From Whence I Came

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Summary

Stiles has been cheated on and decides to leave Beacon Hills for a while. A lazy day at the beach takes a risky turn. An unexpected encounter may change lives forever.

Notes

I posted this from my phone so please forgive the odd formatting but it won't take my corrections so Ao3 you win!

See the end of the work for more notes
Part One:

People believe they can escape their troubles by running away. For a time, perhaps, they succeed. But pain is like a mosaic. Surface colors may fade, but they cement the tiles on. The ghost design remains, weathering the test of time and the strongest of hearts.

Stiles thought leaving Beacon Hills would be the antidote to the poison life had forced him to swallow. He emptied most of his savings and filled a duffle with summer clothes. A ticket and a tourist visa sat in his pocket the day Noah Stilinski drove him to the airport.

His father didn’t burst into tears until he had him tightly pressed into his chest. "Go and find your serenity, son."

Stiles, eyes watery but maintaining his composure, nodded into his father’s neck. “I don’t know when I’ll be back, Dad,” he sniffled.

“Take all the time you need,” was Noah’s paternal response.

8 thousand miles from home. This is where Stiles landed. Culture shock lasted a couple days and served as a good distraction. Now that it’s been eleven, the struggle to keep his head clear is real.

Moments of confusion follow bouts of lucid realizations.

The torture is the same. Only the scenery has changed. Stiles sits on the beach. His beach. He’s visited here for the past ten days and always found it empty, except for the occasional animal.

Legs crossed in front of him, he studies the landscape. A movement catches his attention.

A brightly colored bird circles several feet from the cliff’s inaccessible edge. Its graceful swoops bring it to the surface of the water and back.

First left, then right. Higher, then lower.

Bright red feet tucked under its stark white belly, the angler dips and wets its hooked beak. It plucks a squirming fish from the sea. Wings spread as it glides back to the ridge, prize in gullet.

Stiles watches this solo dance through a lazy squint until the bird disappears from view. The brilliant azure sky, pregnant with the late afternoon sun, radiates heat. It beats down on top of Stiles’ head.

The buzzing in his ears is relentless. It’s adding to the pressure between his temples. He pulls on his right lobe repeatedly.

*Maybe you shouldn’t have let him go. Maybe you were too rash. Maybe.. maybe... maybe...*

The voice torments him on a loop. Stiles doesn’t remember packing so much distress.

He wills his focus to return to the overturned book next to his thigh. Then a breeze lifts. Caressing his scalding skin, the scent of melanin drifts to flared nostrils.
Stiles relaxes into his deep exhale, leaning back onto the towel like his spine just suddenly dissolved. His elbows land at his sides.

For a brief moment he drifts. He’s in California again. Things are perfect, just the way they were two weeks ago. Derek is cooking dinner. Later they cuddle on the couch as they watch a movie.

Derek certainly isn’t on his knees, bobbing on someone else’s crotch. He isn’t nose-deep in some dude’s pubes while the other’s fist is entangled in his black hair, head thrown back in ecstasy.

Stiles shakes the vision from behind his eyelids. “You’re such a fool, Stiles,” he mumbles out loud, rubbing into his sockets with his palm.

Stiles drops his gaze to the waves that roll onto shore, the foam bubbling up with a low sizzle. He shifts and his shorts ride up slightly, revealing a marked tan line. I need more cream, he decides. There’s at least two more hours of sunshine.

As he reaches for his bag, a shadow falls over it. Stiles jerks. “Jesus!”

A wiry hawk-like man plants himself at his side, the hardened soles of his bare feet impervious to the scorching sand. His wrinkled flesh, the color of black coffee, hangs loosely from his bones. “Oru puyal arukil ullatu. Kavanamaka iru.” A storm is near. Be careful.

“I’m sorry I don’t understand,” Stiles replies. The stranger points to the horizon. His tiny frame is swallowed up by his tattered t-shirt and worn trousers. They resemble hand-me-downs from a much older brother. “I’m sorry,” Stiles raises his hands in apology.

The man grins with the whitest teeth Stiles has ever seen. Vibrant gray eyes twinkle at him. "Kavanamaka iru." Without waiting for an answer, he continues onward, disappearing behind a cove shortly after. Footprints are the only proof the man ever existed on this beach.

“What the hell was that about?!” Stiles asks no one.

Except for the sound of crashing waves, the silence is heavy like baled cotton. Stiles is once again the only human here. A couple of feral dogs lie panting in the shade of a low dingy, its white and blue paint peeling from the years of salt erosion and sun exposure.

This place is tranquil for someone who is at peace. Stiles, instead, is restless.

He burrows his toes into the hot sand, golden arms wrapped around his bony knees. The movement shifts the gravelly particles. A beautiful pink and grey seashell appears.

Stiles’ fingers are drawn to it, the tips firmly holding its edges while he thumbs its perfectly symmetric ridges. Gorgeous.

A soft vibration from his backpack makes him drop the shell. After cleaning his hand from the sand with swift pats, he opens the text. Unbelievable. How did he get this number?!

You didn’t need to leave, Stiles. We could have worked through this. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. Can you forgive me? Please come back. I beg you. - D

Stiles blows out the building anger with a hiss. No air inflates his chest.
The text is a cruel reminder. His heart stutters, and there it is: that reeling, spinning-down feeling he’s been fighting for the past fortnight. Bile crawls up his throat only to be swallowed down once more.

Stiles changes his mind. He wasn’t too rash. Fuck Derek. If he had to fly halfway around the world to forget, to find himself again... so be it.

Still, forgetting is easier said than done. Disremembering is a luxury afforded to a lucky few.

Stiles deletes the message. He distracts himself by listening to the ocean. It’s gentle breaths seem to control his lungs. Most would find it relaxing, but his thoughts are jumbled. Stiles’ brow furrows, all his anxieties bumping headlong into his mind.

“Screw this,” he says aloud. The seashell still rests where he had dropped it. He bends to pick it up and immediately spots another.

