wear Armani.”

“Speaking of which,” Peter says as he comes in the door carrying two suit bags.

Scott’s eyes light up. “Wedding suits?” he breathes.

“Wedding suits,” Peter confirms with a smile.

Scott’s like a small child at Christmas, opening the bag to stroke the lapels lovingly, insisting on taking the whole thing out so he can hold it up against himself, and beaming from ear to ear. “Holy shit, Stiles. I’m getting married.”

He sounds like he’s only just realized, and he looks a little stunned at the fact. On impulse, Stiles pulls Scott in for a bone crushing hug, and they just stand there. Peter quietly takes the suits and hangs them up on the back of the kitchen door, and takes his leave, smiling.

They don’t even see him go.

Two o’clock finally crawls around, and Stiles bounces out the door and over the road. Peter’s serving, but he gives him a nod and says “He’s waiting for you out the back, Stiles.”

Stiles goes back, and Chris guides him towards the change rooms. His smile is warms as he says “I’ve been looking forwards to this, sweetheart.”

Stiles cocks a brow at him, asking “What exactly are you planning to do?”

Chris leans in close and breathes in his ear “Peter’s been telling tales, Stiles. I want to know if they’re true.”

Stiles blushes, and Chris laughs that deep laugh of his. “You just want to get me out of my pants,” Stiles says, cheeks heated.

“No, I’ve denied it, baby. But for today, I want to get you into some. Ready?”

Stiles nods, spreading his arms. “Go wild.”

Chris’ grin takes on a shark-like quality, and he tells Stiles “Wait here.”

Stiles fidget as he waits, toeing off his shoes but otherwise remaining dressed. When Chris comes back he has an armful of shirts and dress pants, and he hands them to Stiles saying “Try those on, and then come out and show me.”

“You’re not staying?” Stiles asks, surprised.

‘No need. I’m not fitting you for anything, this is just off the rack. I can stay if you want though,” Chris offers, eyes sparkling, voice teasing. Stiles licks his lips. He’s tempted, but he doesn’t want
to rush things.

“I think I can manage.”

”Whatever you’d like. I’ll be waiting outside.”

Once Chris departs, Stiles shucks out of his jeans and tee, and pulls on the first pair of pants.
They’re black, and they feel like they’re made of clouds as they brush against his skin. He hums
happily at the feel of them, and turns to check the fit.

Wow.

He admires his own ass for a good few minutes, before selecting a deep blue shirt. He puts it on
quickly and buttons it up, leaving the tails hanging out, and he grins as he looks in the mirror. He
looks really good. He casts an eye over the price tag, and it’s more than he would normally spend,
but he figures since he hasn’t had to buy a suit, he can splash out a little. Especially if it makes him
look like this. He steps out of the change room and Chris looks him up and down, assessing.

“That color contrasts beautifully with your skin,” he finally says.

Stiles was expecting him to be a little more impressed, so he says “But..?”

Chris stands, and comes towards him. He places a hand gently on his shoulder, saying “Turn
around for me?”

Stiles turns so his back’s to Chris, and the next thing he knows, he can feel strong, steady hands
sliding over his hips. “Let me,” Chris says in his ear, as he moves to stand closer. He’s almost
pressed against Stiles’ back, and Stiles can feel the warmth of him, and the length of his body, and
his breath hitches.

“Calm down, sweetheart. I’m just dressing you,’ Chris says gently. He slides his hands up and over
Stiles’ stomach, and then he’s moving them down again, his fingertips dipping into the waistband
of the pants. “Need to get you tucked in,” he murmurs, and Stiles realizes that Chris is sliding his
hands lower, taking the shirt with him as his fingers creep down, down, down, gentle as a summer
breeze, easing the fabric inside the front of his pants as he does so.

His hands follow Stiles’ happy trail, drawing a groan as his fingers just skim over the top of his
cock, tucked up inside his boxer briefs. “Sorry,” Chris chuckles. “Hard to miss, with a target that
size.”

Stiles closes his eyes and breathes deeply, not sure if he wants Chris to stop or go further. But
Chris is a gentleman, so he withdraws his hands and pulls back a little, before slipping his hands
into the back of Stiles’ pants, easing in the fabric of the shirt, running his hands over his ass as he
smoothes out the tails.

“Need everything sitting nice and flat,” he says, voice low and sensual.

Stiles can’t help but press back a little into the palms as they slide over his backside. “Stay still,
we’re not done,” Chris tells him, and there’s an authority to his voice that sends a shiver down
Stiles’ spine.

Chris removes his hands. Stiles hears the clank of a belt buckle, and then Chris is sliding it through
the loops of the pants, and buckling it up. He moves away looking Stiles up and down.

“Much better,” he says, as a slow smile spreads across his features.
And Stiles has to admit when he looks in the mirror, it’s like night and day. “Damn,” he murmurs to himself.

“Mhmm. It’s a good look for you. Let me just…” Chris says as he approaches.

He reaches up and flicks another button open on the shirt, fingers grazing Stiles’ chest muscles as he does so.

“What are you hiding under there, Stiles?” he teases, as his fingertips brush the barely there edge of his tattoo. Stiles silently unbuttons the shirt, and pulls the fabric aside so that Chris can see. It’s nothing fancy, just a single word in delicate copperplate over his heart.

“My Mom,” he says with a soft smile.

“It’s beautiful sweetheart,” Chris tells him, tracing a fingertip over the letters in the name.

"She died when I was young, but I still remember her. I got the tattoo when I turned eighteen. Dad cried like a baby when he saw it,” he reveals.

“Oh, baby,” Chris says softly, and then he’s opening his arms, and Stiles finds himself drawn into an embrace, warm and comforting and oh, so good. He can hear the steady thump of Chris’ heartbeat as he rests his head on his chest and he just lets himself enjoy the feeling of being held. He breathes deeply, inhaling the scent that he’s coming to identify as uniquely Chris, and snuggles in closer.

“Mmmm. You’re a good cuddler. You have to promise to cuddle me like, all the time” Stiles mumbles into his chest.

He feels the vibrations in his chest as Chris chuckles, saying “I’m OK with that.” Eventually they part, a little reluctantly.

“So, I’m taking these, obviously,” he tells Chris.

“Excellent. Now try the rest.”

Stiles raises a brow. “Really? I like these ones.”

“Stiles, just try the clothes, OK?”

Stiles huffs a little, but he does as he’s told. Chris has an excellent eye, and with the exception of one shirt that Stiles point blank refuses to even consider, everything looks amazing. Peter tries to poke his head in once or twice, but much to Stiles’ amusement, Chris simply points and orders “Go do some work.”

Stiles can hear Peter muttering under his breath, but Chris seems to know what he’s saying just fine, or maybe that’s just the product of living together for so long. “You said you’d run the store, and I could help Stiles get ready for our date,” Chris says firmly.

Peter pouts, but he doesn’t try to come back in. For at least twenty minutes. In the end Chris persuades him by saying “Let me get him ready for us, Peter. I’d like it to be a surprise for you, OK?”

Peter looks at him, considering. “You do have excellent taste,” he concedes.

“Well, I picked you, didn’t I?” Chris reminds him, and places a quick peck on his cheek.
Once Peter’s gone, Stiles asks “Why not let him see?”

“We actually do need him working the floor,” Chris says.

“I can see that,” Stiles nods.

Chris gives Stiles a conspiratorial wink. “Besides, Peter gets his own way far more than he should. If I don’t remind him that he’s not in charge now and then, I swear he’d try and take over the world,” he tells Stiles, amusement in his voice.

They’ve finally reached the bottom of the stack of clothing, and now Stiles is faced with making a choice. He looks at the pile of clothes that he’s tried on, and says decisively “The first ones, the blue and the black.”

Chris furrows his brow and says “You don’t like the others?”

“I like them fine, but I’m only buying those.”

“Sweetheart, you’re not buying any of them.”

“Well, I’m buying the blue and the black –“

“Stiles, we’re dressing you. consider it a gift,” Peter interrupts, from where he’s leaning near the doorway with his arms folded across his chest.

Stiles has seen the price tags on those shirts. He shakes his head, saying “That’s too much, you can’t.”

Peter comes over and takes his hands. “Let me explain. My family have always had very definite traditions when it comes to dating. If I didn’t bring you gifts, I wouldn’t feel I was doing the right thing by you. It’s almost instinctive, it’s so deeply ingrained.”

“It’s true. Peter needs to honor the rituals, or he won’t feel right,” Chris agrees.

“So, this is some sort of oldey timey thing, to prove you can provide for the blushing bride?” Stiles asks, trying to get his head around the idea.

“Something like that. Please Stiles? It would mean a lot to me if you let me do this the right way,” Peter says.

Stiles hesitates, mind turning over. “You didn’t mind ignoring the family traditions when it came to dating Chris,” he points out.

“That was different. They never would have accepted him, so I had to leave.”

The things Peter’s let slip about his family all whirl together in his mind, and a terrible suspicion is starting to form.

“Peter,” he says quietly, “I have to ask.”

Peter raises a brow. Stiles blurs out “Peter, were you raised in a cult?”

There’s a moment of stunned silence, and then Chris starts laughing, loud and long, head thrown back as he does so. Peter doesn’t laugh, but he does have an amused smile playing across his face, as he says “Not a cult, no.”
As Chris continues to laugh Stiles realizes that he’s obviously wildly off the mark, but before he can continue the conversation, the bell on the counter rings. “I’ll be right back, stay there,” Peter says.

He leaves to go and serve, and Stiles is left sitting with Chris, who’s stopped laughing quite so hard now, and is just snickering.

“What?” Stiles says, a little affronted by the hilarity at his expense. “It’s a fair assumption. They’re some sort of exclusive group that have weird ideas about relationships, and you’re expected to follow all these dating traditions like something from the middle ages. ‘I would court thee, fair Stiles, and I offer you my best handmade linens to prove my worth.’ And you can only date who they approve of, or they cut you off. Sounds pretty culty to me.”

Chris shakes his head, and says “If you knew Peter’s background, you’d understand. But I will tell you, it’s important to Peter that you accept his gifts. To both of us.”

“It’s a really big deal, huh?”

“Yep. Think of it as a cultural thing. Peter won’t feel settled unless he can spoil you. It’s just how he does things.”

Stiles looks into those gorgeous blue eyes, and he can almost feel Chris willing him to understand. “Fine, I’ll take the damned clothes.”

Chris smiles delightedly, and Stiles feels warm inside at the look of affection Chris gives him. “Thank you, Stiles. It means a lot to us.”

Stiles thinks it’s insane that Chris is thanking him when he’s the one who’s been given a gift, but he decides to roll with it. “Sure. Anytime you want to shower me with gifts and affection, go for it. I mean, we haven’t technically been on a date yet, but don’t let that stop you.”

“Where are we going tonight, anyway?” he asks, as it occurs to him he has no idea what the evening has in store.

“We thought dinner, to start. And then we’d like to go somewhere we can talk. There are some things you need to know about.”

“Like Peter’s family?”

“Exactly like Peter’s family. And mine.”

Peter actually preens as he boxes up Stiles’ purchases, and he reflects that Chris was right, this is obviously something that’s a big deal. “So is your inner nineteenth century warlord satisfied now?” he asks Peter teasingly.

“Not even close, darling. I intend to spoil you rotten.”

Stiles looks at the pile of boxes and says “Really? You mean you haven’t already?”
Chris just chuckles, saying “Peter likes to go over the top.”

“But you’ll rein him in a little, right?’ Stiles asks.

“On this? Absolutely not. Couldn’t stop him, wouldn’t even try,” Chris says fondly, as he slips a hand around Peter’s waist and pulls him close.

“Fine. But no more, until we have this date and you tell me your big family secret that you seem so concerned about. And I should warn you, my dad’s the sheriff, so if it turns out you’re a mafia hitman, that’s not gonna go so well.”

“Nothing illegal, cross my heart,” Peter tells him.

Something in Stiles relaxes a little at that.

“Go and get ready, Stiles. We’ll pick you in three hours,” Chris tells him with a smile.

"Nervous about telling him?” Chris asks.

“Not nervous, no. Interested more than anything, to see how he reacts.”

“Hmmm. I don’t think you can predict how Stiles will react to anything, but I think he’ll be fine with it, once he gets over the shock. He’s open to the supernatural. And he’s smart – he probably won’t be as shocked as we think,” Chris muses.

“He’s clever, but I really wonder how his mind works sometimes. *Was I raised in a cult.* Honestly,” Peter says with a sigh.

“Well…..”

“Oh no, Christopher, don’t you even go there. You’re the one who was raised to be a hunter from childhood.”

“Yet here I am with you” Chris says with a soft smile.

“And here I am with you. I’m not sure if that makes you the worst hunter ever, or the best. What do you think, darling?”

Chris murmurs in Peter’s ear “Oh baby, you know I’m the best.”

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Chapter End Notes

So, I know the guys were supposed to be going on their date, but the chapter just got
too long!
Next time, I promise. They date, and they talk.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

They have that talk.....

Chapter Notes

You guys are amazing! Such kind words, thumbs up, hearts, kudos - you spoil me, really.
And as a reward, have this, a whole day before I thought it would be done.
The muse was fat and happy, having fed on positive vibes, and thus produced this
chapter almost effortlessly.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Chris and Peter knock on his door at 6.45, Stiles has been ready for half an hour.
Scott takes one look at him in his new clothes, and whistles. “Wow, you don’t look anything like
your usual goblin self” he observes.

Stiles flips him off, saying “I gotta up my game for tonight, Scotty. It’s our first date.”
Scott looks a little more closely and says “When did you get that shirt? It looks really good.”

“Peter and Chris gave my wardrobe a makeover. Something about Peter’s family traditions
meaning he has to give me stuff as part of dating. Apparently it’s really important to him.”

“Wow. Nice for you. Does that mean he’s gonna turn up with a corsage?” Scott asks with a grin.

“God, I hope not. I don’t know exactly what the deal is, but apparently there’s some big family
secret that they’re going to tell me tonight. Peter told me that him and Chris haven’t spoken to their
families since they got together, because there’s some kind of feud.”
Scott hums and eyes Stiles thoughtfully. “And they bought you new clothes for tonight.”

“Not just tonight, they sent me home with so much stuff, and pretty much insisted I take it.”
Scott considers for a moment, and then announces “Minor European Royalty.”

“What about it?”

“Peter. He’s royalty, maybe a prince or a lord from one of those tiny countries ending in ‘-ovia’
that nobody ever remembers. Chris was his forbidden lover, so they came to America for a fresh
start.”
Stiles scoffs. “Peter and Chris don’t have European accents.”

“Boarding school. He’s probably lived here most of his life, picking up all these ideas about freedom and love, and then he’s gone home, fallen for Chris, caused a scandal, and left. Like the king that stepped down.”

Stiles stops to think about it and has to admit, that actually might make sense. The foreign customs, what Peter’s told him of their past…. “So you’re telling me that Chris Argent is Peter’s Mrs. Simpson?”

Scott furrows his brow. “What do the Simpsons have to do with anything? “

Stiles just shakes his head and says “Never mind, Scott.”

But the more he thinks about it, the more he’s convinced Scott might just be onto something. He guesses he’ll find out soon enough.

The guys are early, but Stiles doesn’t mind. It gives Peter time to coo over him, and Stiles soaks up the praise. “Oh sweetheart, you and Christopher have worked wonders. This is just stunning,” Peter tells him as he places a hand on Stile’s shoulder and turns him slowly. “You look good enough to eat. Thank you for going to all this trouble for us.”

Stiles’ cheeks pink slightly, and he wonders if he’ll ever get used to the way Peter speaks about him as though he’s something special. He hopes not.

“Now aren’t you glad we surprised you?” Chris asks, arms folded and as amused expression on his face.

“Yes, Christopher. You were right, as you often are.”

Chris smiles a little smugly, saying “Damn right I am.”

Scott waves lazily from the couch as they leave, calling out “Don’t forget, be home by ten!”

“Yes Moooom,” Stiles calls back.

They head out to the car, and Stiles is more than a little amused when Peter insists on checking that his seatbelt’s done up. “Mama Wolf,” he mutters under his breath.

“Keeping you safe,” Peter counters, and Stiles really can’t fault him for that.

They end up at a steakhouse Stiles hasn’t been to before. It’s nice but not over the top, and he’s pleased to note he’s dressed perfectly for the occasion. He fits in with Peter and Chris, who are both dressed more casually than he’s ever seen them.

He’s seated across from them both, and he looks his fill. He thought that they were hot wearing their suits, but if possible, they’re even more attractive when they’re dressed down a little. Chris has gone for a classic combo of black pants and crisp white shirt, unbuttoned at the top and giving Stiles a view of the hair on his chest. It’s fitted enough that the outline of his muscles is clearly
visible, and he’s added a pendant on a braided leather cord, which draws attention to the delicious dip at the base of his neck. He’s rolled his sleeves up to the elbow, highlighting his forearms, almost as if he knows Stiles is obsessed with them. Which, Stiles reflects, he probably does.

Stiles licks his lips unconsciously as he looks at him. It’s a really good view. And Peter?

Peter’s wearing dark grey dress pants with a pinstripe, and deep blue shirt that makes his eyes look even more amazingly blue than normal. His hair’s artfully tousled, and Stiles kinda wants to put his hands in it and grab him and kiss him breathless. He feels a wave of want wash over him, and it’s as though Peter can sense it, because he asks “Like what you see, sweetheart?”

“God, yes. You both look amazing.”

“Well, it’s our first official date. We want you to come back for a second,” Peter says lightly, but Stiles can hear the question hidden there.

Are you sure about this?

“Pretty sure than unless you’re some kind of psycho I’ll be back for more than one,” he says with a grin.

They settle in and order their meal, which is frankly amazing. Peter and Chris both order their steaks rare, which Stiles heartily approves of. “It’s the only way to eat steak,” he tells them earnestly, and Chris nods in agreement, smiling.

They start to talk, and Stiles is once again reminded how clever they both are, and what a pleasure it is to banter back and forth. It seems there’s no topic too obscure – if one of them doesn’t know about it, the other will, and the conversation bounces around between the three of them easily. They end up playing a sort of a version of Truth or Dare, and the answers to some of the questions are hilarious, while others are fascinating.

“What’s the worst date you’ve been on?” Stiles asks Chris.

“A woman my parents set me up with, Victoria,” he answers promptly. “Daughter of a family friend. A stone cold bitch. All she did was scream at the wait staff and I had to keep apologizing for her. In the end I knocked a glass of red wine down her dress just to get us out of there.”

Stiles laughs, and offers his own story. “First time I ever went on a date with a guy, Matt. He said we were going to do something special, not like a normal date. Turns out that just meant he wanted to take photos of me with my shirt off. Apparently what made it special was that we were doing it under a full moon. Said the moonlight gave my skin an ethereal quality.”

Peter frowns, saying “Please tell me you didn’t let him?”

Stiles snorts. “Hell, no. I left him standing there in the preserve and drove home. He had to walk.”

“Good boy” Chris says approvingly.

“I can take care of myself you know. Dad’s taught me a thing or two over the years,” Stiles reminds them.

“Guilty pleasure?” Chris asks with a gleam in his eye.

“Probably you two, up till now,” Stiles confesses.
Peter looks delighted at the answer, while Chris just says “No need to feel guilty now, baby,” and leans over and runs a finger down Stiles’ jaw. Stiles leans into the touch, contented.

“I have a question,” Peter says, breaking the moment. He looks serious as he asks “What’s the weirdest thing you’ve ever heard, that you believe completely? And I mean first hand, not something off the internet,” he adds.

“Oh, easy. The car rollover,” Stiles answers promptly.

Peter looks interested. Stiles takes a deep breath as he remembers how at the time, everyone had been baffled.

‘There was a rollover out at McCartney Road a couple of years back. Girl I went to school with and her brother. They lost control on the curve, car flipped and rolled off the main road, into a field. The driver was killed. Donna was still alive, but she was trapped. She told me about it later. She said she could see her brother was dead, and she was freaking out. She could hear the sound of something dripping, and she realized it was gas. She said she just knew she had to get out of there, but the door was trashed from the car rolling, and she was trapped hanging upside down. She was screaming and crying and trying to get the door open, but it was stuck. She really thought she was gonna die. Then, suddenly, it swung open. She managed to undo her seatbelt and crawl out, and she was about forty feet away when the car went up in flames.”

Peter and Chris are listening with rapt attention as he continues. “Here’s the thing. When my dad went out there, the way the car door was buckled, there was no way in hell it could have opened from the inside. And there wasn’t anybody there to open it from the outside. But when he examined it, Dad swore up and down that it looked like someone had used a crowbar to rip the door open. And that’s the most unbelievable thing I’ve ever heard, except I believe it, because I heard it firsthand.”

Chris breaks the silence that follows, saying “So what do you think it was?”

Stiles shrugs. “Who knows, man. Guardian angel? Spirit of her dead brother? Death choosing not to swing the scythe? Hell, maybe a strong gust of wind blew the door just right. I mean, it didn’t, but that’s what they ended up putting in the accident report. But I’m telling you, there’s stuff out there we have no idea about.”

Peter nods as he says “Never doubt it, Stiles.”

By the time dessert arrives, Stiles is relaxed and happy and possibly a little in love, and he thinks this is the best date he’s ever been on. He moans around a mouthful of chocolate lava cake, and Peter’s eyes are fixed on his mouth as he licks molten chocolate sauce from his lips.

“You missed a little,” Peter says, leaning forwards and tracing his thumb slowly over Stiles’ lower lip. Stiles opens his mouth just a fraction, and Peter slides the tip of his thumb inside. Stiles sucks it clean instinctively, running his tongue over the warm flesh. Peter lets out a groan.

So does Chris. “Such a damn tease,” he says, and Stiles isn’t sure whether he’s talking to him, or Peter, or both of them.
Peter just laughs. “You know you love it.”

Chris leans across and kisses Peter softly on the cheek as he breathes “Yeah, I do.”

“God, you two are so in love,” Stiles teases, and he’s surprised to find that there’s no jealousy there when he says it.

Water is wet, the sky is blue, Peter and Chris are in love. It’s how things should be. And now they want to add him to their partnership, and he’s perfectly OK with that. Peter turns to him and says “We turned our back on our families to get here, Stiles. And we think you need to hear about it. Come back to our place?”

“Sure,” he agrees easily.

They drive back to Chris and Peter’s place, and Stiles feels a tingle of anticipation. Whatever they’re going to tell him, they obviously think it’s a big deal. “You’re quiet, Stiles,” Chris observes.

“Just thinking,” he says absently. He wonders which tiny principality Peter’s from. Or maybe it’s Chris? He’ll find out soon enough, and then Scott can crow about having guessed. Stiles will let him have that.

“We’re here,” Peter announces, pulling up the driveway of a house that’s patently too big for two men. Stiles has to admit, when he sees the house, he’s half convinced that Scott’s right, and Peters some obscure royal. It looks like the sort of place royalty would live. The impression’s only solidified by the large wolf’s head door knocker.

Chris lets them in, and both he and Peter immediately remove their shoes. Sties goes to follow suit, but Peter smiles and says “No need. I just prefer to be barefoot if I can.”

Chris nods his agreement, saying “He’s converted me, over the years.”

Before they leave the entry hall, Peter turns to Stiles and asks hesitantly “Stiles, would it be all right if I kissed you?”

Stiles nods, and moves closer. Peter puts one hand gently on the back of his head and leans in, and the kiss is teasing, soft. He presses his lips against Stiles’, running his tongue lightly over the seam of his mouth, nothing more, and then he pulls back with a grateful smile. “Thank you, darling boy. I honestly don’t know how you’re going to react to what we have to tell you, and I couldn’t bear the thought of you walking out and knowing that I hadn’t kissed you at least once.”

Stiles hasn’t seen this uncertain side of Peter before, and he wants to pull him into a hug and reassure him that whatever it is, they’ll deal with it, he doesn’t care if he’s Lord Peter of Somewhere-ovia, but before he can, Chris has a hand cupping his jaw, and he’s asking “May I?”

Stiles lets Chris draw him closer, and this kiss is a little firmer, a little more primal. He opens his mouth eagerly and Chris slips his tongue inside. Stiles can taste a hint of the caramel sauce from his dessert, sweet and lingering, and he deepens the kiss with a moan. When Chris pulls away, Stiles breathes “God, I hope I’m okay with whatever you need to tell me, because I want to do that again, with both of you. A lot.”

Chris chuckles, and Peter’s expression is fond as he says “So do we, Stiles.”

They make their way into the dining room that’s half the size of Stiles’ whole apartment. They sit across from him at the table, hands clasped in front of them, and Stiles suddenly feels like he’s in
some film, and he’s about to be told that he’s adopted and his whole life’s a lie.

That feeling doesn’t abate when Chris looks at him with a somber expression and cautions him “Stiles, what we’re about to tell you, we tell very few people. And it’s big. So before we do, we need your assurance that even if you decide it’s something you can’t live with, that you keep our secret. I’m not exaggerating when I say there are people who would kill us without blinking if they knew about us.”

Stiles looks carefully between the men to see if they’re joking, but they’re wearing identical expressions that make it clear they’re deadly serious. “I swear on my mother’s grave,” he says, and Chris squeezes his hand.

“Thank you, Stiles,” he says.

Stiles waits for them to start talking.

It’s finally Chris who takes a deep breath and says “When I was young, my father tied me to a chair and left me alone to see if I could break loose. I managed it, in the end, by throwing myself backwards and breaking the chair. When I got out of the ropes, he was waiting for me outside the door. He slapped me on the back and congratulated me, telling me I’d just started my training as a hunter.”

Stiles blinks in shock. This…is not what he was expecting.

Chris continues “Over the next year, all my time was spent learning to shoot, learning to fight, training to defend myself against my prey. My father always told me they were deadly, and bloodthirsty, and an abomination against the natural order of things, and that it was our duty to hunt them down and kill them.”

“What were you hunting?” Stiles asks.

“Supernatural creatures,” Chris replies.

Stiles just stares, openmouthed. Chris keeps his eyes fixed on Stiles, waiting for a response. Stiles would like to say it sounds crazy.

Except.

It doesn’t sound as crazy as it should, not when he’s seen the way Chris moves, light on his feet, silent and deadly and skillful. Not when he’s seen the way he aims so perfectly, and pulls a trigger without hesitation, without mercy. Not when he remembers the comments about being a natural born hunter. He looks at Chris’ unflinching gaze, and in his eyes he sees nothing but truth.

“So, you’re telling me you’re a real life Winchester?” he finally asks.

Chris makes a seesawing motion with his hand, saying “Maybe. Not exactly. My family’s targets were less demon, more flesh and blood.”

“Like what, exactly?”

Chris shrugs. “Let’s call them non humans.”

Stiles thinks about that for a minute. “Wait, are we talking about Yetis and vampires and wendigos and werewolves?”
“Not vampires, but everything else? Yes.”

Stiles breathes deeply as tries to absorb what he’s been told. “They’re real.”

Chris nods.

“And you hunt them.”

Chris shakes his head. “Not for a long time. Not anymore.”

Stiles runs his hands down his face, before saying “Wow. Just wow. That’s …I don’t even know.”

It’s the most fantastic thing he’s ever heard, and he doesn’t doubt Chris for a second. He doesn’t see how this affects him, though. He feels he’s missing part of the story. So he asks “What am I missing here? Why should that worry me, that you used to hunt?”

Chris looks at Peter, who sighs and says “That’s only part of the story.”

Right. Peter’s family. Stiles thinks he has it figured out now. He turns to Peter and says “So, what? You’re from a rival family of hunters, and you two ran away together?”

“Rivals, yes. Hunters, no.”

“My family’s been responsible for killing more than a few Hales, over the years. There’s no love lost between our families,” Chris reveals.

He waits for Stiles to connect the dots. Stiles notes that Peter’s gone very quiet, and very still, and all his attention is on Stiles, watching for his reaction. If Peter’s not from a family of hunters, and Chris is from a family that hunts creatures, and Chris’ family have killed Peter’s family members….

Stiles’ eyes widen as the penny drops. “You’re not minor European royalty, are you?” he finally says.

Peter shakes his head and says “Not royalty, no.”

“But you’re something. Something that his family hunts. Something not human.”

“Does that scare you Stiles?” Peter asks softly.

Stiles thinks about it. This is surreal. He’s sitting in a house with two men, and they’re telling him that one of them is a killer and the other’s not human. He should be running screaming.

But instead, all he can think of is how Peter’s hands feel so warm against his skin, and the affection in Chris’ voice when he calls him sweetheart, and how they both treat him with nothing but respect, and the way they’re obviously in love with each other. It’s hard to think of someone as a monster when they leave their shoes at the front door.

He realizes Peter’s still waiting for an answer, so he says “I’m not afraid.”

Peter and Chris look at each other, and Peter says “Aren’t you going to ask what I am?”

Stiles counters with “Aren’t you going to tell me?”

“I’m a werewolf, Stiles,” Peter tells him bluntly.
Hearing the words spoken so plainly suddenly makes it real. Stiles’ heartrate picks up, as his brain tries to rearrange what it always knew to be true, in the face of the new facts it’s being forced to accept.

“Show me?” he breathes.

Because he believes it, sure, but maybe if he sees it, he’ll be able to process it better.

“You’re sure you want to see?” Peter says.

Stiles is slightly irritated by the question, and he snaps “No, of course I don’t want to see. You’ve just told me werewolves are real and you’re one of them, but why would I want any kind of proof?”

Peter raises an eyebrow at him, and Stiles deflates a little. “Sorry. This is just, it’s a hell of a lot.”

“We understand, baby. It is a hell of a lot, and we wouldn’t blame you if you ran for the hills,” Chris soothes. “Peter, show him.”

Peter nods and closes his eyes, and when he opens them again, they’re flashing red. Before Stiles’ eyes, his ears extend, and a ridge settles over his brow, and long fangs emerge as he growls low in his throat. When Stiles looks at Peter’s hands, he sees long claws, and hair on their backs. He extends a hand, almost without realizing, towards Peter’s face. “Oh my god Peter, you’re a werewolf. Holy fuck.”

Peter gives him a wry grin through a mouth full of fangs as Stiles runs a hand over his altered features. He’s as ugly as fuck, but he’s still Peter. He’s still the man (wolf?) who massages his neck and who threatened Jackson for him. And Stiles knows that he still wants to be with him.

Chris breaks into his thoughts then, asking “Stiles, is this something you can deal with? If it’s not, we understand.”

Stiles watches as Peter changes back, and the two of them are looking at him intently. Peter takes Stiles’ hand in his, and says “Please tell me, sweet boy. Do you still want this?”

Stiles breathes deeply, and follows his instincts.

The heart wants what it wants, after all. “Yeah. I still want this.”

Peter’s whole face lights up as he says “Oh sweetheart. There’s so much we have to show you.”

“There’s one more thing we have to show him, you mean,” says Chris.

Stiles’ head whips around to face Chris at that. “What? What else could there possibly be that’s going to top Peter being a werewolf and you being a werewolf hunter?”

“That’s the thing, Stiles” Chris says.

“I don’t hunt anymore. Haven’t done for ten years. I mean, it would be pretty damned hypocritical of me,” he adds, as his eyes flash gold and his ears extend, and a ridge settles over his brow, and long fangs emerge.

Peter rolls his eyes, saying “And you say I’m dramatic, Christopher. Honestly.”
The story on this chapter about the girl who got out of the car door that was jammed shut? True story.
The guy from the fire department swears there's no way that door could have opened from the inside. There were marks on the outside where somebody had jimmed it open.
In the middle of nowhere, in a paddock, with nobody around.

And I know this, because I heard it straight from the horses mouth.

Who knows what's out there?
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of Chris and Peter's revelations.

Chapter Notes

Guys! GUYS! I can't believe the response this thing is getting!
I love all your comments and ideas and feedback. But real life is going to be busy for the next week or so, so if I don't get to answer your comments, it's because I'm a little time poor at the moment. If I'm faced with the choice of answering your comments or writing chapter eleven, I'm pretty sure I know which one you'd prefer me to be doing :)

*Ten years ago*

The Alpha comes out of the woods, feral and snarling and out of control, furious at the loss of the rest of his pack, and heading for Chris.

Chris raises his gun, but before he can fire, another werewolf comes into the clearing, launching itself at the Alpha.

He barely has time to register that it’s Peter before he’s roaring, and with one vicious snap of his fangs, Peter rips the Alpha’s throat out. He flings the body aside to join that of his packmate, and then stands for a moment, blood dripping down his face, breathing deeply as the power surges through him.

His eyes glow red as they land on Chris, laying on the ground with the claw marks running deep through his belly, a souvenir from the beta wolf he dispatched before Peter arrived. Peter can see his guts pulsing, and Chris getting paler as the blood flows from his body.

He kneels next to him, saying “Dammit Christopher, I told you to stay away. I told you I’d take care of them.”

Chris huffs out a soft laugh, wincing as he does so. “You’re not the boss of me, Hale.”

Peter frowns, saying “Chris, this looks bad. We need to get you to a hospital.”

Chris shakes his head. “No. No doctors. You know what to do, Peter.”

Peter hesitates.

“Please, Peter? You need a pack. And I need you.”

Peter sees the pleading in those blue eyes, and he never could refuse his lover anything.

“Do you want the bite?” he says, the question that tradition has taught him must be asked falling
from his lips easily.

“Yes, Alpha,” Chris breathes out, and Peter leans forwards and sinks his fangs in deep.

“So wait, you’re both werewolves?”

Chris gives him a toothy grin.

“How? I mean you were a hunter. Was it an accident or what?”

“It was Peter. And I asked,” Chris reveals, once he’s let his face morph back into its normal state.

“Tell me the story?” Stiles asks.

And they do. The tell him a story of flirting, and dating, and falling in love.

Of the threats from Peter’s family to disown him, and kill Chris. Of the threats from Chris’ family to disown him, and kill Peter.

They tell him about the fight with the lone alpha and single beta. About Chris asking for the bite, bleeding and possibly dying, and wanting nothing more than to be with Peter, family be damned.

Of leaving town as soon as Chris was fit to travel, taking only what they could fit in their car. Of never speaking to either of their families again.

Stiles thinks the whole tale is incredibly sad, as well as incredibly romantic.

By the time they finished talking, it’s late. When he makes a move to leave, Peter suggests he stay.

“To be honest, Stiles, now that you’ve said still want us, my wolf needs to be close to you. Just to hold you,” he hastens to add. “I’d just like to go to sleep holding you.”

‘He’s right, Stiles’ Chris murmurs into his ear. “Our wolves want to be close to you. Stay the night with us?”

Stiles thinks that sounds pretty damned tempting. He shoots a quick text to Scott saying Out tonight, and settles in to enjoy being cherished, which is really the only word to describe how he feels right now.

As he drops his phone to one side, Chris leans in and kisses him, a soft brush of lips against his. “Been waiting weeks to do that,” he says quietly.

“To kiss me?”

“To kiss you, knowing you’re ours,” he corrects.

“And you are ours, aren’t you sweet boy,” Peter says softly.

“Yeah. I guess I am,” he says, a enjoying the affectionate looks both men are giving him.

Chris kisses him again, then Peter tips his head towards him and kisses him as well, and Stiles is lost. He thrills in the way his wolves are both kissing him so beautifully, Peter trailing soft pecks
down his throat, Chris sliding that sinful tongue deep into his mouth, and both of them running
their hands over his chest and back. The men don’t seem to care who’s kissing who, and they don’t
try to go any further, although after half an hour Stiles feels like he’d definitely be on board for
more.

But before he can suggest it, Peter pulls away from where he’s licking the shell of Stiles’ ear and
says “So, European royalty? Really, Stiles?” He looks supremely entertained.

Stiles squirms a little. “Scott came up with the idea. And let’s be honest, it’s more plausible than
my hot boyfriends are werewolves” he points out.

“I do have very regal bearing,” Peter muses.

“So, if Peter’s royalty, who am I?” Chris asks.

He arches a brow when Stiles confesses “We thought, I dunno, maybe his bodyguard?”

“Uh huh. Forbidden palace love.”

Stiles nods. “We figured that you were Peter’s Wallis Simpson.”

Chris chuckles, deep and delicious, and kisses Stiles a little more thoroughly. When he finally lets
him up for air, Stiles is grinning dopily, dazed and more than a little in love. But it’s close to
midnight, and he’s exhausted, and he can’t help but yawn and stretch as his eyelids start to droop.

“Let’s take you to bed, baby,” Chris rumbles in his ear, and it takes Stiles a moment to realize that
Chris is actually carrying him up the stairs.

“I can walk,” he protests.

“Nope.” He pulls Stiles closer to his chest, and Stiles has to admit, there are worse places to be
than cradled in Chris Argent’s arms.

“You’re strong,” he mumbles.

Chris grins, causing the creases around his eyes to stand out, and it shouldn’t be as sexy as it is.
“Oh baby, you have no idea.”

Chris drops him gently onto a bed that can only be described as opulent. Stiles runs a hand over the
gossamer soft sheets and comments “Nice.”

They’re a far cry from his Walmart sheets. Peter’s followed them up the stairs, and he purrs
“Nothing but the best for royalty, Stiles.”

Chris snorts at that. He digs in a drawer and comes out with some sweats and a t shirt, and gives
them to Stiles, saying “The bathroom’s through there if you want to shower. Clean towels are in
the drawer. We won’t look, I promise.”

Stiles looks at him skeptically.

Peter adds “We’ll want to, but we won’t. Taking this slow, remember?”

Stiles takes the clothes and goes into the bathroom, where he finds a massive double headed
shower. It could easily fit two grown men. Probably three. He looks forwards to trying that,
someday.
He showers quickly and changes into the clothes Peter gave him, and he’s not surprised to find that the v neck on the shirt dips ridiculously low on him. He walks out, rosy cheeked from the hot water, hair curling slightly at the ends from the steam.

Peter and Chris are already in bed, both bare chested. When he sees him though, Peter sits up to stare at him unashamedly. “You have ink,” he states, eyes riveted to the lettering peeking out of the shirt. He whirls on Chris and asks “Did you know about this?”

“Yep.”

“And you didn’t tell me?”

“Nope.”

‘But you know how I love it! How could you keep this secret?”

“Well, I only saw it today myself. And I know you like surprises,” Chris says, his face a picture of innocence.

Stiles sighs, and says “I suppose you want to see it then?” as if it’s a huge inconvenience to take his shirt off for them.

“Only if you’d like to show me, sweet boy,” Peter says, but his eyes are glued to his chest.

Stiles pulls his shirt off over his head, and Peter exhales slowly. “My mom,” Stiles explains, and Peter nods.

“Perfect,” is all he says, before stretching out his arms in wordless invitation. Stiles walks over to the bed and slides in next to Peter, who hugs him close.

And really, it would be easy for it to turn into fondling, and foreplay, and hand jobs, but it doesn’t. He just lies with his head resting on Peter’s chest, and he can hear the steady heartbeat, and feel somebody’s fingers carding through his hair, possibly Chris’, and he’d thought that this might take some getting used to, but in fact, he falls asleep in minutes. As his breathing evens out, Chris props himself up on his elbow and takes in the sight of his two partners.

He smiles at Peter and whispers, too quietly for normal hearing, “We have a Stiles.”

“We have a Stiles,” Peter agrees, and he looks distinctly smug.

Stiles wakes surrounded by warm bodies, and it takes him a moment to remember where he is. He’s in bed with Peter and Chris. His werewolves.

Now he’s awake, and there’s a hot man (werewolf) draped over him, and another one half under him, and apparently Peter makes an excellent pillow because he’s actually pretty comfy.

He nuzzles in closer. Stiles has always been a tactile person, and this is his idea of the perfect way to wake up. It’s nice, being sandwiched between the two of them. But he’s awake, and he has to pee, so he starts to extract himself from between the hot bodies.
A hand shoots out and grabs his wrist as he moves, and he turns to see Peter with one eye open, saying “Stay.”

“I’m coming back, I just need to pee” Stiles tells him, and Peter reluctantly lets him go. He goes to the bathroom and freshens up, before quietly walking back to bed.

“We’re awake Stiles, you don’t have to creep around,” Chris says, his voice gravelly and thick.

Stiles sits on the side of the bed and asks “So, why are you lying there if you’re awake?”

“Because it’s too early,” Peter grumbles.

“Because Peter likes to cuddle,” counters Chris, and he scoots in closer so he’s spooning Peter, kissing the back of his neck.

Stiles sits there for a moment feeling awkward, before Peter’s hands reach out and grab him, and he’s dragged back into the tangle of limbs. Stiles gets a firsthand demonstration of werewolf strength as Peter wrestles him into position in front of him, and wraps an arm firmly around his middle. “Now you’re the little little spoon,” he mumbles, and Stiles has no choice but to lie there, pressed against Peter’s warm body.

And for the first time in forever, Stiles goes back to sleep, instead of tossing and turning like he usually does. Peter sighs happily, and his wolf revels in the way Stiles smells like them after a night spent in their arms. He grinds back against Chris a little, and can feel his dick twitch in response, but they don’t take it any further, too busy soaking up the sensation of having a new pack member in their midst.

Because Stiles is pack now, even if he doesn’t realize it. They’ll have to explain a lot of things to him, but he didn’t run screaming. He wants them.

It’s an excellent result, and one that, if he’s completely honest with himself, Peter wasn’t certain of.

“Stop thinking, and go back to sleep” Chris growls.

Peter does as he’s told.

Just this once.

When Stiles wakes again, he’s alone in bed, and he can smell coffee. He gets up and wanders downstairs. Chris is there, and he lifts his mug in greeting and asks “Want one?”

Stiles nods silently – it’s possibly the only time of day he’s nonverbal. Chris goes to the kitchen, and Stiles watches him go, appreciating the way his pants cling to his backside. Peter’s sitting at the dining table with his own mug, and he looks at Stiles before saying “So, kiss?”

Stiles is busy looking at where Chris is walking to the kitchen, and he doesn’t realize at first that Peter’s talking to him.
“Stiles?”

He turns back to Peter, who says “If you’re finished ogling Christopher’s ass, can I have my kiss?”

“Oh, you meant me?” he asks, genuinely surprised.

Peter rolls his eyes. “Come here and kiss me, sweetheart. It’s the only way to start the day.” Peter pulls Stiles in for a long, possessive kiss. It’s deep and passionate, and Stiles can’t get enough. He lets Peter take control, and it’s so good to have somebody want him like this, after so long.

Just then, Chris comes back bearing two mugs. Stiles breaks contact, fighting down the feeling of guilt at kissing Chris’ partner, but Chris doesn’t seem worried at all, he just hands a mug to Stiles. It’s coffee, exactly the way he likes it - one sugar, and a splash of milk. “How did you know?” he asks.

Chris grins. “We’ve been paying attention, Stiles. We know what you like.” He gives the other mug to Peter, who groans gratefully as he inhales the aroma.

“Here’s your refill, sweetheart,” Chris says, with a brush of his lips to Peter’s temple.

“Peter’s not good with mornings,” Chris confides.

“I’m really not,” Peter agrees, drinking half his coffee in one gulp.

They sit there together, quietly caffeinating, and it’s perfect.

After they’ve eaten breakfast, and once they’ve all showered and dressed, they have a little time before the guys have to go to work, so, Stiles finally gets to ask at least some of his questions. “So, this whole…..” he says, indicating loosely between the three of them. “Is that a werewolf thing?”

Peter nods. "When we first saw you, my wolf wanted you. It responded to you. Chris was the same,” Peter reveals.

Chris agrees, saying “There was just something about you that called to us both, a pull, if you like. And because we both felt it, we knew it was right.”

Stiles’ eyes sparkle as he says “So, you could say it was like……animal instinct?”

Peter gives him an unimpressed look. Chris laughs though, and says “Actually, it really was. I felt it with Peter, but never anybody else.”

“Huh.”

Stiles thinks about that for a few minutes, before asking “And the tradition? Of providing and gifts?”

Peter answers that one. “Courting is an important part of Werewolf culture, Stiles. If you were another wolf and we were doing this properly, we’d go on a hunt, and I’d bring you a buck or a bear, to prove that I could provide for you. And you’d accept or reject the gift, and if you rejected it, I’d have no choice but to leave you alone.”
“So that’s why you wanted me to take the clothes,” he says slowly.

“Exactly. And I have to confess, now that you’ve agreed to date us, I might have bought one or two more gifts for you.”

Chris coughs then, and it sounds suspiciously like “twelve.”

“So, do I get you gifts?”

Peter hums. “Normally, you accepting them is all that’s expected. The wolf that initiates the pursuit is the giver.” He gives Stiles a filthy grin as he says “Of course, if you wanted to give me another kiss as a token of your gratitude, I wouldn’t say no.”

Stiles laughs, and happily lets Peter kiss him breathless as Chris watches, smiling indulgently. Peter pulls away, and Stiles says “Are you just going to kiss me and hold me all the time now?”

“Every chance I get, darling. It’s a werewolf thing, the urge for physical contact. Does it bother you?”

Stiles hesitates.

Peter’s brow furrows, and he says “What is it, Stiles?”

“I’m down for all the hugging and kissing, honestly. But how the hell am I going to keep things even between the two of you? I mean, I feel like I’m neglecting Chris, now, because I’m with you. But if I tell you I want to be with him, won’t it upset you?”

Understanding breaks across Peter’s face. “Stiles, we could never be jealous over you. We’re together, the three of us. So it really won’t bother me if Chris wants to spend time with you, I promise. And if he does, he’ll let you know.”

Stiles looks skeptical, until Chris leans over, and with no effort at all hoists Stiles into his lap, turning him so that he’s straddling him. He sets Stiles down firmly, placing one hand on his hip, and the other on the back of his head, drawing him forwards. He stops when Stiles’ face is barely a breath away from his, and asks “OK, baby?”

Stiles leans in and closes the distance in answer, and they spend long minutes making out, hands in hair, lips moving across skin, Chris nipping at Stiles’ neck and leaving a tiny mark there. It’s as though time has stopped, and Stiles closes his eyes and allows himself to fully experience the sensation of Chris’ stubble against his neck, his strong palm as it grips his hip and rocks him gently, his breath hot against his flesh.

Just when Stiles can feel himself hardening, Chris pulls back gently. Stiles blinks and comes back to himself, and sees that Peter’s watching them with avid interest. Chris looks smug as he murmurs “Trust me baby, nobody’s missing out.”

Stiles looks from one to the other, and he notes that Peter doesn’t look jealous – if anything, he looks hungry. “Believe us when we say we want you as an equal partner, Stiles. We’re not keeping track, and neither should you. Between the three of us, there’s no reason for anyone to be unsatisfied,” Peter assures him.

Stiles thinks about that.

“How are you so fucking perfect?” he finally asks.
Peter keeps a completely straight face as he says “It’s my royal blood, obviously.”

Stiles groans, saying “You’ll never let that go, will you?”

Peter just smiles widely.

Stiles climbs off Chris’ lap and settles back between them, saying “I have so much to ask, you two need to stop distracting me with your lips.”

“We could say the same about you, darling,” Peter says, tracing a fingertip over Stiles’ bottom lip, which is plump and swollen.

Stiles bats his hand away, saying “Down, boy!”

Peter freezes. Stiles can sense a sudden change in the air, and he looks to see both men frowning at him. “No, Stiles,” Chris says firmly. “No dog jokes, ever.”

He can tell that they’re serious.

“Sorry,” he mumbles, looking down at his hands.

“It’s OK sweetheart, you didn’t know,” Peter says softly.

“It’s the worst kind of insult, for a wolf,” Chris explains.

Stiles thinks about it, and yeah, he can see that. “No more. I promise,” he tells them.

Peter’s face loses its pinched look, and he smiles. “Thank you for understanding.”

“It’s no big. Now, tell me about werewolves,” Stiles says, as he settles in between them.

By the time Peter and Chris have to go to work, Stiles is reeling from information overload.

Super strength.

Super hearing.

Almost instant healing.

Enhanced eyesight.

The ability to tell when someone’s lying, just by their heartbeat.

The ability to take someone’s pain.

Extended life span.

Alphas and betas.

Red eyes and gold.
It’s a lot.

Scott’s not home when he arrives, and he’s quietly glad. He just needs some time to himself, to come to grips with what’s happened. He sits down on the couch heavily, and sighs. Peter and Chris are everything he’s ever wanted in a man, twice over. And they’re not human.

He’ll have to get used to that. And he’s already upset them by making a dog joke. He has so much to learn about them, both as his boyfriends and as wolves. He just hopes that they’re patient with him, because this is a lot to take in. He makes himself more coffee, drinks it slowly, and stares at the wall while his brain screams WEREWOLFWEREWOLFWEREWOLFWEREWOLFWEREWOLF.

The next time he looks at the clock, it’s half an hour before he has to start work, and he’s been sitting there for three hours, unmoving, while he tries to come to terms with his radically altered worldview. Shit.

He makes himself a sandwich, has a shower, gets dressed, and heads to work, all on autopilot. He’s still in a daze, lost in his own thoughts, when he arrives at the store. Scott takes one look at him and says “Shit, man. You look like you’ve seen a ghost. You OK?”

Stiles just goes out the back to the kitchen, not bothering to respond. He sits at the table, staring straight ahead. Scott comes after him, and he asks “Are you OK, Stiles?”

All he can do is shake his head. He’s not OK, he’s not OK at all.

Werewolves are real.

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He’s still sitting there when someone enters the kitchen. He looks up to see Chris standing there, a concerned expression on his face. Chris crouches down next to his chair, and quietly says “Stiles, what do you need?”

“I need….I don’t know,” is all he can manage.

Chris goes and makes sure that the door leading out to the store is closed, and then he comes and crouches back next to Stiles, and lays a hand on his neck. “When my father first told me there were creatures out there, things that weren’t human, I felt like my whole world had been turned upside down, like I was going crazy. You feel that too, huh?”

Stiles looks up, and sees nothing but understanding in Chris’ eyes. “Why are you here?” he asks.

“Scott. He came and got me. He told me you were upset.”

Chris continues to run his fingers up and down Stiles’ neck in a soothing fashion, making low comforting sounds in the back of his throat. He doesn’t speak, just runs his fingers up and down as he hums tunelessly, until the combination of physical touch and his comforting presence start to have an effect on Stiles, and he takes a giant, shuddering breath. “You and Peter, you’re
werewolves,” he states.

“We are.”

“Werewolves are real.”

Chris looks at him carefully, and says “It’s finally hitting you, isn’t it?”

Stiles hesitates, and his bottom lip starts to quiver. Chris moves from his position on the ground to standing, and he pulls Stiles up with him, enveloping him in a full body hug as Stiles starts to sob helplessly. Chris holds him silently, because he remembers this feeling from when he was young.

He knows that the shock of finding out that the world isn’t the way you always thought it was can cause an emotional overload. So he does the only thing he can do - he just lets Stiles cry, cradling him in his arms, heedless of the tears staining his waistcoat, because he knows Stiles needs this, needs the release. Stiles gradually stops, and his breath hitches, and he starts to speak, broken sentences, and Chris just listens and hums and holds his boy tight.

“It’s… I mean it’s such a big thing. And I don’t know….if….if I can keep the secret. And I want… I want to be with you…. but I’m scared, too.”

Chris sways gently as Stiles speaks, soothing him.

“I mean, does my dad know? How can he stay safe if he doesn’t know? But I promised you both. I swore on my mom’s grave, so I can’t tell him.”

Oh.

This is something Chris can help with, and he breathes a tiny sigh of relief. He pulls back a little, looking Stiles in the eye when he says “Your father knows, Stiles. And he’s safe. He’s under the local pack’s protection.”

Stiles looks at him with disbelief written all over his face. “What? How? “

Chris pulls him back in as he says “The Sheriff always knows, Stiles. The local pack gets in touch whenever a new sheriff’s elected, offering their support and protection. It’s always been that way.”

Stiles shakes his head. “Pops would have told me.”

“He’s sworn to secrecy, just like you.”

Stiles considers for a moment, before asking “Can I –“

Chris nods, and says “Go ahead and call him. I just ask that you don’t name names, for now.”

Stiles sits down and gathers himself before calling his dad.

“Stilinski.”

‘Wow dad, great phone manner,” Stiles says.

“Stiles? What’s wrong?”

“Why do you think something’s wrong?” Stiles asks him. He doesn’t sound that upset, surely?

“It’s the middle of the day, and you’re calling me at work. Is it Scott? Dammit, does he have cold
feet? Because you tell him from me, he won’t find anyone like Kira, and if he backs out now, I’ll kick his ass” Noah sighs.

It’s so completely off topic from what Stiles called him for that he can’t help but laugh a little. “Scott’s fine, dad, I promise. But I need to ask you something, and I need the truth.”

“Sounds serious. What do you want to know?”

Stiles takes a deep breath. “How long have you known about werewolves?” he says quickly, before he loses his nerve. The silence from the other end of the line is telling.

“Dad?”

And the next three words say it all.