He pockets them both.

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An hour later, with the front pouch of his bag bursting with shells, Stiles stops mid-stride. He glances half fearfully over his shoulder. His face falls the slightest bit.

In the distance, barely visible to the naked eye, is the point where he first took the beach. He recalls the three palm trees that reminded him of a pitchfork.

From here they look like the tips of a comb. “Shoot,” he mutters. The orange flame over the crest of the surrounding hills will shortly usher in the night.

Can he maneuver the darkness back to the cove without the tide rising quickly?

Before panic can set in, a voice startles him.

“Are you lost?”

Stiles swings around... only to forget to breathe. A head is attached to a body Stiles has only seen on covers of Men’s Health. It’s a man, mid-forties. Taut muscle over hard, compact bone.

The stranger’s skin isn’t just sun-kissed. The sun wooed him, wined and dined him, and then made sweet love to him.

He looks like he’s been dipped in brown sugar, his sculpted torso glistening with sea water. The brunette forgets himself when eyes like topaz gems probe his face.

“How did you end up here? Not many people make it to this end of the island.”

Should I give him the short version or the long? “I was collecting seashells and lost track of time.
I’m not so much lost, it’s just that I walked over an hour and now I don’t know if I can make it back in the dark.”

The man moves his blue stare down and back. Jesus, those cinnamon eyes...

“I see. Glad I found you then. Sorry to break this to you but there’s no way you can beat the tide.”

The man extends a calloused hand. “My name’s Peter, by the way.”

“Stiles. Nice to meet you.”

An eyebrow arches. “Stiles? That’s an unusual name. Short for something?”

Stiles chuckles. “Yeah. Short for a mouthful. Trust me.”

The beachcomber figures by the intensity of his tan that the tourist has been here over a week. It’s flawless. He must spend most of his days under the sun.

The man’s elevator gaze provokes a deep blush in Stiles’ cheeks. He rakes a shaky hand through his dark brown hair.

“Well, Stiles... “ Peter retrieves the red woven basket he had been carrying and puts it over his shoulder. Cords of muscle tense in his thick neck. “I have a boat and a scooter.”

“That’s great!” Stiles interjects.

Peter’s mouth tightens. “Neither will be of any use, unfortunately. The roads are terrible during the day. You can’t imagine the danger at night.”

“Oh.” Stiles’ expression darkens. “What about the boat?”

Peter indicates the sea with a lift of his chiseled jaw. “A bad storm is coming. I can’t risk taking the boat out when it’s raining violently.”

Stiles protests. “But there wasn’t a cloud in sight today.”

Peter’s full lips slip into a smirk. “Believe me. It’s going to start pouring in about...” his roundly tipped nose sniffs the air. “36 minutes.”

Stiles bites into his chapped lips. He hasn’t had a drink of water in hours.

What now?! Is he stuck here?

“Peter, where am I supposed to go? What can I do?!” Stiles asks, finally panic-stricken.

Peter smiles and winks. It’s knee-weakening.

“Don’t worry. You’re lucky I found you when I did. I live in a bungalow a few minutes from here. Unless you know someone else in this jungle, Stiles, you’re going to have to stay with me tonight. My couch is comfortable. I just caught 8 crabs so I can offer you a hot meal and a shower, too. What do you say? I sure could use the company.”

Stiles doesn’t have any choice. And anyway Peter doesn’t appear dangerous. He’s taking an equal risk in inviting a stranger into his home.
“Thanks for the hospitality. I’d be happy to come.”

“Alrighty then. Follow me.”

Part Two:

After a brief walk uphill through palm trees and thick vegetation, Peter’s modest bungalow comes into view. It’s actually larger than what Stiles was expecting.

The white structure, made of thick planks and a reinforced roof, also boasts a small veranda. A square wooden table and two wicker chairs fill the far end.

Peter leaves the basket by the door and invites Stiles inside.“Please, make yourself at home.” He flips on the light.

Stiles steps over the threshold and into an unexpected space.

“Woah, this is amazing!”

“Thank you,” Peter replies with an air of pride.

Stiles pirouettes in the center of the huge living room. A small kitchen sits in one corner, not lacking any amenities. A very wide and presumably comfortable couch fits perfectly against the opposite wall. A tv and modest sound system face it. A door to his left probably leads into a bedroom and bath.

“You’re not really wanting for anything, huh?”

Peter opens the fridge and hooks two beers with his index and middle fingers.

So not true, he thinks. There are some things money can’t buy.

“Nope,” he replies with a strained voice. “Everything I need is right here. My little kingdom. Beer?”

Stiles is electrified. “This is so cool. I’m shocked!” He takes one of the bottles. Before Stiles can take a sip, though, Peter hands him a water.

“Drink this first. You’re extremely dehydrated. I can tell.”

Peter licks his lips in lieu of licking Stiles’. God that mouth is beautiful, he thinks. Peter wonders if..

Stiles finishes the water without even stopping for air. He hadn’t realized just how thirsty he was. He cleans the excess moisture off with the back of his hand.

“So, not to state the obvious here, but I picked up on an American accent. How’d you end up here?”

Peter busies himself in the kitchen, pulling out a gigantic pot from underneath the sink. Stiles’ gaze falls on the man’s superlative backside, barely contained by board shorts.

It’s like it’s made of marble!
Peter fills the kettle with water and searches for tongs in the drawer.

“Well, let me tell you something about this place. There are three reasons people come here. Either you’re running from the law, running from yourself, or trying to forget a broken heart. I’m a lot of all three.”

Peter bends and smirks. Stiles gulps when he flexes his core to carry the weight of the pot towards the back.

“Mind getting the door? I like to cook on the fire stove outside.”

Stiles sprints forward to give him access. Indeed, on the rear porch stand a grill and a small wood stove. Peter secures the pot on it and within a minute has a fire going beneath.

“So,” he turns and flashes Stiles a captivating smile. Only his left cheek ever dimples and Stiles runs hot with exhilaration.