“Aw hell, kid.”

He hears the sound of his father putting the phone down, and the office door closing. Noah picks up the phone again and says “The first week I was elected, I got a visit from a little old Japanese lady. She was an alpha. Went home afterwards and got blind stinking drunk.”

Stiles can feel Chris’ eyes on him, and he knows now that he can hear both ends of the conversation, but he has to ask. “Dad, are they dangerous?”

His father laughs at that, which is the last thing Stiles expected. “Hell, yes. Everyone is, if you push them far enough. But are they trouble? Absolutely not. I’ll tell you now Stiles, in all the years I’ve been doing this job, the only monsters I’ve met have been human.”

“And anyway, how do you know about this?” he asks, his voice suddenly sharp.

Stiles looks at Chris, who after a moment gives him a nod. “I, um, I met someone. And they want to date me. And they said they had a secret. And that was the secret.”

He figures it’s enough information, without giving too much away.

“Stiles, if you’ve met someone who’s willing to trust you with that information, you’d better make sure you do right by him. Or you’ll have me to answer to.”

What? He’d been expecting a lecture, or for his dad to threaten his date.

Not him.

“Dad, are you giving me the shovel talk right now? Cause, that’s not how it goes. You know that, right?”

“It’s not something Weres do lightly, dating a human. If he’s willing to risk telling you, he must be pretty gone on you, son.”

Stiles glances up at Chris, who just shrugs and raises his arms – you got me.

Then Noah asks ”When can I meet him?”

Chris starts to laugh silently as Stiles opens and closes his mouth like a goldfish, trying to avoid the question.

In the end he says “It’s a little early. We’ve only been on one date.”
“Well, don’t wait too long to introduce us,” Noah says sternly.

Then his voice softens as he says “I’m glad you’re dating again, Stiles.”

“Yeah, me too. Love you, dad.”

“Love you, son.”

Stiles hangs up, walks over to Chris and wraps himself like an octopus around the man’s long, muscled body. Chris puts an arm around him and asks “Better?”

Stiles lets out a long breath, and confirms “Better.”

“I know it’s a lot, baby. Take all the time you need,” Chris soothes.

Stiles shakes his head minutely. “I’m OK. I just had a moment. And knowing my dad knows, it kinda makes it better, you know? I know I’m not imagining things.”

“You’re not imagining things.”

Stiles pulls back and looks properly at Chris. “Sorry. I got tears all over your waistcoat.”

“I don’t care.”

“I kept you here while I cried like a baby.”

“I don’t care.”

“I freaked out on you.”

“Stiles? I don’t care.”

Stiles looks at Chris consideringly. “You really don’t, do you.”

Chris shakes his head. “Peter doesn’t get it. He’s a born wolf. But I remember what it was like, finding out. And I remember that it takes some getting used to.”

“I stared at the wall for three hours today because all I could think of was werewolves,” Stiles confesses.

Chris nods. “I locked myself in my room for a day until my dad broke the door down and told me to come out and face my fears like a man.”

“Wow. No offence, but your old man sounds like kind of a dick.”

Chris nods in agreement, saying “He really is.”

There’s a soft knock on the door then, and Scott sticks his head in. “You OK bro?” he asks.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just a little overwhelmed,” Stiles reassures Scott. And he really does feel a lot better.

Chris looks down at himself, and says “I’d better go change. You good?”

“I’m good” Stiles confirms, and proves it by patting Chris on the rear as he goes to leave.

Scott watches him go, and says “Are you really OK? What was the big secret? Am I allowed to
know?”

Stiles looks at Scott.

Sweet, gullible Scott.

His expression is pure mischief as he says “It’s about Peter.”

Scott nods. “What did you find out?”

“You were right, Scott. He’s royalty, living over here after an attempt on his life. And Chris was meant to be his bodyguard, but they fell for each other. And nobody in their country knows, so they can never go back.”

“DUDE! I WAS RIGHT!” Scott yells.

Stiles shushes him, saying “You can’t tell anyone, not even Kira. Apparently there’s an assassin after him from the old country, so nobody can know his true identity.”

Scott just breathes “Dude, that’s sick.”

“I know, right?“

“So, where’s he from?” Scott asks.

Never let it be said that Stiles can’t make the most of an opportunity. “Lycanthropia,” he says with a completely straight face. “It’s near Belgium,” he adds, for good measure.

Scott, who is absolutely geographically challenged, believes every word.

Stiles beckons him to come closer, and whispers “He’s the duke. And he misses home, Chris says. And he misses being called by his title. So Chris says that when there’s nobody else around, we can call him Your Grace.”

Scott nods again, wide eyed. “Yeah, we could do that. Give him a taste of home.”

“But you can’t make a big deal of it, OK?”

“OK,” Scott agrees.

Stile is feeling a lot better now, so he tells Scott to take a break and he’ll go and work the floor.

And then he fires off a text to Chris.

*I told Scott that Peter’s the Duke of Lycanthropia.*

Really?

*He’s going to start calling him Your Grace. Should we warn him?”*

Hell, no.

Where’s the fun in that?

*I knew I liked you for a reason.*
Apart from my smoking hot body?

That too. I mean, you do have a great ass.

Right back at you, baby

The casual affection suddenly reminds Stiles of why he agreed to this in the first place.

Because werewolf or not, he really, really, likes Peter and Chris.

“How’s our boy?”

“He’s feeling better. He was just overwhelmed. I expected he’d have a meltdown at some point.”

“Hmm. But he’s recovered now?”

“Yes. Cried a little, hugged a lot. He talked to his dad, and that helped.”

“Of course, his father knows about us.”

“Uh huh. He told his dad he was dating a Were, and his dad told him he’d better treat them right. He told him Weres don’t date humans unless they’re gone on them.”

“I think I like the sheriff.”

Chris hums. “I think I do, too.”

“So, Stiles really is all right?” Peter’s tone is tender, protective.

“He will be, I think.”

“Thank you for taking care of him, darling. What exactly is that on your waistcoat?”

Chris looks down at himself. “Mainly tears. I’m just going to change.”

“I hate that this has upset our boy. I think I’ll go and see him.”

“I think he’d definitely benefit from some time with his Alpha,” Chris says with a smile.

“I think he would, too.”


“Yes, dear.”

Chris raises a brow at him.

Peter rolls his eyes. “Sweetheart, all I’m going to do is go over there, and take that sweet boy in my arms, and tell him how very proud I am of him for taking this so well. And then I’m going to tell him to take all the time he needs, and that he can ask me anything.”
“And then?!”

Chris waits, because he knows Peter too well.

Peter’s eyes gleam as he says “And then, I’m going to kiss him until he can’t remember his own name.”
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Stiles gets to spend some one on one time with his hot suit guys.

Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy this chapter, guys, because it will probably be a week before I get a chance to post any more of this.
Also, *sideeyes 44k wordcount* remember when this was going to be 2k of meet cute?
Me either.

Peter doesn’t get to go over and see Stiles despite his best intentions, because they’re stupidly busy all afternoon. He sees Scott briefly when he comes over to use the bathroom, and he seems to be a little squirrely around Peter, but he doesn’t see their boy. In fact, he doesn’t get to see Stiles until he and Chris are locking up for the night, and Stiles is doing the same.

Chris kisses Peter once, then pats him firmly on the ass, saying “Go see our boy. Spend the evening with him, spoil him. He needs it.”

Peter leans into Chris’ shoulder affectionately. “Have I told you lately how wonderful you are?”

Chris just chuckles, and tells him “You know it. Have fun, sweetheart.”

Peter walks across to see Stiles, who grins when he sees him approaching. “Hey, Peter. Missed you today,” Stiles says with a smile.

“Hello, sweet boy. How are you feeling?” Peter asks, as he slips his hands around Stiles’ waist and pulls him close for a hug.

“Better. Chris told you I freaked out a little?” Stiles relaxes in Peter’s hold, and just enjoys the contact.

“To be honest, I would have been surprised if you didn’t. I should tell you, you’re actually talking this very well.”

Stiles curls a little closer into Peter’s arms, saying “Well, I talked to my dad, and he was so damned matter of fact about it, that it helped. If he’d told me I was in any danger, or said anything negative, I probably would have panicked even more, but the fact the he told me to treat you right? It kinda let me know that it would be OK.”
“He sounds like a very clever man,” Peter observes.

“Yeah, he does OK,” Stiles says, fondness for his father evident in his tone.

“Well, I just wanted to check on you, and tell you that if you need some time, that’s fine. And if you have any questions, please just ask.”

Stiles sighs happily. “I actually feel better just because you’re holding me. Is that a wolf thing?”

Peter moves his head to the side a little so Stiles can bury his face in the crook of his neck properly, and says “No, sweetheart. I’m just a very calming presence.”

“Well you can calm me any time you like,” Stiles tells him, finally lifting his head.

“Anytime you like, after I lock the doors,” he corrects, as he finishes closing up.

“I was rather hoping to spend the evening with you and kiss you senseless, to be honest.”

Stiles grins at the prospect. “Yeah?”

“If you’re agreeable, that is.”

“Definitely agreeable.”

“It would just be me,” Peter clarifies.

“Well, I figured that when I saw Chris leaving. He’s good with it?”

“His exact words were Go see our boy, spend the evening with him, as I recall.”

Stiles’ grin widens. “Scott’s off doing wedding stuff at Kira’s, so I’ll be home all alone. So are you coming to my place for this promised kissing?”

Peter considers. “Yes. Yes I am,” he decides.

Stiles leans in and gives him a quick peck, before heading off to his car, calling “Meet you there!”

Whenever Stiles watched Love Actually (which was far more often than he liked to admit), he’d always shaken his head at the scene where the woman runs upstairs to tidy her bedroom before her hot Latin lover is allowed to follow. He’d always thought that hey, if someone was into you, you wouldn’t care if they saw you had a few unwashed dishes.

He’s currently reevaluating that position, as he looks at the detritus of life with Scott. He dashes around before Peter arrives, madly scooping up plates and cups and glasses and depositing them in the sink, before grabbing all the stray bits of old mail and flyers and stuffing them in a drawer. He gathers up the discarded t shirts laying around (Scott’s) and the multiple pairs of shoes (his), and throws them haphazardly into the laundry.

He looks around and nods. Better.
Then, and only then, does he do the little happy dance that this occasion obviously calls for.

He can’t deny, he’s looking forwards to feeling Peter’s hands in his hair and his lips on his skin again. He opens the door quickly when Peter knocks. He may have been standing there waiting.

“Hello, sweet boy,” Peter purrs, as Stiles steps aside to let him in. He leans against Stiles and breathes deeply, humming. “You do smell delicious, sweetheart.”

Stiles blushes a little, not used to Peter being quite so open about his wolfish traits yet. But then Peter wraps his arms around his waist and pulls him closer, and the next thing Stiles knows Peter’s crowding him against the wall and bracketing him with his body. He leans in and kisses and nips at Stiles’ throat, and he’d happily spend hours there, exploring that soft, delicate flesh, except that Stiles elbows him, saying “At least close the door, man.”

Peter rolls his eyes, but he does detach himself and close the door, before saying “Better?”

Stiles nods, and grabs Peter’s face between his hands, kissing him soundly before he even has a chance to move away. Peter smirks once their lips part, saying “Isn’t it me who’s meant to be seducing you, darling?”

Stiles’ eyes dance with mischief as he tugs at Peter’s earlobe with his teeth, causing him to growl a little. There’s another knock at the door just then. Stiles hopes like hell that it’s not Scott, who’s notorious for forgetting his keys.

But it’s not. It’s a delivery. Stiles signs for the package and looks at it curiously.

He hasn’t ordered anything, but that’s definitely his name on it. He shakes it, and something rattles, but it doesn’t give him any clue as to the contents. He rips the paper off the small box eagerly, as Peter watches him, amused.

There’s a card inside the wrapping, saying “Hope you like it, darling. Peter.”

He opens the box to find a wide leather wrist cuff, similar to the one he already owns and wears. But this one is slightly different. Set in the top is metal filigree work, and in the center of that, a stylized wolf’s head. It’s gorgeous, and Stiles loves it immediately. He kisses Peter again, hot and hungry.

“So I take it you like it?”

“Oh huh,” Stiles manages, before going back to his exploration of Peter’s mouth. “Put it on me,” he says, when he finally lets Peter up for air, both of them breathing heavily.

“Do you know what it does to my wolf when you respond to a gift of mine like that?” Peter pants.

“No, but I’m guessing it’s good.”

“It drives me wild,” Peter tells him hoarsely, before pinning him against the wall and sucking a lovebite into his neck. Stiles moans happily. He presses against Peter's chest, in an effort to get him to move, and then drags him through to the living room, and his extremely comfy couch. After they sit down he extends his arm, handing Peter the bracelet with his other hand.

“I’m guessing this is some kind of a traditional gift?” he asks, as Peter takes the leather band in his hands reverently.

“Actually, no. I just thought you’d like it.”
“Are there special wolfy dating gifts?”

“Not specifically, no. Anything’s acceptable. It’s all about satisfying the provider instinct.” He adds, “Of course, every time you accept a gift from a courting werewolf, you’re giving them permission to continue.”

“If that means more dates, I’m in,” Stiles tells him.

“Excellent,” Peter declares, sounding extremely satisfied as he wraps the leather around Stiles’ wrist.

Peter does up the delicate buckle, admiring the way the leather hugs Stiles’ wrist, the deep black contrasting with his pale skin beautifully.

Stiles examines it, grinning. “Thank you, Peter. It’s perfect.”

Peter preens at hearing that. Stiles puts both arms around Peter’s neck, and draws him close so that their foreheads are almost touching. “So,” he breathes. “I heard talk of someone kissing me senseless? Because y’know, any time you’re – “

Peter’s lips land on his suddenly, and Stiles opens his mouth to let Peter’s tongue slip inside. Peter keeps the kiss light, delicate. He explores Stiles’ mouth languidly, taking his time. Stiles responds in kind, and soon enough they’re tangled together on the couch, mouths moving over skin, hands skimming lightly over the outside of their clothing as they touch and tease and play.

Peter’s stubble grazes along his throat as he kisses his way down, making Stiles gasp. He can feel Peter’s mouth curve up into a smile against his skin, and he arches his head back, exposing his throat. He doesn’t know a lot about werewolves but he already knows Peter has a thing for his neck, and the low growl he lets out confirms it.

He threads his fingers through Peter’s hair, just like he’d fantasized about doing, and gives a tiny tug. Peter responds by sucking on his collarbone, leaving a dark mark there, and then another, and then another, and the sensation sends heat traveling all the way down to his dick, which is taking a definite interest.

He pulls Peter off then, drawing him up so that he can kiss him again, and Peter responds eagerly. Peter’s kisses aren’t soft and delicate anymore, they’re hungry and filthy and needy, and Stiles can feel Peter hardening against him. He grins, and starts pressing his own erection against him. Peter growls and pushes him down onto his back. Stiles goes willingly, reveling in the feeling of Peter manhandling him a little.

Apparently he may have a thing for werewolf strength.

They end up laying on the couch, grinding against each other as they explore their bodies, discovering those sensitive, secret places. Stiles arches into Peter’s hands with a groan when he drags them firmly over his ass just so, and Stiles finds a spot just behind Peter’s ear that makes him moan helplessly. But tonight’s not about getting off. It’s about helping Stiles get comfortable.

So Peter doesn’t push, just lets Stiles set the pace, rolling them so that Stiles is on top, and in charge. They grind for a little longer, before Stiles groans and pulls back. “Enough,” he pants out.

When he pulls away, Stiles looks at Peter and grins. His werewolf boyfriend couldn’t look less dangerous if he tried. Peter’s a mess.

Stiles has indulged himself thoroughly, tangling his hands in Peter’s thick locks as he drew him in
closer, and his hair looks like a bird’s nest. His cheeks are flushed, his lips are swollen from the
time spent kissing Stiles thoroughly, and he’s panting a little. It’s a far cry from his normally
perfectly groomed self.

Mind you, Stiles isn’t any better. His shirt’s come unbuttoned somehow, and now he has a series of
tiny love bites along his collarbone, as well as the one on his neck. His pupils are blown wide with
want, and he’s panting as well.

“Jesus, you weren’t kidding,” he manages. “I think you broke my brain.”

Peter laughs, rich and deep. “Maybe I should head home, let you recover,” he offers.

Stiles shakes his head, still panting. “Stay? Just to talk? I’d really like some company.”

Peter sits up with a soft smile. “Of course, sweet boy. Why don’t I order us some dinner?”

“You don’t mind if we stop?”

Peter drags Stiles against his chest in a hug, and he goes willingly. “Stiles, I’m happy to stay as
long as you want. But I get the feeling you don’t really want to take this any further?”

Stiles considers it, and shakes his head. “I mean, objectively, I’m into it. Because oh my god, have
you seen yourself? But tonight? Not so much. I just need you to hold me.”

“Understandable” Peter says gently. “And there’s no rush.”

Stiles snuggles back against his chest, saying “Exactly. “ He’s grateful that Peter gets it.

Peter places a warm hand on the back of Stiles neck and starts to knead at the muscles there, the
way he knows that he likes. Stiles hums contentedly.

“So, this touchy feely thing that wolves do? I like it,” he sighs.

Peter runs his other hand over Stiles’ side lightly, smiling. “I’m glad, sweetheart. We can just sit
like this if you want.”

“Dinner and cuddles with a hot guy? I’m in. Chinese?”

Peter already has his phone out, and he places the order quickly. Once the food arrives, they chat
easily while they eat, the sexual tension between them finally easing to a slow simmer as they talk.

Peter idly draws patterns on the exposed skin of Stiles’ chest.

“You like that tattoo,” Stiles observes, as he watches Peter’s fingers trace over the lettering on his
chest for the fourth time.

“Oh, absolutely. There’s something about them that I just love. If you ever wanted to get more, I
would wholeheartedly support that decision.”

“Maybe,” Stiles muses. “You could come and hold my hand. I could get something big. A back
piece, maybe. I’ve thought about it before.”

Peter grins, big and wide and slightly feral, saying “Oh, sweetheart. I wouldn’t be able to keep my
hands off you.”

“You can barely keep your hands off me now.”
“Well, you’re very enticing.”

“True. Does Chris have any other tattoos except his arm?”

Peter shakes his head. “Just the one. I’m very fond of it, though.”

Stiles has seen Chris’ ink, a tribal design that spirals down the top half of one arm. He thinks it’s hot as hell. “I can see why. Would he ever get any more? Would you get any?”

Peter shakes his head. “For werewolves, tattoos involve blowtorches.”

Stiles shudders at the thought. Peter catches the movement, saying “My thoughts exactly.”

They talk a little more, Stiles asking random questions, and Peter answering, all while curled around each other comfortably. They don’t go back to making out, but Peter hands are always on Stiles, touching, stroking, holding.

Possessive.

At one point Stiles asks “So, why a menswear shop? It seems like a weird choice.”

Peter laughs softly. “Honestly? I’ve always loved clothes, and so has Chris. And we were sick of having to go out of town to buy anything decent to wear. There was a gap in the market, so we decided to fill it. Also, we wanted to get away from anything that could be linked to our families. If we’d opened, say, a weapons shop, and had the name Argent connected to it, it would have been like sending up a smoke signal for other hunters. This way, we can keep a low profile.”

Stiles hums. “That actually makes sense. I like that you’re smart as well as pretty,” he teases.

Peter arches a brow. “Excuse me, I’m more than pretty. I’m classically handsome.”

Stiles snorts, and gives Peter a gentle shove. “Modest, too.”

He catches himself in a yawn, then. The food’s gone, and it’s getting late.

“I really should go and let you sleep, darling,” Peter says with a sigh.

Stiles rouses himself from the couch, saying “Thanks for tonight.”

“Did it help, just spending some time?” Peter asks.

“Actually, yeah. I think I needed to remind myself that you’re still you. Does that makes sense?”

“Perfect sense,” Peter assures him. “And now, I really must go. I’ll see you tomorrow, sweetheart.”

Stiles and Peter share a soft, lingering kiss at the door before he departs. When he leaves, Stiles sighs happily. He feels a thousand percent better than he did earlier today. He knows that some of it is just time, that his mind’s accepting a new definition of normal, but a lot of it is from spending time with Peter.

On impulse, he texts Chris.

_Peter’s just left. Thanks for letting me borrow him_

He gets a reply almost immediately. _You aren’t borrowing him, Stiles. We’re sharing him. Big difference._
It’s a small distinction, but an important one, and Stiles ruminates on that for a minute.

His phone pings again.

*Besides, I got to watch terrible action films all night without Peter picking holes in the plot, and eat my nachos without him stealing half of them.*

Stiles snorts.

*When can you take him off my hands again?*

When he reads that Stiles laughs out loud, any lingering concerns he had over Chris being jealous swept away.

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**Just left our boy**

*I know, he texted me. Thanked me for letting him borrow you.*

**Such lovely manners, I really do like him. But he’s not borrowing me.**

*I told him that. Said we’re sharing you, and there’s a difference.*

**Was he ok with it?**

*I think he felt better after I asked him when he could take you off my hands again.*

**Rude, Christopher!**

*So did you take good care of him?*

**Of course I did. I had a gift delivered for him, and then we had dinner and made out.**

*Uh huh.*

**That boy has a very kissable mouth. Remind me why we’re taking things slow again?**

*Because we said we’d let him set the pace. And not everyone is as impatient as you.*

Peter huffs, and is about to send a text denying that he’s anything of the sort, when Chris sends him a photo. He’s naked, and smirking, and hard. *Just so you know, I’m about to get in the shower.***

**Oh, really? Need some help?**

*Get here fast enough, you can soap me up.*

**On my way.**

Peter grins as he sends the last message, drops his phone back in his pocket, and guns it out of the driveway.
A wet, naked Chris is one of his favorite things. Chris normally takes about twenty minutes in the shower.

It’s a twelve minute drive. He makes it home in seven.

He’ll teach Chris to call him impatient.

Stiles doesn’t go and see the guys the next night, because he’s interviewing potential roommates to replace Scott. It’s a pain in the ass, but he can’t make rent on his own, and Kira’s apartment is much nicer, so it makes sense for Scott to move there. Chris already suggested he just move in with them, but it’s too soon. Besides, there’s three months left on his lease, and he wants to get his security deposit back.

So he’s interviewing five potential roommates tonight, in the hopes of finding somebody he can live with. Now that he’s dating Peter and Chris, he feels like he has to be extra careful in his selection – the last thing he needs is for someone to make things ugly because they don’t approve of his dating choices.

The first guy’s a bust – he turns up twenty minutes late, and smells of weed. When Stiles casually mentions that his dad’s the sheriff, he pales a little, and starts talking about how it’s a little far from his job, before slinking out the door.

The second girl screws up her nose at the size of the bathroom.

Guy three is a dudebro who’s looking for somewhere he can use as a home base while he ‘chases some tail’ as he puts it.

The fourth guy? Stiles feels like he should like him. He’s on time, polite, well spoken, and can pay his share of the rent. He answers Stiles’ questions easily, and when Stiles slips in there that he’s gay, the guy doesn’t seem fazed. But there’s something about him that Stiles can’t get a read on. It’s almost like the guy’s a little too nice.

He puts him in the maybe pile.

The last girl is immediately Stiles’ favorite when she shows up wearing a t shirt that says “My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father, prepare to die.”

Stiles has the same shirt. She’s not as confident answering his questions as the last guy, and frankly admits that she’s a night owl, and not to be spoken to in the mornings. She can’t cook. When Stiles mentions he’s gay, she shrugs and says “Same.”

Stiles puts her in the maybe pile as well.

He rings Chris afterwards, because he promised he would, and tells him he has it narrowed down to two, but he’s not sure. The guy looks better on paper, but there’s something about him that feels off.

“Get him back tomorrow night, I’ll come over. You talk to him, and I’ll listen to his heartbeat, see
if he’s lying or not,” Chris advises.

Stiles loves the idea, saying “I forgot you have a built in lie detector. That’d be awesome.” He hesitates a moment before saying “And maybe after, you can stay for a while? If that’s OK?”

Chris chuckles, saying “It’s more than OK, baby. I’ll look forwards to it.”

“And Peter won’t mind?”

“Peter will probably soak in a hot bath all night, and play country music, because I’m not there to complain.”

In the background Stiles hears Peter call out “Garth Brooks is a gift, I’ll have you know!”

Stiles laughs, and arranges a time for Chris to come over the next night, and for his two candidates to come back.

Chris comes over about half an hour before he’s meant to, and he comes bearing gifts.

“What? Peter’s not the only one with provider instincts,” Chris says, as he drops the large box on the kitchen table. Stiles looks eagerly at the box, but first things first. He hold his arms out in invitation, and Chris picks him up easily and swings him around, kissing him as he does so.

“Hey, baby” he murmurs into Stiles’ ear, and his voice makes a literal shiver run down Stiles’ spine. Chris notices of course, and leaning in closer, he says “You like that, huh? Want me to talk dirty to you?”

“Fuck, yes. Your voice, it’s……” Stiles flails as he tries to find words.


“Yeah, all of those,” Stiles breathes.

Chris carefully sets Stiles down, and those blue eyes pierce Stiles’ very soul as Chris looks at him intently. “After we pick a roommate, how about we fool around a little, huh?”

Stiles nods vigorously, before turning his attention to the box. “Well, it’s definitely bigger than Peter’s” he says with a smirk.

“What can I say? My package always satisfies,” Chris says, deadpan.

Stiles snickers at that, as he rips off the paper on the box. When he sees what’s inside, he lets out a “Yessssss!” and fist pumps.

Chris watches him, a satisfied smile on his face. “I knew that you didn’t have a decent one, and let’s face it, Peter’s going to spend the night here at some stage. This may well save your life.”

Stiles strokes the coffee machine reverently, cooing at the features, before turning his brightest smile on Chris. “You’re my favorite,” he declares.

Chris leans in and kisses him, murmuring “Damn straight I am.”
Stiles is just settling in nicely to Chris’ ministrations when there’s a knock at the door. It’s Lindsay, the girl he’s considering, and she’s right on time. Stiles goes to open the door, and Chris goes with him, arm around his waist.

She greets them both, and doesn’t blink an eye when Stiles introduces Chris as “One of my boyfriends.”

When she looks at him properly though, her mouth opens, and she looks like she’s restraining herself from saying something.

"I know, he’s smoking, right?” Stiles grins.

“He really is,” she says, staring.

Chris leans forward, saying “I’m right here, you know.”

Lindsay blushes a little, but Stiles just shrugs. “We’re not saying anything you don’t already know. Objectively, you’re a fine, fine man.”

“Glad to hear you think so, sweetheart.”

Stiles invites Lindsay to sit down, and asks her a few more questions, and she has a couple to ask him. Generally she seems like a good fit, and Stiles is tempted to offer her the place there and then, but he still has Jason to see, so he tells her he’ll call her the next day. She nods, tells Chris ”Nice to meet you,” and leaves.

After she goes, Chris nods, saying “She’d be a good choice.”

“I think so too. But the other guy can cook.”

They wait for him to turn up, and spend the time lazily trading kisses. Stiles loves the way Chris is that little bit taller, the way he has to stand on his toes a little to reach his mouth, the way his arms wrap around the back of his neck just right. Chris places his hands on Stiles’ hips, warm and broad and secure, holding him steady as he kisses him firmly, expertly, deeply. It’s so different from Peter, and Stiles get the distinct impression that although Peter’s the Alpha, there are times when Chris is definitely in charge.

Chris’ hands slide down and around to his ass, broad palms splayed out as he gives it a squeeze. Stiles groans when there’s a knock at the door. ‘Fucking Jason,” he sighs.

Chris just laughs. Stiles opens the door and lets Jason in, and once again introduces Chris as “one of my boyfriends.”

All Jason says is “Huh,” but he makes no move to shake hands, and Stiles can’t help but note the subtle shift in Chris’ body language. His arms are folded tightly across his chest, and his shoulders are tense.

Stiles asks Jason the same questions as he asked Lindsay, and his answers are perfectly acceptable. But Chris is watching him closely, casting him almost murderous looks, and Stiles recognizes the look he gets when he’s really not happy. Finally Jason, after casting nervous glances at Chris, asks “So, um, does your boyfriend stay over often?”

”Not yet, but I’m hoping he will. I’m hoping both of them will. Why? Problem?”

Chris continues to stare, unblinking.
“That’s not gonna work for me, sorry,” Jason says.

Stiles shrugs, and sees the guy out. Then he turns to Chris and says “So. What was up with him?”

“He was attracted to you.” He frowns as he says it.

Stiles is confused. “How could you even know that?”

“I could smell it on him. Every time he looked at you, he was turned on. His heart was racing. And he kept leaning in towards you. I don’t want him near you.”

Chris growls a little, and his eyes glow. And oh, Stiles should not be as turned on by that as he is. “Christopher, are you jealous?” he teases.

“Not jealous, sweetheart. Protective.”

“Hmmm. I like protective you, it’s hot.” Chris relaxes a little then, unfolding his arms so that Stiles can slide right up close to him and give him a kiss. “I like that you make me feel safe,” Stiles says softly.

Chris smiles at him then, and says “Always, baby.”

And Stiles knows that he absolutely means it.

Surprisingly, they don’t start making out right away. Stiles calls Lindsay to tell her she has the room, then he orders them dinner, while Chris sets up the coffee machine. Every few minutes they’ll smile at each other, or run a hand down a bicep, or give a passing butt a light slap, but it’s just playing, there’s no intent behind it.

Once they’ve eaten though, Chris clears the plates, and when he comes back he settles himself on the couch, spreading his long legs wide, and fixes Stiles with a look that’s pure want. “Come here baby, and get comfy.”

Stiles throws one leg over Chris’ lap, planting his knees on either side, and settles in there happily. He can feel the bulge of Chris’ cock in the front of his jeans, and he presses down against it a little, teasing. Chris lets out a low rumble, before pulling Stiles towards him, sliding his hands up the back of his shirt as he does so. When their lips meet, Chris completely takes over, forcing his tongue into Stiles’ mouth, barely letting him catch his breath as he kisses him passionately.

Stiles still somehow thought Peter was the one who was more interested in him, that maybe Chris was just along for the ride, but the way Chris is kissing him now, he’s left in no doubt that he wants this just as much. He tangles his fingers in the salt and pepper scruff at the back of Chris’ head and hangs on tight as Chris kisses him, and presses up into him, and then leaves a dark mark on his collarbone, refreshing the one Peter left there two nights ago. His hips have started grinding down in earnest now, and he can feel Chris’ erection straining against the fabric of his jeans, feels it growing, and he knows he’s big, but it feels like Chris could give him a run for his money.

Chris isn’t the only one who’s hard. He’s aching and desperate, and he knows there’s no way he’s stopping now. Chris looks like he’d like to eat him alive right now, and his hands keep traveling over Stiles’ back in broad, smooth strokes, and Stiles arches his back in pleasure. The movement
causes him to grind up against Chris again, and they both groan.

“So good, baby,” Chris growls out, and goes back to kissing Stiles until he’s just a mess of desire and need. When they finally pull apart, the blue in Chris’ eyes is nearly gone, his pupils almost completely black with want. Stiles is as hard as nails, cock pulsing and straining, and when Chris leans in and lifts his shirt and runs the flat of his tongue over one of his nipples, it makes him gasp with pleasure.

He puts his hands on Chris’ shoulders and presses against them, holding him in place with a groan. Chris continues to suck and lick, and Stiles can feel himself getting close, and he doesn’t ever want this to stop, wants to feel that mouth, that stubble against his skin, forever. He whines when Chris tugs at his nipple with his clever teeth.

Chris pulls his mouth away and looks up, grinning. “Want me to stop, sweetheart? It’s your call.”

Stiles can’t speak, so he just shakes his head. He reaches down and pops the button on his jeans, then eases the zipper down, breathing a sigh of relief as his cock is freed from its restraints. He reaches behind him and grabs Chris’ hand, wordlessly bringing it around to the front of his boxers, and pressing it against where he’s hard.

Chris takes the hint, and slips his hand down inside the elastic of his underwear, wrapping the broad palm around his length and jacking him slowly, murmuring “Whatever you need, baby.”

Stiles closes his eyes and breathes deeply, the combination of that voice and those hands bringing him to the brink. “I’m close,” he pants out.

Chris strokes up and down, a little quicker now, and the smooth, dry skin of his palm as it slides up and down feels like heaven. When he slides his thumb gently back and forth over the head, that’s all it takes. Stiles arches his back and thrusts up into Chris’ fist, come shooting out and covering his hand in hot, messy spurts. Chris stills his hand, and just keeps it resting loosely around Stiles’ softening cock. He growls - no, not growls, purrs, as Stiles drops his head onto his shoulders, shuddering through the aftershocks.

“That escalated quickly,” Stiles pants out.

Chris laughs softly. “So good for me,” he croons, and Stiles melts under the praise.

“So much for taking it slow” he sighs, boneless and relaxed after his orgasm.

“We always said, you set the pace Stiles. It was perfect.”

Stiles hums, satisfied. “Just so you know, we’ll be doing that again.”

Chris huffs out a laugh, and says “I swear, you and Peter are as bad as each other. Both so greedy. I don’t know what I’ll do with two of you.”

“Oh, I can think of a few things,” he says, grinning wickedly.

Chris shoves him affectionately, saying “You’re a menace, Stiles.” Stiles nods in agreement. “God, I can’t wait till I can take you apart properly. I’m going to wreck you, baby.”

Stiles can’t wait either. He’s made a mess of his decent jeans, and he’s pretty sure he managed to get come on Chris’ t shirt as well. He doesn’t care. Chris wants him. If he didn’t know it before, he knows it now. He’s still hard beneath him, and Stiles runs a hand over the front of Chris’ jeans, asking “Want me to return the favor?”
Chris shakes his head wordlessly, instead opening his fly and shoving his hand down the front of his pants, where he quickly tugs and jerks at the flesh there until he spills over them both with a groan.

“Holy fuck that’s hot,” Stiles breathes. Chris gives him a lazy smile, and pulls him in for a kiss. As they kiss, soft and tender, Stiles can feel Chris twitching and growing beneath him. He pulls back to look, and yep, Chris’ cock is bobbing impossibly hard and proud against his belly. “Really, Chris?”

He can’t help but be impressed. Chris just raises a brow, and reminds him “Werewolf, Stiles.”

“Wait, so you can just…keep going?”

Chris sounds smug as he replies, “Yup.”

“That’s insane.”

Chris kisses Stiles once more, before saying “Don’t worry, sweetheart. I have plans for this.”

Stiles can imagine what those plans are, and it probably shouldn’t turn him on as much as it does. “You’re going home to fuck Peter into the middle of next week, aren’t you?” Stiles asks, and just thinking about it sends a shiver up his spine.

“Pretty sure I am,” Chris replies with a filthy grin.

“He won’t mind that we did this?” Stiles asks, curious. He’s still trying to get his head around the whole three way thing.

“Oh, he’ll want to hear every detail,” Chris laughs.

Stiles peels himself off Chris, wrinkling his nose at the sticky mess in his jeans and on his hands. “This is gross,” he complains, but he doesn’t really mind, not when he feels so damned good. It’s the hardest he’s come for a long time, and that was just a hand job.

He goes and gets a cloth and cleans himself and Chris up. Chris has softened enough that he can get his jeans done up, but there’s still an impressive bulge there. Stiles takes a photo of where the front of his jeans are obviously straining, and sends it to Peter with a message.

Present for you

Really? You spoil me, Stiles. I don’t need to ask if you had a good evening, then?

Stiles bites his lip, considering whether to send the next text. Then he thinks fuck it.

So good. Those hands. And that mouth.

Oh, don’t I know it, sweet boy? We’re very lucky to have him.

And that right there, Peter’s use of the word we, once again reassures Stiles that this is OK, that it’s how it is between the three of them.

He smiles happily at the thought.

“Tell him I’m on my way,” Chris instructs, and Stiles obediently does so.

Peter sends back a gif of a woman sucking lewdly on a lollipop, and when Stiles shows Chris, he
snorts. “Peter never was subtle,” he says, smiling fondly.

Stiles is yawning, ready for a nap after the mind blowing orgasm he just had, and he smiles at Chris sleepily, saying “Thanks for tonight.”

“My pleasure, sweetheart,” Chris says as he takes his leave.

And Stiles is left alone, but he really doesn’t mind. He plans to lock the door, and go to bed, and dream about strong, clever hands and piercing blue eyes.

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Chris can do the drive home in six minutes, it turns out.

But Peter still rolls his eyes as he enters the bedroom and says “What took you so long?” He doesn’t complain for long though, because Chris is pulling him in for a hot, heady kiss, and then Peter’s on his knees, and his parents always taught him that it’s rude to speak with your mouth full.

And by the time Chris is finished with him, or he’s finished with Chris, he’s not sure which, he’s forgotten what he was complaining about.

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It takes Scott three days to work up the nerve to speak to Peter again, now that he knows he’s royalty.

Stiles waits patiently, because he knows Scott, and he knows that he won’t be able to resist the urge to address Peter by his title. And finally, on the third day, Peter comes over bearing a box of Danishes.

“To celebrate Friday,” he declares.

Scott and Stiles follow him into the kitchen, lured by the sight of the box of pastries. Stiles bites into a Danish, moaning as the tart taste of apricot floods his mouth. “My favorite, how did you know?”

“A little bird told me,” Peter says, gesturing at Scott.

“Good job, Scotty,” Stiles grins.

Scott takes a pastry with a nod to Peter, unusually silent. Peter’s noticed of course, but Stiles hasn’t said anything about Scott acting oddly, so he’s let it go, blaming the upcoming nuptials.
“Thanks for the gift, Peter,” Stiles makes a point of saying, because he knows that this is part of Peter’s provider instinct, and thanking him will make him happy. Besides, it’s basic good manners.

And sure enough, Peter’s whole face brightens at the acknowledgement. Stiles is watching Scott out of the corner of his eye, and because he can, he stirs the pot a little. “I mean, this is fit for a king, wouldn’t you say so Scott?” he asks, looking at Scott meaningfully.

Scott looks at him, eyes wide, and Stiles tilts his head towards Peter. ‘Yeah. They’re really good. Thanks,” Scott stammers. Stiles almost misses the quiet “Your grace” that he tacks onto the end, but he knows damn well Peter hears it by the way he stills suddenly.

An array of complicated emotions play out over Peter’s face, ranging from confusion to amusement, and Stiles waits for his reaction. Finally, he says “You’re welcome, Scott. And thank you.”

Scott beams widely, and then the bell rings at the front counter and he has to go and do some work. Peter turns his gaze on Stiles, folding his arms over his chest and cocking a brow. Stiles just smiles angelically and says nothing.

Peter walks over to him then, putting his hands on his hips and pulling him close, so he can whisper in his ear “Why is Scott calling me your grace?”

Stiles snickers.

“What did you do, Stiles?” Peter asks, the corner of his mouth quirking up in the start of a smile.

“I may have told him that your big secret is that you’re an exiled duke.”

Peter’s smile grows as he asks “Really? And why would you do that, pray tell?”

Stiles shrugs. “It was too good to pass up?”

Peter snorts at that. “So Scott thinks I’m royalty. Interesting. What about Chris? And where are we from, exactly?”

Stiles bites his lip. ‘Um, I made up a country.”

Peter’s eyebrows raise. “You made up…..a country.”

“Lycanthropia. It’s near Belgium. And Chris is your bodyguard that you fell in love with while fleeing overseas from an assassin.”

Peter throws back his head and laughs, and Stiles joins in. “Oh Stiles, I knew I liked you,” he says, and kisses him on the forehead. “When are you planning on telling him the truth?”

Stiles considers. “I think we’ll give it a day or two. It’s distracting him from worrying about the wedding, and trust me, that’s a good thing.”

“You don’t think it’s cruel, stringing him along?” Peter asks.

Stiles shakes his head firmly. “He has it coming. Last month he covered my entire jeep in post it notes for a joke.”

“Why?”

Stiles shrugs. “Maybe because the week before that I stole all his shoelaces and underwear?”
Peter sighs, and says “I’m going to regret asking, but why?”

“I don’t remember,” Stiles admits. “It’s just something we do.”

And then Scott comes into the room again, and Peter takes his leave, tossing a casual wink Scott’s way as he goes. Scott’s vibrating with excitement as he says “He totally loved it, Stiles!”

“You’ve made his day, Scott,” Stiles says, without a word of a lie.

Scott manages to make excuses to go over the road and call Peter your grace three more times before Peter takes him aside and quietly reminds him “Not where the commoners can hear you, Scott.”

Chris kindly texts Stiles a running commentary, which keeps him highly entertained all afternoon. But in the end, Stiles can only hold out until close of business before he admits to Scott that regretfully, Peter is not in fact a duke, and Lycanthropia doesn’t exist.

Scott’s a little disappointed, because he liked being friends with royalty, but he admits he earned it with the post it notes, and endures Stiles’ teasing with good humor, and immediately starts plotting his revenge.

And then, because it’s Friday and they’ve earned it, the boys go out and get hammered on tequila. Scott insists that Stiles pay, because as he says, “You’re the one dating a duke.”

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Peter’s standing dressed in only his underwear, observing himself critically in the mirror.

“You know, I would have made an excellent royal, Christopher. I have the bearing for it. I’m sure there’s noble blood in these veins.”

“You tell yourself that, sweetheart.”

“I’m serious. Maybe I should demand you start using my royal title, as a sign of respect.”

Chris crowds Peter back against the wall, and says “If you insist.......Princess.”

Peter's squawk of indignation is cut off as Chris kisses him.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Stiles hesitates.
“If I say no, I mean it.”
Chris’ brow furrows, and he pulls away a little, just enough to see Stiles’ face properly.
“Stiles, who the hell have you dated that you think you need to tell us that?”
Stiles sighs.
He looks at their worried faces, and says “Just one guy, actually.”
“But he was an asshole.”
And then, feeling slightly ashamed, he tells them.

Chapter Notes

OK folks, this chapter just demanded to be written. The issue kept coming up, and in the end I just let it write itself.
It addresses Stiles’ past relationship, which was unhealthy and abusive. Please skip this if it's triggering for you. There's a summary of the chapter contents in the end notes, but really, there's not a lot of plot points so you can safely skip it if you need to.
Take care of yourselves, yeah?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tequila is bad.

Tequila is sent by the devil, and Scott is to blame for this hangover, because he insisted on that last round of shots. If Stiles had stopped before the last round, he’s sure he’d be fine right now, but as it is, he’s dying. His head’s throbbing, his eyeballs are about to explode, his mouth feels like somebody took a shit in there, and he has work in an hour.

Scott, the lucky bastard, has the day off. Stiles pounds on his bedroom door as he passes, yelling “Fuck you and your tequila, McCall!”

He gets a muffled “Fuck you too,” in return, and carries on to the bathroom, satisfied that Scott’s at least alive.

They hide it under a veneer of friendly abuse, but whenever they’ve had a big night out they like to check that they’re both still breathing the next morning – their parents have both told them too many horror stories about people choking on their own vomit, and it’s wormed its way into their subconscious.

Stiles wonders briefly what it would be like to have a parent who doesn’t work in emergency services, and who talks about normal things at dinner. Then he drags himself into the shower in a
vain attempt to feel human.

It helps, a little. So does the excellent coffee from his new machine, and he sends a photo of the steaming mug to Chris, with a text saying

HANGOVER.WORK.

GOOD COFFEE IS LIFESAVER. THANK YOU.

Chris sends back a shot of himself, looking absolutely delicious in a deep blue open necked shirt with the sleeves rolled up.

No hangover, but work

Then he sends a shot of what looks like some sort of small furry animal, and it takes Stiles a moment to figure out that it’s the very top of Peter’s head, sticking out from under the blankets.

Day off for his grace.

Stiles frowns. He’d really been counting on Peter to do that thing with his hands, so he could ease his hangover. He shrugs, pops a couple of painkillers, drinks a bottle of water, and heads in to work.

Chris comes over at about ten, putting a back in five minutes sign on his door. He takes one look at Stiles, and says “You went hard, huh?”

“Tequila.”

Chris winces. “Nasty.”

Stiles nods. He’s surprised when Chris says “Want me to help? I can take your pain.”

“I thought that was Peter’s trick?”

“It is, but I can do it as well. You just won’t get the massage that he’d give you."

Stiles tells their weekend casual, Liam, that he’s going on a break, and he leads Chris back to the kitchen. He drops down into a chair and bows his head so the back of his neck is exposed, and waits expectantly. He feels Chris’ hands as he places them gently on either side of his head, and then his headache is just…gone.

He blinks, and rolls his neck, and is delighted when he feels not a single twinge. He smiles gratefully at Chris, who’s grinning at him. “You really are a lifesaver,” he tells him, as he pulls him down for a kiss.

Chris just hums into Stiles’ mouth, deep and rich, and Stiles melts a little at the sound. He pulls away though, because they’re at work, and he knows Chris can’t leave the store unattended for too long,
“Catch up with us tonight? Stay for dinner?” Chris asks.

Stiles pretends to think about it. “Let’s see, do I want to spend the evening with my two hot boyfriends, or do I want to spend the evening listening to Scott practice his wedding vows on me again? Such a tough choice.”

“If it helps, I know Peter’s making roast beef.”

Stiles’ eyes light up at the prospect. He can cook OK, but a roast is something he just never gets round to doing – by the time he thinks about dinner, he’s already hungry, and he just doesn’t have the patience for anything that takes longer than twenty minutes. “Count me in in that case, although for the record, I was going to say yes anyway,” he grins.

“Maybe you’d like to stay over as well, if you feel like it,” Chris suggests. Stiles’ expression turns panicked for a moment, and Chris can sense his heart rate picking up.

“What is it, Stiles? Your heart’s going a mile a minute.”

“I just need to check. When you say staying over, do you mean sex?”

Chris tilts his head and looks at him. “No, I mean sleeping in the same bed with both of us. Nothing more, unless you say so. Why do you ask?”

Stiles relaxes a little. “OK. I just needed to check. The last guy I dated, well, let’s just say when he told me I was sleeping over, it didn’t involve much sleep.”

Chris looks concerned, saying “Told you? You mean asked you?”

Stiles shrugs silently. Chris lets it go, for now, but he thinks that he’d like to know exactly who it was that made Stiles think he didn’t have any choices.

Stiles texts Scott to tell him he won’t be home, and goes straight to Chris and Peter’s place after work. He beats Chris by about ten minutes, and Peter greets him with a kiss, then another, then another. Stiles is just starting to really enjoy himself when Peter breaks away, holding up a finger to signal that Stiles should wait for him.

His eyes dance as he ducks into the bedroom and emerges with another gift box. “I’ve been waiting for this to arrive. I hope you like it,” Peter says, as he hands the box over.

It’s a flat, skinny package, and Stiles turns it over curiously. When he opens it, all the breath leaves his body.

It’s an envelope. It bears the Hogwarts seal, and is addressed to

*Stiles Mieczyslaw Stilinski*

*The corner bedroom*
With his address underneath.

When he carefully opens it, he finds himself holding a letter that says

“Dear Stiles (Mieczyslaw),

We are pleased to inform you that you have a place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.....

And he can’t read the rest because inexplicably, his eyes are filling with tears. He turns and places the letter carefully on the table, like some priceless artifact, and then launches himself at Peter, jumping up into a full body hug and wrapping his legs around his hips. Peter catches him easily, and Stiles buries his face in his shoulder, saying “Don’t you dare laugh, OK?”

“As if I would. I must admit though, I had no idea you’d be this affected.”

“Peter, you spelt my name right. You have no idea how fucking rare that is,” Stiles tells him, voice still muffled by his shirt.

“Well of course I did, darling. It’s important.”

Stiles raises his head to look at Peter for a moment, and then tangles his hands in his hair and pulls him in for a bruising, passionate kiss.

When Chris walks in the door he’s greeted by the sight of Stiles wrapped around Peter like a limpet, still kissing him hungrily, and Peter looking all too smug as he kisses him back, holding him in place as he balances his ass on the edge of the table.

“You gave it to him then?”

Stiles nods furiously. He turns his head and Chris can see his eyes are still a little damp, but he’s grinning from ear to ear. “You know what? I’m really starting to like this whole gift giving tradition.”

Chris chuckles, and leans in to kiss first Peter, then Stiles. “I’m glad baby, because we both love spoiling you. You’re making our wolves happy as well.”

Peter gently pries himself out of Stiles’ grip. “As much as I love this, I need to see to dinner,” he tells Stiles, a tinge regretfully.

Chris steps between Stiles’ legs once Peter moves away, saying ‘Don’t worry, I’ll take care of him.”

His extra height means that Stiles has to tilt his head back a little, and Chris leans in and inhales his scent, not even trying to hide what he’s doing. “You smell good when you’re happy, Stiles,” he rumbles out, before plunging his tongue into his mouth for a long, searing kiss.

“You smell good all the freaking time, both of you,” Stiles replies, as his hands snake up under Chris’ shirt and over his back muscles.

Peter watches them, smiling.
After dinner there’s another gift, from Chris. Stiles looks from one to the other, saying “Is this some sort of competition?”

Chris smiles his perfect smile, and says “Of course not.”

Stiles opens the heavy box to find a black leather jacket. It’s exactly his size, and the leather’s soft and buttery and gorgeous, and he remembers from when they measured him for his suit how he’s not a standard size, yet this fits him like a glove.

“Did you have this made?” he asks suspiciously.

Chris smiles even more broadly, saying “Damn right I did. I wanted it to be a perfect fit, just like you.”

“You guys are the actual best.”

Peter runs a hand across the back of his neck, ostensibly to fix the collar of the jacket, even though they both know it doesn’t need it. “You’re worth it, sweetheart,” he purrs out, and Stiles blushes.

Whenever Peter speaks to him so affectionately, whenever either of them does really, he feels a little overwhelmed, and wonders how long it will take them to stop calling him darling and sweetheart and baby.

He hopes they never do.

They decide to watch a movie, and Stiles ends up draped across his two men. Peter has a hand under the hem of his t-shirt, resting casually against his abs, werewolf-warm and comforting, while Chris massages his feet. Peter was right - it is absolute bliss, and Stiles moans and arches his back with how good his feet feel when Chris runs a thumb over his instep.

Chris applies just a little more pressure the next time round, and Stiles’ feet curl up involuntarily in response – he couldn’t stop them if he tried. “I always knew I could make your toes curl just using my hands,” Chris says, smirking wickedly.

“Oh huh,” Stiles nods, blissfully happy.

He’s been wined and dined and courted, and now he’s being showered with physical affection. He’s died and gone to heaven. Just when he feels himself starting to doze, Chris nudges him gently, saying “Bed?”

Peter perks up then, asking “You’re staying?”

Stiles nods sleepily.

“Excellent,” Peter hums, and carries Stiles up to bed with no further ado. Just like last week, the three of them shower and get ready for bed, and when they crawl in together there’s some low key necking, but that’s about all Stiles is up for.
He didn’t go to bed till 2 am the night before, and he’s fading fast. He watches lazily as Peter and Chris continue to make out, murmuring “Fuck that’s hot. Can I watch?”

“Uh huh,” Chris manages, as Peter disappears under the blankets. Stiles goes to sleep to the sounds of sucking and moaning, and his last thought before he drifts off is that everything is perfect right now.

It all goes to hell in a hand basket when they’re lazily trading kisses the next morning, and Peter’s whispering sweet nothings into Stiles’ ear as he grinds against him. “I love your mouth, darling. Such sinful lips. Can’t wait to put you on your knees and see what they can do.”

Stiles freezes up. It’s the phrase ‘on your knees’ that does it, filling him with instant, instinctive dread.

Chris and Peter can immediately tell when Stiles’ scent goes rancid with fear, and they surround him in a double hug, bracketing him back and front as Chris murmurs “deep breaths, sweetheart, it’s OK, we’ve got you,” low and comforting in his ear.

Stiles’ heart is racing, and his whole body is tense, and Chris gives Peter a look that clearly says what the hell happened? Peter gives him a look back that just as eloquently says no fucking clue.

Their main focus is on soothing their boy for now, so they just hold him close, Peter running his fingers lightly down the back of his neck, saying “What is it Stiles? What’s upset you so, my sweet boy?”

And it’s the use of the endearment that gets through to Stiles, that and the warmth in Peter’s tone, the tenderness.

“On your knees,” he manages.

Peter quirks a brow, saying “That’s not something you’re interested in? Because you know we’d never force you to do anything, darling.”

Stiles shakes his head a little, and tries to think of how to explain himself. In the end, the best he can come up with is “On your knees. That’s my dog joke. “

He hopes they understand. And they do. They understand perfectly.

“Oh, baby,” Chris croons, holding him a little closer.

“Who’s hurt you, Stiles?” Peter asks him gently.

Stiles can feel himself starting to relax a little, and he tries to brush it off, saying “Just a jerk I dated. It’s nothing.”