“Which of the three are you, handsome?” Oh, Peter’s really turning on the charm. Stiles is not unaffected.

“Um, a little of the second and a lot of the third, I guess.”

“Hmm. Interesting. So some girl broke your heart and here you are.” Slick. His host doesn’t want to ask directly.

Stiles bites. “A guy, actually. A guy broke my heart. More like shattered it into a thousand tiny pieces like a Murano glass figurine falling from a shelf.”

Peter takes a long drink from his bottle, his heart thundering. So his guest is gay. Or bi. Either way he might have a chance.

“Interesting image. Tragic. I’m sorry, that’s most unfortunate. But they do say time heals all wounds, right? Or some cliche’ bullshit like that? One door closes and another opens?”

Like the door to my house perhaps?

“I guess. It’s still really fresh. The anger and the betrayal sting like hell. I honestly hope his dick falls off.”

Peter chuckles. “Ouch. That’s a bit harsh, isn’t it?”

Stiles shakes his head decisively. “It’s not enough. I should have shot the asshole with my father’s gun when I caught him in the act.”

“Your father a hunter or something?”

Stiles thinks to his Dad. Makes a mental note to call him tomorrow. “No. Dad’s a sheriff.”

“Well remind me not to piss you off and on second thought... I’ll skip the amusing anecdote regarding the warrant for my arrest,” Peter jokes, leaning back against the doorframe.

A strange silence falls between them, bordering on uncomfortable. Stiles runs his tongue along the ridge of the glass bottle and Peter watches intently. There’s an electricity in the air and it has nothing to do with the sky that has just opened up.

Peter points upwards. “Told you.”
He wasn’t wrong. It’s been roughly 38 minutes and the rain is coming down HARD. It beats against the roof like a machine gun firing.

“Well, let’s get you out of these clothes.”

Stiles falters.

“Um, it’ll take a little more than a beer,” he quips. He lets himself look smug.

Peter is amused. “You’re funny. What I mean is I have a sweet-water shower. There’s a container to collect rain. I figured you’d want to freshen up?”

Stiles exhales in slight embarrassment. “Oh. Right. Of course.”

He looks down at himself. “But I don’t have a change of clothes.”

Peter checks the flame. Maybe you won’t need one...

“No worries, I can lend you some.”

Stiles is amazed how kind some people can be without asking anything in return.

“Go take a shower and I’ll lay out some clothes for you on my bed. I’ll get the crabs going in the meantime.”

“Great. Thanks. But I insist on helping when I get out.”

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Stiles stands under the stream and washes the salt from his skin. It feels wonderful. The temperature is just right, like being coated in warm oil.

His mind wanders to the man in the other room.

For the first time in a very long while he finds himself thinking about someone who isn’t Derek Hale. Peter’s face floats in front of him, every detail crystal.

Jesus, the way his eyes softly wrinkle around his magnetic gaze... The hot body tensing and relaxing with every movement.

Plus there’s something oddly familiar in his face. Stiles can’t put his finger on it. No way he could know him, though.

Stiles’ daydreaming has got his dick hard. Shit. He begs his brain to stop but all he envisions is Peter on his knees, mouth on his...

His hand fists his thick base before he knows what he’s doing.

No. He can’t.

Stiles can’t be thinking these things about Peter. Worse yet, he can’t jerk off in a stranger’s shower. It doesn’t matter that he’s been so fucking depressed he hasn’t come in 16 days. 16 excruciatingly long days!

He turns off the water and drops his head between his shoulders. He thinks about dead kittens and WW II until the erection subsides.
When Stiles returns to the kitchen, the crabs are already cooling on the board.

“Did you have a nice shower?”

Jesus, how long was I in there?!

Peter glances his way. “I’m sorry the clothes don’t fit better. You have a different physique from mine.”

Stiles does look like a scarecrow. But it’s endearing.

“Hey, I appreciate being able to get clean and have a place to crash. This isn’t Paris fashion week. Can I do anything?”

A wind has picked up and now it’s raining crookedly. It’s pummeling the windows.

“I can’t believe it’s still pouring out.”

Peter nods. “It’s going to go on most of the night. Good thing you found a sanctuary.”

The older man grins, handing Stiles a glass of white wine.

“And no need to assist. Have a seat outside and relax. I cut up the salad while the crabs boiled. And I showered.”

Stiles notices Peter’s wearing a different pair of shorts. He’s still fabulously shirtless.

“Wait, do you have a second shower?”

Peter laughs. “No. I just stood out in the rain. Same water. Much bigger spout.”

Now Stiles is imagining Peter out in the rain. Naked. Great.

The men retire to the covered veranda, where Peter has lit some twinkle lights and set the table.

“So, what did you do back in the States, Stiles? Except for getting your heart broken.”

Stiles scratches at his wrist. “I was a corporate lawyer. Working for my boyfriend’s ... or, ex-boyfriend’s company. So that’s awesome. When I broke it off with him I lost a job as well. Win-win for Stiles.” He gives himself a thumbs up.

Peter winces. “Oh, that’s rough. I’m sorry. I do understand loss. Trust me. After what one could call a troubled childhood and then tormented teen years, I left home to become a marine biologist.”

Stiles’ jaw drops. “That is so awesome! Like every kid at some point says they want to be a marine biologist and no one ever does it at the end. Pretty cool. I’ve only heard of one person who became one. His name was Peter, too, oddly enough.”

“Huh, no kidding? Well, I’ve been obsessed with the sea since I was a boy. When I saw my first whale up close... well that cinched it. When I talk about loss, I mean something happened in my family. It was rough. I really never returned home for more than a couple weeks a year once I left for college. Let’s just say I wasn’t exactly welcomed back with open arms.”

Stiles downs his glass and pours himself another. He tops off Peter’s.
“So from the States, how did you end up here?”

Peter hesitates a moment, then decides to continue.

“I ran into some trouble with the law. Suddenly a position at the university here was looking very good. It was either this or getting to Australia before they found about my... indiscretion. So I moved. Almost a decade now. Haven’t been back to the States since. I stopped teaching 3 years ago. I give the occasional seminar. Mostly I fish and take tourists around the islands.”

“That doesn’t sound bad at all. Especially if the alternative as I understand it would have been jail.”

Peter’s face twitches. “No, it’s not. But I won’t lie, Stiles. It gets lonely sometimes. Most days I try not to think about it. Nor the people I left behind. One in particular.”

He raises his tone, slapping the top of his thigh. “But I have my music, my guitar. And the sea. What more do I need? Hell, sometimes even a beautiful, unexpected guest with mysterious russet eyes finds his way to my door and my entire outlook changes.”

Before Stiles can register what Peter says, he changes the subject. “Enough about me. Come on. Let’s shell the crabs and eat. I want to know more about you.”

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After one of the tastiest meals Stiles has ever had, and some very entertaining conversation, Peter and Stiles return inside to occupy the center of the couch.

The air is jovial and the men are slightly tipsy. Two-thirds of their second bottle of wine sits on the coffee table.

“So... “ Stiles scoots closer. The lights are dim but despite that an evident hint of rose tinges Stiles’ face. Peter's eyes bear a playful glint.

Their knees touch, both sitting diagonally so they can look at each other. Peter's right arm is stretched out over the top of the sofa. Stiles rests his head on his left palm, elbow but a few inches from Peter’s hand. The fringe of his long lashes flutter.

"Peter?"

"Yes?"

The tone is soft. Dreamy. "Tomorrow, can I show you the shells I found? Maybe you can help me identify them."

Peter secretly rejoices. Stiles wants to stay for a bit then? "I'd love to. I'm sure I can catalog all of them for you."

Stiles swirls some wine in his mouth before swallowing. He sets his glass next to the bottle.

His reflection swims in Peter's sapphire pools for a moment. He gathers his courage and grasps Peter’s hand.

This is audacious, but what does Stiles have to lose? He's been picking up signals all evening.

Peter gets it. He shares the sentiment. He hasn’t been shamelessly flirting for nothing.
He replies by lacing his fingers with Stiles’. His breath shortens.

"Thank you for helping me today, Peter. I don't know what I would've done without you. And thanks for making me forget the darkness."

"Not a problem, Stiles. You've been an absolute delight. Like I said, I have my selfish reasons for helping you, too."

Stiles sucks in the lower corner of his petal lip. He wants to taste Peter so badly his mouth throbs.

"What would those be again?" He smiles slyly, inching forward.

Peter simpers.

"Well, I've been lonely. Eager for conversation and social interaction. Contact is important among mammals. Touch especially." He squeezes Stiles’ thumb.

The young brunette advances an inch.

“So I’ve heard.”

“Yes. Touch is essential.”

Stiles memorizes the sound of Peter's low trembly voice. "I see. Anything else?"

This time it’s Peter who leans.

"And..." he draws it out. "I haven't stopped thinking about kissing you since I met you." His voice is honey-sweet against Stiles' lips.

Stiles reaches, slipping an arm behind Peter’s neck. His mouth comes coaxingly down on his. Their lips brush, a tantalizing invitation for more.

And then Peter really kisses him. Their mouths grind and Stiles let's him in, helpless beneath Peter's probing tongue. His fingers lift the hem of the oversized t-shirt and they break only long enough for Stiles to be left bare-chested seconds later.

Oh god.

An ache is sparked by that one indelible kiss. The elder moans and the younger whimpers.

“Peter... I want you,” Stiles begs, the last words smothered as he pulls him on top like a blanket.

A deep, achingly sweet exploration of his mouth demands full surrender.

“Want. You. Stiles.” Between each word Peter plants kisses on his lover’s silky shoulders, neck, and face. His skin scents of green tea and jasmine flowers.

“Please... “ he beseeches.

Stiles kneads Peter’s muscular back, one of his hands slipping underneath the fabric of his shorts. The globe of fuzzy flesh beneath his palm gives only a little when he pushes their groins together.

Peter is perfection. Stiles makes room for him between his quivering thighs.
“Fuck,” he murmurs when Stiles’ swollen cock grazes his. “You’re so beautiful, Stiles,” he whispers.

Stiles raises himself to meet Peter’s hungry mouth.

“You more.”

Their connection is urgent and exploratory. Stiles wants to lose himself. His sex is pulsating and it only gets worse when he kisses the tender hollow of Peter’s throat. The man gasps. The little noises he emits drive Stiles crazy with lust.

Peter repays the favor by tweaking Stiles’ nipples with tantalizing possessiveness.

“Need to taste you.”

The brunette doesn’t protest. He wants this. He longs for this gorgeous man’s mouth on his leaking member as he explores every inch of his godly flesh.

“Please,” Stiles barely makes out.

Peter’s hot tongue maps a path down his ribs to his tight stomach. Stiles’ cock jerks when Peter pulls off his shorts, wiggling them off his feet with his toe.

He shimmies out of his own and when Stiles catches a glimpse of his manhood he utters “Oh my god Peter!”

Stiles is more than average but Peter is impressively thick and long. Uncut. Three perfectly round beads of pre-cum have collected near his slit. Stiles wants to propose a 69 but Peter falls on his dick before he can even formulate the words.

“Mmm,” he hums on it, swirling his heat around the shaft. “So good, Stiles. Such a sexy cock.”

He lightly rolls Stiles’ balls in one hand as he sinks down to his patch of mahogany pubes. Peter works the length, sucking lightly when he reaches the rounded tip. His other hand pumps evenly to the time of Stiles’ “Ughs.”

Stiles writhes, fingertips digging into the cushion below as his right hand caresses Peter’s hair.

“Oh fuck,” he groans. “Peter...”

It’s been so long, and Peter’s mouth is so hot and skilled. He doesn’t think he can stop it. “It’s so good, baby. Fuck. I’m getting close.”