But Peter isn’t having it. “Sweetheart, if somebody’s treated you badly, it’s understandable you might have triggers. But we can’t avoid them if you don’t tell us. Is that the only thing you’d like us not to say? Or are there others?”
It’s a clever move on Peter’s part. He’s not forcing the issue, but he’s not letting Stiles avoid it either.

“Um. Don’t call me a bitch. Or a fucktoy.”

Chris and Peter both nod.

Stiles hesitates. “If I say no, I mean it.”

Chris’ brow furrows, and he pulls away a little, just enough to see Stiles’ face properly. “Stiles, who the hell have you dated that you think you need to tell us that?”

Stiles sighs. He looks at their worried faces, and says “Just one guy, actually. But he was an asshole.”

And then, feeling slightly ashamed, he tells them.

Stiles was twenty-one when he met Harrison. The guy was hot, older, built like a tank, and he was apparently into Stiles. He flirted with him for three weeks before he finally told him he wanted to date him, and Stiles couldn’t believe that someone who looked like that would be interested in him.

He was flattered, and Harrison was hot, but he wasn’t sure if he wanted to go out with him. He ummed and aahed about saying yes, but Harrison smirked and said “May as well give in, kid. I’ll just keep asking if you don’t.”

Later, he’d reflect that that should have been the first warning sign.

They dated for four months. It was bad, right from the start, but Stiles was too blind to see it, too young, too inexperienced. He told himself that this was good, this was what relationship were about - compromise, and keeping each other happy. And he firmly ignored the fact that he was the only one compromising, and Harrison was the only one who was happy.

They were polar opposites – Stiles liked to spend his time reading and watching movies, whereas Harrison devoted most of his spare time to the gym. He mocked Stiles for not exercising, but scoffed when Stiles told him he liked to go running, saying “That doesn’t get you any results that show, man.”

He scoffed at a lot of things Stiles did, actually. He sneered at his friendship with Scott, saying it wasn’t natural to be so close to another guy if you weren’t boning him. So Stiles, despite living with Scott, managed to actively avoid spending time with him.

Harrison had his own buddies, like minded guys from the gym. He didn’t like Stiles to spend time with them though, saying his nerdy ass wouldn’t understand all their talk of training regimes and post workout protein ratios.

Stiles did what he always did – he researched the hell out of the subject so he wouldn’t sound stupid, but whenever he offered anything Harrison would just laugh a little meanly, and say something like “How about you shut your mouth and stick with what you’re good at? You can get
on your knees for me later.”

And Stiles would flush as Harrison’s friends laughed at him, and later he would indeed get on his knees, whether he wanted to or not.

When Harrison said “On your knees,” it wasn’t a suggestion. Harrison believed that dating meant consent was implicit. Always.

Even when Stiles said no.

And on your knees never meant anything good for Stiles. It inevitably ended either with him being forced to choke on a cock, or with him being fucked from behind, like the bitch that Harrison always told him he was.

But Harrison also told him that his skinny ass didn’t have much to offer, and he was really only good as a fucktoy. Told him he was doing Stiles a favor by even bothering with him. He said it enough that Stiles started to believe it.

It was a rough four months, and it all came to an end when Scott cornered him one day as he was leaving the apartment because he’d been summoned to spend the weekend at Harrison’s (“I’ve had a stressful week, so get over here and let me take it out on your ass, bitch”).

“Stiles, he’s ruining your life. You look like shit, and he treats you like shit.”

“No he doesn’t!”

“When’s the last time he did something nice for you? When’s the last time he let you do something nice for yourself without pissing all over it? He even bullied you out of going to that convention last month.”

Stiles had been taken aback by the words, and gone to defend his boyfriend, and tell Scott that he was wrong, but when he actually thought about it, he couldn’t find a single example to give.

“Stay home, Stiles. Call him and break up.”

Stiles shook his head. “He’ll lose his shit if I do. He wants me over there. I have to go.”

Scott had looked at him with his earnest brown eyes and worried face, and asked “And since when do you not have a say, Stiles?”

Just then Stiles’ phone had buzzed with a text from Harrison, saying Hurry the fuck up

Stiles had looked at the message, and at Scott, and said nothing, just quietly put the phone down and gone and locked himself in the bathroom.

Stiles had stood under the shower for a long time as tears slid down his face, as he realized that he was dating a gigantic asshole, as he realized that he’d ended up in the kind of relationship that his Dad had always warned him about, and he almost hadn’t realized it in time. Harrison had asked (demanded) that he move in, because it was a pain in his ass having to call Stiles when he wanted to see him, and Stiles had actually been thinking of doing it, perfect obedient fucktoy boyfriend that he was.

What a fucking joke. At least it hadn’t gotten to where Harrison was physically abusive. Not if you didn’t count rough, unwanted sex.
When Stiles finally came out of the bathroom, Scott hugged him for a long time. And when he made the call, when Harrison shouted threats and warnings down the phone, Scott took the phone from Stiles and hung it up, and then turned it off.

Scott then discreetly called Noah and told him exactly what was happening, and how badly Harrison had been treating his son. Noah hadn’t even known Stiles was dating the guy – Harrison wasn’t interested in meeting his family, and Stiles knew instinctively that his dad would disapprove, so he’d kept the whole thing quiet.

That evening Harrison got a visit from two very beefy men from the sheriff’s department, and all his bluster and bravado flew out the window in the face of their stony expressions as they told him that he would not be contacting the sheriff’s son again, ever.

It was another three months before Scott confessed to Stiles what he’d done, and Stiles had been silent for a long time. In the end he’d simply said “You saved me, you know that right?”

Scott had shrugged, and said “That’s what bros do, man.”

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Stiles takes a deep breath and looks at his two wolves, almost afraid of their reaction to his stupidity. He waits for them to ask why he didn’t leave, to tell him he should have been smarter, should have known better – all the things he’s told himself endless times since it happened.

It’s Chris who speaks first. “I promise if we kill him, we’ll make it look like an accident.”

That startles a laugh out of Stiles.

Peter rolls his eyes, and says “Don’t be foolish, Christopher.” He adds “You always tell me I’m not allowed to threaten people, so neither are you.”

“Since when are you the sensible one?” Chris grumbles, arms still wrapped around their boy.

“So, you don’t think I was an idiot for not leaving sooner?” Stiles asks in a small voice.

Peter cups a hand softly around his jaw and turns him to face him. “I think that you are a remarkable person, and I think that you were a victim through no fault of your own. I think that Scott is a better friend that we ever realised. And I’m thankful that you got away from that situation.”

Then he kisses Stiles tenderly on the cheek. Chris hums soothingly, running a hand down Stiles’ back. Stiles nestles into the touch with a tiny sigh, and Chris and Peter can hear his heartbeat slowing, can smell as the panic recedes, and when he judges the time is right, Chris asks “You’re sure I can’t kill him?”

Stiles shakes his head. “I’d prefer it if you didn’t get locked up. I need you to rub my feet, like, forever.”

Chris snorts at that.

“So, feeling better?” Peter asks gently.
Stiles lets out a deep breath, and nods. “I haven’t dated since then. I thought maybe it was me, that I just had bad judgement.”

“Oh no, sweetheart. You deserve so much better,” Peter tells him, stroking his hair.

Stiles smiles then, small and bashful. “I have you both now. And that’s so much better.”

Talking about the whole thing has left Stiles feeling drained, and about as sexy as a wet sock. “Sorry to be a downer. I liked where this was heading,” he says apologetically.

Peter shushes him with a kiss, and then says “Roll onto your front for me, sweetheart.”

Stiles eyes him curiously, but then Peter holds up a bottle of massage oil. “I have plans for those gorgeous shoulders,” he says, smiling wickedly.

Stiles shucks off his t-shirt and rolls over obediently, wearing just his boxers. And then Peter goes to work. He settles himself behind Stiles, straddling him. His hands sweep down his back in long, broad strokes as he spreads the oil.

Stiles hums at the feeling, and Chris chuckles quietly.

“Peter’s good, trust me,” he says, as he gets changed.

Stiles has his head turned to one side, and he gets a great view of Chris’ ass as he pulls off his boxers and digs in the drawer for a pair of jeans. It’s a nice ass, and it’s resting on top of some really spectacular thighs, thick and muscled.

“Nice view,” Stiles mumbles.

Chris turns to face him then, with a smirk. Stiles hasn’t see Chris naked before, and he makes a tiny whining sound of want at the sight before him.

“Glad you like it,” Chris says, and then proceeds to get dressed, hiding all the pretty things under clothing, much to Stiles’ disappointment.

Peter starts to work his fingers into the muscles of Stiles’ lower back, and he lets out an involuntary groan of pleasure. Chris nods at Peter, saying “You two have fun. I’ll go get us breakfast.”

“The good bakery?”

Chris rolls his eyes. “It’s Sunday, baby. Of course the good bakery.”

Peter nods, satisfied, and goes back to working the knots out of Stiles’ back. Stiles feels himself relaxing more with every touch, and Peter hums softly as he works, little murmurs of “relax, baby” and “so gorgeous” rolling over him like calming waves.

He feels good, and he feels calm, and he feels safe. It takes half an hour before Stiles dozes off under Peter’s hands, and he lets out a gentle snore. Peter covers him with a blanket and quietly goes downstairs.
It takes Chris nearly an hour to get back, and when he does Peter’s sitting in the kitchen with a coffee.

“Asleep,” he says, before Chris can even ask.

Chris nods as he hands over the box of pastries.

“You were gone a long time,” Peter observes. “You didn’t kill anyone, did you?”

“Nope. Didn’t even maim them. But I did go and talk to Scott.”

Peter raises a brow.

“It was bad, Peter. No wonder Stiles is skittish. I don’t think the guy ever gave him a choice. And he’d never dated before.”

Peter hums thoughtfully. “So that’s why Scott is so protective.”

“Yup. He’s a good kid.”

“Gullible, though.”

“Smart when it matters,” Chris counters.

Peter nods in agreement. They eat in companionable silence as they wait for Stiles to wake up, and when he comes downstairs half an hour later, rubbing his eyes blearily, they caffeinate him and feed him pastries, and don’t talk about what he’s told them, don’t make it a thing.

They just dote a little more than normal. Stiles appreciates it more than he can say.

Chapter End Notes

Stiles tells Chris and Peter about his past relationship after Peter uses the phrase on your knees, which causes Stiles to freak out a little. His last partner treated him badly and never obtained consent, basically using Stiles at his pleasure, raping him, although at the time Stiles didn't see it as such. Scott helped Stiles end the relationship.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Noah finds out.

Chapter Notes

This comes to you courtesy of my shiny new laptop. I think it's possessed by the spirit of porn though, because this was not at ALL how I intended this chapter to go!

The wedding’s two weeks away, and Scott’s a mess.

He’s still tweaking his vows, he still hasn’t found a song to walk up the aisle to, and now it turns out he was meant to pick up sixty mason jars for guests to use at the reception except he forgot. Stiles personally doesn’t get the whole ‘drinking out of a jam jar’ thing, but hey, it’s not his wedding, and apparently Kira saw it on Pinterest and wanted it, and Scott would give that girl the moon if it would make her happy.

With how happy Kira makes Scott, Stiles would give her the moon too. So, after work on Monday he finds himself driving his friend around in search of mason jars, and burlap ribbon to tie around them. It means he doesn’t get to see his guys, but he spent pretty much all day with them on Sunday, so he doesn’t mind. It’s nine pm before they get home with the jars and the ribbon, and they make the executive decision to deal with the decorating part of it tomorrow, because Stiles is too damned hungry for this shit.

On Tuesday night, he doesn’t get to see the guys because he’s doing battle with strips of burlap ribbon and a tube of craft glue, trying to tie sixty identical bows. Scott’s bows are truly awful, and in the end, Stiles relegates him to finding a song, and says he’ll do the jars himself, because at least then he’ll know they’re done right.

Sixty jars, it turns out, is a lot.

Peter asked Stiles in passing if he’d like to drop over tonight, but at around ten Stiles admits to himself that it’s not going to happen, and sends Peter and Chris a picture of himself with a bow glued to his forehead and rolling his eyes, saying

Won’t make it tonight sorry guys. All tied up.

Peter texts back We understand, sweet boy. Wedding takes precedence.

Chris just sends Miss you, sweetheart
And the simple sentiment makes Stiles grin madly. Scott looks at him, and leans over and nudges him.

“You’ve got it bad, huh?”

“We’ve only been dating for a few weeks,” Stiles deflects.

Scott just smiles, and doesn’t say anything more, for now. A few minutes later though, he says “I’m glad you’re dating them. They’re good guys.”

“Yeah. They really are,” Stiles sighs happily.

He sends a text to Peter saying

**What did you do to my best friend? Suddenly he approves of you**

*He’s just a good judge of character*

**Obviously. That’s why we’re friends.**

*Stop texting and get back to gluing. The faster you finish, the sooner we get to see you.*

Stiles thinks that’s actually pretty good incentive, and he starts putting in a solid effort. It’s still almost midnight by the time the jars are done, but at least Scott’s selected a song.

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On Wednesday, there’s a delivery for Stiles at work. Well, there’s Peter holding a gift basket. He brings it over when he comes for his lunch break, and Stiles pulls back the cellophane to find that it’s full of one of his favorite things – chocolate.

There are hazelnut pralines shaped like sea shells, chocolate covered coffee beans, chocolate coated macadamias, chocolates with creamy peppermint centers, hard toffees, soft bite sized chunks of fudge, more sugar than one person should eat at once. Buried at the bottom of the basket is a bottle of expensive looking chocolate port.

Stiles just breathes out “Oh my god, Peter!” as he takes in the array.

“You like it, sweet boy? It was just a little something I picked up while I was out.”

“I love it. I mean, you’ll probably regret giving me all this sugar when you see me bouncing off the walls, but it’s awesome!” he grins.

Scott comes over to see what’s in there and extends a hand towards the peppermint creams. Stiles slaps his fingers away, saying “Take anything but those, you know that buddy.”

“OK,” Scott agrees easily, and proceeds to steal all the fudge, which was what he wanted in the first place.
Peter watches him walk away with his bounty, and says “That boy's not as silly as he seems.”

“He’s really not,” Stiles agrees, the fondness in his voice obvious.

He takes the opportunity to slide his hands over Peter’s beautifully suited rear, and pull him close for a hug. He tilts his head back, so Peter can scent him. He’s learning fast exactly what his wolves like. Peter takes the opportunity to nuzzle in, and he grazes the very tip of his teeth over Stiles’ collarbone before pulling back and then rearranging his collar so that there’s no evidence of where he’s been.

They do try and keep it professional at work – the last thing Stiles wants is for Harris to write him up for inappropriate behaviour, and the man’s taken to popping in without notice lately.

When Stiles goes over to HA to use the bathroom though, that’s different. There’s no boss dropping in at inopportune moments, and there’s normally an empty changing room with either Peter or Chris in it. Stiles will be walking past when a hand will emerge from behind the curtain and brush gently against his arm, and then he’ll duck in and make out a little with whoever he finds waiting.

Peter tends to tease him, hands roaming over his body, dancing up under his shirt, ghosting over a nipple while he distracts Stiles with delicate pecks and nips and words that make him blush.

Chris doesn’t tease. His hands will be firmly wrapped around Stiles’ hips, holding him close, and he’ll pull him in for a bruising kiss, and he won’t let Stiles go until he’s weak at the knees and he can’t tell which way is up, and then he’ll release him with a low chuckle, saying “Till next time, sweetheart.”

He feels a little like a little kid skipping school, but that just makes it even better, somehow. To say Stiles feels wanted is an understatement. Wanted, spoiled, special.

So yeah, if Scott wants to steal a handful from his gift basket, who is Stiles to begrudge him?

But he still doesn’t see his guys on Wednesday night, because there’s been a split between two of Scott’s cousins, and he spends the evening helping Kira rearrange the seating plan, poring over the chart and figuring out the perfect distance to separate the non-speaking parties so that neither of them feels like they’re too far in the back.

Afterwards, his dad calls. Just catching up he says, but Stiles can read between the lines.

“I’m fine, Pops.”

“Just checking, kiddo. Wanted to make sure you’re not wigging out over the whole wolf thing, because Lord knows I did when I first found out.”

Stiles laughs at the frank admission. “Yeah, it’s a lot, but I’m good. The more I find out, the more I wonder how I didn’t know before, y’know?”

“Tell me about it. And your wolf’s treating you right?”

“Uh huh. It’s really going well.”

“Glad to hear it. When can I meet him?”

Stiles squirms, and the silence stretches as he decides whether it’s better to tell his dad that it’s not a him, but a them, over the phone, or face to face. Face to face, he decides. Somewhere public.
Where his dad can’t throttle him.

“I’ll ask when’s a good time, get back to you?” he hedges.

The sheriff’s voice is suddenly concerned. “This isn’t like last time is it son?”

And Stiles loves his Dad a little bit more right then. “Hand on heart Pops, this is nothing like last time, I swear.”

Well, he’s not lying.

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On Thursday, Chris comes bearing gifts.

Plural. At ten o’clock he brings over a tray of miniature pumpkin and feta quiches that he made, because he says, “Someone has to feed you.”

Stiles bites into the quiche and moans happily. The pastry is flaky, the eggs are creamy, and the pumpkin chunks are tender. He doesn’t miss the approving look Chris casts him when he eats a second and a third and a fourth one.

“This is good, Chris. It’s a perfect gift,” he tells him sincerely, and Chris nods and looks smug.

Stiles must admit, as much as he loves his guys pampering him, he’s just as happy to receive small, thoughtful gifts like this. This is something that he can cope with. He wonders if the guys are done with expensive, over the top gestures.

After lunch, Chris is back. And apparently, the answer is not yet. He has a flat black box, and all he says as he hands it to Stiles is “Enjoy it, sweetheart.”

Stiles opens it to find a new laptop. He stares at Chris, open-mouthed. “Chris – I can’t. It’s too much.”

He pushes the box back towards Chris. Chris looks at him, his gaze never wavering as he slides the box back in front of Stiles. “Are you rejecting your gift, baby?” Chris asks, and there’s genuine concern in his eyes.

Stiles suddenly remembers what Peter had told him – if he rejects the gifts he’s offered, Chris will have no choice but to back off, and like hell does he want that to happen. He places his hand on top of Chris’ one, and pulls the box a little more towards himself.

“You took me by surprise, that’s all. I definitely accept this gift,” he says firmly.

Chris smiles at him, teeth white and perfect and so fucking attractive, and Stiles can’t help but smile back. Chris stands and moves to behind him, and then there are warm hands on his neck, tilting his head back, and Chris is leaning in for an upside-down kiss. It’s barely more than a soft breath shared between them, just enough.

“You want me,” Stiles murmurs, grinning.
“Uh huh,” Chris says, his tone thick with want and his voice gravelly and sexy and everything Stiles craves.

“Meet me in the change room later, and I’ll let you cop a feel,” Stiles offers playfully. Chris actually growls a little at that.

Stiles packs him off to his own workplace with a pat on his ass, and doesn’t bother to hide the way he stares as Chris leaves. “Hell of a view,” he sighs to himself, watching that muscular back and those obscenely long legs walk away.

His phone pings. Peter’s texted *Isn’t it, though?*

And when Stiles looks up, Peter’s leaning against the door of HA, phone in one hand and waving lazily with the other. Goddam werewolf hearing.

Stiles texts back *I promised I’d let him cop a feel in the change rooms later*

**You spoil that man. But then again, he deserves it**

Yeah, Stiles thinks. Yeah, he does.

---

Peter brings a gift an hour later. The box is big, and heavy as fuck, as Stiles discovers when he tries to take it from him. That’s because it contains all the volumes of the Sandman series, as well as the anthologies and the extras.

Stiles opens the first volume and exclaims “Holy shit!”

Because of course they’re signed. He lets out a shaky breath, and strokes the cover reverently. “This is awesome, Peter. Really.”

Peter preens. “I know you said you loved them, and I have a friend who has a friend who knows Gaiman,” he reveals, and the he has to stop talking, because Stiles is kissing him.

When they part, he asks “So, does this mean I get to cop a feel as well?”

Stiles laughs, and tells him “Definitely. I’ll come over at closing and you can both get your hands on me.”

“Oh sweetheart, I can’t wait,” Peter purrs, and his expression is pure want.

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He barely lasts till closing before the thought of Chris and Peter getting their hands on him gets to be too much. As soon as the clock ticks over and the till’s been counted, he’s heading for the door.
“I’ll be late, Scotty. Going to talk to my guys,” he says casually as he heads for the door.

“Going to get felt up by your guys, you mean,” Scott snickers.

“I mean exactly that. It’s gonna be awesome,” Stiles says with a grin.

“Have fun,” Scott says, waving Stiles out the door.

But when he gets over to HA, Chris is busy trying to fit a guy, because there’s always that one customer who arrives right on closing. So he just wanders round a little, poking at the merchandise. Peter comes up behind him as he’s looking at some of their casualwear, and leads him off to the changing rooms with a smirk. Stiles thinks Peter’s going to start kissing him, but instead he starts shoving clothing at him, saying “Try these. New line. Casual enough for work, but top quality.”

Stiles stares at the items in his hands. “Peter, since when do you stock Game of Thrones t shirts?” Peter shrugs. “We thought we’d dabble in high end casual. It’s an experiment.”

Stiles tries the shirt on, and he can immediately tell that Peter wasn’t kidding – it feels amazing against his skin and it’s obviously well made. He ends up choosing four of them. Peter’s just boxing them up, wearing that special soft smile he gets when Stiles has accepted a gift, when Chris emerges from the change rooms with his customer. He puts the sale through, and as soon as the man’s left he strides over to the door, locks it, and turns the sign to closed.

And then Stiles has Peter’s lips on him, soft and warm. Chris walks back over, he and Peter exchange a glance, and they both put a hand on Stiles’ shoulders and steer him towards the back room. As soon as they get there, they bracket him front and back, scenting him as they do so.

“You smell delicious,” Peter murmurs, and he leans in for another kiss, which Stiles happily supplies.

Behind him he can feel Chris pressed against his body, and he lets himself lean back against the wall of muscle there. Chris is kissing and nipping at the back of his neck, letting out tiny growling sounds as he does so. Peter’s hands range over him, and Stiles can feel that he’s hard when Peter pulls him in close and their bodies meet. Peter kisses him harder than he usually does, and there’s a thread of urgency that’s not normally there.

“Feel like taking this a little further, sweet boy?” Peter asks, hand on the hem of his shirt, waiting for permission.

“Oh hell, yes,” Stiles breathes.

Peter grins wickedly as he lifts the hem of Stiles’ shirt and leans in to lave his tongue over his nipple, humming as he feels the nub of flesh harden under his tongue. Stiles lets out a small, surprised sound, and his hands instinctively go to Peter’s head, holding him there.

“Told you he’s sensitive,” Chris rumbles, and Peter hums again in response, mouth busy suckling and teasing. Chris is grinding against him unashamedly, and Stiles presses back into him eagerly. He doesn’t know exactly what they’re planning, but he’s on board for it – any of it, all of it.

He’s never been so turned on in his entire life.

A hand sneaks around to the front of his jeans, and Chris pauses, hand on his fly button. “Stiles? You still OK with this?” he asks.
Stiles nods and presses his erection forwards against where Chris has his hand as an answer. Chris chuckles deeply as he undoes Stiles’ jeans, pulling them halfway down his thighs. He slides a hand inside his boxers, murmuring “Gonna treat you so good, baby.”

He runs a hand over his shaft, up and down, long and slow, before easing his boxers down. Stiles lets out a whimper, because that warm, strong hand on his sensitive skin feels amazing. And then Peter drops to his knees and takes Stiles in his mouth, and holy fuck, he’s never felt anything like it.

Literally – Stiles has only ever given blow jobs. This is his first time on the receiving end, but he can already tell it’s going to be one of his new favorite things, because Jesus, is that’s Peter’s tongue? And how is he even doing that thing he’s doing?

Stiles arches forwards at the rush of stimulation, but Chris holds him steady, hands warm and firm on his hips as Peter expertly works him with his mouth. Chris is scenting him and kissing his neck, nuzzling at his throat where Stiles has thrown his head back, and he sucks firmly on the curve of his neck while Peter bobs up and down on his dick. Stiles can only stand there gasping like a fish at the tidal wave of sensation that’s washing over him.

Peter’s taken him all the way in, and his mouth’s hot, and his tongue’s clever, and Chris is toying with his nipples with one hand, and Stiles has no more chance of lasting than of flying to the moon. Peter hums, and it’s game over. Stiles curses and shakes through his orgasm, hips bucking wildly forwards, and Peter doesn’t hesitate to swallow. He keeps Stiles’ length in his mouth as he suckles gently, finally letting him go with a final lick along his shaft that makes Stiles shiver.

Chris groans at the sight of Peter kneeling on the ground, lips pink and swollen and grinning. Stiles is breathing heavily, and he thinks that if he doesn’t sit down he’s going to fall down, and he must say something of the sort, because Chris guides him into a chair.

“You like that, sweetheart?” Peter asks, although the smug look on his face suggests he knows the answer perfectly well.

“Holy shit. I mean, yeah, but holy shit,” Stiles breathes.

Chris is standing in front of him, and Stiles can see his cock straining against the fabric of his pants. He licks his lips. “You want me to…” he gestures vaguely.

“That depends on if you’d like to, sweetheart. We just wanted to spoil you a little today,” Peter says gently.

Stiles huffs out a laugh. “Consider me spoiled.”

He stands on shaky legs and pulls Peter towards him for a kiss. He can taste traces of himself on the other man’s tongue as they make out lazily, and he can feel Peter’s erection pressing hard against his leg. He slides a hand down and rubs it over the bulge, back and forth, back and forth. He breaks the kiss, and says “Let me spoil you back?”

Peter grins widely, and undoes his belt. Stiles slides his hand inside his pants, and he can feel Peter’s cock pulsing against his palm. He teases him a little, before pulling his hand out. He steers Peter over to the chair and sits him down, working his pants down his legs as he does so.

He kneels on the floor in front of him, and Chris furrows his brow, looks like he’s about to say something, but Stiles assures him “It’s OK Chris. I want this.”

And surprisingly, he does. Nobody’s expecting this from him. Nobody’s forcing him.
He simply wants to make Peter feel as good as he does. For the first time ever, Stiles goes to his knees willingly.

He leans in and takes just the head of Peter’s hard cock in his mouth, giving an experimental lick. He pulls off and licks all the way up and down the shaft. “Oh, sweet boy,” Peter groans, eyes closing.

Stiles warms at the praise. He opens his mouth a little wider and swallows Peter down a little further, taking his time, getting a feel for it. He discovers that when he’s not being forced into this, he likes the feel of the silky soft skin beneath his tongue, unlike any other skin on the body.

He likes the way it moves and grows. He likes the sensation of the hard flesh pulsing as it slides between his lips. He likes the way it’s making Peter whine. He grins, and takes Peter in as far as he can, which turns out to be all the way to the base. The choked off sound Peter makes is the best thing he’s ever heard, he decides.

He sets about seeing if he can get him to make it again, and he’s spectacularly successful.

Chris is watching avidly, and he starts to growl a little, low in his chest. He’s unzipped his pants and is slowly jacking himself, eyes bright and lips parted as he takes in the show before him. Stiles sees him out of the corner of his eye, but his focus is on Peter, and the noises he’s making.

Peter’s started to press his hips forwards, but he makes no move to put his hands in Stiles’ hair or hold him in place, leaving Stiles free to set the pace, to do what he wants. What he wants is to make Peter lose his mind, and he’s pretty sure he’s doing a good job. Peter taps his shoulder, groaning.

Stiles looks up at Peter’s face, and he looks completely wrecked. Stiles thinks he could stand to be wrecked a little more. He sucks harder, sliding his hands over Peter’s balls as he does so, and a high whining noise comes from Peter’s throat.

Stiles grins around his mouthful of dick. Who knew taking someone apart could be this much fun?

He can feel Peter’s thighs trembling, so he puts his all into it, flicking his tongue lightly over the slit, and Peter comes down his throat in a streaming torrent, hot and thick and salty. Stiles doesn’t even think about it, just swallows everything.

As good as it was for Peter, he’s pretty sure it was just as good for him. He pulls off slowly, and licks his lips.

Peter’s breathing heavily. So is Chris, panting as he works his length with more purpose now. “Jesus,” is all he can say, and his voice is rough with want.

Stiles turns to Chris and looks at his cock, long and thick and dripping precome into his hand as he fucks roughly into his fist. He takes a moment to catch his breath, and he’s grinning wildly at the feeling of power washing through him.

He wants more. Chris’ breath hitches as Stiles walks over to him on his knees, and then takes his cock reverently in his hands, saying “Let me.”

Chris is big, bigger than Peter, and Stiles has to take it slowly to get a decent amount in his mouth, but he’s rewarded by Chris hissing through his teeth, before groaning out “Oh damn, baby.”

Stiles puts his hands on Chris’ hips to anchor himself in place, and moves back and forth, slow and steady, taking a little more each time, until he finally manages to get the whole length in his mouth.
Chris makes a sound like he’s been punched, and Peter laughs quietly.

“I knew that mouth would be sinful,” he observes, still sitting half dressed, a lazy smile on his face.

Chris doesn’t reply, because that’s when Stiles really starts working him. It’s different, having something this size in his mouth, but he’s enjoying it. He’s revelling in the taste of precome as Chris leaks across his tongue, in the sounds he’s making, in the heat of his body.

The sounds, particularly. He’s always thought that Chris has a voice that should be reading porn, or doing voice overs for cologne ads, or whispering filth directly into Stiles ear. Turns out that’s not even Chris’ sex voice.

The sex voice? It’s off the charts. It drops about half an octave, and sounds like he’s fucking purring, as he makes a satisfied noise deep in his chest. And he starts making little _uh uh uh_ noises as he gets closer to coming, and Stiles can only imagine what noises he’d make if Stiles was fucking him.

Or getting fucked by him. Either, honestly.

Chris reaches down and cups a hand around his face, and Stiles knows it’s a warning that he’s close. He just shrugs, and keeping moving his mouth smoothly, up and down, in and out, speeding up a little. Chris lets out a hoarse shout, and thrusts forwards as he comes.

Stiles struggles to swallow it all, and ends up with hot come running down his face as it spills from the corners of his mouth. Chris drags him up by the front of his shirt and kisses him, hot and hungry and passionate. Stiles is panting when they part, but he also looks extremely pleased with himself.

“I think” he starts, and then pauses to wipe his face with the hem of his shirt. Peter and Chris both look at him expectantly, and Stiles is quietly thrilled at how wrecked they both look.

He starts again. “I think we should do that again. Like, a lot. Maybe in an actual bed next time?”

Chris laughs breathlessly, before saying “Yeah, a bed. Sorry baby, we got a little carried away.”

“I noticed. I mean, not that I’m complaining, but really? The middle of the day? And at work?”

Peter and Chris exchange a look. “It’s a full moon tonight,” Chris says simply.

Stiles thinks about that. “So, what, you’re more turned on?”

“Our wolf is closer to the surface. We feel our instincts more strongly, and we’re inclined to give in to them if we can,” Peter explains.

“Is that why you’re loading me up with presents this week?”

“Partly, but partly because you deserve it and we want to,” Peter says, completely unapologetic.

Stiles is still feeling warm and relaxed after coming so hard, and he smiles dopily. “So, you’re telling me once a month you’re sex crazed?”

Chris snorts. “Once a month? No. Peter’s insatiable all the damned time.”

“Pot? May I introduce you to kettle?” Peter says with a smirk.
Chris laughs at that and admits “OK, maybe you have a point.”

He leans in and kisses Peter softly, drawing a happy noise from him. They slowly set their clothing to rights, stopping to scent each other and hug and nuzzle and kiss, and it all feels incredibly right to Stiles. “This, this is good. I was worried how it would work with three of us, but it’s just… easy,” he says, still smiling stupidly.

Chris pulls him close and holds him, humming. “It’s because our wolves chose you, both of them. They aren’t often wrong about these things. Of course it’s easy.” He pulls them apart long enough to look into Stiles face, tilting his chin up with his hand and adding “But next time, I get my mouth on you. Deal?”

“Jesus, Mary and Joseph, yes,” Stiles breathes out.

Peter’s managed to find his way into his clothing, and he says “Dinner? I’ve suddenly worked up an appetite.”

They nod in agreement, and head out the door. Peter goes on ahead, but Stiles lingers as Chris locks up, and he steals a soft kiss. He’s happy, and sexed up, and still a little dopey, which is why it takes him a second to realize someone’s standing there.

It’s Noah. His arms are folded across his chest, and he has a face like thunder.

“So, kiddo,” he says. “Thought I’d come down, see if you wanted to get dinner, and you could tell me all about who you’re dating. I didn’t expect this.”

He gestures between Chris and Stiles, and his expression darkens even further, if that’s possible. “Wanna tell me why you’re getting busy with a married man?”

Stiles does that thing where he flails a little while he tries to decide on the best course of action to take, but thankfully Chris is a little more together, and he just nods and says “Sheriff,” like he wasn’t just knocking tonsils with his son.

Noah stares at Chris, hard, and the silence stretches out as their eyes lock, and neither of them is going to be the first to blink, it seems.

“Cheating on your husband? Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?” Noah finally spits out.

“No, not married, not cheating,” Chris replies gruffly, and suddenly his arms are folded across his chest, and great, now Stiles is stuck in the middle of an old western. Any minute now one of them is going to say, “This town ain’t big enough for both of us” or possibly “Step away from the little lady, son.”

He’s debating whether he can just leave - Lord knows, if he does they’ll both probably be still standing there come morning since they’re as stubborn as each other, when Peter comes back, saying “I thought we’d do Italian, what do you think, sweetheart?”

The words die on his lips as he takes in the scene. Stiles gives him a panicked look, because sure,
why not make the whole thing even more awkward. But Stiles forgets – Peter’s a pack alpha, and if there’s one thing he’s good at, it’s thinking on his feet.

Two things. Thinking on his feet, and charming the birds out of the trees. Peter pauses for only a moment before he walks up to stand next to Chris and Stiles, saying “Noah, lovely to see you. We were just taking your boy out to dinner, care to join us?”

Noah looks at him, and his brow furrows. “Alpha Hale,” he says, giving a respectful nod automatically, because he knows the protocols, and Peter’s a pack Alpha.

“I see you’ve met my partner, Chris” Peter says, smile fixed in place.

When Noah got his suit for the wedding, Chris served him, so he didn’t make the connection, but now he’s starting to have a horrible suspicion. He looks at Stiles, looks at where Peter has a hand on both Stiles and Chris’ shoulder, and says “What the hell?”

Peter speaks then, all charm and sincerity, and says “I’m sure this looks a little odd. How about we discuss it over dinner. Stiles, you don’t mind your father joining us, do you?”

Stiles stammers a little, saying “Uh, yeah, that’d be great. Talk over dinner, yeah.” And he shoots Noah a pleading look that clearly says not here, Dad. Not now. Noah really has no option but to accept.

Peter names the restaurant, and the drive there gives Stiles time to freak out over the fact that he’s going to dinner with his dad and his guys, and it could get messy and ugly, but more importantly he has come on the bottom of his shirt and his dad’s a fucking cop, he’s going to notice.

He glances down at himself, and he can’t see anything, but what if his dad can see something he can’t? His eyes light on the box he threw into the passenger seat, the one with the new shirts from Peter. He parks at the restaurant and quickly shimmies out of what he’s wearing and grabs a new shirt without even looking at what it says.

He pulls it over his head, then glances down and snorts. His shirt proclaims Winter is coming. That’s not foreboding at all.

When they’re seated, Stiles ends up next to his dad on the booth with Chris and Peter facing them. They order drinks and sit in uncomfortable silence until Noah finally says “So, Stiles. Tell me about the werewolf you’re dating. And don’t skip the part about his husband, will you?”

Peter and Chris watch Stiles carefully, to see if he needs their help. He totally needs their help. “Peter can probably explain it better, being the Alpha and all.”

Noah shifts his steely gaze to Peter. It’s a face that’s launched a thousand interrogations, and will happily launch one more right damned now if it’s owner doesn’t get some answers.

“Noah, I feel you need a little background,” Peter starts. “Christopher and I, we’ve never exactly been a conventional couple.”
Noah puts a hand up, saying “Let me stop you there. I don’t want to hear about your sex life, let’s get that straight.”

“Excellent, because I have no intention of telling you. What I actually meant was, we’re an odd pairing.”

Noah raises a brow in query.

“Christopher is an Argent.”

Both brows shoot up at that. “The hunter family?”

Peter nods. “Exactly. So as I say, we’ve never been a fan of the normal rules.”

“How the hell did a hunter and a Hale end up together?”

Peter sighs. “Long story short, we flirted, we fell in love, Chris took the bite, and we’ve been together ever since.”

“Wait, you’re both weres?”

Chris nods. “He’s my Alpha. And my anchor.”

Peter adds “And he’s my pack.”

They share a look, and Noah can see the affection there.

“So, what does that have to do with Stiles?” he asks, breaking the moment, because damned if he’s going to get distracted by a sappy love story.

“We’re dating him,” Peter says simply.

Noah looks at them both, and at Stiles, who nods silently. Noah shakes his head. “Isn’t that like cheating?”

Chris shakes his head. “Not for us. We’re all in this thing together. It’s early days, but we want Stiles to be with us permanently.”

Noah’s struggling, they can see it. Stiles takes pity on his dad, and tells him “Pops, it’s something I want. Nobody’s making me do anything. Peter and Chris are amazing. They care for me like nobody else ever has.”

*Like the last guy didn’t* remains unspoken.

“We certainly do, sweet boy,” Peter says softly, and the same look of affection that was directed at Chris earlier is on his face now.

Noah would have to be blind not to miss it. “Is this a were thing?” he asks, as he tries to understand.

Peter nods. “It was my wolf that was first attracted to Stiles, and Chris was the same. It just felt right. And when we approached him, he was willing to date us, so I’m guessing he felt some sort of attraction back.”

“That right, son?” Noah asks, wanting to hear it firsthand.
Stiles takes a deep breath as he tries to explain it. “Yeah. They’re both great, but in different ways, you know? I want to be with them both, and I don’t think I could ever choose, even if you asked me to.” He looks adoringly at his two boyfriends, and Noah knows that look – it’s the same lovestruck look that Stiles would get at the mention of a girl he had a crush on in grade school.

His son’s in love, even if he doesn’t realize it quite yet. And judging by the looks he’s getting in return, it goes both ways.

All three ways.

Aw, hell thinks Noah.

This is going to take a little getting used to.

Noah turns his gaze back to Peter and Chris, and says “I don’t have to tell you what will happen if it turns out you’re just using my son to fulfil some sick three-way fantasy, right?”

They both shake their heads, Peter saying “We’d expect nothing less.”

Noah nods, satisfied. Then he fixes his gaze on Stiles. “What I said still stands, son. These men have trusted you with their biggest secret. You respect that, and you treat them right, OK?”

Stiles nods, and then he hugs his dad. “Thanks, Pops.”

Noah sighs heavily as he looks between the two men and his son. “Jesus son, is there any universe where you actually do things the normal way?”

Stiles shrugs unapologetically. “Says the man who got married after three dates.”

That startles a laugh out of Noah, and Peter and Chris join in, and Stiles breathes a sigh of relief. He’s told his dad, and Noah hasn’t throttled him. He didn’t really think he would, but you never know.

Their server’s come back to take their orders, and they actually have a nice dinner together. They tell Noah about convincing Scott that Peter was the Duke of Lycanthropia, and he laughs so long and hard that people the next table over are shooting them concerned looks.

“It was totally a good distraction though. He’s forgotten to ask what the actual secret is,” Stiles grins.

Stiles tells his Dad about his new roommate, and Noah immediately takes her details, so he can run a background check. “You’re such a cop sometimes,” Stiles grumbles. But he hands over the information.

They get to dessert before Peter asks about the married after three dates comment, and Noah squirms.

“It was maybe a little longer than that,” he confesses.

Stiles’ head whips around. “What?”

Noah shrugs, before saying “Don’t tell Scott, but we were waiting till he moved out. We both knew what we wanted though, and where it was heading.”

It’s Stiles turn to laugh loudly now. “I knew it!” he crows.
‘I told Scott that you were waiting for him to move out because Melissa’s a screamer!’

Noah fixes Stiles with a very pointed look. “Two things, son. One, you treat your stepmother with a little respect, OK?”

Stiles nods, suitably chastened, because he really does like Melissa. “Sorry Dad. What’s the second thing?”

Noah’s eye light up with mischief as he says “Just this. You’re not wrong about her.”

It’s just wrong, the way Chris roars with laughter and Peter cackles with glee as Stiles blushes to the roots of his hair, and Noah smiles smugly.

“That’s just – you can’t tell me things like that!” Stiles squawks indignantly.

His protests are drowned out as all three older men just start laughing harder.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Stiles and Chris go on a date.

Chapter Notes

*Squints at word count...7334*
Hmmm. This was meant to be a two hundred word conversation between Scott and Noah.
Somehow it turned into this monster.
Sorry not sorry.

It’s not late when they finish dessert, but Peter seems tense, and Chris is drumming his fingers against the edge of the table, seemingly unaware he’s doing it.

Noah looks knowingly between the two of them, before saying “This has been nice, but I’m going to leave you to it. I’m on night shift, and it’s a full moon. You can imagine how that goes.”

Peter nods solemnly, saying “Everyone out howling at the moon?” with a completely straight face. Chris snorts, and shoves Peter affectionately.

Stiles walks his dad out to his car, and Noah takes advantage of the momentary privacy to ask “Are you really sure about this? Three people, I can’t even imagine how that works. And don’t tell me,” he adds, as Stiles opens his mouth.

Stiles looks a little affronted, saying “Actually, I was just going to say that yes, I’m sure. And we’re taking things slow. They’re good to me, dad.”

Noah sighs, and hugs his impossible son, telling him “Well if they’re ever not good to you, you call me, OK? In fact, you could stand to call me a little more often anyway, kiddo. I miss you.” Stiles hugs him back, feeling a wave of affection for his father.

Peter and Chris are just leaving the restaurant as his dad drives off, and they both lean in and kiss him softly on the cheek. “We need to be going too, Stiles,” Peter tells him.

“What do you do? I mean, on the full moon?” Stiles asks suddenly.

“Do you change? Do you get naked and run through the trees, or go hunting squirrels? What?”

Chris leans in close and murmurs “Baby, we don’t need to run to burn off our energy.” Stiles doesn’t catch his meaning at first, but then Chris pulls at the shell of his ear with his teeth, making
his breath catch, and adds “In fact, we don’t even leave the house.”

Peter smirks as he whispers in Stiles’ other ear “We let the wolves take charge, Stiles.”

Stiles gets it, then. “You’re going home to fuck each other stupid, aren’t you,” he says, and damn, that sounds hot.

“We certainly are. Maybe next month, if you feel up to it, you could join us?” Peter offers.

“Ask me again in three weeks, I’ll decide then,” Stiles teases.

And then his guys are climbing into their car, and Stiles heads home, feeling relieved that everyone seemed to get along pretty well. Maybe too well. He has a horrible feeling that his father and Chris, who’ve bonded over weaponry, could be a dangerous combination if they ever decide to conspire against him.

Scott’s half asleep when his phone rings, the sort of loose limbed sleepiness that comes from really energetic sex with a girl who’s thrilled that you decorated sixty mason jars for her. Kira makes a small sound of discontent from where she’s curled up against him when he shifts to pick it up and answer it, but she drifts back into sleep almost immediately.

“’Lo?”

“Hey, Scott.”

“Noah?” Scott mumbles into the phone.

“So, I just had dinner with Stiles and his boyfriends.”

Scott sits up in bed, suddenly wide awake. “He told you?”

“Yeah, he told me. Because I caught him making out with Chris. My question is, why didn’t you tell me?”

Scott hesitates before saying “Honestly? Because it wasn’t my place to tell.”

Noah’s silent for a moment as he digests that. “That’s fair,” he concedes.

“Stiles and I have a deal – if I see him even close to being in the same situation as last time, I have his permission to kick his ass, and to tell you. But Peter and Chris? They’ve been nothing but good to him.”

“But I can trust you to keep an eye on them for me, right?” There’s concern in Noah’s voice as he asks.

“I don’t think you need to worry,” Scott tells him. “When Stiles told them about the other asshole, the first thing Chris did was come around to see me and ask me exactly what went on, because he didn’t want to upset Stiles by asking for more details, but he didn’t want them to trigger him accidentally either. They’re genuinely decent guys, and they care for him. Not to mention Peter has
a protective streak a mile wide.”

“Wider than yours?”

“Even wider than mine,” Scott assures him.

“How the hell does that even work, three of them?”

“I don’t know how it works, honestly,” Scott says. “But I do know that they make Stiles happy.”

He hears the Sheriff let out a breath, before he says, “I guess that’s the important thing, right?”

“Yeah,” Scott agrees.

Noah hangs up, and Scott snuggles back under the blankets with Kira, who’s curled herself up in a circle, almost like a sleeping fox.

The next day at work, Stiles can’t help but notice that both Peter and Chris are both yawning, and they look exhausted. He leaves the store and goes to the decent coffee shop further up the mall and brings back the biggest sized coffees available for each of them. He figures that the shitty powdered crap he has at work’s not going to cut it today. He’s proven correct by the way Peter swoops in as soon as he walks in the door at HA, spiriting a cup away with a muttered “Thank god.”

He’s drained half the cup before Stiles has time to hand over the bag he has with ham and cheese croissants in it as well. When he sees the food, Peter actually moans. “Christopher, you’re in your own, I need food and caffeine,” he declares, as he disappears out the back with the coffee and the bag.

“Big night?” Stiles asks with a smirk.

“Uh huh. We were up till five, caught a couple hours sleep before work. We’ll crash tonight.”

Stiles gives a sympathetic wince, but Chris waves him off, grinning. “Don’t feel too bad. When I say we were up till five, I mean we were up,” he chuckles.

Stiles jaw drops. “Shut up. You’re telling me that all night, you were..” he waggles his eyebrows.

Chris nods smugly. “Many different times, in many different positions,” he confirms with a wide smile.

And then he grabs his coffee from the tray in Stiles’ hand and drains it in one gulp. Stiles can smell the rich aroma on his breath when Chris leans in a little closer and growls “I can tell you all about it, if you’d like.”

Stiles cock twitches at the thought of Chris describing in detail what he and Peter did last night, and Chris pulls back a little, grinning. “You like that idea?”

Stiles nods, speechless. And with completely awful timing, his phone pings. It’s Scott.
Harris here looking for you

Stiles swears under his breath and tells Chris “I gotta go. Boss is here.”

Chris runs one hand subtly over Stiles’ ass as he leaves, giving the lightest of squeezes. “Till later, baby” he says softly.

Stiles grins stupidly all the way back to work, where he’s brought back to earth rapidly when Harris gives him a long list of instructions about where he wants different stock moved to. Stiles rolls his eyes at Scott, and they get on with it, and when Peter and Chris come across for lunch, they barely have time to stop and say hello.

Well, maybe Stiles makes time to duck into the lunchroom, and for Peter to slide his warm hands up under his shirt and over his abs, before dipping into the waistband of his jeans. Peter’s behind him, scenting him as his hands tease and play, and in the end, Stiles has to force himself to push Peter away, because as much as he likes what they’re doing, now’s definitely not the time.

Peter just laughs when Stiles tells him as much, saying “You’re so responsive, sweetheart. One day soon, I’m going to take my time, and tease you till you’re begging for whatever I’ll give you.”

Stiles swallows thickly, before hissing “Jesus Peter, how am I meant to work with a boner like this?”

Peter grins wickedly. “I can help you with that. Meet me in the change rooms? I’ll make it quick,” he promises.

“Scott! Going to the bathroom!” Stiles bellows as he bolts out the door, Peter following close behind.

Peter’s a man of his word. It takes two and a half minutes for him to take Stiles apart. Stiles has to slap a hand across his own mouth to stifle the moans as he comes hard and fast, and Peter looks at him with a satisfied expression as he tucks his limp, slightly damp cock back into his jeans.

“You have to teach me that thing. That thing with your tongue,” Stiles says breathlessly.

“Oh don’t worry, I will,” Peter says with a smirk. “I’ll teach you all I know.”

On Saturday Stiles has the day off, but he spends most of it helping Scott with all the last-minute jobs for the wedding, because suddenly it’s a week away.

Chris texts him in the afternoon, asking Free for a date tonight?

He quickly texts back God yes

Pick you up at seven. It’s just you and me, baby

Stiles smiles happily at the thought of Chris taking him out.
Dress code?

Sexy. Tight jeans, that black pinstripe shirt. Comfortable shoes.

Stiles knows the shirt he means – it hugs his body, emphasising his broad shoulders. It actually is sexy.

That’s very specific. Where are we going?

We’re going dancing, sweetheart.

Stiles lets out a shuddery breath, and Scott looks up from where he’s tying up bags of sugared almonds. “You OK, bro?” he asks, a little concerned.

Stiles beams at him. “I have a date tonight, with Chris.”

Scott smiles back, and doesn’t even tease him.

He helps Scott for another hour, but then, feeling only slightly selfish, he taps out, and goes to get ready. He has a long, hot shower, and then he selects his tightest jeans, the ones that show off all his assets, and the shirt Chris suggested. He adds Peter’s wolf’s head cuff, undoes the top few buttons, and looks in the mirror.

He frowns when he sees the state of his hair, mussed and ruffled from the shower, but then he remembers that Chris likes it messy, so he decides to hell with it, and when he adds the product, he leaves it looking deliberately tousled. He likes it.

He looks like he’s rolled out of bed after the night of his life. It’s ten to seven and he’s just trying to decide on shoes when Chris arrives. Stiles opens the door, takes one look at him, and drags him inside so he can plaster his body across him and kiss him furiously, because Chris looks as hot as fuck, plain and simple.

He’s wearing black skinny jeans that make his legs look even longer, and a deep blue v neck that’s tight enough that Stiles can see the outline of every one of his abs, and he’s thrown a worn leather jacket over the top, which in theory should bring the whole look down, but in practice just makes him even more fuckable.

And boots. Fucking black leather boots, scuffed and worn and looking like they’ve walked a thousand miles, but still as sexy as fuck.

Chris kisses him back just as hard, and they only break apart when Scott says “Hey, guys? Sorry to interrupt, but Kira’s coming over later. Will you be home tonight Stiles?”

Chris looks at Stiles with a raised brow, and Stiles grins, and shakes his head. “Place is all yours, I’ll be staying with my guys. If that’s all right?” he asks Chris softly.

“Baby, you could stay every night if you wanted,” Chris says, smiling.

“Baby, you could stay every night if you wanted,” Chris says, smiling.

Stiles feels a warmth in his chest at Chris’ words, but he can’t help but ask “Really? I don’t want to get in the way of you and Peter’s private time.”

“Oh, sweetheart,” Chris sighs. “Trust me, we want you there. As often or as little as you want to be there. And any time you feel ready, you’re welcome to move in with us.”

Stiles feels something in him settle at the words. Chris has offered before of course, and so has
Peter, but something about the way he says it so casually, as if it’s the easiest thing in the world to make room for him in their lives, makes Stiles feel as light as air.

Still.

“Not yet, but one day,” he says.

Chris beams at him when he says it, and Stiles realises that it’s the first time he hasn’t said no outright to the concept of living together. Chris kisses him again, and this time it’s soft and tender, his tongue tracing the insides of Stiles’ mouth gently, taking his time, exploring. Stiles takes the opportunity to get his hands on Chris’ ass, and he can feel the muscles as they move under his fingertips, firm and toned.

He pulls away just long enough to say, “I bet I could bounce a quarter off your ass,” with a grin.

Chris laughs softly, and says “I’ll let you try later, if you want,” in a tone that promises everything.

And then, the bastard pulls right back, points at the two pairs of converse Stiles has been debating between, and says “Wear the black ones, baby.”

It takes Stiles a moment to register what he’s talking about, because he’s still envisioning Chris spread naked in front of him with his ass on display. “What? Oh, shoes, right,” he says, and Chris casts him an amused glance.

“Stiles,” he says, tone low and filthy “Were you thinking about my ass just then?”

Stiles nods.

Chris leans in close and husks in his ear “Good.”

“You’re a tease,” Stiles grumbles, face heating.

Chris laughs again, and says “You love it.”

He’s not wrong.

They stop for dinner first, nothing fancy, just burgers and fries. Stiles orders a chocolate milkshake, and Chris’ eyes are fixed on his mouth as he toys with the straw. “Now who’s a damned tease?” he growls out, and Stiles grins filthily as he pokes out the very tip of his tongue and runs it over his bottom lip.

“You love it,” he says with a raised brow and a smirk.

“Damn right. And later, if you’re up for it, I’ll show you exactly what it does to me,” Chris promises, a hungry gleam in his eye.

“Promise?”