Peter senses his tension. He uses the spit dripping down Stiles’ scrotum to wet his puckered hole. As he increases the suction, cheeks hollowed, he slips one long finger inside.

“Oh Peter FUCK!”

One feathery touch on his prostate and Stiles lets the release explode in Peter’s cavity. His jaw clenches and his toes curl. The muscles of Stiles’ lower half quake.

Stiles comes. A lot. Wave after wave hits Peter’s ridge as Stiles screams his name in delight, bucking his hips.

The elder happily swallows, lapping up the tiny bits of creamy spillage from the soft tufts of pubic hair once Stiles’ orgasm fades.
Peter gazes upon him, lips ruddy and skin flush. Stiles pants heavily.

“Oh my god, Peter. Oh my GOD. That was... ”

He beckons him, spreading his legs in want. It’s evident how hard his lover is, the tip of his erection red and glistening as it bounces just past his belly button.

Peter’s longer than before, more of the foreskin pulled back to reveal the bulbous head. Stiles desires him. NOW.

“Fuck me, Peter. For the love of god fuck me. I need you inside me.”

“Oh Stiles,” Peter growls, lifting his legs and propping them against his wide shoulders.

There’s a moment of hesitation. It dawns on Peter that he doesn’t have protection. He hasn't exactly needed any.

“Stiles I don’t... “

He knows what Peter’s going to say.

“I’m clean, Peter. You can do me bareback and even breed me if you want. I’ve always been extremely careful, even in the last long-term relationship. He and I always used condoms which considering his cheating ass is now a blessing. But I never missed a test and you bet I got another done when I caught him, just in case.”

Peter doesn’t want to come off as an asshole. “I’m clean, too. I haven’t been with anyone in a year to boot. But I don’t want to force you. Only if you’re okay with this...”

Stiles’ lust-blown eyes give him the answer.

“I’m okay with this. Please fuck me, Peter. I want to feel you inside me.”

Peter agrees, sweetly pecking the tender flesh of the young man’s inner thighs. “Okay, angel. Okay.”

He pulls Stiles’ ass closer, lining up his cock with the ribbed opening. The blood-engorged rod slips inside, inch by inch until Peter’s moaning in pleasure from the clench and the warmth. Stiles is stretched but still so exquisitely tight.

“Baby you feel so good,” he sighs, bottoming out.

He figures it’s okay to move, Stiles took all of his eight inches like a pro.

“Oh yes... “ Stiles mews. “Make me yours.”

Peter slips in and out, watching his sex disappear inside his lover from hilt to tip then back again. It’s like swimming in a heated pool, the sensation of utter bliss and delectation. His skin prickles as his body hair stands on end.

Stiles grabs his ankles, angling better. Peter takes it as a cue to speed up and when he finds the right rhythm he takes it out on Stiles’ gland.

Every thrust is a grunt and the louder Stiles cries, begging for more, the harder Peter fucks him.

“Stiles, angel... so perfect, so tight... “
It’s been a while for Peter as well. The burn starts low and then the coil rises. His balls are so retracted they barely move.

“I’m close, Stiles,” Peter bellows over the sound of slapping skin. He arches his neck.

“Cum for me,” Stiles urges, hand dropping to stroke himself into another peak. “Cum for me, Peter. Breed me.”

Peter disintegrates a moment later, pumping his seed inside Stiles as he swears through gritted teeth.

“Oh fuck!”

Stiles paints his stomach with his own jizz, a less viscous load than before spurting out in time to Peter’s last plunges.

Peter falls onto Stiles’ strong pecs, lost in his embrace until the climax passes and his member slips out, pink from effort.

Stiles kisses the top of his head. His nails lightly scratch between the man’s shoulder blades.

“I’m sorry I didn’t last long. It’s just been a while and you were so tight... and fuck me when you said breed me I lost it.”

He rests his chin on the brunette’s sternum. Stiles chuckles. “Nobody is winning any marathons today, Peter. I was basically coming as soon as you put your mouth on me. That’s why we need to have sex often, right? Anyway it’s the quality that counts. Two mind-blowing orgasms in the span of 25 minutes? You won’t hear me complaining.”

Peter gently kisses along Stiles’ neck, up his jaw, to his pert lips.

“So you enjoyed it?”

Stiles grins. “No brainer.”

“And you’d like to do this again?”

“Most definitely. As soon as possible actually.”

“Me too.”

Peter sits up, some of Stiles’ cum drying on his chest.

“Let me get us some washcloths. Where are you staying, Stiles?” he asks as he disappears into the other room.

“For now in a hotel near the town. I wasn’t sure how long I’d be here.”

He returns and hands Stiles a moist towel.

“I may sound crazy here, but why don’t you come stay with me? I’ve got the room and I’d love the company.”

Peter leans in and recaptures his lips. “The bed is even cozier than the couch. We can have some fun. See where this goes. I really like you, Stiles. And I’m not just saying that because you’re hot and sexually superlative.” Peter has a way of making Stiles’ insides melt and it's happening again.
Stiles is considering it. It’s not the craziest idea, actually. Old Stiles might not have done something like this. Hell, old Stiles wasn’t even willing to have one-night stands.

But new Stiles?

“You know what? Why not! I’ll do it.”

“Amazing! It’s settled. We’ll go get your stuff tomorrow.”

Peter almost skips to the fridge. Stiles can’t get over how fucking beautiful this man is. His head pops out from behind the door.

“I just realized. I don’t even know your last name. I totally forgot to ask where you’re from, too. I apologize.”

Stiles pulls on his shorts, the folded towel in his hand.

“No worries. We talked about so many things. I’m from a small town in California. I doubt you’d have ever heard of it.”

“What? I’m from California.”

Stiles laughs. “Get out, what a small world. Where are you from?”

“Same as you. Small town. You drive too fast on the interstate you miss the exit. It’s called Beacon Hills. Do you want a water? Another beer?”

The towel drops from Stiles’ grasp pretty much about the same time his jaw does.