“Anything you want, baby,” Chris says softly, and Stiles melts a little, because he knows Chris
means it. Chris insists on paying for dinner, and then they get in the car, but instead of heading to Beacon Hills’ only club Jungle, like Stiles expected, Chris takes the road out of town. “Is this where you murder me in the woods, and Peter’s already there digging my shallow grave?” Stiles asks.

Chris snorts. “Peter’s not digging your grave. Peter’s doing the accounts for the business, and he’s a pain in the ass whenever he does it.”

Stiles laughs at that. “So, you decided to leave him in peace?”

Chris nods, saying “He’ll get it done in half the time if he doesn’t have me there distracting him. Plus, I wanted to take you out.”

He turns to Stiles and smiles, and Stiles takes a moment to just appreciate how gorgeous he looks. “It’s a thirty minute drive, but where we’re going’s worth it,” Chris says.

Stiles settles in for the drive, and the time flies by as they chat and laugh. Their conversation’s full of filthy innuendo, and Stiles laughs so hard he nearly chokes once or twice at the things that come out of Chris’ mouth.

“I thought you were the respectable one!” he says, pointing accusingly, but he’s grinning wildly.

“Oh baby, what made you think either of us is respectable?” Chris purrs out.

And before Stiles can reply, he parks the car and announces, “We’re here.”

They’ve driven to the next town over, creatively named Beacon Flats, and Stiles recognizes the name of the club – he’s wanted to come here, but time and finance haven’t been his friend lately. There’s a line halfway down the block, even though it’s barely ten. “Hell of a line up,” he says wrinkling his nose, because Stiles hates queues with a passion.

One corner of Chris’ mouth quirks up as he says, “Oh no, we don’t line up.”

He gets out of the car, Stiles following hot on his heels, and walks up to the bouncer at the front of the line. The man’s a giant, and he has a scowl on his face, but as soon as he sees Chris his expression morphs into delighted recognition, and he says “Hey, Chris!”

“Hey, Reggie. Room for two?” he says easily, and just like that, they’re inside.

Stiles turns to him, beaming, and says “That’s the best thing I’ve ever seen. How did you do that?”

Chris leans in close so Stiles can hear him over the music and says “Know the owner. And I thought you’d like it here, so I made a call.”

Stiles looks around, and he does like it. He likes it a lot. It’s busy, but not frantic. The décor’s all smooth lines and black leather, without being sterile. The music’s loud enough to lose yourself in it, but not so loud you have to scream to be heard.

No wonder the place is popular, he thinks. Chris finds them a booth and leaves Stiles there as he goes to get them a beer. While he’s gone, Stiles takes in the crowd. There’s a fair mix of straight and gay couples, a lot of singles, and the dozen prerequisite girls having a bachelorette’s night.

The music’s good, and Stiles taps his foot idly to the rhythm while he waits for Chris. As he casts his gaze around, he can’t help but note that Chris is one of the best looking guys there. OK, he might be a little biased, but he thinks that together, they look pretty damned fine.
“What’s got you smiling?” Chris asks when he comes back with their drinks.

“Just thinking that I’m dating the hottest guy here tonight,” Stiles answers honestly.

Chris leans in and kisses him on the cheek, before murmuring “You’re looking pretty good yourself, sweetheart.”

Stiles shrugs.

“You look amazing, and I can’t wait to get my hands on you,” Chris insists, peppering kisses down the side of his neck. “But first, dance with me?”

Stiles knocks back most of his beer before he lets himself be led onto the dancefloor. The music has a good beat, and Stiles loves to dance. And he’s actually not too shabby at it, so he throws himself into the music, twisting his body and swaying his hips in time to the rhythm. It’s not particularly sexy, but it’s a hell of a lot of fun. Chris matches his pace easily, and the two of them dance, fast and loose limbed and laughing, until three songs later, Stiles holds up a hand and begs off, saying “Dude, I gotta breathe for a minute.”

Chris nods, and they head back towards their table. When Stiles gets there though, Chris isn’t behind him anymore. He turns to see where he went and catches sight of a woman running her hand down Chris’ chest and winking at him. Chris is wearing an unimpressed expression, and he gently pushes her hands away, but she doesn’t take the hint, instead grabbing him by the wrist.

He pulls his hand away and takes a step backwards, but the woman advances, and then she puts a hand on his face, cupping his cheek.

And Stiles? Stiles sees red.

Who does this bitch think she is? He doesn’t even think, just barrels back over there and pulls Chris in for a searing kiss, planting his body firmly between him and Mrs Takes-No-Hints.

“Hey, daddy, where did you go? Your baby wants to get some of this,” he says, running his hands possessively over Chris’ torso.

Chris freezes for a moment and Stiles thinks he’s taken it too far with the Daddy comment, but then his eyes light up, and he leans in and says “Hey, sweetheart. This lady wanted a dance, and I was just telling her I’m here with my boy.”

Stiles turns to look at the woman, and she’s giving him a filthy look. He just gives her a little wave, and goes back to kissing Chris, making sure his hands are visible as he pulls him closer by the hips. By the time they come up for air, she’s gone, and Stiles is half hard – he maybe put a little more than was necessary into his performance.

Chris looks at him appraisingly, before saying “Daddy?”

Stiles squirms. “It’s all I could think of to get her to leave you alone.”

“Really? That’s all? Something you want to tell me, sweetheart?”

Chris is openly smirking now, obviously amused. Stiles drapes his arms around his neck and pulls them close again, till his mouth is barely brushing Chris’ ear. He says quietly “That’s not my kink, trust me. “

Chris leans in and whispers “Not mine, either.”
Stiles grins evily before he adds “But if it was, you’d be the daddyest daddy ever to daddy.” Chris rumbles out a soft laugh, and goes to get them more drinks.

They rest for a little, and then Stiles gets up and draws Chris after him, finding a space where they can dance. Stiles is two beers in, and he feels good, relaxed. He’s ready to dance, and more. The music’s changed slightly, something with a Latin feel, and Chris places his hands on Stiles’ hips to guide him as they start dancing.

To anyone else it looks like Chris is just snuggling in close, but Stiles tilts his head back a little, so Chris can scent him better, and Chris murmurs “You smell so damn good, baby.”

“I smell like sweat,” Stiles argues mildly.

“Oh huh. I like it.”

Werewolves are so weird.

Stiles is really starting to enjoy himself.

It’s nice, teasing each other with little tilts of their hips, kissing and nuzzling as they move around the floor, and they dance their way through another three or four songs, the sexual tension between them slowly ramping up every time Chris runs a hand down his back and rests it on his ass, or Stiles turns and presses his back against Chris’ front and shimmies deliberately.

And then, the music changes. The distinctive guitar introduction plays, and Chris’ face lights up. As soon as he hears the lyrics, Stiles grins as well.

‘Man it's a hot one
Like seven inches from the midday sun
Well I hear you whisper and the words melt everyone
But you stay so cool’

Croons Rob Thomas seductively.

And then Chris really starts to move with the music, and holy shit. Chris Argent dirty dancing is a thing of beauty. Stiles has never seen anyone move their hips like Chris does, fluid and sensual and devastating. He rolls his pelvis forwards easily, and his hips circle and thrust and grind against Stiles as he pulls him in close, pulls him in tight, and Stiles goes with it, because Chris looks amazing, and feels amazing, and he’s scenting Stiles as they dance, and can they go home now please?

Chris slides his hands down Stiles back, then a little lower, until finally he tucks his hands into his back pockets, and Stiles can feel every inch of his erection pressed up against his leg, thinks if he concentrates hard enough he’ll be able to feel the ridges of his cock through the denim.
They’re not even pretending to dance now, just grinding against each other, making desperate noises.

Well, Stiles. Stiles is grinding and making desperate noises. Chris is smiling, and his eyes are sparkling with mirth as he teases Stiles a little more, leaning down and sucking a love bite into the soft skin of his neck as his hands pull Stiles close, as he plays with his ass, as he rolls his hips sinuously and dances like the devil himself.

Stiles is so hard it hurts, and he whines softly. Chris is panting softly in his ear, obviously affected, and Stiles hears him let out a low growl in response. He wraps his hands firmly around the back of Chris’ head, and drags him forwards so he can kiss him properly.

Chris responds with tongue and teeth and passion, and Stiles closes his eyes and lets himself be devoured, feeling overwhelmed by Chris’ mouth and hands and body and scent. Chris finally breaks the kiss and groans deeply, just as the song ends.

Stiles is flushed and open-mouthed, and they stare at each other for just a moment before Stiles rasps out “Home?”

“Home,” Chris agrees, his pupils dark with want.

Home is a long fucking way away, and despite Stiles’ best efforts to convince him, Chris refuses to entertain the notion of road head. “You can wait a little, baby. Wanna get you home to a bed, and do this right,” he chuckles.

Stiles pouts, and Chris ignores him, too used to dealing with Peter to be affected. By the time they get home, Stiles is desperate. It doesn’t help that Chris has driven the whole way with a hand planted firmly on his thigh, and spent the drive telling Stiles how he can’t wait to keep his promise, get his mouth on him, make him feel good.

Chris parks the car and Stiles gets out, but before he can take two steps Chris is physically lifting him off the ground and carrying him up the porch steps and into the house in a fireman’s lift. Stiles finds it incredibly arousing, and he tells Chris so.

Actually, he mutters “Fuck, that’s hot.”

Chris chuckles, saying “I know what you like, sweetheart.”

OK, so maybe Stiles has mentioned once or twice that he likes it when Chris picks him up like he weighs nothing. As soon as they’re in the door, Chris perches Stiles on the back of the couch and crowds up so he’s standing between his legs, and he holds him in place as he drags the collar of his shirt back to add another love bite to his collarbone.

The warm suction of his mouth makes Stiles gasp and throw his head back, and it feels like a jolt of electricity to his dick every time Chris suckles a little harder. He grabs the back of Chris’ head desperately, moaning. Chris lifts his head long enough to say “More, baby?”

“Anything,” Stiles gasps out.
Chris straightens up then, but only so he can start undoing the buttons on Stiles’ shirt, flicking them open one at a time, looking at his bare chest with undisguised hunger. “Wanna get my mouth all over you. Start with these, cause I know you love it,” he says, brushing a thumb over Stiles’ exposed nipple.

Stiles nods, wide eyed.

“Well, I’ll move down here, maybe mark you a little,” Chris muses, and a warm, flat palm traces over Stiles’ abs.

He pops the button on Stiles’ jeans and slowly draws the zipper down. “When I finally get my lips around this, you’ll feel so good, baby. You think Peter’s the only one with a clever mouth?” He leans in close, breath hot against Stiles ear, tickling and teasing as he murmurs lowly “Who do you think taught him, sweetheart?”

Stiles wraps his legs around Chris’ waist, clinging to him, and demands “Upstairs. Bed. Now.”

Chris laughs, and obligingly carries Stiles up the stairs. As they reach the top, Peter comes out of the office. He takes in the sight of them with a smile, and leans in to kiss Chris, and then Stiles.

“Date going well?” he asks with a smirk.

Stiles isn’t sure what to do – does he invite Peter to join them? Pretend he’s not furiously thrusting against Chris? What?

They both hear his heartbeat pick up and sense his confusion, and Peter’s quick to reassure him, saying “It’s fine, sweet boy. Have fun with Christopher. I’ll be in later, once I’ve finished the damned accounts.”

As he walks back into the office, he casually calls over his shoulder “Do that thing, Christopher. The thing with your tongue. He likes that.”

Stiles stares at the office door as it closes firmly behind Peter, mouth hanging open. “Does he mean the –“

“He sure does, sweetheart,” Chris smirks. And he walks into the bedroom with Stiles in his arms, kicks the door shut behind him with a bang, and drops him onto the mattress.

Stiles scrambles to sit up and takes off his shoes, dropping them off the edge of the bed. Chris sweeps them to the side of the room, and then crawls up the bed, catlike.

“You gonna let me do all those things we talked about, baby? Let me love on you a little?”

Stiles starts to take his shirt off, nodding, but Chris lays a hand on his arm and stops him, saying “Let me?” He’s looking hungrily up and down Stiles’ body, and Stiles sees him lick his lips.

It seems the most natural thing in the world to ask “Where would you like me?”

Chris peels Stiles' shirt off slowly, reverently, before he pulls gently on his body so he’s laying down, and then he crawls up on his elbows till he’s hovering over Stiles, bracketing him in place. Stiles can feel the bulge in Chris’ jeans pressing against him, and he rocks up against it.

Chris drops his head with a groan, nuzzling at his throat, and Stiles moans at the soft scratch of his beard against his sensitive skin.
“Oh, you like that?” Chris rubs his stubble against Stiles’ throat, deliberately this time. Stiles tilts his head back, and Chris starts to nip and tease at the soft flesh there, leaving a row of tiny red marks where he pulls and teases with his teeth. He stops long enough to kiss Stiles deeply, his tongue probing, demanding, and Stiles happily lets him have his way, relaxing back into the bed, arms spread above his head.

Chris pulls away panting, and he’s still grinding, and Stiles is still grinding back, slow and steady and relentless, pressure building between them. Chris kisses his way down to Stiles’ chest, and tugs at a nipple gently with his teeth. The slight sting of his teeth causes Stiles to cry out and his hips to fly upwards, as the feeling travels down his body, as though connected by an invisible wire.

Stiles brings one hand down to hold Chris’ head in place, because he thinks if he stops what he’s doing he might actually cry. He can feel Chris’ mouth curve into a smile as he does it again, and again.

After a few minutes of sweet torture, Chris shifts a little and switches to the other side, rubbing his thumb over the swollen red flesh where his mouth just was. Stiles hisses between his teeth, because it’s too much, too good.

He tugs gently on Chris’ hair, and the older man lifts his head, eyebrow raised in a query. “Gonna come from that if you don’t stop,” he gasps.

Chris smiles so widely that his face looks like it might split in half, the smug bastard. “One day, sweetheart. One day I’ll make you come just from this. But not today. I made you a promise,” he rumbles out, and then he moves his mouth lower and he’s kissing down Stiles’ abs, beard brushing softly against the skin, tender flesh yielding as he sucks and bites and leaves a trail of bruises. Stiles keens at the feeling of fresh bruising, the sweet sting of it making his cock twitch and leak.

Finally, just when he thinks he’s going to go out of his mind, Chris removes his mouth and slides his hands under his hips, saying “Up.”

Stiles obediently lifts his hips, and Chris slides his jeans and underwear down all in one. He drags them down Stiles’ legs and pushes them off the end of the bed, and then he kisses his way back up his body, gentle lips brushing the inside of his ankle, a tiny peck on the top of his foot, and a soft tongue running up the inside of his thigh.

Stiles shudders when he feels Chris’ breath hot against his balls. “You ready baby? You want this?”

“Oh, fuck yes. Your fucking mouth,” he breathes out.

Chris chuckles, causing small eddies of warm air to stir and move around his sensitive cock. Stiles’ cock throbs and pulses and drips at the feeling, and he whines. Chris licks at the very tip, and one hand wraps around his length, broad and firm, making Stiles buck forwards into the heat.

“Patience, sweetheart,” Chris chides gently, and then he lifts Stiles cock up and away from his body, and slowly lowers his mouth onto it.

It’s torture.

It’s bliss.

It’s heat and suction and movement, and Stiles makes a wretched, broken sound as Chris sinks lower, and lower, until he’s almost all the way there. Stiles is big, but he’s thick rather than long, and Chris knows exactly what he’s doing as he relaxes his throat to let Stiles in. His tongue is
swirling round and over the head, and he sucks and swallows and hums, head moving up and down achingly slowly.

Stiles can’t seem to stop making noises, and he finds his hands clutching at Chris’ hair as he pants out pleasepleaseplease without even realizing it. Chris starts to move faster, pushing Stiles’ legs up so they’re bent at the knees, giving himself more room to move. His hands stroke up and down the back of Stiles’ thighs in a rhythmic motion, in time with the bobbing of his head.

Stiles can feel he’s close, feels his balls drawing up tight, and he barely has time to tap Chris once on the shoulder before he shatters like glass, exploding, hips driving up into Chris’ mouth as every muscle in his body locks up with the strength of his orgasm.

He thinks he hears the Hallelujah chorus. He might black out for just a second, he has no idea.

When he comes back to himself, he can feel a tongue lapping lazily at his softening cock, firm and gentle all at once.

“Nnngh” he says, and he’s surprised he can even manage that.

Chris laughs, deep and throaty. Stiles manages to prop himself on his elbows, and he sees Chris still kneeling between his legs, a hand behind each knee, hair tousled from where Stiles has grabbed at him, and a dribble of come trapped in his beard as he licks at him softly.

Stiles falls back onto the bed, groaning out “Stooooop, please.”

And Chris does, immediately. “Too much, sweetheart?”

Stiles nods lazily, mumbling “Sensitive.”

He feels Chris moving off the bed, but he keeps his eyes closed, drifting. He hears the rustle of clothing, and then there’s a body lying next to him, warm and solid and comforting.

Stiles can feel the heat coming off Chris, and he rolls towards him and opens one eye. Chris is lying there, naked and hard, idly playing with himself. Stiles opens the other eye, because holy shit.

Chris is muscled and tanned and fucking gorgeous. Stiles is suddenly a whole lot more awake, and he leans over and kisses Chris, sighing happily.

“You with me, sweetheart?” Chris asks, and he sounds pretty damned pleased with himself.

Stiles guesses he has good cause. “Uh huh.”

He snuggles up close to Chris, and starts running his hands up and down his thighs firmly, slowly tracing his way up to his erection, running a finger over it lightly. “Want me to take care of this?”

"Anything you want, baby."

Stiles wraps his hand around the length, and starts moving it slowly. “This is nice,” he observes, grinning. He rubs his palm over the head, making Chris groan, gathering the precome there and spreading it down the shaft. “Big, thick.”

Chris hums his agreement, eyes fixed on Stiles’ hand as it glides effortlessly up and down. “And so fucking pretty,” Stiles adds, moving his hand a little faster. Stiles thinks that it’s time he got his revenge for all the dirty talk Chris subjected him to, so he puts on his best seductive tone as he says, “Can you imagine how I’d look riding this?”
Chris makes a shocked sound, and his dick twitches in Stiles’ hand. Stiles leans in close and licks a stripe up the side of Chris’ throat as he works his cock. Chris starts thrusting up into his hand, hips jerking, mouth hanging open. “You’re so big, you’d have to open me up, slow and careful. Ease those big fingers of yours in, one at a time, till I’m stuffed full, y’know?”

“Jesus,” Chris pants out, as Stiles sucks a spot just under his jaw, managing to leave a mark.

“I mean, I can imagine it, how they’d feel. Those are big hands. I dream about those thick fucking fingers of yours, how they’d feel stretching me, teasing me. Getting in deep, hitting that sweet spot, making me want it even more.”

Chris is breathing heavily, and he emits a low growl at the thought of Stiles fantasizing about his hands.

“Then, when I’m stretched wide round all four fingers, right up to the knuckles, you’d pull your hand out, slowly, and I’d feel so empty, need you in me so badly, that I’d beg for it.”

Chris’ eyes flash gold, just for a moment, and Stiles grins in victory. He continues working Chris’ length expertly as he continues. “And then, I’d roll you onto your back and straddle you, line you up, and sink down, an inch at a time, and you’d slide in so slowly.”

Chris is pumping furiously into his hand now, making little grunts, and Stiles knows he’s close.

“You’d fill me up so good. I’d be so full, so stretched. I might even cry because it feels so damn good, having you fuck me,” he croons, and that’s it, Chris is gone. He comes with a roar, spraying come all up his belly and over Stiles’ hand.

Stiles feels the come dripping over his knuckles, hot and sticky, and he slows his hand so that he’s barely moving it, just tiny motions, gentling Chris through his orgasm.

Chris melts into the bed with a sigh, and Stiles nestles up against his chest. There’s silence for a moment, before Chris rasps out “You’ve got a filthy mouth on you.”

“Uh huh. Thought you’d like it,” Stiles agrees.

They lay there for a few minutes, until the feeling of cooling come slowly gelling on his hand makes Stiles screw up his nose, and he tugs at Chris’ shoulder, saying “Shower?”

Chris nods, and they slowly make their way to the bathroom. While they’re under the hot spray, washing each other and sharing soft kisses, Chris asks “Do you want that, sometime?”

Stiles doesn’t have to ask what he means. “Honestly? I would have done it tonight, except you kinda wrecked me a little too much first,” he says, grinning.

Chris laughs softly. “Sorry. I forget you don’t have our stamina,” he admits.

“Yeah, I’m pretty much done,” Stiles confirms, leaning his head on Chris’ chest and savoring the feeling of the other man’s hands stroking the back of his neck.

Chris turns the water off and they dry themselves, before curling up together in bed. A glance at the clock shows it’s after one, and feeling slightly guilty, Stiles asks “Where’s Peter? I haven’t kept him out of his bed, have I?”

Chris shakes his head. “He’s a night owl. He won’t come in till the books are done for the month, and then he’ll sleep till lunch time tomorrow.”
“Hmm. So will I, probably,” Stiles says, yawning widely. He wonders if he can ask Peter to fuck him in the morning, and the thought strikes him so suddenly, it jerks him awake.

He actually wants to get fucked. And he wants Peter, as the alpha, to be the one who does it. He can imagine it, how Peter would be sweet and gentle with him, would take his time, would make it good, and he wants that desperately.

But how will Chris feel, after the night they’ve just had?

Chris feels him tense up, and asks “What’s wrong, sweetheart?”

“Nothing’s wrong, exactly,” Stiles hedges.

“I can hear if you’re lying, baby,” Chris reminds him gently.

Stiles sighs, and sits up in bed. ‘I want to ask something, and I don’t want you to be upset,” he starts.

Chris sits up as well, and takes Stiles’ hand in his.“Sweetheart, just ask.”

“Will you be upset if I ask Peter to fuck me?” he asks in a rush.

Chris is silent for a moment. Finally he says “Upset? No.”

“But?”

“There is no but. You choose what you’re willing to do, and who you do it with. The same as Peter does, the same as I do.” He adds, “If that’s what feels right for you, go with it, baby.”

Stiles lets out a long breath. “It does feel right. I mean, I just want it. And I’m not a wolf, but Peter’s the Alpha, you know?”

Chris nods. “And he’ll be thrilled that you feel that way.”

Stiles feels something settle in his chest at Chris’ easy acceptance of his decision. “I’ll ask him in the morning.”

Chris pulls him close and settles them back in the bed, saying “I’ll give you two some privacy, sweetheart. First times are special.”

Stiles wonders exactly what he did to deserve these guys. He falls asleep not five minutes later listening to Chris’ heartbeat.

It’s four when Peter finally comes to bed, sliding in silently next to Chris. He curls up against him in a mirror of Stiles’ position, and Chris lifts an arm to make room for him to snuggle up.

“Finished?” he asks quietly.

Peter nods. “Done, and the stock ordering as well. How was your night?”
Chris grins and says, “Get him to talk dirty to you, sometime.”

Peter raises an eyebrow at that. “Really?”

“Uh huh. Kid’s absolutely filthy.”

“Kid can hear you. Kid needs more sleep,” Stiles grumbles.

“Sorry, sweet boy,” Peter says softly, placing a hand on Stiles’s cheek. Stiles smiles at the touch, and drifts back off.

When Stiles wakes the next morning, he can feel a warm body wrapped around him, and an erection poking at his ass. He wiggles back against it instinctively, and hears ‘Morning, sweet boy.”

Peter, then. He rolls over and kisses him, and Peter parts his lips and deepens the kiss.

Stiles could happily stay there for hours, if it wasn’t for his bladder inconveniently reminding him that he needs to get up. He pulls away with a sigh, tells Peter “Hold that thought,” and dashes to the bathroom.

He’s in there for quite a while. When he finally comes out, he’s showered and brushed his teeth, and he seems nervous.

Peter sits up in bed, saying “What is it, sweetheart?”

Stiles takes a deep breath. “So, werewolves, right?” Peter nods. “You’re the alpha.” Peter nods again and wonders exactly where Stiles is going with this. “Head of the pack,” Stiles clarifies.

“Technically yes,” Peter says, because lord knows, he does love it when Chris tells him what to do.

Stiles walks back over to the bed and climbs in, and he lays on his back with his head tilted back, exposing his throat.

“I was wondering, Alpha, if you’d like to be the first?”
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Welp. I guess we’ve hit the burn part of the slow burn, folks.

Chapter Notes

A massive shout out to Twisted_Mind and SophiSinclair, who have put up with me throwing half formed chunks of text at them and going “Well?”
Thanks for being my cheer squad, guys!

Before Chris leaves for his date with Stiles, he stops by the office where Peter’s grumbling under his breath at the excel spreadsheet in front of him. “I’ll probably be late, sugar,” he says, leaning against the door frame.

Peter eyes him up and down appreciatively – Chris has always been able to rock the casual look. “Bringing our boy back for the night?”

Chris hums. “I haven’t asked, but I’m hoping so. How long will you be stuck doing this?”

Peter rubs a hand down his face and sighs. “Probably most of the night, if I’m honest. I’ve let it slide, been too busy spending time with Stiles, and now it’s just a mess.”

Chris comes in and leans over the desk for a kiss, saying “You’ll get it done, Sweetheart. I’ll see you later.”

Peter waits until he hears the car pull away, and then, satisfied he’s alone, turns on the music that Chris has no idea he listens to. He knows about the country, but not this. It’s Peter’s guilty pleasure, but he knows all the words, and it helps him focus as he sings along absentmindedly, tapping away at the keyboard, making payments, finalizing accounts.

“Neeeeeear, faaaaaar, wherever you are…..” he sings under his breath, as he spots that one of their suppliers has double billed them.

Peter really does love his evenings alone.

He gets a text later in the evening from Chris, and snorts when he reads it.
Stiles just saved me from a cougar attack

He sends back *Oh? How so*

Came up and kissed me and called me Daddy

*Interesting. Do we need to talk to him about that?*

We already did. Not his thing, he was just looking for shock value. And it worked. Woman ran a mile

*So, our boy has a possessive streak?*

If he was a wolf, he would have been snarling

Peter hums at the thought of Stiles as a wolf. He’d give Stiles the bite without a second thought, if he asked. It’s not a conversation they’ve had, and he’ll never bring it up unless Stiles does, but he can’t deny he’d make an exceptional werewolf.

In the end he texts back

*Enjoy your night. I’m going back to the books.*

He puts his phone aside, hits shuffle on his playlist, and gets back to figuring out whether he’s paid this account for silk ties, as he merrily hums along that *oops he did it again, he played with your heart, got lost in the game…*

By the time he’s crooning that it *Looks like we made it, Look how far we’ve come my baby* it’s nearly midnight, and his wolf hearing picks up the sound of Chris’ SUV pulling in the driveway. He shuts the music off and listens to Chris and Stiles as they come through the door, and he can hear the low murmur of Chris voice as he tells Stiles in detail exactly what he plans to do with him.

Stiles’ command of “Upstairs. Bed. Now.” makes him smile, because it means he’s comfortable enough to ask for what he wants.

He hears them coming up the stairs and steps out of the office in time to catch them, because he knows that if he doesn’t make it clear he’s fine with this, Stiles will probably think himself into a lather. So he kisses them both, and assures Stiles it’s fine, and when he walks away and tells Chris to do the thing with his tongue, Chris shoots him a grateful look.

It’s all about Stiles, tonight.

He works his way through the paper war, and tries to ignore the sounds and murmurs he can hear through the wall, although when he hears Stiles starting to talk dirty he has to put his earbuds in and turn the music back on. Salt’n’Pepa singing about *Pushing It Real Good* really isn’t helpful.

One of the first things any werewolf is taught as a child is that listening in is *rude*, so he adjusts his hardening cock, changes the track, ups the volume, and tries to concentrate on the screen in front of him. It takes him half an hour to finish typing three emails, but he manages. He wants Chris and Stiles to have this time together alone, get to know each other and their bodies, without Stiles feeling like he’s a prize to be fought over. He’s fairly sure their boy’s getting used to the idea of how the three of them will work, but Peter doesn’t want to put any extra pressure on him.
By the time he’s done with the invoices, it’s gone quiet. If he listens carefully he can hear two steady heartbeats, and the sound thrills him to his Alpha core.

It’s the sound of their pack growing.

When he crawls into bed at 4am, he can sense the contentment rolling off both of his partners, and he hums happily. He has a quiet conversation with Chris, but it’s cut short by Stiles grumbling at them, and to Peter, having his boy there sassing them? It’s perfect.

He sleeps unusually well, and wakes up with spectacular morning wood. There’s a body in front of him, lean and lithe and different to the one he’s used to. There’s a pert ass grinding back against him, and he can hear the change in Stiles’ heartbeat as he wakes. He greets him, wondering briefly where Chris is, but then Stiles is kissing him, and that’s all he can think about.

Stiles starts to squirm, and finally he bolts to the bathroom. Peter waits patiently, expecting him to be back in a minute or two, but then he hears the shower running. He had the distinct impression that Stiles was coming back to bed, so he just dozes a little and waits.

Stiles is in there for quite a while. When he finally comes out, he’s showered and brushed his teeth, and he seems nervous.

Peter sits up in bed, saying “What is it, sweetheart?”

Stiles takes a deep breath. “So, werewolves, right?”

Peter nods. “You’re the alpha.”

Peter nods again and wonders exactly where Stiles is going with this. “Head of the pack.”

“Technically yes,” Peter says.

And then Stiles is coming towards him and laying on the bed, head tilted back in submission, and damn, he knows how much Peter likes that. His legs are parted slightly, and he’s gloriously naked, still damp and pink from the shower. Peter’s breath hitches at the sight, but it’s Stiles next words that really catch him off guard.

“I was wondering, Alpha, if you’d like to be the first?”

Peter’s first instinct is to howl with victory, and then pin Stiles to the mattress and take him apart, but he clamps down on that firmly. Instead he goes with the very civilized option of kissing lightly at the hollow of Stiles’ throat, scenting him as he does so. There’s no tang of fear, just arousal, which sets Peter’s mind at rest that Stiles really does want what he’s suggesting.

He wants to be clear what Stiles is offering, though. “The first?”
Stiles huffs and rolls his eyes. “Yeah. The first to fuck me.”

He leans over so he’s looking Stiles in the eye, and tells him “Sweetheart, if you want that, I’d be thrilled. But can I ask, why me?”

Stiles looks surprised at the question, but he answers “I just think that’s how it should be. I mean, you’re the head of the pack. The Alpha.”

Peter can hear his heartbeat, steady and true, and knows he’s not lying. Peter smiles at him softly as he accepts his offer. “Sweetheart, as your Alpha, it would be my absolute privilege to be the first. Whenever you’re ready, just say the word.”

Stiles gives him a shy grin, and says “I was thinking, maybe now? I mean, it’s Sunday, we have all day.”

Peter hums thoughtfully. “First things first, sweet boy. Coffee, then breakfast.”

His expression turns hungry then, as he says, “You’ll need your energy – I plan to take my time with you.”

He slips out of bed and downstairs, wondering briefly where Chris is, and if he knew about this. His question’s answered when he walks into the kitchen and finds a tray set up with pastries, the coffee maker turned on, and a note saying

_Gone to the shooting range. Back this afternoon. Be good to our baby. Love you XX_

He smiles at the note, and the tray, and at his life, and carries the food back upstairs.

Stiles is sitting back against the headboard when Peter comes back into the room, and he’s pulled the blankets up to cover his lap. Peter carries the tray over and sets it down, breaking a piece off the apricot Danish and holding it out delicately towards Stiles. Stiles looks at the piece of Danish for a moment, before leaning forwards and snagging it with his teeth.

Peter nods approvingly as he eats it, and holds out another piece. Stiles takes the proffered bite, sucking on Peter’s fingertips as he does so. Peter lets out a tiny groan, and Stiles grins.

“Christopher must have gone to the bakery before he went out shooting for the day,” Peter says casually. He watches Stiles’ reaction carefully, and at his total lack of surprise that Chris has gone out, his smile becomes warmer when he asks “Did you two arrange this, by any chance?”

Stiles swallows around his mouthful before answering “Not exactly?” He explains “I asked if he was OK with me asking you, y’know, because you’re the alpha, and he said he’d give us some privacy.”

“That man’s a catch,” Peter sighs with a fond smile.

“Yeah, he is,” Stiles nods.
“We must do something nice for him later,” Peter muses.

“I’m sure we’ll think of something,” Stiles agrees, as he thinks about how Peter said he’d teach him the thing with the tongue.

They eat quietly, Peter continuing to feed bite sized pieces to Stiles, and Stiles making a show of sucking at Peter’s fingers every time. The food’s nearly gone, and they’ve had coffee, and they’re sitting in the bed together, and Stiles suddenly feels awkward. If he was at the movies, he’d be waiting for Peter to pull the old Stretch and Yawn trick.

So he gets in first, and leans in and swipes his thumb across Peter’s bottom lip, catching a dab of raspberry jam there. He looks at Peter steadily as he sucks on his thumb, finally releasing it from his mouth with a lewd popping sound.”Are you teasing me, Stiles?” Peter asks.

Stiles nods a little shyly.

And the next thing he knows, he’s flat on his back with Peter on top of him, kissing him like his life depends upon it. He can’t move, but he doesn’t really want to either. He kisses back, and runs his hands up and down Peter’s sides, and over his hips, enjoying the feel of all that naked skin.

Peter moans softly when Stiles skates his fingertips across his lower back, and shudders. Stiles does it again, and Peter reacts the same way. Peter obviously has a sensitive ass - Stiles tucks that knowledge away for future reference.

Eventually their lips part, and Peter huffs out a laugh. “Sorry sweet boy, didn’t mean to tackle you quite like that.”

Stiles shakes his head, saying “I liked it.”

Peter quirks a brow at him. “Your wolfy strength does things to me, OK?” Stiles defends.

Peter lets him up then, and rolls him over onto his front. Stiles tenses up a little in anticipation, expecting Peter to start playing with his ass, but instead Peter climbs off the bed and comes back holding the massage oil. “Let me relax you, darling. We have nowhere to be, and nothing to do, and I’d really like to make you feel good.”

Stiles remembers just how skilled Peter’s hands are, and he nods eagerly. Peter settles behind him on the bed, straddling his ass, and starts running his hands down his back expertly, in a firm, even pressure. He spreads the oil, and his hands warm Stiles’ skin as they repeatedly pass over his shoulders and down towards his ass.

Peter’s touch is soothing, sure and firm, and as he works his way down Stiles’ back he finds himself relaxing. “You’ll send me to sleep,” he mumbles.

Peter laughs softly. “If you fall asleep, that’s fine sweetheart. I’ll be here when you wake up.”

Stiles props himself up on his elbows and starts to argue, saying “But I thought we were going to - “

Peter pushes him firmly back down and shushes him, saying “We are, when the time’s right, but there’s no rush. If we nap a little first, we’ll just have more energy.” He leans down and purrs in Stiles’ ear “But sweetheart, trust me when I say you won’t be falling asleep.”

His hands are still moving skilfully, his thumbs pressed into the base of Stiles’ neck as he loosens the muscles there, and when he leans back he starts grinding gently against Stiles’ ass where he’s
perched, naked. Stiles can feel Peter’s dick rubbing against him, and it feels good. And the hands, they’re good too. Peter’s slowly working his way across his shoulders, and Stiles lets out a heavy sigh as he feels all the tension leave him in a whoosh of air.

“That’s better, darling. Just relax, and leave everything up to me. Let me spoil you, make you feel good,” Peter murmurs, as his fingers press into the knots in the curve of Stiles’ back, coaxing them to release.

Stiles obeys, hypnotised by Peter’s soothing tones and the movements of his hands. He stops worrying about how and if and when they’re going to get busy, and just luxuriates in the feeling of Peter’s attention being focused on him. Peter continues to whisper sweet nonsense as he works his way down Stiles’ legs, and then, when he reaches his feet, he places a soft kiss on each ankle.

Stiles feels the absence of his hands and huffs out a protest, but then they’re back, moving up his legs in one long stroke, coming to rest just under the swell of his ass before disappearing again.

“Relaxed, sweet boy?” Peter asks, and his voice is right next to Stiles’ ear.

Stiles turns to see that Peter’s next to him, propped up on one elbow and looking his body up and down. “You really do look lovely naked and oiled up, Stiles,” he observes with a hungry expression.

Stiles rolls over lazily and props himself up, so he can look at Peter properly as well. He’s touched him, but he hasn’t really looked, so now he takes his time. Peter’s not as tanned as Chris, but his skin’s still a gorgeous golden shade. He’s muscled and fit, and Stiles finds himself reaching out a hand to stroke at his chest, feeling the muscles move beneath his hand.

Peter rolls onto his back and puts his hands behind his head, in a silent invitation. His cock is hard and leaking against his body, and Stiles is aware of it, but that’s not where his hands go next. He kneels next to Peter and looks up the length of his body.

He extends his palm and runs the flat of his hand over Peter’s belly, feeling his six pack beneath his fingers, rubbing his fingertips through the coarse hair there. His hand ghosts lower, finally brushing softly against the head of Peter’s cock, and making it twitch. Peter hums in pleasure at the touch.

Feeling bold, Stiles grabs the bottle of oil and squirts a little into his hand, then slides one hand underneath and cups Peter’s balls gently, rolling them between his fingers, while he wraps his other hand around Peter’s hard shaft. “Can I?”

Peter hums and presses up into his hand in response, and Stiles takes that as a yes. He doesn’t move fast, just strokes steadily up and down, and Peter starts to squirm a little under his touch. “Teasing me again, sweet boy?” he asks with a smirk.

Stiles doesn’t answer, just leans across and kisses the smirk off Peter’s face, even as his hand speeds up slightly. Peter’s slick with oil now, and the skin feels smooth against Stiles’ palm. He tightens his grip, and Peter makes a whining noise into his mouth. Stiles grins, and then he kisses his way down Peters’ body, before exchanging his hand for his mouth, sinking down slowly with his eyes locked on Peter.

Peter reaches a hand down and rests it against Stiles’ head, guiding him lower. Stiles obliges, and when he has Peter’s entire cock in his mouth, he starts to suck firmly, placing his hands on Peter’s hips to hold him in place. Peter bucks and squirms beneath him as Stiles picks up his pace, which just encourages Stiles to suck harder. It’s not long before Peter’s panting, and then he lets out a
groan as Stiles feels the hand in his hair tighten in warning.

He remembers something he saw on Animal Planet once, about scent marking, and he doesn’t know if werewolves work the same way, but he figures it can’t be that different, so as he feels Peter start to come in his mouth, he pulls off, closing his eyes as the warm spray covers his face and neck.

He hears a low growl, different from the noises Peter normally makes. When he looks up, red eyes are flaring at him, and Peter definitely has extra teeth. Stiles figures that means his hunch was right. Peter’s chest is heaving, and as Stiles watches, his features return to normal, and he tries to speak.

He opens his mouth, gesturing to Stiles, but no sound comes out. Stiles grins at having reduced Peter to speechlessness. He grabs a corner of the sheet and wipes his face carelessly before leaning in for a kiss.

“Good?” he murmurs.

“Good,” Peter manages.

Stiles is still hard, and Peter extends a hand towards him, but Stiles pulls back. Peter gives him a quizzical look. “I’m not a wolf. I only get one shot, so to speak, and I’d sooner save it for the main event,” he explains.

“Oh, I don’t know” Peter muses. “You’re young, and I’m very good, after all.”

Apparently, he’s recovered the power of speech. He rolls towards Stiles and pulls him close, and one oil covered thumb slips into the cleft of Stiles’ ass and ghosts over his hole. “If you come first, you’ll be relaxed for me, make it easier to prepare you. And then, by the time I’m inside you, you’ll be ready again.”

Stiles presses back against his touch, so soft against his rim, gentler than anything he’s ever felt.

“Trust me on this Stiles,” Peter assures him. “Human or no, if I can’t make you come at least twice, I’m doing something terribly wrong.”

His hand does feel good, soft fingers slipping and sliding delicately over and around Stiles’ ass. “What if I’m not ready by the time you are, though?” Stiles asks.

Peter furrows his brow. “Stiles, if you’re not ready, nothing happens,” he says patiently.

Stiles bites his lip. “You don’t mind if it takes a little time?”

Peter rolls his eyes affectionately. “Sweetheart, if you ask Christopher, he’ll tell you that there’s nothing I love better than being made to wait. It’s the anticipation. Why do you think I love it so when you tease me? I’m happy to spend hours getting you ready and open for me, if that’s what you need.”

“You’d really spend hours?”

“I can’t think of any better way to spend my time than worshiping this sweet body, darling. You deserve nothing less,” Peter reassures him.

Stiles closes his eyes and breathes deeply, then reaches for Peter’s hand and draws it to his straining cock. Peter wraps a hand around his shaft, as Stiles says softly “Show me? Show me what
Stiles relaxes back into the mattress as Peter lowers him down, closing his eyes to better savor the feel of the hand stroking his cock. Peter’s promised to worship him, and Stiles is taking him at his word. He’s trusting that this won’t be the hasty, slapdash two fingered prep that his last boyfriend had thought was enough.

The look on Peter’s face when he’d said he’d spend hours had been nothing short of adoring, and it’s that look that’s convinces Stiles to trust him, and relax, and let himself go. If Peter says he’ll make him come more than once, Stiles has no reason to doubt him. With Harrison if he managed it once, it was a good day. If he didn’t, too bad.

But everything so far has been different with his guys, and Stiles is starting to accept that maybe, just maybe, this is what it should be like. So he relaxes, and enjoys the way Peter’s stroking him, and arches up into his hand, moaning. Peter’s touching him just right, and he skates the tip of his thumb over the head of Stiles cock, making him hiss with pleasure.

As his hand works Stiles’ cock expertly, his other hand is pulling at his nipple, tugging and tweaking and bringing him close far sooner than he was expecting. Peter must be able to sense it somehow, because at exactly the right moment, he pinches Stiles’ nipple lightly and runs a fingernail over his slit, causing him to come with a low grunt, feeling like he’s been gut punched.

Stiles is sensitive, but Pete doesn’t move his hand, just keeps it resting gently around his cock, warm and comforting. Stiles blinks as he comes down, and sees Peter looking at him with a smug smile. Stiles gives him a weak thumbs up as he lays there, a fucked out look on his face.

Peter moves up the bed and kisses him, saying “You good, sweetheart?”

Stiles nods lazily. Peter pulls him close against his side, head on his chest, and from where he’s laying Stiles can reach a hand up and stroke Peter’s gorgeous neck. He does so, sighing happily as he runs his fingers over the thick, corded muscle, tracing the lines, tapping his fingers idly against Peter’s collar bones.

He sneaks his hand lower, and makes patterns in Peter’s chest hair. It’s nice, comforting, and Peter’s making no move to take things further just yet. Stiles glances up, looking for any sign of impatience, but Peter seems perfectly content to just snuggle up for now. Stiles feels a little guilty that Peter’s having to wait around for him, and his restlessness must be obvious, because finally Peter sighs, and speaks. “Do you know, Stiles why werewolves are so tactile?” he says, seemingly apropos of nothing.

“Nope. You just like it, I guess?”

Peter shakes his head. “Our wolves are sensory creatures, driven by instinct. The more I touch you, the more it calms my wolf, being near you.”

Stiles looks skeptical.
“Do you know what we’re doing right now?” Peter asks.

“Um, cuddling?” Stiles offers.

“We’re bonding. I’m enjoying the feel of your body against mine. And my wolf is absolutely delighted to be wrapped around you, darling. As far as I’m concerned, the longer you lie here in my arms, the better. So stop wondering if I’m OK with holding you while you catch your breath, sweetheart. Because trust me, this is perfect.”

Stiles has nothing to say to that, so he cuddles up a little closer, and Peter hums, satisfied.

A few minutes later, Stiles says hesitantly “So, I don’t have to be a wolf to be pack?”

“No. You’re pack. We chose you as pack.”

“But aren’t there rules? Who gets to decide?”

“The Alpha. And I’m the Alpha,” Peter says firmly.

Stiles likes the way that makes him feel, being chosen.

Stiles must doze a little, although he’s not aware of when exactly he dropped off, but he opens his eyes to the feeling of Peter tracing his fingertips over his tattoo. Stiles shifts in his grip, and Peter looks down at him, smiling softly. Stiles rolls so that he’s lying halfway on top of Peter and leans in wordlessly for a kiss.

Peter obliges, kissing him soft and tender, making it sweet. They make out lazily, and Stiles can feel himself start to harden against Peter’s hip. He rocks back and forth, making sure Peter can feel it too. He obviously can, because suddenly Peter’s hand is tangled in his hair, holding him in place as he kisses him with renewed passion. Stiles grins against his mouth, before responding with equal enthusiasm.

Peter’s other hand is still slick with oil and come, and he reaches over the side of the bed to grab a discarded pair of boxers and wipe it clean before rolling them so that he’s on top of Stiles and leans in wordlessly for a kiss.

Peter must sense it, because he says quietly “Ready for me, sweet boy?”

Stiles nods, and Peter leans in and starts to kiss his way down Stiles’ neck, stopping to lick and suck at the bites on his throat that Chris has left, reawakening the sting of the bruising. “You look so pretty wearing our marks,” he murmurs, before adding one of his own.

He doesn’t linger, but continues down to Stiles’ chest, licking and teasing at his nipples, making Stiles squirm beneath him. “So sensitive here,” he observes, playfully tugging with his teeth.

Stiles moans softly and runs his hand down Peter’s back. Peter grins, hungry and sharp, and reaches for the oil. “Roll over for me,” he says, nudging Stiles gently.

Stiles does, and he tenses a little as he feels Peter’s hands land on his ass cheeks, but all he does is massage them gently, making soothing sounds. Stiles relaxes into the touch, and parts his legs slightly. Peter makes an approving noise, and swipes a slick thumb down his cleft in a single
sweeping motion. He repeats the movement, rubbing the tip of his thumb over the sensitive ring of muscle, and Stiles waits for him to start pushing in, because that’s how it goes, but Peter just keeps sliding his hands over his hole, never increasing the pressure, just soothing him, getting him used to his touch.

Stiles widens his legs a little more, humming his pleasure, because it really does feel nice. Peter keeps up a steady rhythm, and Stiles finds himself rocking back into his touch, ready for more. Peter gets the hint, and then it’s a finger sliding down the crease, pressing lightly against his ass, barely stretching him before it’s gone again.

Then it’s back, and Peter rocks the finger forward, gradually breaching him, glacially slow, mere millimeters at a time, until the tip of his finger is nestled securely. Stiles lets out a sigh, and relaxes around the intrusion. This is like nothing he’s ever felt before, and he presses back and shyly asks “More?”

Peter chuckles and says “We’ll get there, sweet boy. We have all the time in the world.”

Stiles makes a happy sound, and rests his head on his arms as Peter slides the finger in a little further. He sets up a slightly faster pace as the digit slides in and out easily, before adding a second finger. Stiles arches up at the feeling, and Peter stills, concerned, but Stiles shakes his head, saying “It’s good, keep going.”

Peter does as he’s told, twisting the two fingers as he works them both in, and Stiles can feel himself loosening and stretching, but it’s not painful, not rough like he’s used to, and when Peter presses all the way in and hooks his fingers forwards, hitting his prostate, he nearly flies off the bed. “Jesus fuck!” he exclaims, and Peter laughs and does it again.

“You like that, sweetheart?” he croons, and Stiles nods furiously.

Peter keeps rubbing his fingertips over the bundle of nerves, and Stiles barely notices when two fingers become three, because he’s so focused on the sensation. His dick’s hard and straining, and he starts to hump against the mattress instinctively. Peter’s hand on his hip stills him though, as he removes his fingers, leans forwards and asks “How would you like to do this, sweet boy?”

Stiles rolls over, and says “I want to see you.”

“Of course, darling,” Peter agrees easily. “Just tell me when you’re ready.”

Stiles spreads his legs wide to give Peter room to move, and Peter slots himself into the space easily, then slips his fingers back in, tugging and gently stretching at Stiles’ rim, opening him up even further. Stiles looks down his body to Peter, and the man’s wearing an expression of undisguised lust.

His eyes are fixed on where his hand is sliding in and out of Stiles, and his pupils are dark with want. Stiles doesn’t want to wait anymore. He feels good. He’s relaxed, and open, and his dick’s bouncing against his abs, dribbling precome every time Peter hits his prostate, and he can imagine how nicely Peter’s cock will slide inside him.

He wonders exactly what Peter’s waiting for, before he realizes. Peter’s waiting for him.

And the thought of that just makes him want this more. “Peter.”

Peter’s eyes snap to him, waiting.

“Please?”
Peter’s hand is gone and he’s sliding up the bed in an instant, face close to Stiles as he asks, “You’re sure, sweetheart?”

Stiles leans in and kisses him, just because, before he says “I’m sure.”

Peter groans softly, eyes closing as he reaches down for himself, and Stiles can feel him lining up the head of his cock with his entrance, and he only has a moment to wonder how it will feel before Peter’s pressing forwards, easing inside of him. He goes in smoothly, and it feels exactly as good as Stiles hoped it would.

“Fuck,” he breathes out, and Peter stops.

“Too much?”

Stiles shakes his head. “Perfect. Keep going.”

Peter pushes in further, and Stiles definitely feels stretched and full, but it’s a feeling he likes, wants more of, and he pulls his knees up on either side so Peter can go deeper. Peter takes what he’s offered, thrusts forward once, and he’s all the way in. He doesn’t move though, instead freezing in place.

Stiles looks up at him, wondering why he’s stopped, and nudges him, saying ‘It’s OK. You can move.’

“Sweetheart,” Peter gasps out “If I move right now, we’re done.”

Stiles grins and tilts his hips up just a fraction, and Peter groans. He closes his eyes and breathes deeply, counting to ten, regaining a little control. When he opens his eyes again, he takes a hold of Stiles’ hips, shifting them a little, and then slowly pulls out.

It’s Stiles’ turn to groan at the slow drag. When Peter presses back in, the angle’s changed slightly, and he rubs across Stiles’ prostate, making him cry out. Peter makes a satisfied noise, and starts rolling his hips slowly, carefully, delaying his own pleasure in order to draw a series of cries and cut off moans from Stiles as he presses against his sweet spot.

Stiles gets a hand between them and palms his erection, working his length as Peter rocks into him – slow, steady, and oh so good. Stiles throws his head back as he strokes himself, exposing his throat, and Peter can’t resist the temptation to lean in and suck at the flesh there.

The extra sensation tips Stiles closer to the edge, and he starts to fist himself furiously, moaning more and faster and please. Peter gives him what he wants, finally picking up speed, pounding in steadily, and Stiles comes apart beneath him, keening and begging for more, desperate and needy and overwhelmed. There’s nothing else, just this.

Peter starts to thrust with more purpose now, and Stiles can feel himself getting close. Then Peter sits back, puts his hands under Stiles’ hips, and hauls him up onto his thighs, and in the new position, he’s nailing his prostate dead on every time. Stiles feels his climax approaching like a tidal wave, in a way he’s never felt before.

As Peter fucks in desperately, barely able to hold back, Stiles comes suddenly, making a broken sound. His ass clenches tight around Peter’s cock, and Peter’s done as well. He grinds in hard, pressing himself as deep as he can, holding himself there as he spills deep inside Stiles’ body, growling possessively.

Stiles feels Peter pumping inside of him as he rides out the aftershocks of his own orgasm, hear
him growling, feels his breath hot against his neck. His whole body’s buzzing with adrenaline.
He’s never had sex like this, and while there’s a tiny part of him that’s angry that he’s been missing out, mostly he’s just deeply satisfied, and looking forwards to doing it again.

They both lie there, catching their breath, Stiles breathing out a quiet “Holy fuck, Peter.”

Peter chuckles softly and slowly pulls out, leaving Stiles feeling empty, before rolling off to one side with a contented groan. Stiles finds himself missing the contact, so he scoots across the bed and plasters himself across his back. He wraps his arms around Peter firmly, and mumbles “Sometimes, I want to be the big spoon.”

Peter laughs softly, and says “After that, sweetheart? You can have anything you want.”

“It was good for you as well?” Stiles asks, feeling awkward asking, but needing the reassurance.

“It was perfect, my sweet boy. Thank you,” Peter tells him warmly.

Stiles snuggles up with a happy sigh. After a moment, he observes “You know, I thought werewolves were meant to be scary, but you’re just a big fucking teddy bear.”

“You’ve caught me out,” Peter sighs dramatically. “I’m soft for you, sweet boy.”

Stiles kisses the back of Peter’s neck, saying “Yeah, well. I’m pretty fond of you, too.”

Peter smiles to himself. His baby’s happy, and that means he is too.

Stiles really doesn’t want to move. He’s warm and comfy, and Peter’s broad back is the perfect place for him to rest. But he can feel the come slowly leaking out of him, and it’s sticky and unpleasant – he’s always used condoms before, but when he’d found out that werewolves can’t get diseases, he’d enthusiastically ditched them, because he’d always hated the smell and taste of latex.