“Oh my god. OH MY GOD!”

Peter closes the fridge door only to find a pale Stiles hyperventilating in his living room.

“Stiles? This is quite a different ‘Oh my god’ from the one I heard earlier. What’s wrong?!”

Stiles is mouthing words but he’s mute. A fractured voice finally escapes him.

“Are you Peter Hale?”

Now Peter’s face drains of blood.

“Yes. How did you know?”

Two men tremble.

“I’m from Beacon Hills. My dad is Sheriff Stilinski. And the guy who cheated on me... my long-term boyfriend? He’s Derek Hale. Jesus Christ you’re Peter Hale, the Hale brother who disappeared years ago after becoming a marine biologist. I was dating your younger brother.”

For about a minute there’s silence. Peter just stands there naked, hands at his sides, the gears turning in his head.

“Derek told you his brother disappeared? So he doesn’t know? They never told him?”

Stiles is cradling his face in his hands.

“Told him what?”
Peter tilts his head and sighs. “Stiles, I’m not Derek’s brother. I’m Derek’s biological father.”
Listen Like Thieves

Chapter Summary

Peter explains his past to Stiles, who contemplates his future.

Chapter Notes

This one isn't over. It deserves one more chapter. :) Hope everyone is okay with that!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The storm rages on outside. The shutters squeak in their rusty hinges.

Stiles smiles weakly. Almost as if what Peter said didn’t register at all. And then it does. He rubs his forehead with his thumb and index finger.

“What?!?” he asks, eyes saucer ed. The rest is a series of hiccups.

“That’s impossible… but you’re… Derek’s 30… doesn’t make sense… I just slept with Derek’s father… “

Stiles’ heart rattles in his rib cage. He can’t keep his hands from trembling. Peter joins him on the couch, a warm palm closing over his bouncing knee.

“Stiles, I’ll explain everything. I need you to take a deep breath. Can you do that for me? IN-OUT. Come on, do it with me. IN… OUT.”

There’s a comforting warmth to Peter’s blue gaze. Stiles nods. Inhales. Exhales.

Again. His chest feels less constricted already.

“One sec.” Stiles raises a long finger. The wine bottle dips. Peter watches as he pours himself another glass of wine. He downs it in three gulps.

Stiles turns, lips still moist. “Okay. I think I’m ready now.”

Peter’s lips part when Stiles interrupts. “Um, Peter?”

“Yes?”

He tries to tear his gaze away from the older man’s groin.

“Peter, can you put your shorts back on? Your penis is really distracting.”

In a moment of comic relief, they both explode into giggles. Stiles’ shoulders are still slumped, though. This news weighs heavier than he’s willing to admit.

Peter retrieves his shorts from the floor. Once he’s dressed, he points to the coffee table. “I’m going to need something a little stronger than Chablis.”

A small cabinet next to the sofa contains several bottles of liquor. Peter pulls a Johnny Walker and a tumbler from the first shelf.
A finger of whiskey burns as it travels his throat a moment later.

Peter smacks his lips, grimacing. “Do you want any?”
Stiles shakes his head. “I think I need to be one foot on the side of sober. I’ll stick with the wine.”
“Ohay. Here goes.”

Peter sits cross-legged, facing Stiles. Their fingers are laced together and any hint of humor has dissipated.
“So, tell me everything,” Stiles whispers, leaning forward.
Peter’s eyebrows draw together in tension. “Well, I was always sexually… precocious. I lost my virginity when I was 12. Then a year later I finally admitted to myself I also liked boys. Let’s say I never passed up an opportunity to have an experience. I mean, even back then I had taste, don’t get me wrong. But I was young and horny and not as discerning as I am now.”
He studies Stiles for signs of discomfort, but the man only tilts his head, giving a squeeze to their hands. “Go on, I’m listening.”

“Sex became an escape. My family life wasn’t great. Victor, my father, was a strict man. Rarely showed any affection, physical or otherwise. My sister was older and got all my mother’s attention. I guess I didn’t have much in terms of a male role-model and felt neglected much of the time.”
Stiles snorts. “I’ve met your parents. I can see that.”
“Really? Well, I suppose you would have. And how is the old bag? Still cranky and loathing life?”
“Pretty much,” Stiles confirms.

Peter’s expression slides into a frown. “Figures. So, as cliche a teenager as I could be, I acted out. Subconsciously I think I felt sex would fulfill a need for affection. If nothing else it was entertaining. For a time.”
Squinting into the semi-darkness, Stiles urges him on. “Tell me about Derek’s Mom.”

Peter bites lightly into his quivering lower lip. This isn't easy to talk about.

“When I was 14, I met Cecilia. She was in my math class. Just a beautiful girl with such a kind heart. Derek got all his looks from her. She had the prettiest black hair. It was the first thing I noticed about her. I sat behind her in Algebra.”
Peter’s eyes dull. The sky blue murkier.
“The first time she ever looked at me, I forgot myself. It was those eyes… they were a green I had never seen on anyone. Almost alien. As you well know, Derek inherited those, too.”
Stiles remembers. Derek’s face is burned into his heart. All the times those chartreuse eyes bore into him, from the first time they met to all the nights they were making love. The way Derek looked at him, with so much passion.

How could he do this to me?! I thought he was the one.
Stiles swallows down the lump in his throat. This isn’t about him right now.

“I fell for her, hard,” Peter continues. “We started dating. Which in 8th grade didn’t mean much, I guess? Pizza at the mall and stolen moments when our parents weren’t around. And then things got more serious. After a few weeks of sneaking around, afternoons spent in my basement trying not to get caught as we orally pleased each other… she wanted to lose her innocence. I was sure I loved her. I’d never felt that for anyone. I wondered if having sex with the person you loved would feel different, you know?”
Stiles knows. He found out the hard way.
“And did it?”

The tumbler fills with more amber liquid. It sloshes against the glass.
“For me it did. I mean, no girl’s first time is a walk in the park. Especially at that age. I was gentle with her, but I’m not exactly small. I don’t think she enjoyed it until we had done it eight or ten times. I don’t remember now.”
“But you were considerate,” Stiles states.

There’s half the sparkle in his eyes now. “Of course. I’d never purposely hurt her. Anyway, we were young and foolish. I told myself we couldn’t get pregnant, we were just kids. So I never bothered with condoms. Not with her. I loved her. I wanted to feel that connection. About two months after we were active, she was late. And that’s when everything fell apart around us.”

Stiles caresses the soft flesh beneath Peter’s knuckles.
“I can’t imagine your parents took it well?”

The weak light shines at just the right angle. Peter’s long lashes flutter.
“Better than her parents, for sure. Sylvia and Tom were very Christian. Abortion was out of the question. They pulled Ceci out of school immediately. Forbid me to see her. Claimed she would have the baby and then it would be put up for adoption. Victor, the proud asshole he was even back then, started a war. ‘No Hale child would be given up to strangers’ he screamed at me. This was how the pregnancy went. Lawyers, families feuding. Ceci and I saw each other a few times before the birth. I’d just kiss her and hold her as she cried. Poor thing. She was so fragile. So fragile…”

The sadness shaking Peter’s voice is tragic. Stiles wishes he could take his pain away, it's tearing him up inside.
“Where’s Ceci now? Why didn’t she want to raise Derek once she got older?”

Peter looks up, fresh tears staining his cheeks. “Ceci died in childbirth. The baby was big. Too much for her body to handle. The doctors waited too long. Once they did the c-section, Ceci was already bleeding out. They weren’t able to save her. Derek lost a mother, and the Turners lost a child because of me. Because I couldn’t keep it in my pants. I’m a horrible person, Stiles!”

The violent sobs consume Peter as he covers his face with his hands. Stiles pulls him near and embraces him like he’s never letting go.
“There isn’t a day I don’t think about Ceci. Not one day. I’m going to carry that guilt for the rest of my life,” he sniffs.

“No, Peter,” Stiles murmurs. "This wasn’t your fault. At all.”
Two hands rub his back, up and down in long strokes.
“The doctors should have known better. You were both just kids. These things happen to adults, let alone children. It’s not your fault. And despite being people of questionable character, your parents raised Derek well. I know I’m pissed at him and he’s made mistakes, but he’s a good man. He is. He wouldn’t be here without you. I wouldn’t have shared my life with him for nearly 5 years without you and Ceci’s love.”

Stiles dries Peter’s tear tracks with his thumb. He covers his briny lips with his own and kisses him with complete abandon. Peter melts into the touch, whimpering softly against Stiles’ heaving chest. *Jesus this young man is making me lose myself.*

When Peter sits back, he cups Stiles’ face.
“I thought… I thought you’d be disgusted. Not want to be with me anymore.” Peter searches Stiles’ gaze with supplicating eyes. It’s heart-wrenching for Stiles when he understands just how truly lonely Peter is.

Stiles touches the plump middle of Peter’s lower lip, possessing his mouth once more.
“I admit it was a shocking revelation. But honestly, I don’t care. I loved Derek, 5 years just don’t go away in a snap. I’ll need time, Peter. But I’m not in love with him anymore. I can’t forgive what he did to me.”

Peter blinks the tears back. “So... you like me?”

“Oh, sweetheart.

“Baby,” Stiles hazards the word. “You being Derek’s biological father doesn’t change the fact I really like you. There’s something that attracted me to you immediately, and it wasn’t just your looks. Maybe it’s our backgrounds. Maybe two slightly broken people have just found each other at the right moment.”

Peter grabs him. Kisses him back, so hard and desperate they need to come up for air. Stiles’ lips throb to the beat of his pulse.

“Jesus, Peter… “ Stiles shocked at his own eager response to the touch of his lips.

“I feel a connection with you, Stiles. I don’t understand it and right now I don’t need to. I just know I want to be with you.” He forces a smile. “And I’m sorry Derek did that to you. I would have raised him better. His loss.”

Breathing lightly between parted lips, Stiles pinches Peter’s chin.
“It’s over between us, Peter. He’s a good man, he just has shitty judgment. Something tells me he inherited his father’s sexual prowess.” Stiles smirks.
“But his heart is in the right place. I wish him happiness. Frankly, I’d rather focus on us now. I want to be with you, too. See where this takes us. Now tell me the rest. I'm curious. I'm assuming Victor won. He took in Derek as his own from what you said.”

Wiping the rest of the moisture from his cheeks, Peter clears his throat.
“Yeah. Honestly after Ceci died, his family blamed me, us. They wanted nothing to do with the Hales or Derek. The baby was just a cruel reminder of the loss. Dad took him in. Probably the only honorable thing he ever did in his life. Though I know he mostly did it out of Hale pride.”
“How did they get around the truth?”
“The official birth certificate is filed at the hospital. Dad had a guy forge documents. Claimed they had adopted Derek, erasing me as the father. Since Ceci had been kept away from school, and I started being home-schooled until the whole thing blew over, people eventually forgot about us. Sure, rumors had spread but people’s memories for drama are short. Fortunately new things kept happening to distract everyone.”

Stiles tilts his head, brings the glass to his lips and takes another sip.
“So no one suspected?”
“By the time I started high school again as a sophomore, 3 middle schools had merged at Beacon Hills High. No one really cared about me or my past. The few who remembered asked what happened to Ceci, and I told them she had moved away with the baby.”

Resting his head on Peter’s shoulder, Stiles looks up at him. “How did you explain Derek being around?”
Putting a kiss on the top of his head, Peter finishes. 
“My parents didn’t go out much with him. I played with him as much as I could, but I had classes. I was on the honor roll, all my classes were advanced and A.P. I tried to be a better role model for him than I ever had. The little guy didn’t socialize much with other children. We lived on the outskirts of town, it was easy to be forgotten. By the time Derek started school, I was already away at college. The adoption seemed real by then and no one really cared about the rest.”
"I see," Stiles muses.
"I think you must have been born the year I left for college?”
“Yeah,” he breathes. "I’m 26. A little younger than Derek.”