Now though, he can’t help but think that at least they made clean up easier. He debates whether he can stand to lie there for a little longer, before Peter says “I can hear you thinking, Stiles. What is it?”

He squirms, and says “I’m a mess.”

Peter sighs, and says “We both are. We really do have to move, don’t we?”

“Definitely. I need a shower,” Stiles agrees.

They roll out of bed and make their way to the bathroom, where Peter soaps up a cloth and washes Stiles from head to toe, shushing his protests that he’s a grown man with a quiet “Sweetheart, just let me pamper you a little.”

Stiles stops objecting when Peter massages shampoo into his scalp, digging his fingers in exactly right and making him groan in pleasure. He goes limp under his touch, a combination of fuck-drunk and exhausted, and Peter rinses his hair, steers him out of the shower, and wraps him in a
soft bath sheet. He dries him, and then guides him back into the bed. Stiles fights back a yawn, but then Peter’s moving them around letting Stiles be the big spoon once again, and he decides that Peter’s broad back is definitely the perfect place for a rest, as he drifts off to sleep - the sleep of the thoroughly, gloriously fucked.

It’s after lunch by the time Chris comes home, smelling of gunpowder and carrying bags of takeout. Peter greets him at the door with a kiss, taking the bags and dropping them on the bench. He’s wearing nothing but boxers, and a wide smile.

Chris asks “How’s our boy?”

“He’s amazing, and he’s asleep,” Peter replies. He pulls Chris close, resting his head against his chest, and murmuring “Thank you, Chris.”

The fact he didn’t use his full name clues Chris in to exactly how grateful Peter is – it’s a rare occurrence, and it normally means Peter’s feelings run deep.

Chris holds him tight, saying “Anything for you, baby. And you’re the alpha - it’s only right.”

Peter relaxes against his chest, scenting his packmate as Chris tilts his head back in submission. When Peter’s had his fill, he kisses Chris softly, and then goes to see what he’s brought home for lunch. He’s opening the bags when a voice near his ear says “Is that Mexican?” and then Stiles’ hands are around his waist as he peers over his shoulder into the bag.

“I thought you were sleeping, darling?”

Stiles shrugs. “I was, but I heard voices, and I smelled food.”

Chris chuckles, and comes over and places a kiss on Stiles’ forehead. “Worked up an appetite, sweetheart?”

“Oh huh,” Stiles nods, flushing a little.

“How are you feeling, sweet boy? Not too sore?” Peter asks.

Stiles makes a seesawing motion with his hand. “Not sore, exactly, just….a little achy, maybe?”

Peter’s quick to lay a hand on his hip, and Stiles watches, fascinated, as black lines run up Peter’s arm and his discomfort leaves him. “I like that trick,” he says, grinning.

Chris has pulled the food out and plated it up, and the three of them sit together eating burritos. Stiles is half expecting Chris to demand equal time, or show some sort of jealousy or resentment, but all he does is suggest they should go and see the latest Marvel movie, and ask if Scott has everything ready for the wedding.

In the end, he can’t stand it anymore. “Doesn’t it bother you? That I slept with Peter?” he demands.

“Does it bother you that I slept with him on Thursday?” Chris counters.

“No, why would it? You guys are together,” Stiles asks, puzzled.
“Stiles, we’re all together,” Chris says gently.

Stiles thinks about that for a moment. “But don’t you want to…?”

Chris says “Damn straight I do, baby,” and pulls him in for a kiss, but when their lips part, he adds “But there’s no rush. Whenever you’re ready.”

Stiles kisses him back hungrily, food forgotten. He ends up climbing into Chris’ lap and wrapping his arms around his neck, and in an unwitting echo of Peter earlier, says “Thank you for today, Chris.”

Chris smiles at him, warm and wide, and says “You’re welcome, baby.”

Stiles kisses him again, and says hesitantly “Maybe we could go back to bed?”

“Only if you want to, sweetheart.”

Stiles thinks about it for a minute. “I think I want you to both come to bed and snuggle the hell out of me. And we could just kinda…see where it leads,” he says, but the way he’s grinding against Chris suggests that he’s aiming for more than just cuddles.

Chris lifts him up and carries him to the bedroom, taking the stairs two at a time.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

This is just straight up filth.

When his guys told Stiles that werewolves can move fast, his brain just automatically applied it to running, or chasing. He realises now that it also applies to Chris carrying him up the stairs two at a time, reaching the top before Stiles even has time to blink. He’s still hanging on to Chris’ neck clad just in his boxers. He laughs, breathless and dizzy, when Chris drops him on the bed. “Never going to get sick of you doing that, just so you know,” he tells him.

“Never going to get sick of doing it, baby,” Chris says, eyes sparkling in anticipation. He strips off his shirt, giving Stiles a prime view of his muscled back as he sits on the end of the bed and pulls off his boots. He stands and shucks out of his jeans, leaving him in his underwear, and Stiles turns the covers back in silent invitation. Chris dives into bed with him, grinning from ear to ear.

Peter comes into the bedroom moments later, and suddenly Stiles is bracketed by two warm bodies, and there are four hands on him, touching and teasing as they rearrange themselves around him. Somehow, he ends up in the middle, with two heads curling in against him, and he has an arm thrown around both sets of shoulders, pulling them in close. He’d thought Chris would want to fuck him straight away, but he seems perfectly happy to lie here, scenting Stiles and running a hand over his stomach casually. Peter and Chris aren’t even subtle about scenting him, and Chris lets out a deep, satisfied hum as he sniffs.

“Dude, you’re sniffing my armpit,” Stiles protests.

“Uh huh,” Chris says, and goes back to inhaling deeply.

“Pack bonding, Stiles,” Peter reminds him, before doing the same thing, albeit with a little more subtlety.

Stiles doesn’t really mind, and he gets it, it’s just…. different. He’s used to wham, bam, thank you ma’am, not this appreciation of every part of him. He definitely prefers this, though. So he lies there and lets his wolves get comfortable against him, and when Chris starts brushing his fingers against his hardening cock he doesn’t feel the need to immediately get on his hands and knees, but instead just reaches his hands out and returns the favour, fingers gliding over Chris’ impressive length.

He feels Peter’s hand close over his, as he murmurs “Shall we spoil Christopher, darling?”

Stiles feels the grin spreading across his face when he hears Chris’ intake of breath. “I think we should,” he nods.

Peter takes his hand away for a moment and brings it back slick with lube, and he starts to move his palm up and down Chris’ cock. Stiles moves his hand further up and starts running his fingers through Chris’ hair. Peter hand moves fast and firm, and this is obviously something he’s done a
thousand times before. Stiles takes note of what he’s doing, of which movements make Chris gasp and stutter, of what makes his hips move, seemingly of their own accord.

He’s always been a fan of research, and he wants to know exactly how to drive Chris wild. He remembers how last night (was it really only last night? It seems forever ago) Chris had fallen apart when he talked dirty. “Fuuuuck, such a big, thick cock,” he croons.

Chris bucks up. Peter raises a brow at him, and Stiles raises one back, as if to say *watch this.*

“Wanna get my mouth all over that, feel it hit the back of my throat. Open up and swallow you down” he continues, and Chris lets out a deep groan. “Suck you until you’re slick and wet, almost ready to come.”

Chris makes a low rumbling nose.

“Peter will talk me through it, tell me what you like. Tell me how to do that trick you both like. I’ll learn to slide the tip of my tongue round and give it that little flick at the end, and you’ll lie there and take it while I practise, even if it drives you wild. You’ll want to grab my hair and hold me in place, but you won’t.”

Chris’ hips are rocking up, and he growls out “Fucking tease.”

Peter’s moving his hand faster, and he’s breathing heavily, staring at Stiles like he’s some sort of god. Stiles winks at him, and licks his lips, and Peter’s breathing speeds up. “Because if you hold me there, I can’t take my mouth away, and give you what you really want,” Stiles continues, tone sultry and seductive.

Chris whimpers.

So does Peter.

“You know what you really want? What you want is for me to put you on your back and climb on top of you. I’m still nice and soft and open, because Peter loosened me up for you just right. You’d slide right in. I’d just guide you, nice and thick and hot, filling me an inch at a time, till you’re all I can feel.”

Chris has his eyes closed, and he’s making desperate noises, groaning and growling.

“It’ll make me feel so full, having that big cock of yours inside of me, and then I’ll start to move, ride you nice and easy while I get used to being stretched and stuffed,” he teases.

Chris is grunting and thrusting up into Peter’s grip, and he has one hand locked hard enough on Stiles hip that he suspects he might bruise. Right now, he doesn’t care. He leans in close and breathes in Chris’ ear “And then you’ll come inside me, filling me, and I’ll be dripping with it, and I’ll smell like *you,*” before he tugs on his earlobe hard with his teeth.

Chris shouts out “*FUCK!!*” as he spurts all over Peter’s hand, chest heaving and hips bucking wildly.

Peter lets out a long groan at the sight. “Oh, sweet boy, your mouth” he manages, and Stiles sees that his dick is hard and leaking. He wraps his hand around Peter’s length, and it only takes three or four strokes before Peter comes as well, with a strangled cry.

Stiles smiles smugly as he watches his wolves both pant and gasp and slowly recover. They might have super strength, super hearing, and super stamina, but he’s reduced them to a pair of quivering
wrecks, and he’s barely lifted a finger.

Yeah, werewolves? Not so impressive.

Werewolves?

He might have been wrong. They’re actually pretty fucking amazing. Stiles is laid out on the bed and Chris has three fingers buried deep in his ass, making sure he’s ready and open for him.

It’s been ten minutes since Stiles blew them both, and both Peter and Chris are as hard as nails again.

What? He really wanted to learn that trick, OK? First he went down on Peter, who talked him through it, instructing him exactly how to get it right. Stiles was pretty sure he had it when Peter stopped talking and started thrusting, and he let him come on his face again, just to watch Peter transform, because ugly or not, it’s still really cool to watch.

Chris had groaned and pulled Stiles over towards him, saying “Need to practise, baby?”

Stiles had licked a stripe up Chris’ hard length, saying “Think I can make you pop a fang for me as well?”

Chris laughed a little and said, “You can try.”

Never let it be said Stiles was one to back away from a challenge. And it was a challenge, because fuck, Chris is big, but Stiles was determined. Chris’ eyes had flashed gold instead of alpha red, as he pumped hot streaks of come over Stiles’ neck and chest, but they’d flashed, and there’d been fang, so Stiles was satisfied with his efforts.

And he really wanted Chris inside him, so he’d asked, “Do you think you’re ready to fuck me?”

And they were, instantly pinning him to the bed and starting to take him apart with their hands and mouths.

Werewolf stamina. Impressive. He, on the other hand, is getting kinda tired, and he doubts he’ll be able to come again for, say, the next week after this. He doesn’t even know how he’s managed to get hard again, honestly.

He does know, really. It’s because Peter’s nuzzling and suckling on his cock while Chris rubs his prostate, and who wouldn’t be hard with those two gorgeous men paying attention to him?

He sighs happily as he rocks his ass back against Chris’ hand, earning him a deep chuckle. “You ready for me, sweetheart?” Chris asks.

“Yes,” Stiles replies, his voice rising in a squeak as Peter does the thing.

Chris withdraws his hand slowly, and Stiles whines a little. “Just gotta get settled, baby” Chris soothes, as he moves to lie down. Stiles straddles him and Peter slicks Chris’ cock up with lube. Stiles bites his lip with anticipation.
He’s so ready for this. He leans in for a kiss, and Chris tangles a hand in his hair, holding him close. “Gonna make this so good for you, sweetheart,” he rumbles, a broad palm spanning Stiles’ back, grounding him.

Stiles rocks against him a little before raising himself up on his knees, reaching behind him. Chris’ cock is hot and hard, and Stiles wonders if it will fit, if he’s really stretched enough, as he lines himself up. Suddenly, there are strong hands on his hips and a soft voice in his ear, and it’s Peter, kneeling behind him.

“Let me help you, sweet boy,” he murmurs, and he slips one hand around Chris’ length and holds it in place as Stiles takes a deep breath and presses down. At first he thinks it’s not going to happen, but the hands on his hips hold him steady, and then Chris pushes up into him, and Stiles feels himself open around the head, and Chris is inside him.

Stiles hisses at the stretch. It’s not painful, just…intense. He continues to take Chris in, inch by inch, lowering himself slowly while Chris lets out a guttural moan as he’s enveloped in the heat and warmth of Stiles’ body.

“That’s it, that’s my sweet boy,” Peter murmurs in his ear, kissing the back of his neck. The sensation sends a thrill down Stiles’ spine making him shiver, and Peter chuckles in his ear. Stiles can feel Peter’s breath on his neck as he breathes “So good for us, baby.”

“Relax, sweetheart, we’re gonna take this slow,” Chris says, with a lazy smile. And he does. He starts moving, slow and easy, giving Stiles time to adjust to his size.

It’s only when Stiles gasps out “Harder,” that he starts to really move. Chris rocks up into him a little more firmly, and Stiles moans at the feeling. Chris’ size means that he’s pressing against Stiles prostate, and every time he moves it send a jolt to Stiles’ cock. Stiles whines when Peter rubs a thumb over his nipple, causing the flesh to harden and pebble beneath his touch.

“Thought we were spoiling Chris,” he says breathlessly.

“You are, baby. This is a hell of a view,” Chris assures him, rocking his hips up a little faster. Stiles takes his cue from Chris and starts moving with more purpose, lifting himself and dropping down onto his cock in a steady motion and making a series of little unh unh unh noises as Chris drives up into him.

His legs are starting to ache, between the dancing last night and the strain of holding himself up, but then he feels Peter pull him backwards slightly, taking some of his weight. “Would you like me to hold you, sweet boy?”

“Oh huh,” he gets out, barely able to speak because he’s so fucking full, and it feels so fucking good.

“That’s it sweetheart, lean on me,” Peter croons, and Stiles relaxes back into his grip and lets Peter move him like a rag doll.

Chris sets his hands on Stiles’ hips, and Peter shifts so that his arms are wrapped around Stiles’ chest, holding him upright, and the two men start to move him in a smooth rhythm, raising him up and easing him back down again. Stiles has a moment of déjà vu, back to when they were pinning him for his suit, the two of them working in tandem as they moved his body together. He remembers that he’d wondered then what it would feel like if they were moving him like this.

Now he knows.
Peter’s taking his weight, and Chris is holding him steady. Stiles thinks it’s a pretty good metaphor for their relationship – the two of them taking care of him in different ways, but both making sure he’s looked after.

Chris is panting beneath him, head back and eyes closed, and he’s really pounding up into him now. Stiles can feel himself getting close, and he starts whining high in his throat. Peter reaches around and strokes his leaking cock, biting down on the curve of his neck as he does so. The sting of his teeth and the heat of his hand sends Stiles spiralling into bliss, and he comes hard, spraying over Chris’ belly and Peter’s hand. Chris’ breath hitches at the sight and Peter holds Stiles firmly in place while Chris slams up once, twice, and he’s done.

Stiles collapses backwards against Peter, breathing heavily, suddenly exhausted. Chris just lies there, grinning broadly. His cock’s still twitching slightly, and Stiles can feel it pulsing inside of him. He tries to get his legs under him to push himself off, but they’re like jelly, and he fails miserably.

Peter kisses the side of his neck softly as he eases him up and off Chris, laying him down on the bed. Stiles and Chris makes tiny sounds of protest, but Peter shushes them both with a kiss to the forehead.

“I’m fucking dying,” Stiles finally gets out.

“Did we wear you out, sweetheart?” Chris asks, amused.

“Uh huh. Was good,” Stiles nods.

“You?” he asks a moment later.

“Hell, yes.”

Chris buries his face in the crook of Stiles’ neck, humming softly, and Stiles makes no move to push him away, just lets him sniff and scent and rub his stubble up and down his throat until Chris has satisfied whatever wolfy need he had. “Sleep, baby,” Chris rumbles, pulling away and drawing a blanket over him.

Stiles doesn’t exactly sleep, but he doesn’t really move, either. He just lies there, quietly recovering from his mind-blowing orgasm. He accepts sweet kisses from both his lovers with a smile, pliant and limp.

He’s aware of them smooching next to him, kissing wet and hungry and openmouthed, and he’s aware of Peter murmuring into Chris’ ear, and of Chris’ rumbling laugh, but then he must doze a little, because the next thing he’s aware of is Chris arching his back and moaning as Peter fingers him open and fuck, that’s hot.

Stiles doesn’t even know why he does it, but he reaches out and drags Chris across so he can kiss him, and then somehow Chris is settled half on top of him, his erection pressing into Stiles belly. Stiles opens his mouth and Chris kisses him, tongue finding its way into his mouth eagerly. Stiles hears Peter say “Ready, darling?” and Chris nods and makes a noise of assent, and then he’s bracing himself on his elbows over Stiles while Peter starts fucking him hard and fast.

He lets out a low grunt at the first thrust, and his body slides against Stiles, causing him to grind against his hip. Stiles isn’t really awake yet, still wrung out and weak limbed, and he’s not ready for the feeling of Chris pressing into him steadily. Every time Peter slams in, Chris is pushed up against his body, and Stiles is helpless to do anything to get away, not that he wants to.
All he can do is lie there, while Chris uses him to rub off. Peter continues to pound into Chris, and he grunts hotly against Stiles’ neck, and ruts against his hip relentlessly, and it’s almost too much, except it isn’t, not really. He tilts his head back and lets out a small whine, and Chris growls.

He leans in and starts to lick at the flesh of Stiles’ neck, before attaching his mouth to the tender skin and sucking hard enough to make Stiles whimper at the stimulation. He knows he’ll have a massive hickey there, can feel the deep ache of the bruising already. Stiles groans at the sensation, a long drawn out sound of bliss, and tilts his head back further. “Yeah, baby, gonna mark you, rub all over you, make you smell like me,” Chris growls out, and thrusts harder against him, panting and desperate.

“If you’re talking, Christopher, then I need to up my game,” Peter pants out, and his next thrust is so hard that it jolts Stiles and Chris up the bed, and Chris honest to god howls. Peter smirks, saying “Better,” and continues to piston in and out mercilessly, and Stiles can feel where Chris is leaking precome all over him, his cock sliding slickly into the hollow of Stiles’ hip every time Peter drives forward.

Then the weight’s gone from on top of him, and Stiles looks up to see Peter pulling Chris upright and back into his lap, holding him against his chest as he pumps into him. Chris lets out a series of grunts and his whole body shudders as he comes suddenly, coating Stiles’ belly and chest with his seed.

Peter roars, and sinks his teeth deep into the meat of Chris’ neck, drawing a choked out cry from him. Peter holds Chris in place, arms locked tight around his body as he bucks up into him, slamming home one last time.

It’s the hottest thing Stiles has ever seen in his life.

Both of them are panting, a light sheen of sweat covering their bodies, Chris with his head thrown back and his mouth open. They look like some Greek statue, man fighting his inner beast perhaps, and Stiles takes a moment to appreciate the sheer beauty of the sight before him. Chris collapses forwards, taking Peter with him, and Stiles finds himself next to a pile of warm werewolf bodies, sweaty and sticky and breathless.

They lay there panting in silence for a moment, and then Chris reaches over and swats Peter gently around the back of the head. “You bit me hard,” Chris grumbles.

Peter says “You love it when I bite you,” and kisses him tenderly where his teeth have left a ragged tear.

“Yeah, yeah,” Chris agrees reluctantly, but he’s smiling.

Stiles watches, fascinated, as the deep bite mark on Chris’ neck gradually knits itself together, slowly healing before his eyes. He reaches out a hand and strokes it over the site tenderly, but the mark’s almost healed, and he knows that by tomorrow, there’ll be no sign there was ever any mark there at all.

OK, werewolves are definitely impressive.
Naps are awesome.

Naps wrapped in the arms of two deliciously hot werewolves as they rub up against you to make you smell like pack are even more so.

Stiles briefly wonders what it’s like, being a werewolf.

Waking up is not so awesome.

Waking up sticky and come covered with his ass still leaking and stretched is pretty fucking terrible, actually. He lets out a discontented sound, and then feels warm hands stroking him. “Hey, baby. You awake?” Chris asks, smiling down at him tenderly as his fingers run down the nape of his neck, strong and sure.

Stiles blinks owlishly for a minute as he wakes up properly. “I can’t believe you just rubbed off on me while Peter fucked you” he says finally.

“Seemed like you enjoyed it, baby.”

Stiles smiles lazily, and nods. “It was hot. But now I’m gross.”

“Shower,” Chris says decisively, and slides out of bed and towards the bathroom. Stiles staggers after him on shaky bambi legs, and Chris chuckles as he waits for him to catch up. Stiles leans against his chest as they wait for the water to heat up, nuzzling into Chris’ chest hair and wrapping his arms around the back of his neck. Chris runs a hand down his back and rests it on the swell of his ass, and suddenly Stiles can feel the aches and pains of the night disappearing. He knows if he turned his head he’d see dark lines running up Chris’ arm.

“Have you had a good weekend, baby? It wasn’t too much?” Chris asks.

“I’m exhausted, but it was worth it. Seeing you two together, I mean holy shit, that was something.”

“Not jealous?” Chris asks lightly.

Stiles rolls his eyes a little at the question. “Not even a little.”

“That’s because we’re pack, darling,” comes a voice from the doorway, and Stiles looks over and sees Peter leaning casually on the doorframe, arms folded, impeccably dressed and looking perfectly groomed, a far cry from the panting, moaning wreck he was last time Stiles saw him. He takes a moment to just appreciate the way Peter’s jeans emphasise his ridiculously long legs, and the way his v neck shows off his thick throat.

He looks incredibly relaxed, and really, after all the sex they’ve had, Stiles isn’t surprised. He’s pretty damned relaxed himself. Peter sees his admiring look, and smirks.
“Why are you dressed?” Stiles finally asks.

“Because cooking naked isn’t sanitary darling, and we need to eat. It’s late.”

Stiles is surprised to realise that it’s nearly seven pm, and he’s starving. Chris guides him gently under the water and nods to Peter, saying “Ten minutes, and we’ll be down.”

“Don’t take too long, or the steaks will be ruined,” Peter warns as he wanders back downstairs.

They don’t linger in the shower, tempting as it is, because now that Peter’s mentioned steak, Stiles’ mouth is watering. When he goes to dress, his clothes from last night are sweaty and wrinkled, so Chris throws him a pair of jeans and a t shirt from a drawer.

Stiles eyes them suspiciously, before pulling them on. They’re a perfect fit. “Chris, why are these my size? And brand new?”

Chris shrugs. “We thought it might be handy to have a few things that fit you around the place,” he says casually.

“Define a few?”

“Just these,” Chris says, opening two drawers. One’s full of t shirts and plaid shirts and socks and underwear. The other one has jeans and cargo shorts and two new pairs of converse in his size.

Stiles suddenly feels a little overwhelmed. They’ve gone out of their way to make space for him, and make sure he has everything he needs to fit into their lives, right down to his fucking shoes.

Chris must sense what he’s feeling, because he opens his arms and pulls Stiles into a crushing hug. Stiles goes willingly, and the steady thud, thud, thud of Chris’ heartbeat anchors him as he burrows into his chest. “You’re perfect, you know that, right?” he mumbles into the wall of muscle.

Chris chuckles. “We’re not perfect. I snore like a bandsaw. I put the empty milk carton back in the fridge. Peter gets pissy if you touch his books and don’t put them back in the right spot. And listens to country music, and sings along. Badly. We both take far too long in the bathroom, and I always leave wet towels on the floor. So we’re not perfect, I promise you.”

Stiles pulls away, looking serious. “I don’t think I can be with someone who puts the empty carton back in the fridge. We’ll have to call this off. I’m sorry Chris, but it’s me and Peter now,” he says, completely deadpan.

Chris looks at him steadily for a moment, and Stiles does his best to keep a straight face, but the corners of his mouth twitch up in a suppressed smile. Chris picks him up and throws him over his shoulder, giving him a fantastic view of his denim clad ass as he strides down the stairs.

“Peter!” Chris bellows. “Your boy’s giving me sass!”

Peter leans in and kisses Stiles hungrily, and he doesn’t let him go until he’s a whining, panting mess. “Ignore Christopher, sweet boy,” he says. “I happen to be very fond of your incredibly talented mouth.”
Stiles grins, and says breathlessly “Yeah, I’ve noticed.”

“It is pretty talented,” Chris agrees, smiling as he steps in for a kiss of his own.

After a dinner of perfectly cooked steak, Peter drives Stiles home. He’s exhausted, but thoroughly happy. What started out as a Saturday night dancing has turned into possibly the best, and definitely the sexiest, 24 hours of his life. He relaxes quietly in the passenger seat, eyes closed and a stupid grin on his face.

He knows that the week ahead is going to be hectic – Scott’s moving his stuff out, Lindsay’s moving her stuff in, there’s a rehearsal dinner and flowers to be collected and a speech to be written before the wedding on Saturday, but for now, none of that matters.

For right now, Stiles is blissfully, wonderfully, content. He gets out of the car with a final kiss from Peter, and makes his way upstairs, where he sees that Scott’s done his laundry for him. They do that for each other sometimes, when one or the other gets caught up.

He smiles widely, thinking that he really is a good friend. Then he looks at the basket a little more closely. His laundry’s been folded.

That’s not something they do for each other. Stiles digs into the basket, and the tops layer’s fine, - tees and plaid, clean and folded.

Underneath though, his jeans are folded neatly. Suspiciously neatly.

When Stiles pulls them out of the basket, he realizes exactly what Scott’s done. The asshole has ironed every single pair of jeans so that there’s a crisp crease straight down the centre of each leg, and then he’s applied spray starch.

If they were any more stiff they could stand up by themselves. Scott’s finally taken his revenge for the Lycanthropia prank.

Stiles looks around for any sign of his brother, and that’s when he sees the note on the bench.

**Staying at Kira’s. Thought you’d like to look sharp for work tomorrow**

Well played, Scotty. Well played.

Peter and Chris have an early night, both worn out.

“Darling, do you think we can just not go to work tomorrow?”

“No, Peter.”
“But Mondays are dead, and we could spend the day in bed, sleeping. And doing other things.”

“No, Peter.”

“Can we open at lunch time then?”

“No, Peter.”

“Why can’t we stay home?”

Chris pulls Peter close and says “If we stay home, we don’t get to visit Stiles, baby. And I want to check in on him, he was pretty wrecked.”

Peter sighs heavily, but he doesn’t argue. “It’s so hard to remember that he doesn’t have our strength,” he admits.

“Uh huh. Harder for you. You’ve always been strong. I remember when we were first dating, you were stunned that chasing me through the woods for five miles wore me out.”

Peter laughs out loud. “I thought you were lying on the ground panting because you were turned on.”

Chris chuckles as well. “Then you thought I was dying. Carried me back to the house, ran the whole way.”

“And the by the time I got there, you were quite recovered, and you laughed at me for worrying.”

“And then you fucked me stupid.”

“And then I fucked you stupid.”

They both sigh happily at the memory, before kissing each other tenderly.

"I'll try and remember that he's only human," Peter promises, utterly sincere. "I'm far too fond of him to hurt him."

Chris kisses his forehead, saying "I know, sweetheart."

After a minute Peter says "The things that come out of that mouth, though."

Chris laughs. "I told you. Absolutely filthy."

"I know. Just thinking about it, makes me feel like pinning you down and..."

"No, Peter."
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Scott moves out. Lindsay moves in. Chris and Peter spoil their boy a little.

Chapter Notes

It took me a week, but I got there.
It'll probably be at least a week before the next chapter, because I'm trapped in the living hell that is Stocktake at work.
So read it slowly!

On Monday, Stiles moves a little slower than normal when he gets ready for work, but he doesn’t really mind. The gentle aches are a reminder of a fantastic time spent with his guys. The sex was everything he’d hoped for and more, but even better than the sex, if such a thing is possible, had been the way they’d….cared.

Stiles sighs happily at the memory of his weekend, and resolves to repeat the activities as soon as humanly possible. Which, because the universe hates him, probably won’t be anytime soon. Because today, he’s working and then Scott’s moving his stuff out. Tomorrow, he’s working and then he has to get the room ready for Lindsay, because she’s moving her stuff in.

Wednesday and Thursday are set aside for wedding stuff – he has the rest of the week off to help with preparations. Friday’s the rehearsal dinner. Saturday’s the wedding, and at least he’ll get to see Peter and Chris properly then. It’s ridiculous, and he knows it, but he misses them already.

He’d promised them a dance at the wedding, back before they were dating. Now he’s hoping for more than one – he already knows that Chris is pretty damn smooth on the dance floor, and he suspects that Peter’s equally good. He smiles to himself at the thought of being held close and steered around the dance floor while strong arms bracket him. He’s drawn out of his reverie by the sound of his phone pinging. It’s Peter.

Morning sweet boy, how are you feeling this morning?

Pretty good.

You guys gotta stop leaving such big hickeys though

I had to wear a collared shirt and you can still see it if I’m not careful

Sorry darling. I'll tell Christopher to keep his mouth under control.
Yeah, that’d be good

Part of Stiles still expects the guys to ignore his requests, so he smiles widely at the next message.

**If marks are off limits you only need to say the word, Stiles**

He thinks about it for a minute before replying

**Not off limits**

Because god knows, he loves the feeling of teeth against his skin, craves the ache of the bruising.

**Just maybe, a little lower?**

Peter’s response is rapid.

**Mmm. How about a lovely row of marks on your hip bones?**

**We could take a side each. Make it a competition.**

**You could judge. Winner gets your cock in their ass.**

Stiles’ breath hitches a little when he reads that, and he quickly fires back

**Pretty sure that would make me the winner**

**Now stop it, I’ll be late for work**

**OK sweetheart, I’ll behave**

Stiles tosses his phone on the table as he gets ready to head out the door, shaking his head. Peter’s going to be the death of him, but what a way to go.

Not five minutes after he opens the store, Harris is there, and most of Stiles’ morning is taken up going through paperwork and serving customers. He doesn’t get to see either of his guys till lunchtime, when Chris comes over. He brings Chinese food, and Stiles makes sure Harris is in his office before sneaking a quick kiss.

“How are you feeling, baby?” Chris murmurs in his ear.

“A little tired,” Stiles admits.

Chris grins, saying “If it makes you feel better, Peter was all for closing the shop and staying home
in bed recovering today.”

“So why didn’t you?”

“Because then we wouldn’t get to see you, obviously.”

He leans in close and rumbles in Stiles ear “Peter tells me there’s a competition?”

Stiles has to think for a moment, then his expression brightens as he remembers that morning’s conversation with Peter. “Maybe?”

“You know that’s a competition I’ll win right, sweetheart?” Chris says with a gleam in his eye. He tugs down the collar of Stiles’ shirt, exposing the barely hidden lovebite. “You’ll look so good covered in these, Stiles,” he breathes, voice all sex and promise.

A finger ghosts over the bruise, making Stiles shiver. “You and your marks,” Stiles teases, even though he loves it as much as Chris when he leaves a reminder of his presence. “Is it a wolf thing?”

Chris shakes his head “It’s a me thing, sweetheart. I’ve always loved to leave pretty bruises. I can’t on Peter, he heals too fast. But on you? I could make your body a canvas, paint you all the colors of the rainbow. Suck patterns into your skin, tease you till you can’t see straight. I know you love the sting of it, baby.”

Stiles pulls him in for a proper kiss then, dizzy with the thought of it, of Chris working his way down his body, leaving a trail of ownership. Chris pulls away suddenly and takes a step back, and Stiles is about to complain, but not five seconds later Harris pokes his head around the door, and he understands that Chris’ hearing has picked up the sound of him approaching.

By the time Harris enters the lunch room Chris is innocently standing in front of the microwave. He nods politely to Chris, before asking Stiles something about inventory levels and disappearing again. As soon as he’s gone, Chris is right up in Stiles’ space again, leaning in and nuzzling him. “Like I said, gonna mark you up so pretty, leave you begging me for more. Peter has no chance,” he croons.

Stiles pushes him away gently, but he’s grinning like a fool. “After the wedding. Then you two can have your competition,” he promises.

Chris smiles, sharklike. “It’s a date.”

Scott moves out in a whirlwind of half packed boxes and almost forgotten items, Kira and Stiles shepherding him every step of the way as he darts from room to room, hunting for the things that he was definitely going to pack just last week, but now can’t find. Stiles rolls his eyes and mock-whispers to Kira “No take backsies!”

He leans over towards her as he does so, and she smiles, right until her eyes dart down, and suddenly Stiles finds his collar pulled down and she’s fixing his neck with a hard stare. “Stiles!” she hisses. “What is that on your neck?”

“Um, Chris got carried away?” he offers weakly.

Kira shoots him a dangerously unimpressed look as she tells him “You will go to the makeup counter tomorrow, and you will get them to show you how to cover that up. I’m not having you
look like you got mauled by a wild animal in my wedding photos.”

The corner of Stiles’ mouth twitches up at the mention of wild animals, but he quickly schools his expression into one of remorse under the weight of Kira’s stare. “I will. Sorry Kira. I’ve told them not to do it again,” he tells her.

Her expression softens, and she pulls him in for a quick hug. “I still can’t believe you’re dating two guys. And those two guys. I mean, they’re hot like burning, you know that right?’

“Uh huh,” Stiles agrees, grinning.

“So, how does it work with three of you?” she asks hesitantly.

Stiles thinks to himself that it’s not really any of her business, but he can understand her curiosity, and she’s a good friend, so he doesn’t call her out on it. Instead he just grins a little wider and says, “It works really well.”

Scott comes back into the room with an armload of stuff from the bathroom cabinet, and Kira patiently finds him a bag to put it in, and Stiles watches the two of them with a smile. They’re a good pairing, and he’s glad for them. It takes till after ten before they’re finally done moving Scott’s stuff, and Stiles breathes a quiet sigh of relief that there wasn’t any furniture involved, or he suspects they’d still be here next week.

He hugs Scott as he leaves, and gives him a fistbump, and then he’s gone, and Stiles is alone.

He smiles to himself imagining Scott’s face when he discovers the glitter Stiles has carefully tucked inside every pair of socks.

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Tuesday flies by in a whirlwind as they’re run off their feet taking names for a new game that’s available to pre-order. Scott’s not there, having started his vacation time, so it’s just Stiles and Liam, and they barely have time for a quick hello before they’re swamped. Stiles ducks across to the bathroom a couple of times, but he doesn’t even have time to stay for longer than a quick grope when Peter drags him into the change room, making Peter pout.

“No time today, Alpha,” he pants out, batting Peter’s hands away.

“You do know Stiles, that calling me that does the opposite of making me want to let you go,” Peter growls lowly.

“I know, but I love the face you make when I say it,” Stiles grins.

“Will we see you tonight?” Peter asks as Stiles squirms out of his grasp.

Stiles shakes his head. “Lindsay’s moving in, I gotta be there to help.”

“How about we come over and help as well? I’d like to meet her, and Christopher and I are very good at heavy lifting,” Peter suggests.

Stiles considers, and says “Yeah, actually. I mean I don’t know how much stuff she has, but the
more the merrier.”

By closing time, Stiles is ready to go home and do exactly nothing, but he has a new room mate arriving, so he mentally steels himself, hopes to hell she’s better at moving than Scott, and texts her to say he’ll be home in half an hour, and does she mind if his boyfriends are there?

She replies Can they lift heavy shit? I have books. Lots of books.

Stiles sends her a thumbs up, and heads home.

Peter and Chris arrive shortly before Lindsay, and they’ve gone home and changed out of their suits into what must be their oldest clothes. Stiles’ breath stutters at the sight of them, because nobody should be able to look that attractive in worn out jeans and wife beaters. Their muscles are on full display, and Stiles lets out a tiny sigh at the sight of Chris rolling his shoulders, making his tattoo move and flex.

Peter’s jeans are old, with holes at the knees, but they hang low on his hips, showing off his happy trail, and Stiles can’t help but think that one decent tug and they could be on the floor. Peter smirks, catching Stiles’ expression. “Why Christopher, I think our boy likes us when we’re dressed down,” he drawls.

“That right Stiles? You like us like this? Having fantasies about us?” Chris laughs lowly.

Stiles flips him off, saying “Fucking tease.”

“It’s only teasing if you can’t have it, baby. And you can have all this any time you want,” Chris purrs, crowding Stiles against the wall and kissing him. Stiles slides his hands around and grabs Chris by the waist, holding him there as he kisses back. He makes a frustrated noise when the doorbell rings.

“Later, baby,” Chris promises as he pulls away, and Stiles opens the door to his new room mate. She steps inside, half obscured behind a box, and Stiles takes it from her so she can see.

“Hey, Lindsay,” he greets her. “You’ve met Chris. This is Peter.”

Peter steps forwards, and his eyes dance with amusement as he says “Oh, I believe I may already know this young lady. Miss Grey, isn’t it?”

Lindsay stares at Peter, as if unsure how to respond.

“It’s OK Lindsay, Stiles knows,” Peter says.

At that, Lindsay nods her head in a formal gesture, saying “Alpha Hale.”

Stiles’ head whips around at that and he says “Wait, what?”

“Lindsay’s one of the Ito pack, Stiles,” Peter says.

“You’re a werewolf? Are you kidding me?” Stiles demands.

He turns to Chris then, accusingly. “You never said!”

“I’m not actually,” Lindsay interjects. “My mom is. Me though? Regular old human, just like my dad. But yeah, part of Satomi’s pack. Um, surprise?” She looks a little sheepish as she speaks.

“How come you didn’t say anything when you met her?” Stiles asks Chris.
Chris shrugs. “I didn’t know. We hadn’t met.”

“I promise you Stiles, I had no idea until right now. We’ve met a few times in passing, that’s all,” Peter assures him.

Stiles still looks concerned. “This isn’t going to cause a pack war or something is it? Like West Side Story only with wolves?”

Peter shakes his head. "Actually, it's perfect. Satomi and I are good friends. She'll be glad to know that you're in my pack, and that Lindsay can call on us for help. And it certainly makes things easier that she’s in the know"

"So, it doesn't mean pistols at dawn?" Stiles asks, not quite convinced.

Lindsay rolls her eyes. “What it means is that you guys can carry all my boxes up without hiding your strength, so yeah, car’s downstairs. Go nuts,” she says, grinning as she settles herself on the sofa.

“Shouldn’t we help?” Stiles asks doubtfully, as Peter and Chris head downstairs without them.

“Nah. They’ll bring it all up in three or four loads, we’ll tell them how awed we are with their strength, and their wolfy selves will be all proud. It’s how werewolves work.”

Stiles cocks a brow. “You seem pretty sure about this.”

She grins, and says “Trust me, when you’ve been around Weres your whole life, you get to know what makes them tick. I guarantee you, they’ll come back loaded up to the eyeballs trying to outdo each other, and when we tell them how impressive they are, they’ll preen madly.”

“That…actually does sound a lot like them,” Stiles admits.

He still heads down to see if he can help, but Peter waves him away, saying “Go help your housemate settle in. We’ve got this,” as he effortlessly lifts a third box of books onto the stack he’s carrying.

“He’s right Stiles. We can manage just fine,” Chris adds, eyeing Peter’s boxes and adding a fourth to his own armload.

Stiles watches, amused. He decides to test Lindsay’s claim. “Wow. Those look really heavy. I never thought anybody could lift all that at once,” he says to Chris.

Chris beams at him, and his chest puffs out a little. "It’s no problem, sweetheart,” he says, adding a shoebox.

Peter surreptitiously snags a backpack and carries it between his teeth.

“I’m loving all this muscle, Peter,” Stiles tells him, and watches as they both perk up and climb the stairs two at a time, barely pausing to unload before heading downstairs again. They’re back ten minutes later, both loaded up, and Peter asks Lindsay exactly where she wants everything and proceeds to move it all according to her instructions.

“I’m so grateful, Alpha Hale,” she says as he moves the desk in her room to where she wants it.

“My pleasure, Lindsay,” he tells her, smiling broadly.

One more trip, and they’re done, and the whole thing’s taken less than an hour. Stiles knows that if
it had been him and Lindsay doing it in their own, they’d be maybe quarter of the way. He tried to pick up one of the boxes and couldn’t even move it an inch off the floor.

“How the hell did you get these in the car?” he asks.

She grins, and says “My Mom helped me pack.”

Peter and Chris are standing in the kitchen, hot and slightly sweaty, and Stiles gets them both a drink. Peter takes his gratefully, and pulls his singlet up to wipe his face on the edge, exposing some truly beautiful musculature as he does. Stiles stares, transfixed.

Peter notices him looking, and blows him a kiss. “See something you like, darling?”

“Uh huh,” Stiles nods, not even trying to hide his interest.

Chris rolls his eyes fondly, before stretching his arms over his head, exposing his stomach where his shirt rides up.

“You two are unfairly hot, and now you really are teasing,” Stiles says, but he’s grinning.

“Well, feel free to keep doing it,” Lindsay grins. “I mean, I don’t even swing that way, but a girl can appreciate some abs, you know? And damn, those are some abs.”

Both men look supremely pleased with themselves. Stiles goes over to Chris and gives him a peck on the cheek, saying “Seriously, this was amazing.”

Chris drapes his arms around Stiles’ neck and kisses him properly, before pulling away and saying “It was honestly no trouble, baby. We were glad to help.”

Stiles feels a pair of hands on his hips and then Peter’s behind him, kissing the back of his neck. The sensation makes him shiver, and reminds him of something. “What do you guys know about makeup?”

Peter quirks a brow, asking “Dare I ask, Stiles?”

“Kira roasted me about my neck. Apparently, I need to cover this up for the wedding.” He taps a finger against the dark bruise on his throat.

“Oh! I can fix that,” Lindsay volunteers. “I have green concealer. My last girlfriend left spectacular bruises – this stuff’s a life saver, I promise.”

“Green?”

“Yup. You put a base coat over the bruise, then blend some normal concealer over it. Trust me on this.” She grabs the box marked bathroom and rummages in it for a moment before holding up what looks like a lipstick triumphantly. “Sit,” she orders, and proceeds to apply the green stuff to Stiles’ neck, before rummaging a little more and coming out with three different shades of concealer.

When she sees his questioning look she shrugs. “Trophies of girlfriends past – they all seem to leave their make up behind,” she says as she selects a color that matches’ Stiles pale skin.

A minute later, you can see where the mark is – just, if you know what you’re looking for, but at first glance there’s no sign that there was anything there at all. Stiles looks in the mirror grinning. “Awesome! You can stay,” he tells her.
“Well good, because where else am I going to find a room mate that knows about the whole werewolf thing?” she laughs. Chris steps up to where Stiles is sitting and crouches in front of him, peering at where his mark was and frowning. Then he leans in, and deliberately wipes a thumb over the makeup, smearing it and exposing the bruise again.

“Better,” he nods.

Stiles rolls his eyes, saying “Wow, you really are all kinds of possessive, aren’t you?”

“Uh huh,” Chris says, leaning in and nuzzling at Stiles’ neck.

Peter chuckles. “You have no idea, Stiles. Christopher’s been aching to bruise that pretty throat since the first day we met you.”

Chris arches a brow at him. “Fine. The second day we met you. It was me who wanted to debauch you at first sight,” Peter amends.

Stiles leans his head back so Chris can go back to nestling against his throat, and sighs happily. “What can I say? I’m irresistible.”

“You certainly are, sweet boy,” Peter murmurs, leaning down and kissing his forehead.

“Don’t mind me, I’ll just go unpack while you three are unspeakably gross together,” Lindsay deadpans.

Peter and Chris pull away then, and Stiles make an unhappy sound, but Peter says “She’s right, Stiles. We’re being exceptionally rude. Do forgive us, Lindsay.”

“It’s fine. I’m used to wolves being handsy, remember? Just keep it halfway decent and I’m good.”

Chris and Peter offer to go and collect takeout for them all, since it’s getting late and nobody wants to cook. Stiles helps Lindsay unpack her boxes, and they chat as they do so. “So, you knew Chris was a Were when you met him?” Stiles asks.

She nods. “I was pretty sure, you can spot it when you’ve grown up around it.”

“But you didn’t say anything?”

She looks horrified at the thought. “Oh god, no. You never out a Were! I mean, there are hunters out there, y’know? You could get somebody killed.”

“I can see that,” Stiles concedes. “What’s it like? Being a human in a pack?”

She sighs. “Mostly, it’s great. Not fantastic for your self-confidence, though.”

Stiles makes a questioning noise. “It’s just, they all have these amazing bodies. I mean, look at your two. Without even trying, they’re just naturally ripped. They don’t have to diet or go to the gym to look like that, their werewolf metabolism takes care of it for them. And if they do work out? The results they get are insane. Whereas me? I’m thirty pounds overweight, I’m definitely pear shaped, and if the zombie apocalypse was tomorrow I’d be the first to go, because I can’t run more than twenty feet. It’s completely unfair.”

Stiles nods in agreement. “I see what you mean. You’re lucky you didn’t get a complex.”

She grins wryly when she says, “I got over it. And my one saving grace is that I do have fantastic boobs.”
Stiles laughs at that, and decides that he's definitely picked a good room mate.

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After dinner Lindsay stretches and yawns, and tells them she’s heading to bed, because watching them lift all those boxes has worn her out. Once she’s gone, Stiles finds himself sandwiched on the couch between two warm bodies, but they’re all content just to sit there, smooching lazily. They make out a little, but Stiles ends up sending them home before they take things too far, because he has a sneaking suspicion that any attempt by the three of them to get into his bed will end up with one of them on the floor, and it’ll probably be him.

He’s still achingly hard, (thanks to Peter’s devious hands) when he lets them out the door, and he heads for the shower, jerking off desperately and coming with a groan in about thirty seconds. He stands under the hot water with his eyes closed, and a stupid smile on his face.

When he gets out there’s a text from Chris.

*Since when does Peter even know the term roadhead? What have you been teaching him?*

Stiles snickers as he replies *Did you let him?*

*Of course not. I’m a responsible driver.*

*Uh huh*

*I pulled over when he wouldn’t get his head out of my lap.*

Stiles laughs aloud at that. He gets a message from Peter moments later.

*Don’t listen to him. He loved it.*

He sends a message to both of them saying

*I’m dating a pair of sex crazed werewolves.*

And gets two replies immediately.

*Yep.*

*What’s your point?*

*No point. It’s fantastic. But now I need sleep.*

*Night, baby.*

*Goodnight, sweet boy.*

Stiles plugs his phone in to charge and puts it on silent, and falls asleep almost immediately.
On Wednesday he sleeps in a little, before meeting Scott for breakfast and dividing up the workload for the next few days. Scott’s like a kid on Christmas Eve, overexcited and disorganized, but Stiles helps him settle over coffee and croissants, and efficiently splits the list between them. Then he splits Scott’s list into two halves, a list for each day, and then he breaks it down into numbered tasks.

“Follow this, and you’ll be fine. Do not deviate from the list, Scott. If you follow the list, Kira will be happy, and we want Kira happy. OK?”

Scott looks at the chart and his face splits into a wide grin. “Yeah, I can do this,” he breathes, clutching the piece of paper.

“You don’t go home till the last job on that first list is done,” Stiles reiterates.

Scott nods, and walks out the door looking so determined that if Stiles didn’t know better, he’d think he was taking the ring to Mordor.

Stiles texts Kira. **He has a list for each day. I’ve done what I can.**

He gets back **You’re the best!**

He has a second coffee, and then heads off to take care of his own list. There are a lot of last minute jobs to be done for a wedding. *A lot.* Stiles spends the day collecting dried flowers, paper lanterns, a wishing well, a floral archway, sixty champagne glasses, and god knows what else, and delivering them to the venue.

By the time it’s seven pm, he’s done. He’s gotten more than he expected done though, so he heads home, has a dinner of cereal because he really can’t be bothered, and goes to bed. He doesn’t even message the guys. Thursday is rinse and repeat, with the added thrill of the liquor store having misplaced the order for three crates of champagne, and Stiles having to track down some more from a different source, and then trying to get them to match the original price.

He sends Peter a series of increasingly frustrated texts as the day wears on, bemoaning the fact that every place he goes to seems to be staffed by idiots who are out to annoy him today.

At one point Peter texts back

**Stiles, is there any chance you’re being that customer, because you’re tired?**

He thinks about it. He sighs, and grudgingly texts back

**Maybe a tiny chance. But they’re still not being helpful**

Tell you what, sweet boy, we’ll come over tonight. I’ll cook for you, and Chris will pamper you like you deserve.
Stiles smiles to himself. He does like the sound of that. He texts Lindsay and asks her to let the boys in for him, and lets Peter know that he’d like a little pampering, please.

When he gets home, ready to fall in a heap, Peter’s in his kitchen. “Hello, sweet boy.”

He walks away from the stove to hug Stiles briefly, before returning to his cooking. Whatever he’s making, it smells delicious, but when Stiles goes to investigate, Peter shoos him away, saying “Go, darling. Christopher’s been waiting for you to get home so he can fuss over you.”

And sure enough, Chris is sitting on the couch and grinning like a Cheshire cat. He stands and walks over to Stiles, cupping his face tenderly in his hands before drawing him in for a deep kiss. Stiles kisses him back, and relaxes against his chest. Chris leads him back to the couch and sits down, instructing “Shoes off, and give me your feet.”

Stiles perks up at that, and eagerly settles back with his feet in Chris’ lap. He lets out a guttural noise at the first press of Chris’ thumb into his aching arches, and Peter’s voice floats from the kitchen. “Are you sure that’s a foot rub you’re giving him, Christopher?”

Chris grins wickedly, the expression making his blue eyes sparkle and his face light up, and presses his thumbs in harder. Stiles groans louder, grinning back. “Yeah, that’s it, right there,” he moans out.

It’s Lindsay’s voice they hear next. “Stiles, you’d better have pants on right now.”

She comes out of her room, and hand half shielding here eyes, saying “Is it safe?”

Stiles tells her “Completely. Unless the sight of my bony feet turns you on.”

Lindsay snorts “I don’t think the sight of your bony anything would turn me on, buddy.”

Chris laughs, and goes back to reducing Stiles to a puddle as he works his skilled hands over the balls of his feet. Lindsay disappears into the kitchen, and Stiles hears Peter scolding her, saying “Leave that alone, it’s not ready.”

He smiles to himself, and feels his previous frustrations receding as he listens to the sounds of domesticity around him. Chris kneads his feet and calves until they’re relaxed, and then hauls Stiles up so he’s sitting next to him. “Peter, how long till dinner?” he asks. Not bothering to raise his voice.

“Fifteen minutes, no longer. It’s risotto,” Peter replies.

“Plenty of time for a shower. Want me to wash your hair?” Chris asks with a soft smile. Stiles nods eagerly and leads Chris into the bathroom with him, willingly letting himself be undressed and steered under the water. Chris joins him moments later, and it’s a tight fit with the two of them, but they make it work, Chris standing behind him with an arm wrapped around his belly possessively; He grabs the shower gel and squirts it into his hand, and starts rubbing it over Stiles’ body, leaving a trail of lather and warmth where his hands have been.

Stiles relaxes into the touch, and ignores the way his dick’s hardening, because this is nice just as it is. Chris ignores it too as he washes Stiles’ hair and then conditions it, until finally, when he’s cleaned him thoroughly, he reaches down and ghosts his hand over Stiles’ erection, asking “Want me to take care of this, darlin’?”
Chris has fantastic hands, strong and sure, and Stiles shivers a little at the light touch, nodding. Chris reaches around and starts to stroke, using a little of the body wash to slick his hand. Stiles hums at the feeling of Chris’ broad palm on his dick, and his other hand holding firmly him in place. “Just relax baby, let me” Chris breathes in his ear, voice like velvet and sin.

He moves his hand in long, sure strokes up and down Stiles’ shaft, all the while murmuring in his ear. “Such a beautiful cock, sweetheart. So damn long. So damn thick. Can’t wait to feel it inside me. Makes my toes curl just thinking about it.”

Stiles’ hips jerk at that, and Chris chuckles. “Yeah, you like that idea? Like the thought of slicking yourself up and sliding right in?”

Stiles nods, and makes a needy sound.

“Maybe I’ll ride you,” Chris muses. “Cock like yours, big, thick and heavy, made for it. Made to slam up into me hard, while I ride you fast.”

His hand moves faster as he speaks, and Stiles tries to thrust forwards, but Chris is strong, and he has a firm grip on his hip, anchoring him in place. He flicks a thumb across the head once, twice, picking up the thick droplets of precome beading there and spreading them around, and Stiles keens.

“I could ride you for hours, baby, put a cock ring on you so you’d last, ride you till my hole’s open and aching, till it’s just a sloppy mess.” And fuck, Stiles had never even thought of such a thing, but now it’s all he can think about, Chris perched above him, strong thighs pistoning him up and down as he fucks himself on Stiles’ cock.

“Yeah,” he breathes out, hips twitching forwards as much as they can into Chris’ hand, jerking spasmodically as his arousal builds and builds. He makes a desperate sound as he feels the heat pooling in his belly, feels the pressure as he edges closer to losing control of himself.

Chris tightens his grip marginally, and continues to jack Stiles as the words pour from his mouth in a torrent of filth. “When I was close, I’d take the ring off you, and you’d be so desperate you’d come right away, blow that load deep inside me, so damn deep I’d be dripping for a week.”

He gives his hand a twist as he says it, and Stiles shouts as he comes, splattering the tiles. Chris laughs low in his throat, satisfied. He works Stiles through his orgasm gently, nuzzling and kissing at his neck as he does so, and Stiles melts back against him.

“You’ve got a hell of a mouth on you, Argent,” he huffs out, laughing as well.

“Uh huh. I can make Peter come without even touching him, if I really try.”

“Really?”

“Yup. Can you imagine what would happen if I pinned him down and we both teased him? We could take turns, one of us talking dirty, the other one using their mouth on him until he was begging.”

Stiles grins at the thought. “Making the Alpha beg? I’d be up for that. Would he, though?”

Chris hums in assent. “Nothing he loves more than being teased, sweetheart. The longer, the harder, the better.”

“I can’t think about it now, you melted my brain,” Stiles says happily, and Chris laughs again.
Stiles tilts his head back so that his throat’s exposed, and Chris kisses gently at the bruise he left there before, making him squirm. The water’s starting to cool, so they get out and dry themselves off. One of the perks of being the leaseholder is that Stiles got the bedroom with an ensuite, so they don’t have to wander half naked through the house. When they enter the bedroom, Chris leans over the side of the bed and produces a bag from somewhere, and out of it he pulls an obscenely plush bathrobe which he presents to Stiles.

Stiles runs his fingers over the dark blue fabric, and then shrugs the robe on. “Oh, man. This thing is made from marshmallows and kittens,” he sighs.

Chris chuckles. “Glad you like it, baby. We want you to be comfortable. There’s another one at our place for you.”

Stiles runs his hands over the soft fabric, enjoying the feel. A thought strikes him, and he asks “So, when do you guys stop buying me courting gifts? I’m starting to feel bad about it, to be honest. I mean, I’ve said yes.”

Chris pulls him in for a hug, still naked and slightly damp, water beading in his stubble. Stiles kind of wants to lick at it. “Oh baby, we’re past the courting gifts. These are just because we want to make you happy.”

Stiles leans up and kisses him then, simply saying “Thank you. I appreciate it.”

There’s a knock at the bedroom door then, and Lindsay calls out “Peter says dinner’s ready, and you’d better both get out here before it’s ruined.” She adds “And my earlier rule applies Stiles – you’d better be decent!”

“Yes, Mom!” he calls back.

Dinner is chicken risotto with a side of roasted vegetables, and Stiles and Lindsay hum appreciatively as they work their way through it, much to Peter’s satisfaction. “You seem more relaxed, sweet boy,” he comments, arching a brow and giving Chris a pointed look.

“Chris gives really good ….foot rubs,” Stiles says innocently.

Lindsay snorts.

“I’m sure he’ll give me one too, when we get home,” Peter says, smiling wolfishly at Chris and licking his lips.

“Oh, I’ll give you one all right,” Chris smirks.

“Are they always like this?” Lindsay directs her question at Stiles.

He shrugs. “Pretty much, yeah.”

She grins widely. “Excellent. I could do with the entertainment.”

Peter and Chris leave shortly after dinner, promising Stiles that if they don’t see him tomorrow they’ll see him at the wedding, and that they still want that dance. He kisses them both as he sees them off, and once he’s closed the door he just stands there, grinning.
“You’re pretty gone on them, huh?” Lindsay observes.

Stiles just nods happily.

“We need to get our baby a cock ring, Peter.”

Peter, who’d been on the edge of sleep after Chris fucked him long and slow and deep, teasing him just how he likes, is suddenly awake. “Really? Why do we need to do that, Christopher?”

“Because I told him I’d put a ring on him and ride him for hours, till I was a fucked out sloppy mess, and he came so hard I thought he was going to pass out for a minute there,” he says, grinning smugly.

“You were meant to be taking care of our boy, not seducing him,” Peter reminds him.

Chris shrugs. “Kid’s a little irresistible. And he enjoyed it. Besides,” he adds, “Can you imagine it? How long do you think he’d last?”

Peter lets out a low groan. “Are you trying to get me worked up, Christopher?”

“Depends. Is it working? The thought of baby all hard and purple and dripping, lying under me panting while I pin him down and fuck myself on him?”

Peter’s definitely awake now, and he rolls over and pins Chris to the bed, growling and rutting against his hip, hard again at the very idea of it. Chris leans closer and whispers “I wonder if he’d let you fuck him after?”

“Don’t push me, Christopher, or I’ll hold you down and take you right now.”

“Maybe you will – if I let you,” Chris teases. " Or maybe I’ll get out of bed and leave you here, desperate and alone, while I call our boy and talk dirty to him on the phone. He’d like that.”

Peter’s growl deepens. Chris pushes Peter away and makes a move to get out of bed, but quick as lightning, Peter’s back on him, teeth at his throat and as he straddles him and holds him down. “Do I have to remind you exactly who’s in charge here?”

Chris grins, slow and lazy and seductive as he challenges “Go on then, Alpha. Remind me.”

Peter does.

Twice.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Stiles’ new room mate is a helpful source of information, and Scott is a good bro.

Chapter Notes

Hey! Guess who survived stocktake!
And guess who’s awake at 4am!
So that means you guys get this.

Stiles lies in bed, restless. He knows sending his lovers home was the sensible thing to do, what with all the stuff he has to do tomorrow, but he’s getting used to sleeping between two warm bodies, and he’s lonely and a little depressed without them nearby.

(He misses them more than he probably should.)

On impulse, he texts Peter – he remembers Chris saying he was a night owl, and it’s only a couple of hours since they left - he’s probably still awake.

He just sends, **Hey. Busy?**

His phone rings almost immediately. “Is everything all right, darling?”

He can hear the concern in Peter’s voice, and he’s quick to reassure him. “Yeah, just can’t sleep, that’s all. Thought you might still be awake. Chris says you’re a night owl.”

“I’m still awake. Christopher’s sleeping though. I quite wore him out,” Peter says smugly. Stiles doesn’t quite know what to say to that. “So, why can’t you sleep, sweetheart?”

Stiles feels stupid now, but confesses anyway. “I’m lonely. I miss you guys, and my bed’s cold without you. And Lindsay’s great, but I miss Scott.”

Great. Now he sounds six. He half expects Peter to tell him to go to sleep and hang up, but instead he says, “I’ll be there in fifteen minutes.”

“No, you don’t have to – “

“I don’t have to. But I’m happy to. Did you want me to spend the night? Keep you company? I hate the thought of you being lonely.”

“No, really. I didn’t mean to be a pain, I just thought we might text a little till my brain switches off. You don’t need to come, honestly.”

Peter’s voice is steely as he says “My adorable boyfriend, who’s also my newest pack member, needs me. What kind of an Alpha would I be if I didn’t take care of you? I’m coming over.”
Stiles sighs, and remembers what Chris told him about how stubborn Peter can be once he’s made up his mind. “That’d be nice. Won’t Chris mind though?”

“Don’t be silly, he’s out for the count. And he’s snoring, so I’m happy to leave him. I mean, would you listen to this?”

And sure enough, if Stiles listens he can hear a deep, resonant rumble through the phone. “Oh man, that’s impressive.”

“Don’t I know it. I’ll probably get more sleep at your place, if I’m honest.”

Stiles hears a mumbling, and Peter saying “Go back to sleep. It’s our boy, he can’t sleep. I’m going to stay there tonight.”

So Chris is awake, then. Stiles wonders if he’ll object to Stiles stealing his lover, even though Peter said he wouldn’t. But all he hears is Chris muttering “Yeah. Give baby a kiss from me,,” followed literally seconds later by another deep snore.

“Wait, was he even awake then?” he asks.

Peter laughs quietly, and says “He can surface, have a conversation, and go back to sleep inside the space of two minutes. I’m quite jealous.”

“So, you’re coming over?” Stiles confirms, feeling warmth in his chest.

“As soon as I find some sort of clothing, I’ll be there. See you soon, sweet boy,” Peter assures him, and hangs up.

Stiles waits near the door eagerly. He tells himself it’s so that Peter doesn’t wake Lindsay by knocking, but really, it’s because he just needs to see him, the sooner the better. It makes no sense, but Stiles doesn’t care. He wants his wolf.

Peter arrives, and Stiles opens the door before he can knock, ushering him silently inside and leading him to his bedroom. As soon as the door closes, Stiles buries his face in Peter’s chest, wrapping his arms around his neck and holding him close. Stiles doesn’t know why, exactly, but being wrapped in Peter’s arms causes a knot of tension he didn’t even know he was carrying to loosen, and Stiles can’t get enough of his touch.

Peter seems to feel the same way, because he buries his face in the crook of Stiles’ neck with a satisfied hum, scenting him as he runs strong hands up and down his back in a soothing manner. After who knows how long, Stiles pulls back a little, and kisses Peter softly.

“You give the best hugs,” he says between tiny brushes of his lips against Peter’s. “Grade A. 10 out of 10, would recommend.”

Peter smiles, and pulls him in for a proper kiss. “I’m glad you approve, sweet boy. Feel better?”

Stiles nods. “I think you two have gotten me addicted to your touch.”

Peter laughs quietly, and walks Stiles backwards towards the bed, kissing him the whole way. He sits Stiles on the edge of the bed, and moves away to strip off his shirt and jeans, leaving him in
boxers. He pulls back the blankets before looking at Stiles. “Which side do you prefer, darling?”

“I kinda starfish in the middle when it’s just me, but I’ll take the right, and you can be big spoon?”

Peter slides into bed and says “Well? What are you waiting for?”

Stiles has to admit, Peter looks extremely good in his bed. He’s still wearing sleep pants and a t-shirt, but he quickly strips his shirt off before getting under the blankets. He doesn’t miss the way Peter’s eyes linger on his tattoo, and he thinks again about getting more work done.

Peter draws him close, and Stiles luxuriates in the warmth radiating off him as he turns off the bedside lamp. Peter rocks his hips forwards slightly, getting comfortable, and Stiles nestles back in his strong embrace.

He suddenly has a horrible thought that maybe Peter thinks they’re going to have sex, and Stiles has lured him over under false pretences. “You don’t mind just sleeping? I mean, if you wanted to, we could fool around.”

Peter kisses the back of his neck softly. “Sweet boy, I’ll always want to fool around with you. But right now, you need someone to help you sleep. That’s why you called me, right?” Stiles nods, and Peter nuzzles him. “Then sleep.”

“OK.”

Stiles relaxes a little more, and he’s drifting off when Peter murmurs, “Of course, if you wanted me to wake you up with a blowjob, I’d be delighted,” in a tone that promises nothing but good things.

His eyes snap open. “What?”

Peter purrs in his ear. “There’s nothing I love more than a thick cock in my throat. And if I can wake you up like that, it would be a perfect start to the day. But only if you’re OK with it – I don’t want to cross any lines for you.”

Stiles grins. “Nope, no lines crossed. Completely line free. Anytime you want to wake me up like that is 100 percent fine.”

“Snuggle up then darling, and go to sleep.”

And wrapped up in a werewolf blanket, he does.

There’s the barest edge of daylight sneaking in through the blinds when Stiles is woken by a warm mouth wrapped around his dick.

He’s hard, because he’s a healthy twenty-three-year-old, and Peter must’ve been working him for a while, because he’s dangerously close to coming already. His hips are rocking up instinctively, and he makes a breathy, needy sound when Peter flicks his tongue against his slit.

Peter pulls back long enough to say, “There’s my sweet boy,” before doing the thing with his tongue, which of course is what woke Stiles up.
“Fuuuuuck,” he groans, hands clutching at the sheets. Peter hums, increasing the pressure, taking Stiles right to the edge. He whimpers, “Peter, please.”

Peter speeds up in response, and Stiles barely has time to realise what’s happening before he’s thrusting his hips up and coming in a flood down Peter’s throat.

Peter looks extremely pleased with himself when he sits up. He delicately licks away a droplet of come on his bottom lip, asking, “How did you sleep, sweetheart?”

Stiles smiles lazily. “Don’t remember.”

He stretches his arms out and makes grabby hands at Peter, who obliges by moving up the bed to kiss him. Stiles can taste the salty tang of himself lingering in Peter’s mouth as he kisses him deeply. “That was amazing. Best wakeup ever,” he mumbles between kisses. “But need more sleep now,” he says, rolling them so he’s big spoon.

He’s asleep within minutes, and Peter lies there smiling to himself at the way Stiles has entwined his long limbs around him, trapping him in place. He drifts a little himself, lulled into drowsiness by the closeness of Stiles’ body and the scent of satisfaction rolling off him. He does love taking care of his pack.

Stiles wakes a couple of hours later, still draped over Peter’s back, and achingly hard. He glances at the clock to see it’s not even seven.

He’s not meeting Scott till ten, and Peter doesn’t start work till nine. He figures that’s enough time for a little mischief, and he knows Peter loves it when he teases. So he slides his hand carefully around and into the dip of Peter’s groin, feeling his flaccid cock.

He ghosts his fingertips over it softly, once, twice. Peter makes a tiny sound, but doesn’t stir otherwise. Stiles grins to himself, and applies a little more pressure as he grinds his erection against Peter’s ass.

Peter’s cock twitches and starts to fill.

Stiles leans in and kisses that spot behind Peter’s ear that drives him wild, and gets a tiny moan. He does it again, running his hand over Peter’s slowly growing erection more firmly.

“Keep that up and there’ll be consequences, you realise,” Peter growls.

“That’s the plan,” he whispers into Peter’s ear, and suddenly he’s on his back with Peter hovering over him, a greedy look on his face.

“What would you like, my darling? Want me to fuck you rough and dirty? Or slow and sweet?” He looks thoughtful for a moment, and then breaks into a truly wicked smile. “Or maybe you could fuck me, sweet boy.”

Stiles’s cock twitches, and Peter smirks. “You like that idea, sweetheart? Open me up nice and slow, then pound me until I’m crying out your name?”

Stiles bucks up against Peter’s hip at his words, and Peter suddenly looks far too pleased with
himself. Stiles knows how to fix that. “Shame you wanted to make it into a competition with Chris,” he sighs. “Otherwise, you know I would. But now? I think maybe I should wait. It’s only fair.”

Peter gives him a deep, toe-curling kiss before pulling back and breathing out “Oh, I don’t know, sweetheart. I just said we were competing for your cock in our ass. Nobody said that it had to be the first time taking it.”

Stiles wavers at that. “You do make a valid point.”

Peter’s expression brightens as he senses approaching victory, and he plays his trump card. He opens his eyes wide, and his voice takes on a slightly breathless quality. “Please, my dear, sweet Stiles, split me open on that impressive cock of yours?” he begs, and honest-to-god flutters his lashes.

He makes such a tempting picture that Stiles caves immediately. He laughs. “Can anyone ever say no to you when you do that?”

"Not usually, no,” Peter tells him smugly.

Stiles has topped before, OK? Only a couple of times, but the point is, he likes it. He likes all of it. He likes stretching his partners out, seeing how many fingers he can slide inside them before they start panting and asking for more. He likes hearing the noises they make when he finds their prostate and rubs against it, and he loves the little punched out noises they make when he finally slides his sizable cock into them.

So to say he’s excited to fuck Peter’s an understatement.

He grabs the lube from his bedside drawer, and when he turns back, Peter’s positioned himself on the bed, and he looks...obscene. He’s face down, head nestled on his arms, and his ass in the air. His back’s arched low and deep, and his legs are spread wide, hips thrust back to show off his gorgeous ass.

Fuck.

Stiles suddenly wonders what it would be like to grab him by the hair and drag him up so that his back’s arched even deeper, and slam into him while he begs for more. He’s shocked at himself for thinking it, but his cock still jolts and jerks at the idea.

“Whatever you’re thinking right now darling, I think you should definitely do it, because I can smell your arousal from here.”

Stiles flushes at his words, and Peter turns his head to give a knowing smirk.

“It might not be something you like.”

Peter shrugs. “Or it might be something I enjoy thoroughly. And you should know, sweet boy, that I’ll definitely like it if you play a little rough. Now show me what you can do with those sinful fingers of yours.”
Stiles needs no further encouragement, slicking up and sliding a finger down the crack of Peter’s ass, leaving a trail of lube. He does it again, ghosting over Peter’s hole and watching, transfixed, as it twitches beneath his fingers. Then, feeling bold, he slips a finger in, and it’s tight, so tight.

Peter huffs out a breath, and Stiles feels him relax around the finger, enough that he can move it easily in and out.

“Yes, that’s perfect,” Peter breathes.

Stiles moves his fingers faster, and Peter rocks back into it. When he feels the flesh start to loosen and give, he adds a second finger, and Peter makes a happy sound. “Knew you’d have clever hands, darling,” he gasps.

Encouraged, Stiles starts to twist his hand around until he finds what he’s looking for. As he rubs over the raised bump, Peter makes a garbled noise and his hips rock forwards. Stiles does it again and again, making him arch and moan loudly.

His own cock twitches and grows harder at the sight, and he adds a third finger. Peter hisses at the stretch and Stiles pauses. “Too much?”

Peter shakes his head, and presses his body back into Stiles’s touch. Reassured, Stiles pushes inwards and twists, causing Peter to moan even more loudly. The sounds he makes are music to Stiles’s ears, and they’re making him desperate to sink his cock inside Peter’s body.

He draws his hand away, and slicks himself before crawling up behind Peter on his knees. He hesitates for a moment, before fisting a hand in Peter’s hair and tugging.

Peter rises up on all fours, panting. “Yesssss,” he hisses, and Stiles pulls a little harder. His back arches beautifully, just like Stiles imagined.

He can’t wait any longer, and he notches the head of his cock against Peter’s open and ready ass, and slides in. Peter’s breath hitches, a whimper leaving his throat. Stiles keeps pressing forwards until he’s all the way in, then has to stop for a moment to just breathe. Peter’s so damned tight, and hotter than hell inside, and Stiles can feel every twitch and jump of muscle around him as Peter’s body pulses and throbs at the intrusion.

“Oh, Stiles?” he begs, and Stiles sees the moment Peter’s control slips, and instead of the smooth, confident man Stiles is used to, Peter turns into a needy, whining mess, and becomes his.

It awakens a hunger in him he didn’t know existed. He pulls almost all the way out, drags on Peter’s hair, and thrusts back in hard. Peter whines, and Stiles does it again, setting up a punishing rhythm, and Peter moves with him, giving breathy moans every time Stiles’s cock punches into him.

“Harder,” Peter moans. Stiles doesn’t need to be a werewolf to know Peter’s enjoying this – his body tells the story.

He fucks harder, grunting with each stroke, as he gets closer, heat drawing up in his belly. He lets go of Peter’s hair and reaches beneath him, squeezing Peter’s erection as he continues to thrust. Peter starts shaking, a long whine building in his throat.

“I did that,” Stiles thinks. He reduced Peter to a needy, quivering heap. The thought has him aiming for Peter’s prostate, determined to make him come first.

It doesn’t take much—a swipe of his thumb over the head, combined with a nip to that spot behind
Peter's ear—and Peter comes, spasming around Stiles’ length as he spurts across the bedsheets. Stiles follows him soon after, driving home twice before his orgasm overtakes him and he buries himself deep one last time, hips stuttering as he rides out his climax.

He stays buried deep, flooding Peter’s insides, and it seems to go on forever. Finally, he collapses against Peter’s back, drawing a shuddery breath. Peter slides down so he’s flat against the bed, and Stiles rests on top of him, catching his breath for a minute before pulling his softening cock out slowly and rolling off to the side.

He turns his head and finds Peter looking at him, eyes bright and cheeks flushed. His hair’s a mess, and he looks thoroughly fucked. It strikes Stiles again, that he did this.

It’s been a long time since he fucked someone, back before he met Harrison, who of course told him that bitches don’t top. He’s pretty sure it was never like this, though.

Peter’s wearing a satisfied smile when he leans in and kisses Stiles’s forehead. “That was perfect, sweet boy.”

Stiles smiles back, loosed limbed and fucked out. “We are so doing that again.”

Peter laughs quietly, and his expression is soft, fond. “We certainly are, darling. You’re very good at it.”

Stiles runs a hand through Peter’s bed head, murmuring, “Sorry about pulling your hair.”

“Why on earth are you sorry?”

Stiles shrugs. “You might not have wanted it?”

Peter leans in so his breath is hot on Stiles’s neck. “I’m a werewolf, Stiles. Do you really think you can do anything to me I don’t want you to do?”

He kisses Stiles then, sweet and gentle. “No offense darling, but I could snap you like a twig. A little hairpulling is just a pleasant sting. In fact, next time, you could stand to pull a little harder.”

Stiles grins. “Next time, maybe I will.”

Peter gets in the shower, and Stiles drags on a pair of boxers and goes to make coffee. He finds Lindsay sitting silently at the kitchen table, clutching a giant mug and staring blankly at the wall. She’s already figured out the coffee machine, apparently.

Stiles opens his mouth to say good morning, but she holds up a finger and shakes her head. She takes another sip, finger still in the air, before she blinks twice, and mumbles, “Short sentences.”

Stiles remembers her warning that she’s not a morning person. She really wasn’t kidding. He takes her cup and refills it, earning a grateful look, and asks, “How’d you sleep?”

“Pretty well,” she nods, and falls silent again as she drinks until the giant mug is empty. Stiles watches, amused, as her features gradually relax, and she seems more human. She holds her empty cup out and waggles it, and he takes the hint, getting her a refill and pouring his own at the same time.
Peter emerges from the bedroom, and Lindsay looks surprised to see him there, saying “ Didn’t you go home last night?”

Peter nods. “We did, but Stiles needed some company, so I came back.”

“I never heard you arrive. Mind you, I sleep like a dead thing, so that’s not surprising. I could sleep through an earthquake.”

Stiles thinks about the noise Peter made this morning and is grateful Lindsay’s a heavy sleeper. Peter shots him a look and quirks a brow, and Stiles knows he’s thinking the same thing.

They’re sitting there quietly drinking when there’s a knock at the door. Stiles answers it, and finds Chris with a suit slung over his shoulder.

He walks in, kissing Stiles, and then Peter. “I thought I’d drop off your work clothes, save you a trip home.”

Peter smiles warmly. “Thank you, darling. You’re too good to me.”

Chris grins. “Damn right I am. You’re just lucky I love you.”

“That I am, sweetheart,” Peter agrees, gazing into Chris’s eyes.

He looks absolutely lovestruck, and Stiles can’t help but feel a little wistful. They’re with him, but they’re so in love with each other. He wants that, and he doesn’t know if they’ll ever care for him as much as they do for each other. He doesn’t realise he’s let out a small sigh, but Lindsay eyes him knowingly.

She taps Peter's shoulder to get his attention and leans over and murmurs something in his ear.

Peter nods. “Of course.”

Chris must hear too, because he and Peter exchange a look, and then he’s all business. “I have to go, I'll see you there, baby.” And then he’s out the door.

Peter gets up. “I need to get dressed and going as well.” He disappears into the bedroom and emerges ten minutes later in a gorgeous navy suit, perfectly put together. He comes over to the table where Stiles is seated and kisses him before leaving.

Stiles looks at Lindsay, puzzled. “OK, why did you kick my wolves out?”

She heaves a sigh. “Because you have a face on you like someone ran over your puppy, so obviously we need to talk.”

“Um, OK?”

Lindsay leans forwards across the table and looks at him intently. “How much do you actually understand about how werewolf relationships work?”

“Um, a little?”

“Because judging by your expression, I don’t think you understand just how important you are to those two. I mean, you know they’re both mad about you, right?”

He shrugs. “I know they like me, and they treat me well, and god, the presents. They seriously need to stop with the presents.”
“But?”

Stiles sighs again. “I just, I wonder if it will last? I mean, they’ve been together forever. They love each other. What if I’m just a casual thing and they get sick of me?”

Lindsay groans. “It’s morning, Stiles. You’re making me talk to you about werewolf stuff in the morning. I hope you appreciate this.”

“What stuff?”

She sighs, and Stiles can see she’s searching for the right words. “Werewolves aren’t like people,” she begins.

“Well, duh.”

“No, I mean…they don’t date like people. They’re not…casual.”

Stiles is confused. She tries again. “When you’re a were, that’s the biggest secret you have. It’s like Clark Kent being Superman. You don’t tell anyone, because it could get you killed.”

He nods. He gets the comparison, even though Superman’s a dick.

“So werewolves are super careful about who they date. I’m not a wolf, but I’ve been in a pack my whole life, so I can tell you that it’s a big deal to date a human. A big deal. It normally only happens when the wolf side feels an undeniable attraction.”

“They said that. Peter said his and Chris’s wolves want me,” Stiles confirms.

Lindsay nods, as if it makes perfect sense.

“But what if their wolves stop wanting me?” Stiles asks in a small voice.

Lindsay makes a frustrated noise. “Aren’t you listening to me? Their wolves want you, Stiles. And they’ve revealed their true nature to you. Which is something wolves never do. Don’t you get it?”

“No! What are you trying to say?”

Lindsay rolls her eyes. “Wolves mate for life, Stiles. If their wolves have chosen you, they’re not going anywhere. You’re stuck with them, OK?”

Stiles opens and closes his mouth in a passable imitation of a goldfish. Lindsay waits as he thinks it through. He remembers the first night he found out about werewolves, and what he asked Peter and Chris.

He remembers them saying that their wolves were drawn to him, that it felt right, but he hadn’t realized exactly what that meant, too busy coming to grips with their dual nature. He thinks about Peter calling them a pack, saying they fit together. “They never said,” he finally manages.

He tenses suddenly, and his brow furrows. “Wait, what if I want out? I mean, when you say I’m stuck with them, does that mean I can’t leave?”

Lindsay can see that something’s upset him, and she’s quick to reassure him. “Hey, no. It’s not like that. I’m not explaining myself very well.”

“You just said I’m stuck with them. That sounds pretty clear to me,” he says, heart beating faster and face paling. He has no interest in repeating that scenario, and his anxiety ratchets up at the
“Stiles, you just told me you were worried they wouldn’t want you, and now you’re worried they won’t let you go? You’re not making sense.”

Stiles bites his lip. “I want to be with them, OK?”

Lindsay nods, but looks confused. “So what’s the problem?”

“What if it turns bad? What if they treat me like shit and I can’t get away? I mean, they’re werewolves. I’d have no chance.”

“Stiles, why would you think that would ever happen?”

He takes a deep breath. “It happens. I dated a guy before. He treated me badly, and he didn’t take it well when I left,” he explains, a little shakily. He doesn’t really think Chris and Peter would treat him badly not really, but he’s instinctively fearful, a lesson hard learned and long remembered.

Lindsay’s face softens in understanding. “OK, now it makes more sense. Let me start again, I’ll try and explain it better, all right?” Lindsay says, her tone gentle and soothing.

Stiles breathes deeply and nods, because he wants to understand, and god, he’s sick of being afraid. Lindsay takes one of his hands between hers, rubbing it softly, and the physical touch grounds him a little.

“Werewolf relationships are weird to explain, but bear with me. You could leave Peter and Chris, if you wanted to, and they’d never stop you. But you know what? You won’t want to. And they won’t want you to. The wolf knows what it’s doing when it chooses a mate, OK?” She waits until he nods to go on.

”Those boys will do anything for you, Stiles. Anything. It’s instinctive to nurture you. Nothing makes them happier than making you happy. And if you’re like most werewolf couples or triads I know, you’ll be sickeningly content with them.”

“Wait, you know more triples?” Stiles asks, surprised.

She nods. “It’s much more common among weres, because they listen to their wolf. And the wolf is rarely wrong. They’re all as cute as fuck, and stupidly happy, and I’m frankly jealous.”

Stiles circles back to the topic at hand. “So I can leave if I ever need to?”

“Stiles, if you called those two right now and told them you wanted to walk away, they’d accept it no question, no matter how they felt about it. The same as if you’d turned down their courting gifts, they’d have stopped then and there. No werewolf is interested in being with someone who doesn’t want them – all they’d smell would be your misery.”

Stiles remembers Chris’ reaction when he thought Stiles was rejecting his courting gift, how he’d been prepared to walk away. He thinks about how Peter smiles when he tells Stiles he smells happy, and he knows she’s telling the truth. He nods slowly. “That makes sense.”

“And honestly? I think you’re worrying about something that’s never going to happen. You might have rough patches, just like every couple does, and I’m not saying it will be perfect, but you’re a pack. Even as a human, you’ll be happiest when they’re close. You’ll crave their presence, and you’ll form an attachment that’s much stronger than normal.”
“I mean, you already have.” Stiles raises a questioning brow, and she explains. “Last night. You’d had a hard day, and you couldn’t settle without your Alpha here. And he was happy to come and look after you, because the Alpha is a caretaker.”

Stiles remembers the weird, lonely feeling, the desire to have Peter close, and breathes, “Shit. You’re right. That was a wolf thing?”

“That was a pack thing,” she corrects. “And it’s not necessarily sexual. There’s more than one night I’ve cried myself to sleep on Satomi’s shoulder after a breakup. Alpha also means comfort.”

Stiles shakes his head, trying to get his thoughts in order. “So they’re stuck with me as much as I’m stuck with them, and they don’t mind, and I won’t either, because werewolves?” he summarises.

“Now you’re getting it.” She grins. “Those boys are gone on you. They might not have said so, but they’ve got it just as bad as you do,” she reassures him.

“So, they won’t get sick of me?”

“They won’t get sick of you. And chances are, you won’t get sick of them.”

“You’re right. I won’t. I just needed to be sure, just in case…” he trails off.

“You aren’t trapped in this, Stiles.” Stiles nods, relieved. ”Now, enough talking. More coffee.” She waves her hands in a shooing gesture, and she’s clearly reached her limit for early morning interactions.

But that doesn’t stop Stiles from going over to where she’s sitting and dragging her into a hug, whispering “Thank you.” She flails a little at first, but then leans into the hug. When Stiles pulls away, she grins. “You’re right you know. They are fantastic boobs.”

Lindsay pushes him away with a huff, but she’s grinning too.

The day passes in a flurry of fetching and carrying and phone calls and making sure the sound system works at the outdoor setting for the wedding and hanging burlap streamers and figuring out how the hell to assemble the paper lanterns that Kira got off the internet.

(In the end they give up in disgust, hide the box, and hope like hell that she doesn’t notice they’re missing.)

By the time they go to the rehearsal dinner, Stiles is more than ready for a beer. Even Scott’s exhausted and a little cranky, so Stiles fetches them both a drink and sits them down in a corner.

“Hey bro, how you holding up?”

Scott shakes his head. “I think we’ve done everything, but I’m not sure. And I’m not sure about my vows. And I’m not sure about the seating chart. And I’m not sure about –”

“Scott, are you sure about Kira?”

Scott looks up and smiles like a sunrise. “Yeah. Absolutely sure.”

Stiles claps him on the shoulder. “Then if you’re sure about that, then everything else is white
noise, OK buddy?”

Scott nods, and his shoulders dip as he relaxes. “Thanks, man.”

Scott’s been staying with Noah and Melissa, and they’re just waiting for his father to arrive to start the meal. Scott only invited him because Rafael’s a manipulative bastard, and had expertly played on his good nature, talking about how it was his only son getting married, but he’d understand if he wasn’t welcome, he didn’t want to make anyone uncomfortable, he’d step aside if Scott really couldn’t stand to see his own father on the most important day of his life. Scott had caved like a house of cards.

When he’d mentioned he was flying in early, and he’d love to meet Kira’s family before the big day, he was suddenly invited to the rehearsal dinner, too. Melissa’s not thrilled, but it’s Scott and Kira’s day, and she’s never kept Rafe away from Scott before, and she’s not going to start now.

McCall swans in ten minutes late, all apologies and smiles, and immediately downs a scotch. Noah side eyes him—the two never got on before, and his marriage to Melissa certainly hasn’t changed that—but Melissa made him promise to be nice, so he takes deep breaths and avoids the guy, because that seems the easiest way to keep his word.

They sit down to dinner, and the evening starts out pleasant enough. Kira’s parents adore Scott, and get on well with Melissa and Noah, so it’s a good chance to unwind before the big day. The drinks flow freely, and there are stories of Scott and Kira as children, and the parents shake their heads and wonder how they have children old enough to marry, asking where did the time go?

Rafe sits quietly, holding his peace for the most part, drinking steadily, but it looks like they’re going to get through the evening without incident. Right until after dessert.

Noah’s at the bar when Rafe approaches. “Sheriff,” he sneers.

“Rafe,” Noah nods.

“Not sure why you’re even here. It’s not like your kid is getting married.” Noah breathes deeply, and doesn’t reply. Rafe doesn’t take the hint. “I mean, you can pretend. But he’ll never be your son, not really.”

Breathe in, breathe out.

“Mind you,” Rafe leans closer, “I can see why you’d prefer Scott over that fuckup you’re stuck with.”

Noah deliberately doesn’t let his hands curl into fists like they’re itching to. His jaw tightens, but his face remains impassive. He has years of practice.

“I mean, this will probably be the only wedding you get to go to. Does anyone even want to date that kid of yours?”

Noah does respond, then. “Stiles is a good kid, Rafe. Back off.”

Rafael looks over to where Stiles is laughing with Scott, his head thrown back, and he spots the lovebite on his neck. “Oh wait. I take it back. Looks like he’s been slutting around after all.”

“Stiles is in a relationship,” Noah says evenly.

Rafe looks Stiles up and down, before saying “Huh. I guess some people will fuck anything. Even
that scrawny faggot kid of yours.”

He never sees the punch coming. One minute he’s standing there, and the next there’s a fist in his face, and his head snaps back as his nose starts gushing blood.

Scott’s always been a muscly little fucker underneath all that hair. He advances on his father, eyes blazing with fury. “You take that back,” he hisses.

Rafe raises a hand defensively and stumbles backwards. “Scott? Calm down. I was kidding.”

Scott just keeps coming, and the next thing Rafe knows, he’s pinned against a wall and Scott’s face is inches from his. “Stiles is my friend, and my brother. And Noah’s been a better father than you ever were. So how about you leave them alone?”

People are looking, and Stiles comes over to see what’s going on. He looks from his dad’s clenched fists, to Scott, who has his father pinned against the wall, and he can guess what’s happened. Rafe’s made no secret of the fact he’s always hated Stiles, and from the way Noah’s doing breathing exercises, and the look on Scott’s face, whatever he said must have been pretty bad.

He lays a hand on Scott’s shoulder, and says “Let him go, man. He’s not worth it.”

Scott’s eyes are still locked on his father as he says “No, he’s not. But you are.”

Stiles shakes him a little, saying “Let it go, Scotty. Whatever he said, we both know it’s bullshit.” Stiles has a pretty good idea what Rafe said, to be honest. It wouldn’t be the first time.

Melissa chimes in then. “Scott honey? You need to let him go, so he can leave.” At his mother’s voice, Scott loosens his grip.

Melissa turns to Rafe and her voice turns cold and menacing. “If I ever hear you speak about my son like that again, I’ll punch you myself. You’re not welcome here.”

“You’re not welcome at the wedding, either,” Scott adds.

Rafe still has blood oozing down his face, and his nose definitely looks like it’s broken. He looks at the group watching him, and at his son’s angry expression, and throws his hands up in disgust, walking out the door.

Noah watches him climb into his rental car and smiles grimly. Then he takes out his phone and dials the station. “Parrish? Rafe McCall just got in his car, and he’s been drinking. Get him picked up for me, will you? And if he acts up, feel free to keep him in the cells overnight.”

He gives Jordan the number plate and the address, and it’s barely half a minute before they hear the tell-tale sirens that mean some poor soul’s getting pulled over. “Must have been a patrol car close,” Noah comments casually. Melissa twines her fingers in his and kisses his cheek.

Scott’s breathing heavily from the adrenaline rush, and Kira hugs him close.

Mr. Yukimura steps forward to the bar. He’s a quiet reserved man, who’s normally just this side of too formal. He looks at the rest of them and says “Well I don’t know about you, but I say we all get hammered. Who’s in?”

It’s such an unexpected suggestion, from such an unexpected source, that the tension is instantly
broken. Kira gives a shocked giggle, and Scott gives a shaky smile. “Sounds like a good idea. Shots, anyone?”

They don’t get totally smashed, there’s a wedding the next day after all, but they do stay drinking into the night, and by the time they go home, the incident with Scott’s father is a distant memory.

When Stiles wakes the next day, he only has vague memories of getting a taxi home, of singing as he put himself to bed, and not much else. He checks his phone and is relieved to see that there aren’t any late-night calls or texts, and his hangover’s just a mild headache, so he counts it as a win.

He texts Peter and Chris, **See you both at the wedding!**

Chris replies, **Can’t wait to see you in that suit.**

Peter texts **Can’t wait to get you out of that suit.**

He snorts with laughter, shakes his head, and goes to get ready for the big day.

“So, you had a good night last night with our baby?” Chris asks, curled up with Peter.

Peter smiles smugly. “I had an excellent night. I convinced him to fuck me.”

Chris’s eyebrows shoot up. “Really? How was it?”

“It was perfect. He’s a natural.”

Chris huffs and grumbles under his breath about Peter being a greedy asshole, but Peter drags him in for a passionate kiss. “The contest still stands, sweetheart. And I’ll probably even let you win.”

“Baby, I don’t need you to let me win. I’ll take that contest fair and square. You know I’m all kinds of good with my mouth,” Chris purrs.

“You really are,” Peter agrees.

Chris hums and pulls him closer, pressing his mouth against his ear as he speaks. “Stiles and I, we were thinking. We were wondering what it would be like to pin you to a bed and take turns teasing you. One of us could talk dirty to you, and the other could kiss you and lick you and bite you, do all the things you love, drive you wild.”

Peter swallows thickly and nods, saying “Go on.”

“We’d go slow. Make it last. You’d be at our mercy baby, two mouths taking you apart. Taking you right to the edge, time and time again, till you’re begging. And then, we’d like to see if we can make you come without either of us laying a hand on that pretty little cock of yours.”
Peter closes his eyes and shudders as he imagines it, then suddenly his eyes snap open. “Who are you calling little?” he demands.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

The wedding, finally.

Chapter Notes

A giant shout out and virtual kisses to Twisted_Mind, who held my hand through my crisis of confidence and then coached me through my formatting issues. If you find the layout different and easier to follow, all credit goes to her.
Love you, Canadakid!

Stiles thought Melissa might shed a few tears when she saw them all dressed up in their suits and ready to go. He never expected it to be Noah who was swiping the heel of his hand across his eyes. He opens his mouth to ask if his dad’s all right, but Noah fixes him with a look and says, “Damn allergies.”

“They’re a bitch,” Stiles agrees, nodding.

Melissa comes downstairs then, and she looks breathtaking. Her hair is falling down over her shoulder in a soft cascade of dark curls, and she’s perfectly made up. The burgundy gown she’s wearing is a far cry from her everyday scrubs, made of a soft rayon that drapes and falls in flattering folds around her body, finishing at her calves. Noah beams at the sight of her, and pulls her in for a hug, telling her, “Honey, you look amazing. How’d I get so lucky?”

She runs her hands down the lapels of his suit as she pretends to consider it. “Maybe you were good in a past life. Or maybe, I was good in a past life, and you’re my reward.” She leans in for a kiss, and Stiles sees the way his dad looks at her, like he’s won the lottery.

He nudges Scott, and murmurs, “They’re as bad as you and Kira, man.”

Scott hasn’t stopped grinning all day, and it doesn’t look like he’s going to any time soon. He’s past any last-minute nerves he had, and now he’s just excited. “I hope we’re that happy,” he says, his expression softening at the sight of his parents.

“You two? You’re made for each other,” Stiles assures him, and Scott pulls him close and hugs him, hard. Stiles has to swat him away, saying “Watch out for the buttonholes, dude!” when Scott comes dangerously close to crushing the carnations adorning their lapels.

Noah clears his throat. “I have a gift for you both. It’s from Peter and Chris – they thought they’d finish off the outfits. They dropped them off this morning.” He pulls out two small boxes and presents them to the boys. Inside they find a platinum tie clip and a set of cufflinks, both set with a row of tiny clear stones.

Scott looks closely at the cufflinks before asking hesitantly, “Those aren’t…actual diamonds, are
“I’m sure they aren’t.” Melissa takes the cufflinks and expertly adds them to the boy’s shirts, before securing the tie clips. Stiles isn’t so sure, but he wisely keeps quiet.

She gets out her camera and takes a photo of Scott and Stiles, and then takes a few with Noah in as well, sighing over all her handsome men as she does. Then it’s time for pictures of her with Scott, then with Stiles, with Noah, and then both boys. She’s beaming in all of them, her happiness written on her face. It’s an hour till the ceremony, so they decide they have time for a glass of champagne before they head off, and Melissa says she’s not putting the damn heels that go with this dress on until the second they’re walking out the door.

Stiles takes the opportunity to text the guys, saying **Thanks for the present. They look great. Those stones aren’t real though, are they?**

Chris shoots back **I told you when we met, baby. Only the best.** Stiles wishes he could say he was surprised.

**Well they’re awesome. I’ll have to find some way to thank you properly,** he types, grinning. He can think of one or two things he could do.

Peter's obviously thinking along the same lines, because he texts back, **I have some suggestions. I'll tell you all about them while we dance.**

They finish their drinks, and then the car's there to collect them, and Melissa puts on her shoes, and finally, it's time to go.

Scott's getting married.

As Scott and Stiles wait in front of the small crowd for Kira to arrive, Stiles spots Peter and Chris sitting towards the back. He takes a moment to appreciate the sight of them – they really are living up to the nickname Hot Suit Guys today. Chris is in a deep grey pinstripe with a plum shirt, beard trimmed neatly, and at the sight of it Stiles is overcome with the desire to feel that stubble brushing against his neck. He shivers at the thought.

Peter’s whole suit is a deep plum. He’s not wearing a tie, just a crisp white shirt unbuttoned at the throat, exposing his muscled neck. It’s a bold choice, but he looks fantastic, and judging by the smirk on his face, Peter knows it. He looks at Stiles and runs his eyes appreciatively up and down his body before giving a small nod of satisfaction and licking his lips deliberately. Stiles must be more in tune with his wolves than he thinks, because he knows what Peter’s saying perfectly. **Very nice. Can’t wait to take it off.**

He makes a show of looking Peter up and down, and then mimes fanning himself. He shifts his gaze over to Chris, who’s watching him with an amused expression, and gives him the once over as well. He mouths **hubba hubba** at him, and Chris mouths back **same, baby.**

Scott nudges him, pulling him out of his woolgathering as he whispers “You’ve got the rings right? I did give them to you?” It’s the third time he’s asked since they arrived. Stiles makes a show of
patting his suit to check, even though he knows perfectly well that the rings are safely nestled in his pocket, and gives Scott a nod. Scott lets out a deep breath, and Stiles pats him reassuringly on the shoulder.

And suddenly, the music starts, and Kira’s walking towards them, over the stone bridge leading into the garden, her flower girl leading the way and scattering dried rose petals.

Kira’s an absolute dream. Her dress is a sleek, strapless number, satin with a scattering of seed pearls, and her hair’s artfully arranged so that it’s loose, but held back from her face by combs decorated with more pearls and satin flowers. She’s beaming as she walks, and the aaaaaaw from the guests is audible. Stiles hears Scott whispering “Oh, wow,” to himself. As she arrives next to him on her father’s arm, she winks, and Scott instantly relaxes.

They keep the ceremony short, with heartfelt vows to care for and love each other, and never let the sun go down on an argument, and to support each other always. The minister talks bout how marriage is a blessing and a gift, but also a responsibility, and Stiles half listens to the words, but he’s more absorbed in watching the expression on Scott’s face, which is getting dopier and more lovestruck by the second. Stiles finds himself smiling as well, happy for his brother, happy for Kira.

They sign the register, and they’re pronounced man and wife, and a cheer goes up as they walk back down the aisle, hands firmly clasped together. Stiles follows, walking with Kira’s bridesmaid next to him as tradition dictates. Shelley’s a nice enough girl, Kira’s best friend from high school, but Stiles can’t help but note the hungry looks she keeps giving him. He knows that she’s aware he’s not straight, and hopes she’s just appreciating the view. He can’t blame her, he supposes. He does look pretty damned hot.

They spend the next two hours having photos taken, and Stiles didn’t know there were so many ways for a couple to pose. He feels a hand on his ass, and when he turns around he sees Shelley winking at him. The second time it happens, he decides enough is enough. “Hey, I’m flattered, but no, OK?” he tells her quietly.

She flutters her lashes coyly and purrs “Are you sure? It’s tradition for the best man and the bridesmaid to get lucky.”

“I’m sure. I’m in a relationship.” He can’t help the thrill he gets every time he says those words.

Shelley shrugs. “Can’t blame a girl for trying. I mean, that’s a nice ass.”

Stiles grins, saying “Thanks. But hands off.”

They finish the photos and head back to the reception, where Scott and Kira walk in to whoops and cheers from the guests, and the bridal party arrange themselves at the top table. Somebody brings them champagne, and even though he’s more of a beer drinker, Stiles downs it in one go. It’s been a long day, and he’s hot and thirsty, and he finds himself having a second and third glass is quick succession. He’s about to go searching for a fourth when there’s a warm hand on his shoulder and a voice murmurs lowly in his ear “I’d slow down a little, sweet boy. Christopher and I have plans for you later, and it wouldn’t do for you to be drunk.”

He turns to find Peter holding a glass of water out towards him. He takes it and drinks slowly, and he can see Peter’s eyes fixed on his throat as he tilts his head back and swallows deliberately. He licks his lips when he sets the glass down and says “Plans, huh?”

“Such plans, darling. If you agree to them. Which is why we’d like you fairly sober for the night.”
Peter’s hand creeps to the back of his neck and settles there, a solid presence.

Stiles tilts his head back a little more, leaning into that firm hand, and Peter leans down and gives him a chaste peck. “Mmm. Will there be more of that?” Stiles asks as his eyes flutter closed.

“Darling, I promise you. There’ll be more of everything,” Peter says, and kisses him a little more firmly.

Stiles takes his empty champagne flute and sets it aside. “I’ll have one more for the toasts, and then I’m done,” he promises. He figures he can get drunk any time, but something about the way Peter said plans makes him think tonight’s something he doesn’t want to miss.

He heads to the bathroom before it’s time for the speeches, and as he approaches he sees Chris, leaning casually against the wall near the door, hands tucked into his pockets. Damn he looks good, thinks Stiles. The way his suit’s cut shows off his height, and the slim pants make his legs look like they go on forever. He can’t help himself, leaning in and cupping Chris’ face in his hands. “Damn, you’re pretty,” he says, and he means it.

Chris chuckles deep in his chest, and drapes his arms over Stiles’ shoulders, turning him so that his back’s against the wall and Chris has him trapped. Not that he minds, really. Chris leans in and kisses him slow and deep, taking advantage of the quiet corner they’re in, and the way they’re shielded from view. It’s not the sort of kiss you could give someone in a room full of wedding guests, or indeed where their parents might see. It’s filthy, and it leaves Stiles breathless. When Chris finally pulls back Stiles’ lips are pink and plump and swollen, and he runs the tip of his tongue over them while he recovers a little.

“Were you waiting here for me, just so you could do that?” he asks, smiling stupidly.

“I was waiting here for you, just so I could do that, baby,” Chris confirms. “Looked so good, I couldn’t resist.”

There’s a heat and urgency to his tone that makes warmth curl in Stiles’ belly, and he shivers in anticipation. But he’s also aware he has five minutes before the speeches start, so he pushes against Chris, saying “I, uh, gotta go and make a speech. But after that, I’m all yours.”

Chris lets him go, but not before leaning in to scent him, and growling “Yeah you are, baby. You’re all ours tonight.”

It takes a hell of a lot of willpower on Stiles’ part not to drag Chris into the bathrooms with him right then and go down on his knees, but he manages it, barely. It probably helps when he hears Scott’s voice approaching. He walks quickly into the bathroom and takes care of business, and when he looks in the mirror and sees the tell tale flush of arousal on his cheeks, he splashes some cold water against his face and hopes everyone will think it’s from nerves, or champagne, or both.

He makes his way back to the table just as the guests are being asked to take their seats, and slips into place next to Scott. Mr Yukimura starts them off, and he has nothing but good things to say about Scott and how happy he makes his daughter. He good-naturedly teases him to watch out for her temper, and Scott nods in agreement, causing Kira to gasp in mock outrage. Scott gives her his famous puppy dog eyes and leans in for a kiss, and she laughingly gives him one. It’s as cute as hell.

Scott gets up next, and starts by giving all the usual thank yous. He then talks about how he’s never met anybody like his wife (he says the word proudly, savoring it) and how wonderful she is, and how he can’t think of anyone he’d rather spend his forever with. Stiles didn’t know Scott was
capable of speaking in such a heartfelt manner, but by the time he’s finished there’s barely a dry eye in the place. He can see a single tear tracking down Kira’s face, before Shelley discreetly hands her a tissue. Stiles has never been prouder of his brother.

Then it’s his turn. He’s been teasing Scott for weeks, threatening to tell all sorts of wild tales from his past, but in reality he never had any intention of doing so. He does however tell the story of Scott coming home from his first date with Kira, wide eyed and overwhelmed, declaring “I’m gonna marry her, Stiles. She’s perfect.”

He talks of how he could always tell when Scott had been talking to Kira, because he’d get this ‘googoo eyed look on his face.’ His tone is a little more serious when he tells Kira that she’s marrying a good man, and that he hopes she appreciates it. He finishes up with a quip about having already rented Scott’s room out, and then he’s done and can finally relax.

As he sits down, he sees Chris and Peter looking at him hungrily, and he feels the warmth in his belly bloom again as he wonders what, exactly, their plans for tonight are. At this stage, he’s ready for almost anything.

Almost.

He sticks to his word and only drinks water and iced tea with his meal, and he catches Peter looking at him more than once. And maybe he plays it up a little, tilting his head right back when he drinks, letting a trickle of water run down his chin and throat and then tracing its path with a single fingertip. And maybe he runs his finger through the frosting on the cake and sucks it off in a deliberately lewd fashion, before looking over and bat ting his lashes at his men, who are both watching him, transfixed. Even from where he’s sitting, he can see Peter’s lips parted slightly. Chris isn’t any better, his mouth hanging open at the sight of Stiles licking between his fingers.

As soon as he’s able, Stiles leaves the bridal table and makes way over to the two men, still carrying the slice of cake. He sits down next to them and casually drags his pinky through the frosting and licks it off, grinning. “So, enjoying yourselves?” he asks.

“You’re a menace and a tease, sweet boy. You’re lucky we don’t whisk you away right now,” Peter scolds, and gives the lowest of growls, only just audible.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Stiles says, all innocence.

Chris extends a thumb and swipes it across his bottom lip, dragging it slowly. “You have a little something there, baby,” he murmurs, and sure enough, there’s a dab of frosting on his hand. He holds it out like an offering towards Stiles, who doesn’t even think twice, just takes the digit in his mouth and suckles.

There’s the sound of a throat clearing, and Stiles looks around to see his dad standing there, giving him an amused look. He flushes a little, but Noah just shakes his head. “I came to tell you that you gave a good speech. I didn’t mean to interrupt your….dessert,” he says, and Stiles can hear the air quotes around the word.

“Evening, Noah. Thanks again for delivering the boys’ gifts for us,” Peter says, as if he wasn’t just staring at Stiles’ mouth like he wanted to fuck it right there and then.

“My pleasure, Peter,” Noah replies, as if he hasn’t just watched his son sucking obscenely on Chris’ thumb. He ruffles a hand through Stiles’ hair, and tells him “Enjoy your dessert, kid. And the speech really was great.”
As he moves away, Chris laughs quietly.

“What’s funny?” Stiles asks.

“Just thinking, baby. We gotta show you what we do with frosting,” Chris says, with a grin.

“Oh god, yes. Can you imagine it? That tongue of his, it would be divine,” Peter moans out.

Stiles looks from one to the other and says slowly “So, I’m guessing you’ve made it into a sex thing?”

“Oh of course,” Peter says, with a smirk.

They’re interrupted by the announcement that it’s time for all the single ladies to gather for the throwing of the bouquet. A cluster of hopeful brides to be gather, and they jostle each other playfully for pole position. Kira throws with a lot more force than anyone was expecting, and it’s a gleeful Shelley who snatches the bouquet out of the air and waves it triumphantly.

Then it’s time for the first dance, and Scott and Kira take to the floor to the strains of “I can help falling in love with you”, both of them looking suspiciously dewy eyed as they swirl each other round gracefully. After that Kira dances with her father, and then the floor’s open.

Shelley appears at Stiles’ side then, saying “Dance?”

“Sure, why not?” he says, leading her onto the dance floor with a smile.

They move effortlessly through a couple of numbers while they talk, and she tells him about how Kira edged awfully close to Bridezilla territory when she noticed the lack of paper lanterns, making him laugh loudly. He in turn tells her about Scott checking he had the rings three times. They agree though, that overall it’s been a fairly uneventful wedding so far.

A new song’s just started playing when Stiles feels a tap on his shoulder. It’s Chris. “Mind if I cut in?” he asks Shelley, shooting her a charming smile.

She raises a brow at Stiles and asks “Yours?”

“Yep,” he confirms smugly.

“Damn,” she breathes out, before relinquishing her hold.

Chris slots smoothly into the place she’d been standing, draping his arms loosely over Stiles’ shoulders. It’s a completely innocent action, but Stiles is reminded of the last time they danced, and his libido takes note. They sway in time to the music, Chris slowly drawing him closer until they’re dancing cheek to cheek. Stiles can smell his cologne, and the faint undeniable scent that’s uniquely Chris, and he buries his nose into the crook of his neck to better surround himself in the intoxicating aroma. Chris hums along with the music, his voice deep and low and incredibly sexy. All they’re doing is slow dancing to some cheesy love song, and there’s nothing even remotely sexual happening, but Stiles still feels a flare of arousal building in his gut. Chris must be able to sense it, because he breathes in Stiles’ ear “You like this, baby? Being wrapped in my arms?”

Stiles nods speechlessly. Chris hums against his neck, and subtly scrubs his stubble over the sensitive skin of his throat. Stiles can feel it against the fading mark Chris left there last week, and he pulls his head away a little, quietly saying “If you uncover that mark Kira will gut me. And then probably you.” Chris responds by moving his head so that he’s rubbing on the other side of Stiles’ neck, and Stiles lets out a breathy moan. He’s getting more turned on by the minute, and he can
feel himself starting to harden.

“Chris, you gotta stop. This is just cruel,” he whines.

Chris just grins a little wider, and says “Shouldn’t have teased us with the frosting. Payback’s a bitch, huh baby.” Stiles just groans in response, but he doesn’t pull away, doesn’t walk off the dance floor, because this is too good. Chris leans in close and whispers “Don’t worry. Be nice and patient for us, and we’re gonna make you feel so good later, just you wait and see.”

“Promise?”

“Uh huh. Promise, sweetheart.”

Stiles believes him utterly, and a shiver of want sweeps through him.

They’ve swayed their way over towards the side of the dance floor where some of the tables are lined up and people are sitting, and Stiles can hear vague snatches of conversation. He doesn’t pay it much heed though, not until he hears “Oh, look at that. Two men doing that in public? Just disgusting!”

He looks around, expecting to see a couple of guys making out or grinding, judging by the speaker’s tone, but after a moment he realises that the disgusting couple is in fact, him and Chris. He gets a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach and tenses up. Chris can feel the tension and soothes him, saying “Just ignore her, sweetheart.”

Stiles cranes his head further to see who the her in question is, and spots an older lady looking directly at him with a sour expression on her face. The revolted look she’s giving him kills any enjoyment he was getting from the dance, and he pulls away from Chris abruptly, walking over to the other side of the room where his dad’s sitting. He hears Chris following him, but ignores his calls as he sits down heavily next to Noah, who’s attention is instantly on him.

“Son? What’s wrong?” he asks.

Stiles shakes his head, unwilling to speak. He knew there were people out there like that, but he’s lucky, and doesn’t come across it too often. So when he does, it hurts even more. His dad looks up to see Chris approaching, and fixes him with a hard stare. “What did you do, Argent?” he demands.

“No, dad, it wasn’t Chris, OK? Just some old cow who thought two men dancing was disgusting.”

Noah looks at Stiles and shakes his head. “So, you gave her the satisfaction of stopping? I thought you were tougher than that, kiddo.”

“It just caught me by surprise,” Stiles confesses.

His dad puts a comforting hand on his shoulder, and tells him “Son, with people like that, sometimes the only thing you can do is dance a little harder.”

Chris crouches in front of his chair and takes Stiles’ hand between his two palms, saying “Stiles, if there’s one thing Peter and I have learned over the years, it’s that you have to stand your ground, or get walked all over. Are you really going to let her spoil our night?”

Stiles looks at where their hands are joined. He looks into Chris’ big blue eyes, and he thinks about what he and Peter went through to be together. He considers what they were willing to risk by telling him their secret, just so they could be with him. He thinks fuck it.
He pulls Chris closer and gives him a quick peck, saying “You’re right. Let’s go upset the conservatives,” before pulling him to his feet and leading him back onto the dance floor. He’s screamingly conscious of the eyes fixed on them, and all those good sexy feelings from before are long gone, but Stiles has a point to prove now.

He deliberately manoeuvres their bodies so they’re near the same table, and he closes his eyes and leans his head against Chris’ chest, outwardly the picture of contentment, even though his heart’s hammering in his chest. They sway and snuggle for the rest of the song, and slowly he calms down and starts to enjoy himself again. He even feels daring enough to brush his lips softly against Chris’ cheek as they dance. Then he hears the voice again. “That just looks wrong, the two of them together!”

He tenses, but Chris runs one hand down his back in a soothing motion, and Stiles breathes deeply as he ignores the woman. What he doesn’t expect to hear is Peter’s voice agreeing with her.

“You know, you’re quite right,” he hears him say. “It does look wrong, the two of them like that.”

Stiles’ head whips around at that, because what the hell? But it all becomes clear when he feels a head rest on his shoulder and Peter’s hands slide onto his hips as he brackets him from behind, saying “Hello, sweet boy. The lady over there thinks that the two of you dancing together seems wrong, and she has a point. Really, it should be all three of us, don’t you agree?” And he kisses up the back of Stiles’ neck, just to make his point clear.

He hears the woman in question let out a shocked squawk, but ignores it in favour of leaning his head back so Peter can kiss his throat. Peter turns his head to the woman for a moment and observes “You know, nobody’s forcing you to watch, but by all means, stay and enjoy the show,” before going back to nuzzling and nipping at Stiles’ neck.

Stiles grins, and he can feel Chris shaking with silent laughter as the woman gathers up her handbag and her partner and moves far away from them, muttering under her breath. Stiles can’t hear what she’s saying, but he knows the other two can.

“Perverts….deviants……unnatural…..” Peter recites under his breath with a grin. “Oooh, sodomites, I haven’t heard that one in years, have you, Christopher?”

Chris shakes his head. “I’m disappointed. She forgot fornicators. I love how dirty that word sounds.”

Stiles shakes his head in disbelief at the two of them. “That sort of thing really doesn’t bother you?” he challenges Chris, who shakes his head.

“I left my family and took the bite for Peter. I’m not about to get upset because somebody’s Aunt Mabel pitches a fit over me being gay.” He pulls Stiles closer, and purrs out “Now, we had a nice little somethin’ somethin’ going on before, baby. How about we get back into it?”

Stiles looks around to see whether anyone else is about to collapse in a fit of moral outrage, but nobody seems to care that Stiles has two men draped around him. So he relaxes in their embrace, and replies “You’re right, we did. Where were we?” Peter presses up closer from behind, and Stiles swallows at the feeling of the hard line of his cock nudging Stiles’ ass. He rocks back against it, making Peter groan just a little, and Chris chuckles. He cups his hands around Stiles’ face and kisses him thoroughly until Stiles forgets all about sour faced women judging him and melts into the kiss.

Chris really is an excellent kisser, plundering Stiles’ mouth with his tongue until they’re both
panting, and before long Stiles feels all his former arousal return in a rush. Peter’s holding his hips firmly so he can grind a little better from behind, and Chris has gone back to rubbing his stubble up and down his throat. To the casual observer, it just looks like they’re dancing together, but for Stiles the reality is that he’s as hard as nails, his cock is straining in his pants, and combined with the adrenaline rush from before, he’s dangerously close to embarrassing himself. All the stimulation is making it hard to think, but he manages to pull away and take a breath.

“I think - ,” Stiles begins, and then he has to stop for a moment because Chris is kissing him again. He tries again once he has custody of his lips back. “I think, maybe we should stop this, because otherwise I’m in danger of ruining this suit.”

Peter murmurs in his ear “But sweetheart, you still owe me a dance, remember?”

Peter’s right, Stiles realizes. He does owe him a dance, and he knows that Peter’s not going to let him forget it. He turns between the two men so that it’s Chris who’s hot against his back, and wraps his arms around Peter’s hips, holding him at bay just a little. “I’d love to dance with you, Peter. Just…give me five minutes? The two of you are too much all at once,” he pleads.

Peter smirks, and says “Oh sweet boy, you think this is too much? Wait till we get you home.” But he does let Stiles walk away when the song ends, and dances with Chris instead while Stiles goes to gather himself a little. He ducks into the bathroom and splashes his face with cool water, and waits for his erection to go down. It takes a few minutes, but his body finally gets the message and cooperates, and he breathes a sigh of relief and goes to get a cold drink.

While he’s at the bar Shelley comes over, curiosity evident on her face. “I thought you were dating the silver fox?” she asks.

“I am.”

“So, who’s hot villain guy?”

Stiles files away the description to share with Peter later – he’s sure he’ll love it. He replies “Oh, I’m dating him,” and waits for her to connect the dots.

Her brow furrows. “But you said you were with –“

He decides to put her out of her misery. “I am. I’m with Chris, and I’m with Peter. And they’re with each other.”

She stares at him for a moment and he can see the wheels turning. Finally, she just says “Oh my god! You lucky bastard!” and holds her hand up for a high five, grinning. Stiles high fives her and returns her grin. Her easy acceptance of the situation goes a long way to easing the sting of the earlier disapproval.

He takes his drink back to the table and sits there quietly, watching his men dance together. He can see their lips moving, barely, as they talk and dance, and once or twice Peter throws his head back and laughs. He doesn’t feel any need to disturb them, doesn’t feel any type of jealousy at all. He doesn’t know how it works, he just knows it works for them. And right now, that’s enough for him.
The evening passes quickly. Peter gets his dance, and he’s just as good as Stiles imagined he’d be, all rolling hips and wandering hands. Stiles revels in it. They make a point of dancing directly in front of the lady Stiles has now dubbed Aunt Mabel.

There are enthusiastic hugs from a tipsy Scott and an even tipsier Kira. There’s talking to friends Stiles hasn’t seen in forever, and of course, plenty of dancing with his guys, although he insists he can only handle one at a time. His wolves are taking every chance to murmur filthy suggestions for the night ahead in his ear, and Stiles grins happily and nods at whatever they say, because it all sounds amazing. And if they don’t get to it tonight, there’s always tomorrow.

One person comments that they thought Scott’s father was coming, and Scott’s face is completely innocent when he says “Oh, he had a medical emergency.”

Before Stiles knows it, it’s nearly midnight, and Peter and Chris insist that he dance with them both one last time before calling it a night. The tunes have turned to slow, romantic numbers, and the number of guests has dwindled right down, so they have the dancefloor almost to themselves, except for Noah and Melissa, cuddled up cheek to cheek.

They lead Stiles out onto the floor when the next song starts. Chris is a wall of muscle behind him, warm and comforting, and Peter’s in front of him, handsome and charming, as they nestle him between them. Stiles just melts into their hold, deeply content. He recognises the opening bars of the song and rolls his eyes, because of course Scott and Kira would have this on their playlist, because they’re a pair of romantic saps. Stiles personally thinks it’s overplayed sentimental crap. So he doesn’t expect it when he hears Chris start singing along, soft and deep, in his ear.

_I found a love for me, darling just dive right in and follow my lead_ Chris half hums, half sings. Stiles smiles, and decides maybe it’s not such a terrible tune when Chris sings it. Especially when the chorus rolls around and Peter looks at him tenderly and joins in.

_Cause we were just kids when we fell in love, not knowing what it was_ I will not give you up this time, but darling, just kiss me slow, your heart is all I own, and in your eyes you’re holding mine_ Peter croons, voice surprisingly smooth and melodic, and expression completely sincere.

Stiles can’t help but join in.

_Baby, I’m dancing in the dark with you between my arms, barefoot on the grass, listening to our favorite song, when you said you looked a mess, I whispered underneath my breath, but you heard it, darling, you look perfect tonight_ he sings quietly. He feels his wolves hold him a little tighter, hears Chris sigh contentedly in his ear, and thinks that OK, maybe that red headed Englishman wrote a pretty good love song. And if every time Stiles hears it from now on he’ll think of it as theirs, that’s nobody’s business but his.

Peter and Chris exchange a look, and Peter asks, “Ready to come home with us, sweet boy?”

Stiles presses his forehead against Peter’s and says, “Ready when you are, love.”

The term of endearment slips out without him even realizing it. Peter doesn’t point it out, just smiles to himself the whole time as they say their goodbyes and take their leave, heading to the place that Stiles is increasingly starting to think of as home.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Chris and Peter have their competition. Stiles rewards the winner.

Chapter Notes

"It's been 84 years....."
Seriously guys, it feels like I've been writing this chapter forever, and it kinda took on a life of it's own....*side eyes 100K word count*
Also, somehow this has become the most popular thing I've written, You're all amazing, and thank you.

Stiles can’t get the song out of his head, and he hums random snatches of it as they drive back to Chris and Peter’s place. Peter joins in occasionally from where he’s sitting curled up next to Stiles in the back seat. He keeps giving Stiles knowing looks, like he has a secret he’s not ready to share yet. Stiles doesn’t mind, because the looks are accompanied by soft kisses, and a hand running up his inner thigh as Peter scents him deeply. Stiles is surprised how quickly he’s gotten used to Peter’s wolfish behaviors, and just as surprised by how much he’s coming to enjoy them.

He’s as sober as a judge, yet he feels a little giddy. He suspects it’s just excitement – Chris and Peter have been telling him all night how good they’re going to make him feel, and he knows they’re more than capable of delivering on their promise. He just hopes they remember that he doesn’t have their stamina.

When they reach the house, Peter gets out first, but when Stiles goes to step out of the car he grabs him and swings him over his shoulder, carrying him up the porch steps. Chris smiles fondly when he fishes his keys out to let them in, and runs a hand down Stiles’ back, cupping the swell of his ass.

“Oh my god you two, get inside at least,” Stiles huffs out, grinning.

Peter throws the door open dramatically and carries Stiles inside. Chris is hot on his heels, and he kicks the door shut with a bang as he enters. Peter sets Stiles on the floor and kisses him, hands roaming over his body eagerly. “I’ve been waiting all day for this, darling. Can you blame me for being impatient?” he asks, advancing on Stiles and crowding him against the closed door.

Stiles puts a hand around the back of Peter’s head and pulls him in suddenly, catching him off guard. He tangles his fingers in Peter’s hair and tugs sharply as he starts to kiss his way along Peter’s thickly muscled neck. He nips and tugs with his teeth, leaving marks that are gone almost as soon as they’re there, and Peter moans softly. When he finally lifts his head away from Peter’s neck, he breathes “You’re not the only one who’s been waiting.”
Chris locks the door, and taps Stiles on the shoulder, drawing his attention away from where he’s worrying at Peter’s collarbone with his teeth. “Come upstairs, baby boy. We promised we’d make you feel good, remember?”

Honestly, they’ve promised to do so many things to Stiles that it’s all something of a blur, but he doesn’t doubt that making him feel good was one of them. He reluctantly draws away from Peter’s throat and lets Chris kiss him softly before the three of them make their way slowly up the stairs, pausing to kiss and fondle each other as they go. Stiles feels like he’s drowning in touch, lips constantly on his and hands sneaking up under his shirt to tease him as he tries his best to get to the bedroom.

It’s not just him – Peter and Chris are all over each other as well, and Stiles sneaks in another attack on the column of Peter’s throat, managing to leave an impressive bruise that actually stays for a minute and nearly brings Peter to his knees as he groans at the sting. Seeing Peter wide eyed and desperate reminds Stiles of the conversation he had with Chris the other night, and his mouth curves up in a smile against Peter’s neck. His wolves might have plans, but so does he.

By the time they reach the top of the stairs, all of them are flushed and panting. Peter pushes Chris backwards into the bedroom while nuzzling at his throat, and Chris throws his head back in submission and groans out “Alpha.”

The word draws a low growl from Peter, and he slides his hands inside Chris’ jacket and slips it off his shoulders. He pulls on his tie next, and Chris is quick to assist him. His hands race against Peter’s as they both work to unbutton his shirt and shuck it off, and then Chris is standing there bare chested and magnificent, all lean muscle and tanned skin. Stiles’ breath stutters a little at the sight, and he can’t help but walk over and run a hand reverently over his abs.

Chris snakes an arm out to wrap around his waist and pull him close, grinning. “I’ve been waiting to do this all night,” he murmurs, using his other hand to tilt Stiles’ head to one side and loosen his tie. He licks his thumb, and Stiles knows what he’s going to do a split second before Chris drags the spit wet pad of his thumb across the covered lovebite on Stiles’ neck. He looks more and more pleased every time he does it, beaming when the makeup’s all wiped off.

“You really hated that being covered up, didn’t you?” Stiles says wonderingly.

“You have no idea, baby. That’s my claim on you. Needs to be on show,” Chris says before leaning in and kissing at the spot gently. “Plan to leave a few more of these on you tonight. I’ll mark you up so pretty, suck on that soft skin till you beg,” he promises, and there’s heat in his gaze as he pulls Stiles’ tie down further and undoes the top two buttons of his shirt.

He places his mouth against Stiles’ exposed collarbone, and starts to suckle, delicately at first, but slowly the pressure increases until Stiles can feel the throb of what he knows is going to be a truly impressive bruise. The nerves under his skin are singing, a deep ache that goes straight to his cock. He never knew before he met these men that being marked could be so enjoyable, but now he’s addicted to the feel of their mouths on him.

Stiles feels himself hardening, and tangles his fingers in Chris’ hair and holds him there, a wordless request for more. Chris laughs against his skin, and moves his mouth over a little, attacking a fresh patch of skin. Once again he starts with the barest whisper of pressure, before latching on with his teeth and sucking hard enough that Stiles whimpers at the bite of it.

Peter’s watching them avidly, eyes dark with hunger, and when he hears the noises coming from Stiles, he wraps himself around his back, burying his nose in the nape of his neck. “I wish you knew how good you smell right now, sweet boy. All want and lust and heat,” he purrs in his ear.
Between the wet heat of Chris’ mouth, the sound of Peter’s sinful voice, and the way his erection’s pressing into Stiles’ ass, Stiles is lost, drunk on touch and desire. He’s hard and desperate, and they haven’t done more than unbutton his shirt. Peter chuckles in his ear, as if he can tell exactly how he’s feeling. Maybe he can.

Stiles tries to get his brain back online, and it helps a little when Chris finally lifts his mouth from his skin, grinning broadly. “You like that, baby? Like it when I get my mouth all over you?”

“Christopher’s very good with his mouth, darling. Mind you, I think I’m better,” Peter murmurs.

Chris arches a brow at him. “That a challenge?”

“Well, we did tell Stiles we’d let him be the judge. This could be the perfect opportunity. What do you say, Stiles? Let us do our worst, and to the victor goes the spoils?” Peter asks.

Stiles takes a moment to catch his breath, turning to face Peter. He closes his eyes and breathes deeply while he figures out what he wants. Because as much as he loves the idea of his men taking their time with him, there’s something else he wants more. He hasn’t been able to get the image of Peter, pinned down and begging, out of his head.

He opens his eyes to find Peter looking at him expectantly, waiting for his answer. The one Stiles gives him clearly isn’t what he’s expecting.

‘I think we should definitely do that, later,” he breathes. “But first, I want something else. I want to get you naked, Alpha.”

Peter looks surprised, but then his expression turns hungry as he starts to unbutton his shirt. Stiles puts out a hand and stops him.

No, I want to get you naked,” he clarifies. “I want to strip you out of that suit, and then I want to lay you out on that bed, and then I want to do what Chris and I talked about. He says he can make you come without a hand ever touching your cock. I want to help him do it.”

Both men stare at him, open-mouthed. Stiles takes in their stunned expressions and says “What? You thought you were the only ones with plans?”

Peter eagerly agrees with Stiles’ suggestion. Stiles strips naked, and he tells them that once they’ve finished with Peter, they can leave their marks on him, and he’ll choose which one of them he wants to fuck. He sees the looks they’re shooting each other, and knows that they both think they’ll win. Stiles thinks it’s kind of hilarious that they’re so eager for his cock.

He draws Peter closer to the bed and kisses him softly, before saying “I want you naked.” Peter smirks, and willingly lets himself be manhandled.

Stiles prowls around him, running a hand over his back and cupping his ass, before sliding the jacket off. He undoes the belt next, pulling it out of the loops and dropping it with a clatter. Peter has his eyes closed and his head back, breathing slowly, and his arms are extended slightly outwards, palms turned up. He looks like an offering to the old gods.
Stiles drags his hand over the obvious bulge in Peter’s pants. He presses firmly with his palm, and Peter presses back eagerly. Stiles grins, and removes his hand, going back up to Peter’s shirt and slowly undoing the buttons, taking his time and running his fingers down the skin of Peter’s chest as it’s gradually exposed.

Chris steps up behind Peter, and tugs at his shirt tails until they come loose. He slides his hands up Peter’s back while Stiles works his way down his front. Peter lets out a series of soft sighs at the feel of four hands caressing his flesh, and lets out a tiny moan when Stiles runs his hands over his abs and slides them down his happy trail, slipping them under the waistband of his pants only to take them away again. After what seems like hours, his shirt’s undone, and Chris slips it off Peter’s shoulders and down his arms, letting it hit the ground in a crumpled heap.

Stiles can’t resist leaning in and licking over Peter’s nipples, feeling them pebble and harden under his tongue. Peter’s hips twitch forwards at the touch, and he groans.

Stiles decides it’s time to start teasing.

“You make the best noises, you know that? All those moans and sighs, they’re fantastic. But I get the feeling you’re trying to make me go faster. Won’t work though. You know why?” he croons quietly.

Peter makes a questioning noise in the back of his throat.

Stiles takes the time to suck and lick around one hardened nub, waiting till he feels Peter shudder before taking his mouth away with a wet pop and replying “Because I’ve seen you beg. And I liked it. And I want to see it again. So we’ll be taking our time, Chris and I, seeing how long it takes to wreck you.”

Peter whines, and his hips rock forwards again, but Chris has his hands wrapped around his middle and he can’t move far. Stiles places kisses up and down Peter’s biceps, stopping to suck a few stray marks, while Chris picks up the thread where Stiles left off, rumbling low and deep in Peter’s ear.

“We know you love it when we tease you, sweetheart. So we’re gonna take the big strong Alpha, and take him apart. Maybe we won’t even undress you, just work you up till you spurt just like this. Watch you make a mess of yourself like a teenager, without us even touching you. What do you think, darlin’? Can we make you come in your pants?”

Peter squirms in their grip, moaning loudly, his breathing rapid as he tries to get free. Chris holds him firmly in place though, saying “Patience, sweetheart. You wanted this, remember. Wanted us to rile you up, drive you to the edge before we let you come. So behave.” He growls out the last word and Stiles watches, fascinated, as Peter struggles to keep control.

Stiles really would like to see if they can make Peter come in his pants, but the larger part of him wants to get his mouth on that pretty cock, to lick and blow and kiss at it. So he undoes the button on the pants, and starts easing the zipper down achingly slowly. He slips a hand between Peter’s legs as he does so, cupping and fondling his balls. “These feel so full. They’re so heavy, if I didn’t know better I’d say you haven’t come in weeks. But we both know that’s not true, don’t we? You’d never last a week. You can barely last a day without working your cock into someone, shooting your load.”

He finally finishes inching the zipper down, and drags Peter’s pants down to his knees. He leaves the underwear. He can see the wet spot on the front of the boxers where Peter’s hard and leaking, and he leans forwards and mouths at the prominent bulge, just once. Peter arches forwards instinctively, but Stiles pulls back, out of reach. “You taste so good. Gonna let me suck you off
later? Maybe I’ll lick up the mess, once we’ve made you dribble and spurt all over yourself. Then lean up and kiss you, make you taste your come in my mouth.”

Peter’s breath hitches at that, and Chris murmurs “Fuck, baby.” Stiles grins, and he bends down and slips Peter’s shoes off, then strips him out of his trousers. When he stands, he sees that Chris has started kissing the back of Peter’s neck, and rubbing his thumbs across his erect nipples. Peter’s arching his head back, mouth open and panting as he makes a series of little bitten off sounds.

Chris lifts his mouth away from Peter’s nape to tell him “Shhh, sweetheart, it’s OK. We’ll make you come so hard, but you gotta be patient. You look so good when you’re desperate. I’ll bet you’re almost ready to blow already. So here’s what we’re gonna do. You’ll lie back, and I know you can’t keep your hands to yourself, so I’ll hold you. And Stiles will put his mouth all over you, do whatever he feels like. And if you need to come, you ask nicely, and we might let you.”

He gives Peter a gentle shove in the direction of the bed. Peter lays back and spreads his arms wide, saying “I’m all yours sweet boy, do your worst.”

Stiles settles on the bed between Peter’s legs, and slides his hands up and up, over his calves, up his thighs, and up onto his belly, where he hooks his thumbs into the waistband of Peter’s underwear. Peter arches up and lifts his hips, sighing out a soft “Yesss” as Stiles pulls the underwear down and frees Peter’s erection from its confines.

Peter reaches down instinctively, but Chris is too quick for him and grabs his wrists, pinning them to the bed at his sides. Peter struggles and lets out a frustrated whine, but Chris just laughs as he holds him in place effortlessly. He leans over Peter and kisses him fervently, causing him to moan into his mouth. While he’s distracted, Stiles takes the opportunity to lick a wet stripe up Peter’s cock, and the moaning increases. Stiles smirks, and blows across the line of spit, making Peter whimper and writhe at the unexpected burst of sensation. Chris pulls away just long enough to say “Need to move you. Need to let our boy get to all of you.”

Chris positions himself with his back against the headboard, and he pulls Peter and slots him into the v of his legs. Chris wraps one arm firmly around Peter’s upper body, and with his other hand he grabs Peters’ wrists and holds them. He tells Stiles “Show him what you can do, baby.”

Stiles kneels between Peter’s legs, and leans forwards, running a hand softly down Peter’s stubbled jaw. “Love this beard. Love the way it looks, love the way it feels.”

Chris shoots him a questioning look, not sure where he’s going with this. Stiles smirks, and shoots him a look that says trust me. He strokes Peter’s beard again. “Love the way this feels when you kiss me, all rough against my skin” he purrs. “I bet it would feel fantastic if you rubbed it all up and down my thighs, too. The skin’s so tender there.”

“We could do that, sweet boy,” Peter breathes out, eyes wide.

“We could. You could turn all that soft white skin pink, mark it as yours. If it was too much, you could kiss it better for me. Put those soft, lush lips of yours to use. Lick a little, soothe the burn. I mean, you’ve got a great mouth on you.”

Peter nods, swallowing.

“It’s almost as good as mine,” Stiles says, before he ducks his head and puts his mouth around Peter’s leaking cock.

Peter throws his head back and a soft, punched out sound leaves him as Stiles sucks determinedly,
bobbing quickly up and down, drawing him closer to the edge. Peter starts rocking his hips, chasing his release, and then Stiles just…. stops.

Peter groans, and the sound’s heartbreaking. “Fucking tease,” he accuses.

“Well yeah, isn’t that the idea?” Stiles asks, crawling up Peter’s body and starting to torment his nipples, rolling them back and forth between his fingers until they’re hard and raised.

He licks them and blows on them in turn, then twists them sharply. Peter arches into the touch as much as he’s able with Chris pinning him in place, gasping “Do that again.” Stiles obeys, alternating between twisting and biting and sucking at Peter’s nipples, and blowing gently across the head of his straining cock. Peter’s dick bobs and leaks under Stiles’ ministrations, and soon there’s a pool of precome on his belly and he’s panting harshly.

Chris knows Peter’s body almost as well as his own after ten years, and he can tell he’s hanging on by a thread. He pulls out all the stops, leaning in close and nipping that spot behind Peter’s ear before saying “Look at you. All hard and leaking. I bet you want nothing more than a nice, strong hand working that cock. Our boy’s got you so worked up, and he’s barely touched that dick of yours. He’s just sucked at it a little, like a baby suckling on its momma. You gonna come for us, sweetheart? When he pinches your pretty little tits next time, you gonna shoot your load? Or will you wait till he’s down there licking up the mess you’ve made, filling his mouth with the taste of you? I’ll bet if he so much as licks at your slit a little, you’ll come all over his face.”

Peter breaks.

“Pleasepleasepleasepleasepleaseplease,” he begs, almost sobbing.

Stiles watches in awe as Chris bites down on the curve of Peter’s shoulder, and Peter bucks up, straining against Chris’ hold. Peter thrashes, and his eyes flash, but Chris keeps him locked in place. He lifts his face from Peter’s neck, teeth bloodied, and growls out “Stiles.”

Stiles immediately knows what Chris wants him to do, and he bends down and flicks his tongue back and forth across the head of Peter’s erection. Peter cries out, and Stiles barely has time to get his lips around the head before Peter’s coming in Stiles’ mouth, great hot spurts across his tongue.

Peter groans like he’s dying as he shoots his load, and his cock pulses as stream after stream of come pumps into Stiles’ waiting mouth. Finally, he stills, and his cock starts to soften.

He lays there panting, and whimpers when Stiles gives a few final licks to his sensitive cock before removing his mouth. It’s a beautiful thing, seeing him like this, and Chris and Stiles share a look of triumph as they take in the glorious wreck before them.

Peter pulls out of Chris’ grip and rolls off to the side, laying face down, head pillowed on his arms. For a minute there’s just the sound of his ragged breathing returning to normal, until finally he says in a muffled voice, “I hate you. I hate you both.”

“No, you don’t,” Chris says, leaning over and kissing at the already healing bite on his neck.

“No, you don’t,” Stiles says, moving so he can pull Peter in for a messy, come flavoured kiss.

“No, I don’t.” Peter sighs out, when their mouths finally part.
Peter lays in the bed while they wrap themselves around him, rubbing their naked bodies against him and pampering him with kisses and sweet talk as he recovers. He lets them rut lazily against him, enjoying the friction and sneaking a hand down to stroke at their cocks.

Eventually though, he says “So. As pleasant as this is, I believe there was talk of a competition?” He rolls over and pins Stiles under him as he speaks, and Stiles’ cock gives a throb of excitement. “Any do’s and don’ts, sweet boy? Anything you’re judging on in particular?”

Stiles is rock hard in anticipation, and he’s been thinking about this all week. He has definite ideas about how he wants it to go. “You take a side each. You don’t leave marks where they can be seen. You don’t touch my dick. You don’t dirty talk. You leave your marks on me, and I’ll decide what I like best.”

Peter pouts a little. “So I can’t use my mouth on your cock, and I can’t whisper in your ear?”

“Nope. Because I can’t fuck you if you’ve already made me come,” Stiles points out. “Human, remember? No sexy werewolf powers here.”

“Well, that changes my game plan a little,” Peter admits with a frown.

Chris snickers. “Just means you can’t cheat, you mean.”

‘It’s not cheating. It’s winning creatively,” Peter protests.

“Cheating,” Chris declares firmly, and shoves at Peter so he’s forced to move off Stiles, and then slides across so he’s on top of him instead.

He leans down and kisses Stiles long and slow, hips undulating as he presses his length against Stiles’ thigh. He finally pulls his mouth away, and breathes “I play to win, sweet thing. Just so you know.”

Stiles lies beneath him, hard and wanting, and a mischievous grin spreads over his face. “Ten minutes each,” he declares. “Judge’s decision is final, no correspondence will be entered into. Chris goes first.”

Chris looks delighted at the prospect, and kisses Stiles again in thanks. “All right, baby. Close your eyes for me, you’ll feel it more,” he says, and proceeds to rub his stubble down Stiles’ throat.

Stiles relaxes back into the bed and closes his eyes, and he finds that Chris is right. He’s able to focus more on the sensation of the hair as it brushes against his skin. He hums happily, and Chris chuckles low in his throat before going to work on his collarbones.

He picks up where he left off earlier, but he’s less gentle this time, going straight for the burn, sucking and nibbling his way along the ridge of bone until Stiles is writhing under his touch. Chris licks and blows along where he’s marked, and Stiles shudders. His cock is desperate for some attention, and he wonders briefly if it’s cheating if he touches his own dick.

Chris moves further down his body, his mouth soft and wet against Stiles’ skin as he presses open mouthed kisses down his ribs. Stiles squirms when his lips brush against the ticklish place on his side, and Chris pauses over the spot. Stiles can feel his breath hot against his skin, and the next thing he knows Chris has latched on and is sucking mercilessly, and that spot’s not ticklish
anymore, it’s on fire. All the most sensitive nerve endings come alive as Chris applies more and more pressure, and Stiles keens as he feels the heat travel through his body and down to his groin. He’s been on edge for what feels like hours, and he can’t take it anymore. It’s too much, too good, and he’s going to come just from this. “Stop!” he gasps out, and Chris does, drawing his mouth away and kissing gently against the massive purpling mark that’s there.

“Too much?” he asks.

Stiles shakes his head, saying “Oh my god. Just…give me a second, OK?”

“Take all the time you need, sweet thing,” Chris purrs, sounding extremely pleased with himself, and moves back up Stiles’ body to kiss at his neck.

Stiles exhales a shaky breath, and when he’s back in control, he nods. “OK. Go for it.”

Chris splays a hand across his belly, and starts sucking a pattern into the tender skin there. Stiles can’t tell what shape he’s making, but he can feel Chris’ breath as it skirts over the head of his cock every time he lifts his head and moves his mouth to somewhere else. He’d accuse him of cheating, but he knows it’s not deliberate. Chris finishes with his belly and starts on his hip, rolling Stiles a little so that the hipbone stands out, a straight line for Chris to work down.

It’s not just the sucking and the biting that’s doing Stiles in. Chris is breathing wetly against his skin, soft licks interspersing the sharpness of the bruising, tiny moments of pure pleasure against his skin as the rough tongue brushes over the tender new marks he’s leaving.

Stiles feels Chris kiss his way up to his chest in a straight line, and then he feels the sting of teeth clamped around his nipple, alternating between tugging and suckling, and he holds Chris’ head in place as he groans out a ‘fuuuuuuuck’ and chases more of the feeling.

The way Chris is working his nub with the very tips of his teeth, he just knows he’s going to be bruised, and it feels so good, the deep pull of it, he could do this for hours. He feels his cock twitch, and decides that fuck it, it’s not cheating if he’s the one setting the rules. He reaches down, brushing his fingertips over his shaft as he goes to take himself in hand, and then -

“Time’s up, Christopher. Move over.”

Stiles opens his eyes to see Peter laying next to them, stroking himself lazily with one hand, eyes on the clock. Stiles was so caught up in how good he felt, he hadn’t even thought about Peter watching them, but from the predatory look on his face, he’s enjoyed the show immensely.

Chris pulls his mouth away, cursing. “You’re a damn liar, Peter. That was never ten minutes.”

Stiles wants to sob at the loss of warmth and wetness against his nipple, but Peter’s right. It’s been ten minutes. Stiles sits up, and takes his first look down his body to see exactly what Chris has done.

It’s glorious. His chest and collarbone and hip are a riot of blues and purples, and the ticklish spot on his side is nearly black. His left nipple is puffy and swollen, and when Stiles brushes a thumb across it he winces a little at the sting. On his belly, where he’d felt Chris working some kind of pattern, he’s sucked the shape of a C. “Holy shit. That’s something else,” Stiles says reverently, as he runs his hands over the perfect curves in the letter.

“Glad you like it, baby,” Chris grins, obviously pleased with his efforts.
“You look very pretty, sweet boy. And I’m going to make you even prettier,” Peter promises with a gleam in his eye. He moves towards Stiles, but Stiles puts his hand up and says “Not yet. I need a minute. Chris was almost too good.”

He’s not lying, either. His cock’s straining and purple, desperate for release. Has been all evening, really, since his guys riled him up on the dance floor. But Stiles knows that if he comes now, he’ll probably be done for the night. With some time and attention he could probably be coaxed to a second orgasm, but right now he’s enjoying the feeling of arousal that’s thrumming through his very bones, and he’s not quite ready for it to end. Besides, he enjoys making Peter pout.

And pout he does. He huffs as he says “Too good? Really? I don’t think you know what good is, sweetheart. Not until you’ve had my mouth on you.”

“We’ll see. Chris might be hard to beat,” Stiles says.

He’s grinning widely. This whole thing, playing games in bed, having fun, is new to him. It’s a far cry from the rough, forced sex he thought was normal, once, and he likes it a whole lot better.

“Can I steal a kiss, at least?” Peter asks, putting on a pleading expression. Stiles can’t say no to that stupidly attractive face, so leans across and lets Peter kiss him, soft and sweet. “So pretty, my little pack mate, and you taste so sweet,” Peter murmurs as their lips part.

Stiles melts at the soft words, and Peter kisses him again, a little more hungrily. Stiles closes his eyes and luxuriates in the feeling as Peter’s tongue slides into his mouth, tracing over his teeth, tickling a path across the roof while his lips press down firmly. He moans into Peter’s mouth and decides that he’s ready to continue, after all.

Peter draws back, and lays Stiles back down, before sprawling over top of him so he can lay his head against his chest and start to suck on the flesh there. He starts by flicking his tongue over Stiles’ nipple until it’s peaked and hard, and when he sucks it’s not firm, the way it was when Chris did it, but soft and warm instead, with little kitten licks and noises of pleasure. Stiles arches up, his body seeking more. Peter increases the suction, barely, before pulling his head away.

He has a hungry gleam in his eye as he starts to leave his own marks. Just like he did with Chris, Stiles closes his eyes and concentrates on the sensations of nip, suck nibble, lick, bite as they wash over his body. Peter’s not methodical, instead roaming randomly over his body, and alternating between his chest and his groin area.

He works along Stiles’ hip, mirroring what Chris has done, but he also uses his hands, skimming them over Stiles’ aching nipples randomly, making his breath hitch. There’s nothing in the rules about not touching, and he caresses Stiles’ body freely. He ventures further down and leaves a series of marks on the crease of Stiles’ groin that make him shudder with sensitivity. Stiles nearly loses control then and there, having to grab Peter by the hair and yank him away. Peter wears a pleased smirk as he pauses to survey his handiwork.

Next, he leaves a deep bruise right above Stiles’ pubic bone, drawing a squeal from him when he latches on fiercely, and as he pulls away his tongue just barely brushes the head of Stiles’ cock. Stiles shivers and moans, and Peter laughs softly. He moves back up and starts mouthing at the sensitive flesh of Stiles’ stomach, on the blank space opposite where Chris left his initial.

He seems to be working with more purpose now, and Stiles can feel that he’s also sucking something into his skin. He thinks briefly that he’ll have to take photos of this so he can appreciate it fully, but then Peter sucks a little harder, and he forgets everything but the mouth that’s torturing him so sweetly.
He doesn’t know how much time has passed, doesn’t care. He’s riding a wave of pleasure, and he never wants it to end. Peter’s mouth is on his belly, and his hands are stroking his sides. Peter finishes whatever pattern he’s making and slides down between his legs, pushing Stiles’ knees apart so he can get at the creamy white skin of his thighs. He licks delicately up the inside of one leg first, before sinking his teeth in, startling a cry out of Stiles.

He settles in and begins to rub his stubble up and down the skin, stopping to tease at the soft flesh, and fuck it’s good. Stiles thinks he has a winner. Just as Peter finishes sucking a bruise into the inside of Stiles’ thigh, Chris calls out “Time.”

Peter ignores him. He keeps nuzzling and licking and marking the stretch of skin, even pressing Stiles’ leg up further at one point so he can sink his teeth into the meat of Stiles’ ass. Stiles twists in his grip, trying to get away, because it’s too good and he can’t take anymore, but Peter’s got an iron grip, doesn’t even seem to notice. Stiles realises that he’s not going to be able to hold back if Peter doesn’t stop, now.

“Peter!” he cries out desperately.

Peter immediately pulls away. His lips are swollen, his hair’s a mess, and he’s grinning wickedly. “Yes, Sweet boy?” he says, all innocence.

Stiles takes a breath, and says shakily, “Chris. Chris wins, because you cheated and went over time.”

Peter looks up and down at the array of marks he’s left all over Stiles’ body, at the row of marks up the inside of his thigh, smirks, and says “It was worth it.”

Stiles looks down at himself and discovers that the design Peter left on the skin of his belly is a heart. He tells him that might have won it for him, if he hadn’t been so damn greedy.

Chris just smiles gleefully.

Chris drags Stiles close, and says “So, you gonna make it good for me, sweet thing?”

Stiles groans, and says “Well yeah, but I might need to take a minute first, or else this will last about ten seconds, if I’m lucky.”

Chris laughs, and says “Take however long you need. I mean, Peter and I can keep ourselves busy in the meantime.” He raises a brow suggestively.

It really doesn’t help Stiles get his arousal under control when Peter purrs out “Shall I get him ready for you, sweetheart? Loosen him up and stretch him out so he can take you?”

Chris shoves gently at Peter, saying “Stop it, you. Let the kid catch his breath.”

Then he distracts Peter by pushing him flat against the bed and taking his cock in his mouth, while Stiles escapes to the bathroom. He closes his eyes and breathes deeply, thinking unsexy thoughts until he feel like he has himself under control. He definitely doesn’t think of the way Chris looks in
his dress pants, or the curve of his ass under Stiles’ hand, or how thick and muscled his thighs are. Not at all.

OK, maybe a little

He must be gone longer than he thinks, because when he comes out, it looks like Chris has just been on the receiving end of a hand job from Peter. He’s breathing heavily, there’s a pool of fresh come on his belly, and Peter’s running his fingers through it idly, spreading the mess.

Peter grins at Stiles, shark like, and says “Christopher’s nice and relaxed for you now, sweet boy, so it’ll be easier for him to take that cock of yours.”

Chris raises his head from the pillow, eyes sparkling with anticipation, and says “Ready whenever you are, baby.”

Stiles walks over and joins them on the bed, slotting his body next to theirs. He runs his hand over Chris’ muscled thighs, enjoying the way they feel beneath his hands. He asks “How do you want this?”

“Behind, baby. Today, I want it from behind. I’ll ride you another day,” Chris promises.

Stiles rolls him onto his stomach, and takes the lube that Peter hands him. Chris spreads his legs eagerly, and Stiles settles between them and sets about opening Chris up.

Stiles never realized how vocal Chris was in bed before now, but every time he presses a finger in he’s rewarded with a grunt, or a gasp, or a sigh, or sometimes a curse, if he manages to hit his prostate. Chris is impatient, arching back against him, asking for more, faster. Stiles follows his lead, and before long he has three fingers wedged in Chris’ ass, and Chris is still pleading for more.

“You’re not ready, darling, not even close,” Peter objects. He’s perched himself against the headboard, sitting cross legged and watching eagerly as Stiles works his hand in and out of Chris. “You need at least another finger, possibly a tongue,” he suggests.

Chris shakes his head stubbornly. “I know when I’m ready. Please, baby?”

Stiles would like to think he takes Chris’ word for it because he respects that the man knows his own body best, but the reality is far less noble. Stiles wants to be in that ass. He wants to feel it clutch around him and milk him dry, and he doesn’t think he can wait any longer. He gives his fingers one last twist before pulling them out, and pours more lube on his cock, because he has a feeling he’ll need it.

He tugs at Chris until he’s on his knees, and cock in hand, rubs it over his pucker, up and down, spreading the lube until it’s slick and ready. He presses the head against the softened hole and starts to push. There’s resistance at first, and Chris gasps as Stiles puts a little more force behind his thrust. He can feel the flesh giving way slowly, stretching around the head reluctantly, until finally the head pops inside, and Chris makes a wounded noise. Stiles stills for a moment, but then Chris gasps out “Keep going.” and Stiles begins to slowly press forwards.

He manages to work about half of his length in before he has to stop, because it’s so tight that it’s overwhelming. Stiles suspects it must be overwhelming for Chris, too. He can see his hands fisting at the sheets, grasping at the fabric desperately.

Chris squirms beneath him, instinctively trying to get away from the sheer size of the intrusion.
Stiles can hear him panting, and his knuckles are white where they’re twisted in the bedding.

“Too much?” Stiles asks, concerned.

Chris shakes his head, but his body’s still trying to move away.

Peter moves over a little then, pulling Chris’ head into his lap and planting a hand between his shoulder blades, pressing his chest against the mattress and fording him to hold still. He eyes Stiles, who looks doubtful, and says “He can take it.”

“Uh huh,” Chris breathes, nodding slightly.

Peter nods at Stiles, urging him on, and Stiles pulls back a little before sliding all the way in.

Chris lets out a deep grunt. “Fuck, that’s big,” he groans.

Peter holds him there as he says, “Enjoying your prize, sweetheart? Or are you not as ready for it as you thought you were?” Chris moans in response, and Peter grabs the back of his neck, pinning him even more firmly in place. “I told you to let him stretch you more, I said you weren’t ready. But no, you thought you knew better. Tell me darling, is he sliding in nice and slick and easy, or is it still a little tight?”

Chris manages to grunt out “It’s fine. I like a little burn.”

Peter bends down so his mouth’s next to Chris’ ear and he whispers, “Whatever you say, darling. But maybe next time, you’ll listen to your Alpha.”

He addresses Stiles then, saying “Go gentle on him, sweet boy. Show him how good you can make it, even though he was too stubborn to listen.”

Stiles nods, breathing deeply through the pressure on his cock. It really is tight. He looks down and can see the obscene stretch of Chris’ ass around him, can feel the muscles twitching. He pulls out carefully, before easing back in. Chris grunts again, but he doesn’t tell Stiles to stop.

Stiles gives a couple of careful thrusts, enjoying the slow drag. He waits till he feels the muscles loosen around him a fraction before adjusting the angle until Chris jolts under him. The choked cry of fuckfuckfuck lets him know he’s found the sweet spot. He sets up a steady pace then, fucking in hard, as Chris shakes and moans, unable to move from where Peter’s holding him in place. The plush heat feels divine around him, and Stiles knows he won’t last long, but he doesn’t think Chris will either, if the bitten off whines and pleas for more are anything to go by.

He reaches a hand underneath Chris to stroke him, and it only takes Stiles pumping his cock twice before he comes with a loud wail, bucking and thrashing in Peter’s firm grip. Stiles fucks him through it, chasing his own release. He continues to pound in and out until he can’t hold back any longer, and he lets go. He’s been waiting for so long, when he finally comes he feels like he’s flying.

He closes his eyes as his climax rolls over him, pressed as deep as he can get inside Chris, feeling wave after wave of pleasure pulsing through him. Finally, he can’t hold himself up any longer, and he collapses forwards. Chris is warm and firm beneath him, and he lays his cheek against his back, groaning.

He feels Chris moving, stretching himself flat on the bed, and he goes with him. His cock’s completely soft now, and it slips out easily, so Stiles rolls off to the side. He opens his eyes and sees Peter and Chris both watching him. Chris is wearing a slightly dazed expression, and Stiles
can’t help but feel a thrill of satisfaction.

He can’t stifle the huge yawn that works its way out of him though, and Peter looks amused.
“Worn out, sweet boy?” he asks.

Stiles nods as a wave of tiredness washes over him. “Only human,” he manages through another
yawn.

Peter untangles himself from where he’s sitting and slips into bed on the other side of Chris.
“Sleep, sweetheart. You’ve earned it. Christopher looks thoroughly satisfied,” he observes.

“Uh huh. Kid knows how to use that thing.” Chris confirms with a lazy smile, as he props himself
up on his elbows.

Stiles snorts, but he’s secretly relieved to hear that Chris enjoyed himself. Sleep is starting to tug at
him, but he’s sticky and sweaty and he needs a shower, so he drags himself upright and staggers
towards the bathroom. “Shower. You two interested?” he asks.

Peter shakes his head, and Chris says “Might just lay here for a little while, baby. You worked me
over a little.”

Stiles smirks, and heads to the bathroom. He showers, towels himself dry, admiring the marks that
his wolves have left all over him as he does so, and walks back out into the bedroom.

Where he finds Chris flat on his back, legs spread wide, moaning while Peter fucks into him
slowly.

He stands there open-mouthed for a minute, before saying “Really?”

Peter stops rolling his hips long enough to say “Well, you’d opened him up so nicely for me.
Shame to waste a nice, sloppy hole like this.”

Chris grabs Peter’s hips and attempts to pull him in closer. “I thought you said you’d fuck me
hard.”

“I’ll show you hard,” Peter growls out, and he starts to slam into Chris so that the bed frame creaks
and shakes under the sheer force of it. Chris is making punched out noises as Peter fucks him
mercilessly, and Stiles can’t help but stand and watch, transfixed. It’s not long before Peter starts to
grunt on every thrust, until finally he throws his head back as he comes.

Chris wraps a hand around himself and moves it quickly, coming in a handful of strokes and
adding to the mess smeared on his stomach.

Peter lowers himself so he’s resting on his elbows over Chris. He nuzzles at his throat, and Chris
obediently tilts his head back, letting Peter bury his face in the crook of his neck. Stiles watches as
Peter inhales deeply, before saying in a satisfied tone “You smell like us now, Christopher. Like all
of us.”

“Mmmm. So do you,” Chris replies, and the two men hold each other and rock their bodies gently
together.

Stiles almost starts to feel like he’s intruding, but then, without lifting his head, Peter says “Of
course, what would make this perfect, Stiles, is if you’d come and join us. We need to hold you and
scent you, sweet boy.”
Stiles rolls his eyes, muttering under his breath about possessive damned werewolves, but it’s a token protest, and he happily climbs back into bed. Peter makes him the middle spoon so they can both nuzzle and sniff at him and rub their scent all over him, and Stiles soon realizes that the shower really was a waste of time as he marinates in the smell of sex and sweat and his wolves.

Stiles can still feel Peter kissing his neck as he drifts off to sleep.

When Stiles wakes the next day, bladder protesting and stomach grumbling, he finds that his partners are still passed out. Chris is snoring fit to wake the dead, and Peter’s an immovable lump. He squirms his way out of their embrace and goes to use the bathroom.

His breath catches when he sees himself in the mirror, littered with bruises and bitemarks and beard burn. He presses one finger against the deep bruise on his side, and feels the tenderness there. He traces another finger softly over the heart shape on his stomach, and smiles.

He splashes some water on his face, and wanders out to the bedroom, grabbing some underwear and a pair of jeans out of his drawers, and shuffles downstairs. He makes coffee, and downs two cups before he starts to feel halfway human. A glance at the clock tells him it’s nearly noon, but god only knows what time they went to sleep.

He sits at the kitchen table, holding his mug and thinking. He thinks about how happy Scott and Kira had been, and it suddenly hits him that if he stays with Peter and Chris, there will never be champagne and speeches in his future. All that will hold their relationship together is some sort of mystical bond that he can’t even feel properly, because he’s not a wolf.

He wonders exactly what they see in him, and even though Lindsay’s told him that the wolf is rarely wrong when choosing a partner, he can’t help but feel a little insecure. After all, of the three of them, he definitely has the least to offer.

And it’s not like Peter’s offered him the bite, offered to make him an equal.

Maybe they prefer him human, he thinks. Sort of like a pet. Lovable, part of the family even, but at the end of the day, fundamentally less.

The thought makes his gut twist queerly.

He’s miles away when he feels a hand on his bare shoulder, and he looks up to see a shirtless Chris smiling at him. Chris leans down for a kiss, before running his hand over Stiles’ chest, hand lingering over the marks he left. “These look good, baby,” he murmurs. “Love the fact they stay on you.”

“Yeah, bruising, that’s my special talent,” Stiles says tartly, and Chris immediately knows that something’s up. Even if Stiles didn’t stink of uncertainty, the way he pulls away from Chris’ touch would give it away.

“What is it, baby?” Chris asks quietly. He moves so that he’s sitting opposite him and takes his hand. “What’s on your mind, Stiles?”
Stiles ducks his head and looks fixedly at the table, and Chris waits.

“Does it bother you that I’m human?” he asks finally.

Chris can tell that this is a conversation that’s going to need liberal application of hugs, so he pushes his chair back from the table and pats his thigh, saying “Get over here, baby.”

Stiles straddles Chris so that they’re chest to chest, and Chris buries his nose in the crook of his neck. He kisses softly at the bruises that decorate Stiles’ collarbone, humming tunelessly as he does so. Stiles feels himself relax at the touch, and Chris can sense the moment the tension begins to drain out of him. His shoulders loosen, and his heartbeat steadies. Chris kisses him softly before cupping his face in one hand and looking him in the eye. “What do you really want to ask, Stiles?”

Stiles asks the question that’s tormenting him. “Why won’t Peter offer me the bite?”

Chris breathes deeply, then. “Peter won’t offer you the bite.”

“Oh,” Stiles says quietly, curling in on himself a little. “Am I not good enough for it?”

Chris looks at his boy, curled in his lap, waves of disappointment rolling off him, and inwardly curses the asshole that ever made Stiles think he wasn’t good enough. He sighs, and tries to explain. “Peter doesn’t offer the bite to anyone, never has.”

Stiles lifts his head, surprised. “Why not? I thought all alphas wanted to grow their packs?”

Chris shakes his head. “Not Peter. He’s not interested in a big pack, sweetheart. Hell, he only bit me to save my life. And we were content, the two of us. There was no need for anyone else. But you? You’re not just anyone. Our wolves chose you, and that makes all the difference.”

He settles Stiles a little more firmly in his lap, anchoring him with warm hands wrapped around his hips. He leans forwards, so their foreheads are touching, and says “If you asked him, he’d say yes in a heartbeat, sweetheart.”

Stiles drapes his arms around Chris’s neck and thinks about that. “So, you’re not keeping me as a human deliberately?”

Chris looks confused. “What do you mean, deliberately?”

Stiles looks down as he mumbles out “Sort of like a …pet?” He sees the hurt look Chris gives him and adds “It sounds stupid when I say it now, but I thought maybe you liked having someone you could mark up and carry around, and that maybe you’d prefer it if I stayed that way.”

Chris wraps his arms around Stiles’ back and hugs him tight, sighing. “Baby, you’re human. If you want to stay that way, it’s your choice, not ours. But this is something we probably need to discuss further down the road, OK?”

Stiles huffs a little. “I’d just like to know where I stand, that’s all. I mean, you say Peter would bite me, but he’s never even mentioned it.”

Chris places a finger under Stiles’ chin and tilts his head up so that they’re eye to eye. “Stiles, why did you turn us down when we asked you to move in?”

“Because it’s too soon,” he replies immediately. “I mean, this whole thing’s pretty new, wolf attraction or not.”
Chris pulls back and gives him an amused look, before saying “But it’s not too soon to talk about something as life changing as the bite?”

Stiles opens his mouth to argue, and Chris can see the moment he realizes that Chris does, in fact, have a point. His mouth closes with a snap. Chris shakes his head, and says “Stiles, if you ever want to talk about the bite, I’ll tell you everything I can. And if you decide you want it, of course Peter would give it to you.”

“I certainly would, sweet boy,” Peter drawls from the doorway where he’s been leaning for god knows how long. “You’d make an excellent wolf.”

Stiles doesn’t know why it feels so good hearing that. It’s not like he even wants to be a werewolf. He only thinks about it sometimes.

Peter walks over and lifts Stiles effortlessly off Chris’s lap, perching him on the edge of the table and kissing him passionately. When he pulls away, he rolls his eyes at Stiles and says “Like a pet. Honestly, sweet boy. Why would you think such a thing? You’re pack, darling.”

Stiles sighs, “I just started thinking, what with the whole wedding thing. I mean, no matter how long we’re together, we’ll never get to have that public declaration, you know? And then I got turned around in my own head I guess, half convinced that you only really wanted me as entertainment. I thought maybe my value was in being human, so you’d never turn me, even if I wanted it. And we’d never really be equal.”

Peter says “It’s true we won’t marry, sweetheart. But Christopher and I have never bothered, either. The pack bond’s enough. Our wolves know we’re meant to be together. And we’re meant to be with you too, darling. As equals.”

Stiles smiles softly. “Yeah, I guess I know that.”

Peter adds “And Stiles? I’m asking. No time limit on your reply, mind you. Just know the offer’s there.” And he leans in close before he breathes out “Do you want the bite?”

Stiles kisses him, and whispers in his ear, “I’ll let you know. Thanks for asking.”

And it truly settles something in him, having Peter ask. He doesn’t know if the day will ever come when he says yes, but he knows the offer’s there.

He knows his wolves think he’s worth it.
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Just Stiles and his guys, living and working and falling in love.

Chapter Notes

The end is nigh, folks! I can't believe over 1400 people have liked this enough to click the little heart button. I try to imagine that many people standing in one spot, and all I can say when I think about it is thank you all so much! This started as a one, maybe two chapter meet cute, and then there were werewolves, and weddings, and asshole ex boyfriends, and somehow we've ended up here. I hope you like it.

Going back to work on Monday feels exactly like going back to school after Christmas break. After all the planning and excitement of the wedding, Stiles is a little flat, to be honest. The only bright spot in his day is Chris and Peter feeling him up in the change rooms during his lunch break, which, yeah, Stiles is never going to say no to that.

He relaxes into their affectionate touch, letting them scent him and run their hands up under his shirt, pressing against his bruises just to see him squirm. Chris has to leave when customers come into the store, but Peter takes great delight in continuing to tease him, murmuring “Stay nice and quiet, sweet boy,” while he slides his hand down the front of Stiles’ jeans and strokes him to hardness. Stiles has to bite his lip to contain a whine when Peter continues to work his dick, all to the accompaniment of Chris’ low tones from the changing room two down.

He ends up tugging up the edge of his shirt and stuffing it into his mouth when he comes, desperate to keep the sounds inside. Peter smirks as he stills his hand, satisfied. Stiles is still catching his breath when Chris opens the curtain, fixing Peter with a glare.

“What? We were quiet,” Peter says, hands spread wide in appeal.

Chris lets out a sigh, and shakes his head. “You’re shameless.”

“And that’s part of why you love me, darling” Peter says as he turns and kisses Chris softly, before making his way out of the changing room.

Chris shakes his head, looks at Stiles, and says “He’s not wrong. Peter always was a handful, and I never could resist him.”

Stiles can relate.
Their life falls into a routine, and Stiles loves it.

His job continues to be tolerable, especially now Scott’s back from his honeymoon and they can spend time shooting the shit and not have the conversation be about wedding stuff. Harris seems to be spending more time at the shop, which means Stiles has to behave when his guys come over for lunch, but that’s for the best, really. All three of them have reluctantly agreed that there will be no more shenanigans in the change rooms, after a close call where a customer almost walked in on Stiles giving Chris a hand job.

They start going on more dates.

It’s Stiles’ idea. “Mystical werewolf attraction aside, can we spend some time just, you know, dating? Like normal people do? Because it feels like we skipped that part a little.”

Since they’re talking about it while they’re laying naked in bed, Peter has to admit he has a point.

“Would you like double dates, or one on one time, darling?” he asks.

Stiles thinks about it, and says “Both. And I don’t always want it to always end up with sex, either. You two are way too eager to get me in bed.”

“Oh?” Chris nips at his collarbone, and says “Remind me, baby. What was I doing an hour ago?”

Stiles looks a little sheepish as he says, ‘Giving the car an oil change.”

“And how did I get from there to here?” Chris asks, with an amused expression.

Peter chimes in then. “I do believe our sweet boy here took one look at you in that ratty tank top and with oil on your hands, and dragged you up the stairs, saying “I want you to fuck me dirty,” he says. “And then he dragged me up here as well because, and I quote, I want you to lick me out when he’s finished fucking me.”

Stiles blushes a little. He has a dab of engine oil still on one cheek, and he’s unapologetic when he says, “It was a good idea.”

Peter says “It was an excellent idea, darling. But I think Christopher’s point is, we’re not the only ones who like it when we end up here.”

“But we can have date night baby, whenever you’d like,” Chris tells him.

They go bowling. They go to the movies. They go back to the laser tag place, and this time Peter wins, but only because Stiles distracts Chris with a kiss, and then Peter shoots them both.

Chris takes Stiles to the shooting range and teaches him to aim properly. Peter’s not really interested, so it becomes Chris and Stiles’ thing. The day Stiles brings home his paper target with the holes all clustered over the heart, they celebrate in bed, at Stiles’ urging.

They go back to the dance club, this time with all three of them. Stiles thought dancing with Chris was hot, but Chris and Peter together, moving around him, teasing him and touching him and pressing in against him? He thinks he might die from sheer want. They end up booking a motel room because none of them can wait the half hour it takes to drive home, and Chris still has that
stubborn objection to sex while driving, even when Peter helpfully points out that if he takes care of Stiles in the back seat, Chris can concentrate on the road.

They go out to dinner, and ignore the looks they get when Peter or Chris puts a hand affectionately on the small of Stiles’ back, or kisses him on the cheek. They’re able to see the funny side of it when the waitress thinks Stiles is their son. Stiles figures that since he’s going to do this thing, he’d better develop a thick skin, and fast.

Slowly, they discover more about each other, and Stiles becomes increasingly attached to his men, and they to him. He feels the pull towards them strengthening, the bond deepening, and no longer doubts it when they tell him that their wolves have chosen him. He thinks that if he had a wolf, it probably would have chosen them as well.

On Saturdays, he always sleeps over. Peter and Chris are crazy for it, a night where even if they do nothing else, they get to cover Stiles in their scent. Lindsay’s a huge fan of the arrangement as well, because it means she can plan her Saturday nights knowing she’ll have the place to herself. Stiles teases her, saying “How noisy are you in bed, exactly?”

She just smirks, and says “Me? I’m not. But if my date’s not screaming my name, I’m not trying hard enough.” Stiles has no reply to that, and she walks away laughing, leaving him open mouthed.

When the full moon approaches, they sit him down the day before and ask him if he thinks he’d like to share it with them. Peter looks serious as he says “We’ll want to touch you and scent you and mark you more than normal, and the sex may be a little rougher than usual. Does that sound like something you’re ready for?”

Stiles isn’t swayed by his hopeful expression, and he doesn’t say yes immediately. Instead he asks, “There’s no risk of you biting me accidentally and turning me, is there?”

Peter shakes his head, saying “I’m a born wolf, sweetheart. My control’s excellent. Chris is more likely to slip a fang into you than me, and that won’t turn you, because he’s not an Alpha.”

“Excuse me, I am not more likely to ‘slip a fang’ into him! You make it sound like I have no control!” Chris grumbles, obviously affronted.

He turns to Stiles, saying “Trust me, it I ever bite Peter, it’s deliberate. He likes it. But you? We’d never bite you.”

Then Chris leans in close, and says in that velvet voice of his “But I might manhandle you a little. Maybe I’ll lift you up and hold you against a wall, rail you real good. Or maybe bend you over the kitchen table and fuck the come right out of you.”

Chris’ eyes sparkle with anticipation as he asks “You in, baby? Gonna let us show you a good time?”

Stiles swallows, and nods. He can’t deny that he’s curious about exactly what his wolves will be like at a full moon, and he really likes the sound of Chris fucking him against a wall.
When Stiles goes home, he calls his boss and tells him he won’t be in on Friday, due to a personal issue. Harris grouses a little, but then Stiles tells him he’ll work extra hours the following week to make it up, and he can’t really say no.

Stiles texts Peter, saying **Day off Friday. Expecting you to fuck me till I can’t walk tonight.**

He gets back **We’ll do our best.**

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The full moon is an experience.

When he arrives he can tell that Peter and Chris are eager, excited. There’s a playfulness about them, a recklessness to their mood that he immediately picks up on.

Peter asks him “Stiles, before we start, is there anything that’s off limits?” His eyes are bright, and Stiles knows he probably has a thousand things he wants to try. Stiles shakes his head, grinning. He’s thought about nothing but this all day, and he trusts his wolves enough to let them decide.

“You can do anything you want,” he says. “I know you’ll stop if I ask you to.”


“Anything. Everything. I’m yours,” Stiles tells them, and tilts his head back in submission. Peter and Chris exchange a hungry look, and proceed to crowd him against the wall, scenting him, stripping his clothes off, murmuring *mine* and *more* as they nip and lick at his throat.

They don’t even make it up the stairs before Chris has him spread face down on the kitchen table, tongue working around his hole and fingers sliding inside. Stiles relaxes under their touch, as they take turns tasting and touching and spreading him wide. Peter fucks him first, slipping in easily with all the prep, and it’s not long before he comes inside Stiles, eyes flashing and fangs dropping a little as he does so. As soon as he pulls out, Chris takes his place, slamming in so hard that Stiles has to grip the far edge of the table with both hands to stop himself sliding forwards.

The room is filled with the slick sounds of Chris fucking into the mess Peter left, and Stiles panting under the onslaught. Chris pulls out and flips him, dragging his legs up onto his shoulders before pushing back in, and the new angle means he’s hitting Stiles’ prostate on every stroke. Stiles is making tiny breathy cries of pleasure, and by the time Chris comes, growling deep in his chest, Stiles is out of his mind with need, whining for more. Peter steps back between his legs, hard again, and fucks in with barely a pause. Stiles starts stroking himself desperately, just on the edge of coming.

Peter drags him right to the edge of the table and thrusts in roughly, driving deeper than before, and Stiles clenches around his cock, just to hear him groan, but it’s a double-edged sword. It feels good enough that Stiles can feel his orgasm approaching, so he keeps clenching and tightening rhythmically till he’s spilling over his hand with a cry.

Peter doesn’t stop, fucking him through it, and it’s not long before he’s coming as well. Stiles makes a satisfied noise as Peter pulls out slowly and pulls him so he’s sitting up, holding him in place for a kiss with one hand and fucking into him with the fingers of the other, easy and slow.
He pulls them out coated with come, and licks them clean. Stiles finds himself flat on his back on the table again, with Peter kneeling between his legs and licking at him lazily where their combined come is dribbling out. He keeps licking until Stiles’ hole is clean and pink and damp, and then he licks his belly clean as well. Stiles just lays there and enjoys it, catching his breath. He’s been in the door less than fifteen minutes. He has the feeling it’s going to be a wild night.

And it is.

Peter wasn’t lying when he said they let the wolves take control. Stiles watches, half aroused and half entertained, as Peter and Chris grapple and fight for control, pinning each other down in a show of dominance. Chris pushes it too far just once, and ends up pinned to the floor with Peter’s teeth at his throat. “Don’t test me, Christopher,” Peter growls out through a mouthful of fangs, and Chris tilts his head back immediately.

With Stiles, though? There’s no growling, no shows of dominance. His wolves spend as much time scenting him and worshipping him as they do fucking him. They’re careful to let him recover when they make him come, gently stroking at his skin or holding him close, murmuring how good he is, how they’re so lucky to have him.

He gets to watch as Peter holds Chris against the wall of the bedroom and slams up into him, eyes flashing red as he does so, and then he gets to be the one against the wall when Chris holds him there and fucks him like he promised he would.

The night passes in a blur of hands and mouths and kisses and fucking and whispered words of affection, until finally, just after midnight, he falls asleep.

Sometime around three in the morning, he’s woken by Chris nuzzling at his ear, and crooning “You awake, sweetheart?” Stiles makes a noise that might be a yes. Chris continues "Got something for you, darlin’. Want to try it?" as he dangles a cock ring between his fingers. “Want you to put this on, then I wanna ride you baby, like we talked about, remember?”

Stiles does remember. He pulls Chris in for a kiss that’s intentionally filthy, and whispers “Hell, yeah.” Chris’ eyes light up, and he wastes no time using his mouth to get Stiles hard, and then snapping the leather ring into place. Stiles’ breath catches at the feeling, but he barely has a moment to think about it before Chris is easing himself down, still slick and open from earlier.

Stiles lays back while Chris takes his pleasure, letting out a deep groan as he moves up and down steadily. Stiles just closes his eyes and goes with it. He’s come three times already, and he’s frankly amazed he managed to get hard again, but all that means is that Chris gets to take his time, fucking himself deep and slow on Stiles’ cock.

It’s different, going slow like this, feeling his arousal as a smouldering flame instead of a raging fire, but smoulder and spark it does, building and building until Stiles is fucking up into Chris, forcing his way into the plush heat of his body, desperate to finally come. He feels a hand snapping the ring off, and he can’t hold back any longer, hands gripping tightly at Chris’ hips as he holds him in place while he slams in one last time.

Chris runs his hand over his own cock, a few strokes all he needs to make him come with a satisfied grunt. Stiles doesn’t move, basking in the afterglow as Chris smears the liquid all over Stiles’ chest and belly, marking him. He whines a little when Chris lifts himself off, but then he feels strong hands rolling him onto his side, and a warm body behind him. “I think you broke him, Christopher,” Peter says, voice close to his ear.

Stiles presses back against him and mumbles “Nope. I’m good.”
Peter hums, and says “In that case, can I take your ass again, sweetheart?”

Stiles nods, eyes still closed. He’s been fucked so many times by now that he’s wide open, and it feels good when Peter rocks into him from behind, murmuring sweet nonsense in his ear as he does so. Stiles can’t even think about coming, he just enjoys the rhythmic push and pull as Peter fucks him gently. He barely reacts when Peter comes, just lets out a satisfied sigh.

He sleeps, waking once or twice to the sound of someone getting fucked, but he’s too tired to open his eyes and see who it is. He surfaces briefly around six to find himself with an arm slung over Chris and Peter at his back, both sound asleep. He makes a contented noise before drifting back to sleep.

The next thing he hears is an alarm going off and the sound of Peter grumbling. Chris hauls himself upright and drags himself into the shower, and Peter follows him. Suddenly alone in bed, Stiles sits up. He aches all over, and his ass throbs from the pounding he took the night before.

He goes to stand, and winces. “Peter!” he calls.

Peter’s there in moments, still wet from the shower. “What is it, sweet boy?” he asks, concerned.

Stiles reaches his arms up, saying “A little help? I really don’t think I can get up.”

“Are you telling me, darling, that we actually did fuck you till you can’t walk?” Peter asks, smirking. He looks completely unrepentant as he places a hand in the small of Stiles’ back, and Stiles feels the shooting pains in his lower back and ass drain away.

Stiles lets out a pleased sound, and Peter helps him to his feet and leads him into the shower. Looking down at himself, Stiles can see why. He’s absolutely filthy, his torso littered with bitemarks and bruises and dried come. He stands under the hot spray and moans with pleasure. Chris brackets him from behind, and says lowly “Keep making noises like that baby, and I’ll have to take you back to bed.”

Stiles shakes his head firmly. “Nope. Closed for business. I’m going home to sleep and recover.”

Chris laughs, before saying “You can stay if you want. It’s my turn to take a day off, so we can sleep, and I can take your pain if you feel a little tender. Sound good?”

It does sound good, so Stiles makes an affirmative noise, leaning back against Chris’ chest. Chris washes Stiles gently, and then he guides him out of the shower and wraps him in a towel, and sits him in a chair while he strips the bed efficiently and puts on fresh sheets. Then he leads Stiles back to bed, and they curl up together, watching Peter as he gets dressed for work.

Peter looks exhausted, but when Stiles asks if he’ll be OK he waves it off. “You need someone here with you, sweetheart, and Chris is right, it’s far too long since he had a day off. Fair’s fair.”

“Damn straight,” Chris mumbles as he burrows down into the covers, dragging Stiles with him. They both fall fast asleep. Stiles wakes once or twice, ass aching, and he nudges Chris, who doesn’t even open his eyes, just puts his hand on Stiles’ hip and eases the pain. They don’t wake properly until noon, and after they have something to eat, they spend the afternoon cuddling and talking and just enjoying the feel of bare skin pressed together. They’re still in bed when Peter comes home, and he wastes no time joining them.

He takes Stiles’ face in his hands and covers it with soft kisses before asking “So, sweet boy. How are you feeling? Was it too much?”
Stiles kisses him back, saying “Nope. Sign me up for next month.”

He feels tired, and a little sore, and slightly used, but in a good way. A tiny corner of his mind helpfully reminds him that this would be so much better if he had werewolf stamina of his own. He ignores it for now, but resolves to think about it later, when he’s not being distracted by hot bodies pressed against his own.

It seems like no time at all has passed, but Stiles wakes up one day and realizes that his lease is up in two weeks. He’ll need to talk to Lindsay about him moving out, he decides. He spends almost as much time at Chris and Peter’s place as he does here, so moving at this stage is just a formality. When he brings up the subject that evening, Lindsay rubs her hands together gleefully, saying “It’s about time!” When he looks puzzled, she explains.

“First off, it means I get your room and my own bathroom. Secondly, I don’t have to listen to you three when you think you’re being quiet, because you really, really aren’t, and thirdly, I can ask Natalie to move in.”

“Oooh. Natalie, huh?” Stiles asks with a wink. He’s met Natalie over breakfast a time or three. (Frankly he doesn’t think Lindsay’s in any position to be commenting on how much noise he may or may not make in bed.)

Lindsay gets that look on her face, the one Stiles has seen in the mirror far too often recently, and sighs out “Yeah.”

Natalie’s a model. She’s all dark eyes and long black hair with skin the color of deepest caramel, and she’s almost as tall as Stiles, long and lean and willowy. Stiles likes her, not just because she’s good to his friend, but because she’s a genuinely nice person, interesting to talk to, and she didn’t even blink when she walked in to find him sprawled on the couch across the laps of his wolves one day.

It suddenly occurs to Stiles to ask, “Does she know about werewolves?”

Lindsay nods. “You don’t think she’s human do you, looking like that? She’s pack. She went away to work, and when she came back she wanted to date me.”

“So, do you have the bond thing with her wolf?” he asks, interested.

“Yup,” Lindsay says. “Apparently her wolf pined for me while she was away. Pined, Stiles. For me.” She sounds a little smug about it, and Stiles can’t say he blames her. It’s probably the same deeply satisfied feeling he gets when Peter pins him against the wall and tells him he can’t get enough of him.

“OK, I’ll arrange a day to move, and you can take over the lease,” he tells her.

“Excellent. And it means we get to watch your boys lift heavy things again, so bonus,” she grins wickedly.

Stiles rolls his eyes, and goes to call Peter and Chris and tell them that he’s finally moving in.
When Stiles moves out, Lindsay hugs him goodbye, and tells him not to be a stranger. She adds with a wink “But hey, call first, yeah? In case we’re….busy.” She waggles her eyebrows at him.

Stiles snorts, and walks down the stairs carrying the one box that his guys left for him to take while they loaded up everything else in two trips. It’s strange leaving the apartment, but it feels right. Even his dad had nodded when he told him he was moving, saying “Well, you’re pack now, son. Of course they want you close.”

Pack, thinks Stiles. He likes it.

When he gets to his new house, he finds a furniture truck there, making a delivery. It’s a bed. A big bed, far wider than normal. Easily big enough for the three of them to sprawl out on. Chris has his arms folded, and he’s nodding as the delivery men carry out the old bed and carry in the new one.

Peter looks on as the men exit the house and drive away. “What was wrong with the other bed, Christopher?” he says, sounding amused.

“Stiles likes to starfish,” Chris says with a shrug.

Peter nods, as if that’s all the explanation necessary. Perhaps for him, it is. Stiles, though, pulls up short. He says “Wait, you got a new bed, just so I could sprawl out?”

He’s more touched than he wants to admit. He didn’t like to say anything, but none of them are small men, and there have been occasions where he’s woken to find himself teetering on the edge of the mattress.

Chris nods. “Gonna be in that bed with us for a long time, baby. Want you comfy,” he says, pulling Stiles close.

Stiles leans into the hug, saying “God, I love you.”

The words are out before he even realises, and he has a brief moment of panic, but then Chris is kissing him softly, saying “Love you too, sweet thing. Have for a while now.”

Stiles pulls back from the kiss, eyes searching Chris’ face carefully. “Really?” he breathing.

“Do you really not know how we feel, darling?” Peter asks, an affectionate smile pulling at the corners of his mouth.

“You never said. I thought it might just be me,” Stiles confesses.

Peter steps closer, and runs one hand softly down Stiles’ jaw. “Stiles, I love you. I adore you. I’m besotted. Head over heels. Take your pick,” he says softly.

“Love you too,” is all Stiles can say, suddenly overwhelmed. He’s smiling so hard that his face hurts. Peter and Chris exchange a soft look, and they each take a hand and lead him inside. Stiles feels like a little kid walking between his parents, but in all the best ways. Safe. Cared for. Loved.

Once they’re inside, Peter closes the door firmly, nuzzling into Stiles neck, and says “Tell me again.”
“I love you, Peter Hale,” he murmurs in his ear.

Peter nuzzles in deeper, and says “Again.”

“I love you.”

Peter lifts his head, and sighs happily. “I just wanted to hear your heartbeat when you said it.”

Stiles, still feeling euphoric, laughs a little. “And?”

“Steady as a rock,” Peter tells him, and kisses him on the forehead. Stiles turns to Chris then and says “What about you? Do I need to tell you again, too?”

Chris shakes his head. “I already know it, baby. And I love you right back.”

Unpacking is postponed for the rest of the afternoon for more important things, like hugs, and scenting, and all three of them whispering I love you while they grin dopily. There isn’t even any sex.

That comes later, when they set the new bed up.

They adjust to life together, and have all the normal arguments.

At first, whenever they bicker, Stiles goes quiet, and he stinks of fear at the raised voices, and his heart rate ratchets up. But he soon realizes that it’s OK to snap back, and that nothing bad is going to happen if he has a spat with his lovers. And once he figures that out, he doesn’t hold back.

Chris gets hit in the back of the head by an empty milk carton hurled by an irate Stiles more than once. Peter pitches a fit when Stiles wants to display his collection of Funko Pops on his precious bookshelves, calling them children’s toys, and Stiles tells him to get with the times, they’re limited edition collectables.

On one occasion, Chris goes from room to room, collecting all the bowls and plates and coffee mugs Stiles has left lying around, dumps them in the sink, and roars at him to do his damned dishes. Stiles just flips him off and keeps reading his book, and that’s the day Chris knows that Stiles truly feels comfortable in his new home.

They’ve been living together for four months when Stiles gets home from work one day, and both his wolves are wearing highly suspicious expressions of glee.

“Why are you two grinning like naughty schoolboys?” he asks.
“Because somebody has a birthday coming up,” Peter singsongs.

And yeah, he does. But he wasn’t going to make a big deal of it. He hasn’t since he was a kid, after his mom passed away. At first it was just too hard, and his dad didn’t know how kid’s parties were meant to go. Then as he got older it was usually just him and Scott hanging out, because hey, when your dad’s the sheriff it’s not like you can have wild parties. He honestly hasn’t really celebrated in years.

“I wasn’t planning on doing anything,” he says, and why are they smirking?

“We thought we might do something special, sweet thing,” Chris says, smiling broadly, his eyes crinkling attractively at the corners.

Stiles gets distracted for a minute kissing him, but then he pulls back and says “What? What are you planning?”

“We talked to Harris,” Peter reveals.

Stiles’ brow furrows. ”Why? What does Harris have to do with this?”

“We got you a week off, so we can whisk you away,” Peter says.

“Whisk me away? What am I, a Disney princess?” Stiles asks, amused. Then what they’ve said really strikes home, and he says “Wait. Are you saying Harris knows about the three of us?”

Stiles hasn’t shared details of his personal life with his boss because well, he’s his boss, and Stiles doesn’t really think he needs to know. Suddenly the sideways glances Harris has been giving him for the last two days make sense.

“Yes, and he was surprisingly OK with it, especially when we bribed him with menswear. We explained what we wanted to do for your birthday, and he was happy to give you the time off,” Peter says, still grinning.

Stiles blinks at the thought of Harris being OK with anything, but hey, he has a week off. “So, where are you whisking me to, my princes?” he asks.

Chris leans forwards. “If you're interested, we got you an appointment here,” he says, holding out a business card. “I mean, you've talked about it enough.”

Unbreakable Tattoo is printed in bold letters on the front of the card.

“Figured we could head to LA, spend a couple of days there, and you could get that back piece you’ve been talking about. Then we could stay a little longer, while you get over the sting of it. Sound good, baby?” Chris asks.

Stiles launches himself at Chris, pulling him into a kiss that’s quickly in danger of turning into something more. “You are the actual best,” he mumbles against Chris’ lips.

Chris laughs, and says, “I’d love to take the credit, but it’s Peter who arranged everything. I think he just wants to see you all inked up for his pleasure.”

Stiles doesn’t care if it’s for Peter’s pleasure or not. He’s been talking about and saving for a back piece for the past few months, scrolling through the net, discussing options with the guys whenever he sees something he likes. He was resigned to waiting another few months, because big ink is expensive, so to have it arranged for him, and with a week’s vacation as well? It’s perfect.
He turns and kisses Peter saying, “This is amazing.” Then he waggles his eyebrows at them both. “Bed?” he suggests.

“Bed,” Peter says decisively, wasting no time throwing Stiles over his shoulder and running up the stairs. Chris pauses only long enough to lock the front door before he follows them, shedding his clothing as he goes.

Chris and Stiles spend the rest of the evening teasing Peter until he’s begging them to fuck him, and then they both do. Chris does him twice. Peter’s left limp and sated, and he drowsily tells them they can do that to him anytime they want.

Stiles can’t even pretend he’s surprised when he finds out that they’re staying at one of the best hotels, in the penthouse suite. Because Peter booked it, so of course. He just shrugs, and sprawls across the bed with a contented sigh.

They spend two days sightseeing and shopping, because Peter and Chris want to visit all the best menswear stores and see what they’re selling, but Stiles doesn’t mind, because it means he gets to see Peter and Chris trying on suits, which means they buy suits, which means when they get back to the hotel, Stiles gets to peel them out of the suits. And of course, they coerce him into buying another suit, and then they peel him out of it. No, Stiles doesn’t have a problem with shopping at all.

On their third day in LA, Stiles gets his ink. He’s been consulting almost daily with the artist via email. He hasn’t seen the final drawing though, and when the artist, Jeff, hands it to him, all he can say is “Oh, wow.”

It’s an intricate steampunk design, all cogs and gears and curves, with a compass at the centre of it and long soft lines flowing round the edges. It’s designed to cover one shoulder and run halfway down his ribs. “What do you think?” he asks Peter and Chris eagerly.

Peter runs his fingers softly across the page, and says “Oh, sweetheart. I can’t wait to get my hands all over this.”

“So, what are we waiting for?” Stiles asks, shucking his shirt off eagerly.

“Ready?” Jeff asks, and the soft persistent buzz of the gun starts up. Stiles flinches at the first bite of metal, but then he breathes deeply and relaxes. “It’s not bad,” he assures Chris, who’s giving him a questioning glance.

It takes five hours, and they stop twice for a break, during which Chris discreetly takes Stiles’ pain while Jeff’s back is turned, and Peter tells him he’s doing well, and takes plenty of photos so Stiles can see then later. When it’s finally done, Stiles heaves a sigh of relief as he sits up.

He takes a look in the mirror and his face breaks into a wide smile. “Holy shit, that’s fantastic!” he exclaims. Jeff grins proudly and takes a picture to put up on the website.

Peter’s mesmerised, staring at the dark lines that have been etched into Stiles’ skin. “Oh, sweet boy. This is amazing,” he says, reverence in his tone.
He turns to Jeff and asks “How long till we can touch it?”

“Three weeks, apply that antiseptic cream every four hours, don’t rub it, don’t go swimming or take a bath. Just pat it dry after showering,” he recites by rote.

Peter’s fingers edge forwards, towards the fresh ink. Chris slaps his hand away, and says “What did he just say, Peter? Three weeks.”

Peter looks like someone just shot his puppy, and Stiles takes pity on him.

“It’s in a pretty awkward spot. Someone has to rub the cream in for me,” he offers, holding the tube out. Peter’s face lights up at the prospect, and Chris just rolls his eyes.

Chris pays while Stiles gets the tender flesh wrapped up, and Peter pouts a little when it disappears under a layer of sterile dressings. Stiles watches his expression and says “Man, you are seriously turned on by this, aren’t you?”

“I told you, I love tattoos. And I especially love them on you,” Peter says, eyes still fixed on the now covered portion of Stiles’ shoulder.

They leave the shop and head back to the hotel, because apparently getting stabbed thousands of times can really take it out of a guy, who knew? Stiles shrugs his shirt off as soon as he gets upstairs, and Peter lays a hand in the centre of his back, draining the ache away. They order room service and watch a movie, and Peter gets to put the cream on once Stiles has showered. Stiles tells Peter he hopes he enjoyed touching him, because he’s sure as hell not touching Stiles anywhere else tonight. He just wants to sleep.

Chris takes Peter’s hand and leads him away from the bed where Stiles is lying and says “Lucky you’ve got me, then. I’m not sore, and I’d love you to touch me.”

Stiles smiles to himself as he hears them kissing and murmuring to each other, and then the shower starting, and a short time after that, the unmistakable shouts of someone who’s getting fucked against the tiles.

By the time they go home to Beacon Hills, all three of them are relaxed and happy. Stiles has the best cared for tattoo in the history of tattoos – every four hours, like clockwork, Peter comes and finds him and applies the antiseptic cream, and Stiles pretends he doesn’t notice the way Peter’s hands linger. When the three weeks are up and Peter can finally touch him freely, he’ll spend hours just rubbing his hands over Stiles’ shoulder. Stiles really doesn’t mind.

Time does that devious thing where it passes by seamlessly, and four months becomes six, becomes eight, and Chris still snores, and Stiles still leaves his plates lying around, and Peter still listens to country music, despite the protests of the other two.

Stiles is deeply content, and it’s only sometimes that he lays awake at night and turns Peter’s offer of the bite over in his head, seriously considering it.

The jewelry store closes, and Stiles feels a petty stab of satisfaction when he sees the signs go up
for the closing down sale in the same week that Peter and Chris are advertising their First Birthday Sale.

Lindsay comes over one afternoon and bitches for twenty minutes straight about how she can’t get a decent suit to wear to a formal thing with Natalie, because all the women’s suits she’s looked at are made for people who are shaped like sticks, and make no allowance for hips and boobs.

Stiles can tell she’s genuinely upset, so he commiserates and plies her with vodka, downing shots as they rant about the state of the clothing industry. Chris comes home when they’re halfway through the bottle, and as he walks in the door Stiles calls out “Hey, Chris! Why don’t you stock women’s suits with room for boobs?” He may be a little more drunk than he thought.

Chris comes over and arranges Stiles so that he’s sitting in his lap, and says “Why don’t you tell me about it, baby?” And then he listens patiently as Lindsay and Stiles ramble drunkenly about how nobody in town stocks anything for anybody who isn’t size two and flat as a board. He holds Stiles firmly when he starts to list sideways, chuckling fondly as Stiles squawks and clings to him desperately when he feels himself moving.

“You’re an adorable little drunk, did you know that? You turn into a koala,” Chris says, smiling fondly. Stiles shrugs, and burrows back in against his chest.

Lindsay finally decides she’s had enough to drink, and Chris confiscates the vodka, makes her drink some water, and puts her to bed in the spare room. Stiles tries to put the moves on Chris, but when he doesn’t get anywhere he dozes against his chest instead.

When Peter gets home, he takes in the sight of Stiles sprawled out and drunk on top of Chris, and he raises an eyebrow in silent query. Chris grins, and says “Lindsay.” And then he goes on to tell Peter about the niche market that they’ve completely missed.

Peter talks to their suppliers. It takes them a couple of weeks to source quality women’s wear from Canada, but once they find someone they’re happy with, it’s all go. Lindsay’s delighted, not least of all because they listen to her when she tells them what works and what doesn’t.

She spends a very entertaining Saturday afternoon going through stock options with them, and Stiles gets to listen to her hold forth on why this design is a crime against anyone with an actual ass, or how that one was obviously designed for a twelve year old boy to wear.

At the end of it, they’re left with a small but appealing range of women’s suits. It’s not a huge selection, but they decide to start small and see where it goes.

Lindsay looks like a badass in the suit she picks out when they finally arrive, and Stiles tells her so. She looks at herself in the mirror admiringly, and says “I really do, don’t I?”

Two months later, Scott and Kira shyly announce that they’re pregnant. Stiles has to take a moment to remember that they’re adults now, and the appropriate response is “Congratulations,” and not, as he almost blurted out, “Oh god, what will your mom say?”

But it also means that Scott has to start looking for a better job, because his wage at Gamesworld
just isn’t going to cut it. Stiles tells Peter and Chris that evening, and Chris looks thoughtful for a moment, before going to make some calls. By the time he comes back into the room, Stiles forgets to ask where he went, distracted by Peter dragging him into his lap and kissing him lazily.

The next day though, Chris comes over and hands Scott a business card. “Ring Alan Deaton,” he says. “He owns a vet clinic, and he needs someone to run the attached boarding kennels for him. I recommended you for the job. If you’re interested, that is.”

Scott’s lifelong dream has been to work with animals, and Chris knows it. Scott hugs Chris excitedly, and goes to make the call. Stiles watches him walk away, and says “A boarding kennel?”

Chris grins, and says “Hey. We all know Scott’s just a big puppy, right?” Stiles snickers, because Chris isn’t wrong.

Scott and Deaton meet and click immediately, and Scott gives a week’s notice. Stiles can’t help but note that Harris gives no indication of looking for a replacement, instead saying he’ll work the extra hours himself.

It means that work becomes simultaneously lonely and busy, and Stiles starts to think idly about looking elsewhere himself. Only six weeks later, the decision’s taken out of his hands, because Harris calls him into the office after the store’s closed for the night and gives him a month’s notice.

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Stiles sits there numbly as Harris explains that business is slow, and rents are high, and he can’t afford to keep Stiles on anymore. He and his wife are going to run the store themselves, in an effort to stay afloat. He’s apologetic, but firm when he tells Stiles that he simply doesn’t need him.

Stiles walks out of the office in a daze, holding the letter from Harris. He drives home on autopilot, and it’s only when he pulls up the driveway of their house that the situation really hits him. He’s going to be out of a job. It wasn’t the best job in the world, but he likes to think he was good at it, and what the hell is he going to do now?

He sits in the jeep just staring at his hands for a few minutes, before taking a deep breath and going inside. When he walks in Chris takes one look at him and bellows “Peter!” before opening his arms wide, and saying “What’s happened, sweetheart?”

Stiles just kind of falls into Chris’ embrace, standing there and listening to the steady thump of his heartbeat while Chris runs his hands down his back. He feels Peter come down the stairs, saying “What is it?”

Stiles hands them the letter, and slumps across the kitchen table, head in his hands. “I got fired.”

Even saying it leaves a bitter taste in his mouth.

Peter reads the letter, and says “Well clearly, the man’s an idiot. Why on earth would he fire you?”

“He can’t afford to pay me, says him and his wife are going to run the place,” Stiles says morosely.
Chris snorts. “Peter’s right. He’s an idiot.”

“Yeah well. He’s an idiot, but I’m the one unemployed at the end of the month.”

Peter sits down opposite Stiles and takes his hand. “It’s fine, sweetheart. You’ll find something else. Or maybe you could look at this as a chance to decide what you really want to do. Maybe study?”

Stiles shakes his head. “Nope. I tried college. Hated it, and it was a nightmare with my ADHD. Besides, I know it’s lame, but I like retail.” He sighs, saying, “I guess I’ll just have to suck it up and find something else.”

He feels Chris’ hands start to massage his shoulders, and hears him humming tunelessly in that comforting way of his, and just being this close to his wolves relaxes him.

“At least Harris said he’ll give me a good reference. I’ll start looking next week,” he says.

“You don’t need to worry, sweet boy. It’s not like we aren’t happy to support you while you decide what you want to do,” Peter assures him.

“Yeah, but I don’t need you to be my sugar daddies. And I don’t just want to hang around here being useless. I’d be bored,” Stiles protests.

“Hey, baby. Nobody’s suggesting you sit around being bored,” Chris soothes. “We’re just saying that you don’t have to panic. I mean, Scott managed to find another job, and he’s……well, he’s Scott. So you should have no trouble.”

Stiles thinks about that, and it does make him feel a little better. And when Peter pulls him in for a soft, sweet kiss, that improves his mood even further.

Chris and Peter spend the rest of the evening pampering him and soothing his bruised ego, and by the time he goes to bed he feels at least a little hopeful that something will turn up.

When Stiles wakes the next day, it takes him a moment to remember that he’s four weeks away from unemployment. He’s over the shock of it, but he’s still a little bitter.

He figures he’d better start job hunting after his shift today. He plans to make the rounds of the stores in the mall and see if anyone’s hiring, because he’d like to stay close to his wolves if he can.

He’s surprised to wake up alone, because Peter normally stays in bed until the last possible second. He gets dressed and goes looking for him, and finds them both in the office. Peter’s frowning at the screen in concentration and typing furiously while Chris sits in the other chair watching.

“Hey,” he says. Peter turns, and his frown disappears at the sight of Stiles.

“Hello, sweet boy. How are you feeling today?” he asks.
“Better. I’ve slept.” He hands Peter a thumb drive and says “Since you’re in here, can you please print me off a couple of resumes? I’m going to hand them out today, see if anyone’s hiring at the mall.”

Peter hums, and Stiles sees him giving Chris a significant look. Chris is raising an eyebrow in return, and Stiles just knows there’s a whole conversation going on here that he’s missing.

Chris pulls Stiles into his lap and scents him, saying “You smell a little happier, at least.”

“Thank you, werewolf mood ring. Now what are you two up to?” Stiles asks, refusing to be distracted by the way Chris is running his fingers up and down the back of Stiles’ neck, no matter how nice it feels.

“Nothing,” Peter says, a little too quickly. Stiles fixes with a flat stare. “You know, I’m not a werewolf, but even I can tell that’s bullshit,” he states. “What are you planning?” Because Peter’s wearing his determined face, also known as his *I’m Going To Get My Own Way* face.

Peter and Chris exchange that look again.

“Baby, you know we love you, right?” Chris starts, and Stiles looks at him oddly.

“Yeah, I know,” he says.

“And you know we can’t marry you, as much as we’d love to,” Peter says. “I mean, legally, you don’t have any standing in this relationship.”

“What’s your point? Because if this is meant to cheer me up, it’s really not working,” Stiles says, puzzled as to where this is going.

Chris laughs softly, and says, “OK, baby. Two things. First thing, we really need someone at the store, so we want you to work with us.”

“No thanks. I can get my own damned job,” Stiles says sharply. He can’t believe his guys don’t think he can get another job by himself.

“Stiles, I have no doubt you can find something else easily, but that’s not the point. Have you seen our sales? We really need more staff,” Peter says, swinging the computer screen around so he can see the figures there.

And when Stiles looks at the numbers, he sees what Peter’s talking about. HA is growing steadily more popular, and he knows there are a lot of days when one or the other of his guys comes home late.

“We’re looking at taking over the lease next door. We want to expand our casual wear, and the women’s wear. But we can’t do it with two of us, and we need someone with proven sales experience. You fit the bill perfectly. You’re young enough that you’ll work well for that side of the business. And it doesn’t hurt that you’re pretty,” Peter says with a smirk.

Stiles still isn’t convinced. “I dunno. Wouldn’t it be weird, me working for you?” he asks.

“That’s the other thing,” Chris says, absently nuzzling at his throat.

Peter leans forwards and says “Sweetheart, we don’t want you to work for us. We want you to work with us. We want to make you part owner of the store.”
Stiles’ mouth drops open. “You…what..?” he manages, as he tries to process what Peter’s saying.

“We want to sign over one third of the business to you. We can’t get married, but we can make sure you’re legally protected this way,” Peter says, smiling as Stiles continues to look stunned.

“If it helps, we could call it a courting gift,” Chris adds. “Surely you wouldn’t turn down a courting gift.”

Stiles is torn, because really, it’s perfect, but he doesn’t deserve this. He looks at them, both patiently waiting for some sort of response, and in the end all he can say is “Why? Why would you do that for me?”

“Because we love you, baby,” Chris says. “What other reason do we need?”

“Besides,” Peter adds, “Chris stole most of the startup money from his father anyway.”

Stiles looks at sensible, upright, honest, Chris, and he simply can’t picture it. “You did not!”

Chris grins, and says “I don’t think of it as stealing. I prefer to think of it as taking what I was owed.”

Stiles shakes his head in disbelief.

“So what do you say, sweet boy? Come work with us? Please?” Peter says, with a pleading expression on his face.

It’s the please that does Stiles in. He never can resist Peter when he begs. But he doesn’t want to rush into something this big. There’s a tiny part of him that still thinks this is too good to be true, and any day now he’ll wake from a coma and find it was all some glorious dream.

“Can I come work with you for a couple of weeks, see if I like it? And if I do, then talk about the rest of it?” he asks.

Peter looks like he wants to object, but Chris shoots him a warning look, and says “That’s more than fair, sweet thing. When can you start?”

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As much as the childish part of Stiles wants to leave Gamesworld immediately, his Dad raised him better than that, so he gives Harris a week’s notice, and then spends that week teaching the man all he can, because for someone who owns a gaming store, he's woefully ignorant. He does allow himself the satisfaction of leaving early on his last day, even though there’s new release game out and the customers are four deep at the till, leaving Harris and his wife floundering.

He goes home, soaks in the bath, and drinks a couple of beers to celebrate his new job. And when Chris and Peter get home and find him waiting naked in their bed, they celebrate with him.

On his first day at HA, he selects a pair of dress pants and a fitted shirt from his now extensive wardrobe, and pairs them with his converse, because he has no intention of dressing as formally as Peter and Chris do every day. He slips a waistcoat over the shirt, rolls up his sleeves, looks in the mirror, and decides it’s good. He figures Peter and Chris won’t object to the love bite that’s peeking out of his collar, since Chris put it there.
When he goes downstairs, Peter looks him up and down, and says, “Christopher, I have a problem with our new employee.”

“Oh?” Chris asks, also looking Stiles up and down. “He looks pretty good to me.”

Peter puts down his coffee cup, stalks over to where Stiles is standing, and pulls him in for a heated kiss. “Exactly,” he purrs. “I’m not going to be able to resist him.”

And with that, he carries Stiles back upstairs, calling out “You go on ahead and open the store. We’ll be a while.”

Chris shakes his head, and when he leaves the house it’s to the sound of tearing fabric and Stiles laughing as he says, “Peter, I liked that shirt!”

When Stiles finally arrives at HA, he feels a little bad about being late, because the place is much busier than normal. He remembers that prom’s in three weeks, which explains why there are so many tall skinny kids clutching their parent’s credit cards and look overwhelmed. As a former tall skinny kid himself, Stiles can relate.

He goes to help a guy who’s looking lost over by the rack of suits. “Hey, getting ready for prom night?” he asks easily, and the young man smiles and nods, and latches onto Stiles like a lifesaver. Stiles keeps up an easy patter as he gently extracts the information he needs – is he taking a guy or a girl, what color’s her dress, has she told him what kind of suit he needs? He looks the young man up and down considerably, selects three suits and four shirts, and sends him to try them on. While he’s waiting for him to come out, he looks up and sees Peter watching him with a satisfied smile. He winks, and Peter nods back. The kid emerges looking halfway decent, and after they change the shirt out for a better color, he leaves a happy man.

Stiles somehow ends up spending most of his day dressing the prom kids. Maybe it’s because he’s younger, or maybe it’s because the mothers all like to flirt with him, but he’s a hit with the younger customers. Occasionally he’ll call Peter or Chris over for a second opinion, but it turns out he knows more than he thought, and he mostly manages to hold his own.

His favorite fitting of the day is the contrasting suit and vest combos he sells to a pair of teenage girls, who shyly tell him that they don’t want to wear dresses to the prom. They’re thrilled when he tells them that yes, they do have women’s suits, and yes, they have actual pockets, not those fake bullshit ones.

It occurs to him when he’s on a break that he doesn’t know if Harris will still let him use their kitchen. Does their arrangement still stand? He decides to find out. He meanders over, and finds his old boss, asking “Hey, are we still doing the thing with the kitchen and the bathroom?” and is met with a curt “No.”

He shrugs, and goes to the coffee shop instead, bringing back drinks for his guys. Peter thanks him, and Chris grabs the cup with both hands, saying “I love you so much right now.” Stiles kisses him chastely, and goes back to squeezing teenagers into formalwear.

By the end of the first day, Stiles can tell that he’s going to enjoy this. As Chris locks the doors, Peter wraps his arms around Stiles from behind, and says “You’re very good. I think we might have to keep you on.”

“I think I might have to stay,” Stiles agrees, leaning back against Peter while he watches Harris
trying to close up across the street. He’s struggling to pull the security screens across, the ones that Stiles told him don’t close properly six months ago. Stiles knows that if you push in at just the right spot, they’ll slide into place easily enough, and he debates for a second going to show the other man.

But he has Peter nuzzling affectionately at his throat, and it’s such a long way to walk. Besides, Harris said it himself, he doesn’t need him.

Stiles thinks he’ll let him figure it out for himself.
A month after he starts working at HA, Stiles accepts Chris and Peter’s offer to become a partner in the business. There’s paperwork, and a lawyer, and it’s all taken care of quickly and efficiently. The day Chris and Peter sign a third of the business over to Stiles, they also update their wills to include him. Stiles didn’t even have a will when he walked in, but he sure as hell has one when he walks out, along with one third ownership in a successful business. He’s never felt so grown up in his entire life.

Afterwards, Stiles has to go and sit quietly for a while just to digest that his guys have given him this, and that they’re really, truly, permanently together. Signing the legal paperwork has given him a security that he didn’t even know he was missing. It makes him wonder what else he’s missing out on without realizing it, and it gives him the courage to take the step he’s been considering for a while now.

They’ve started making plans to expand into next door, and it’s obvious that the best way to do it is to close the store down while it has a refit. They’re adding their own kitchen, and the contractors say the whole thing will take six weeks. Stiles looks thoughtful as he says “Peter, what would you say if I suggested we go away while the store’s closed?”

“I’d say a holiday sounds wonderful, sweet boy. Where would you like to go?” Peter replies absently.

“I’m not sure. Somewhere we wouldn’t be disturbed. Somewhere that a new werewolf might like, if he was learning to control himself.”

Peter’s head snaps up at that. “What exactly are you saying, Stiles?” he asks. He knows of course, but he wants to hear the words.

Stiles grins, and says “I’m saying yes to the bite, Alpha.”
Stiles tells his dad they’re going away for a break. His father takes one look at his expression, and immediately knows what he’s planning to do. He hugs Stiles tightly, and says “You call me, all right? You call me as soon as it’s done, you let me know you’re OK.”

“I will, I promise,” Stiles tells him. He knows there’s a chance he could reject the bite, but it’s a risk he’s willing to take.

They tell people they’re going to Vermont. It might even be true. All anyone knows is that when they come back from their six week break, Stiles looks amazing. It’s like he has a new lease of life. Scott comments on it when he sees him, saying “Wow. Whatever you’re doing, it must really agree with you. I’ve never seen you looking so fit. Where did you go again?”

“Vermont,” Stiles says without batting an eyelid.

“Well, it looks like it was good for you, anyway,” Scott tells him.

Stiles says “Dude, it was life changing,” as he grins widely.

Stiles’ wolf is an unruly and mischievous creature, and not even slightly interested in behaving. It takes weeks before he can even begin to keep himself under control. His fangs drop if he’s startled, he accidentally bucks Chris off him when they’re having sex, and he can’t stop his eyes from glowing every time he gets excited.

He despairs some days, because his wolf shows no sign of ever listening to him, coming to the surface at the worst times. There’s no way he can even leave the hotel room in those first two weeks. He grumbles to Peter that it would be just his luck if his damned wolf had ADHD as well. “Phenomenal cosmic power, itty bitty living space,” he moans. “I’m going to be the first werewolf ever who’s kept under house arrest by his mates.”

Because on one thing, he and his wolf are in complete agreement. The first time he sees Peter and Chris after he’s turned, he crawls all over them, growling out mate and mine as he pins them down and scents them eagerly. His wolf chooses them, completely and unreservedly.

Chris reassures Stiles as he holds him close and teaches him to retract his claws, tells him it will come with practice. And it does, slowly. He finally gets control when they ride out the full moon together, the three of them taking turns exploring exactly what he can do, how much he can take, what his new limits are. And once Stiles gets his wolf to submit to his will, he revels in it. He’s a spectacular werewolf, just like Peter always thought he would be.

“I knew you’d be an amazing wolf,” Peter pants out as Stiles pushes into him for the third time and fucks him roughly, the way Peter asked him to.

Stiles leans down and drops his fangs, nipping at the back of Peter’s neck. “It’s because I have a
good Alpha,” he murmurs. Then he growls lowly, and begins to pound him in earnest.

They reopen the store on a Saturday morning. It’s bigger now, with more casual wear, a bigger selection of women’s suits, and new signage. Because it’s not just a Hale and an Argent any more. It’s a Hale, an Argent, and a Stilinski.

Stiles came up the new name, and he’s pretty damn pleased with himself for finding something that incorporates all three of them. Peter and Chris put up a token protest, just to tease him a little, but in the end, of course they agree.

After all, Hot Ass Suits really is a great name.

End Notes

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Works inspired by this one: Well Suited by Faladrast (surfgirl1)

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