_Christ I’m robbing the cradle! _“That’s why I didn’t really know about you. I remember your Dad. He was a deputy then. He’s a few years older than me. And your Mom was a nice lady, too. How are they doing?”

Stiles fiddles with the hem of his shorts, his smile fading. “Mom died when I was a kid. She… ugh… killed herself. Dad’s okay. He’s the sheriff, always keeping busy.”

Peter wraps his arms around Stiles. “I’m so sorry about your Mom. That’s awful.”
Stiles tightens his grip on Peter’s back. “Thank you. It was hard, but my Dad really stepped up. He’s finally happy and I’m so glad. It took me years to convince him to date again. He’s going out with my friend’s Mom. Melissa Mc- you’d know her as Delgado.”
“No way!” Peter interjects. “Melissa and I went to high school together.”

The blood drains from Stiles’ face. “God, please don’t tell me you slept with her, too.”
Peter laughs so much his belly bounces. “No, Stiles. She and I were just friends. Took all our science classes together. She wanted to be a nurse, I recall.”
“She is. A great one, too.”

A comfortable silence falls. Peter fingers the rim of his glass, lost in thought. Stiles, instead, doesn’t know if he should address the elephant in the room.

Stiles coughs, attracting attention. Darting his gaze from his lap to Peter’s face he risks it. “Listen, Peter… It’s none of my business, I know. But don’t you think Derek should be told? He’s 30 and has no idea who his real parents are.”

Peter pours another whiskey with his left hand, the bottle already half-empty. “Don’t think I haven’t thought about it, Stiles. I have. But what right do I have to ruin his life? Tell him his entire existence is a lie?! And let’s add me sleeping with his ex-boyfriend to the mix while we’re at it. Recipe for disaster.”
“Peter. Wouldn’t you want to know if Victor and Mary weren’t your real parents? He deserves to know.”

Peter darkens with an unreadable emotion. “I’m not sure, Stiles. That’s not something you reveal over the phone, know what I mean?”

A hand grabs Peter’s thigh. “You don’t have to. Come back to Beacon with me. You can tell him in person. We can figure all this out. You haven’t been back in ten years, Peter. TEN YEARS!”
Peter sighs, shaking his head. “I can’t, Stiles. I can’t go back to America.”
“Why not?” Stiles asks.
“Remember the legal matter? It’s not a funny anecdote. Not at all.”
“Jesus Christ what happened?!” Stiles perks up.
His tired features suddenly shadow with fatigue. “Voluntary manslaughter. I defended a woman from being assaulted and put the guy in a coma. He died a week later and 3 days after that I fled the country. There’s a warrant for my arrest in the state of California. If I go back, Stiles, I face up to 10 years in state prison for that crime. Who knows what I’d get on top of that for being a fugitive this long.”

Stiles darts in his place, features contorted in shock and anger. “But you were only helping someone. Doesn’t her testimony count? This is ridiculous! My dad is a sheriff I can ask him-“

Swaying his head from side to side, Peter kisses Stiles’ fingertips. “I appreciate it, Stiles. But there’s nothing you can do. Plus, I like my life here. I don’t have a lot of people missing me, Stiles. Trust me. I’m better off. And I will not do time for defending myself. I knew martial arts and the other guy didn’t. I had an advantage, apparently, and him lunging at me with a broken beer bottle was not enough imminent danger to justify the use of my ‘deadly force.’ It is what it is.”

Stiles shakes his head disapprovingly. “No, this can’t be. I mean-“

Kissing the tip of his nose, Peter moves on to his eyes. Finally, he brushes his tongue against the soft fullness of Stiles’ lips.

“Shh, baby. It’s okay. It really is. Look around. I’ve got everything I want here.” His eyes stray sleepily until they fixate back on Stiles’ honey gaze. “EVERYTHING.”

Their foreheads touch.

Stiles rests his head in the crook of his neck and sighs unevenly.

“But what about telling Derek? I still really think he needs to know.”

“We’ll find a way, Stiles. I promise you I’ll tell him. You’re right, he should know the truth.”

Tossing his head back, Stiles’ lips curl up. “I’m glad. I know it won’t be easy but I’m here to-“

Stiles’ phone vibrates from within his bag.

“Shit, I have to check this. It might be my Dad, I texted him earlier.”

“Yeah, sure go ahead.”

Releasing him, Stiles bends over and slips the phone from the pocket of the backpack he threw to the floor earlier.

The light from the screen shows his widened pupils a moment later.

“Stiles? Everything okay?”

Silence is his answer along with a flushed look of surprise. He shows the message to Peter.

I’m coming to India, Stiles. I need to win you back. Your Dad told me where you’re staying. Don’t blame him. I begged him to. I’m arriving tomorrow to Madurai. Hired a driver from there. I love you and I will do anything to get you back. ANYTHING. Don’t give up on us, angel. Please. I love you. – Der

“Oh fuck,” Stiles says, his stomach turning over in icy shock.

Peter stretches his arm out, seeking Stiles’ touch. He feels dizzy all of a sudden. “What does this mean, Stiles? For us?” he asks hoarsely.

Stiles stares wordlessly ahead.

“Nothing changes, Peter,” he eventually says, his faint voice trailing away uneasily. “You’ll tell
him the truth and I’ll tell him to get lost. That’s it.”

Stroking his arm tenderly, Peter nods. “I want you to act on what your heart desires, Stiles. No obligation.”

Shaken from his trance, Stiles puts a soothing hand on Peter’s stubbly cheek. “I know what I desire, Peter. I want to be with you. It’ll be okay, I promise. Now let’s go to bed. I need to feel you near me.”

Peter rises, trailing behind Stiles who pulls him by his fingers towards the bedroom door. His heart is heavy. Just when he found someone who made him feel again, made him taste the air he was breathing...fuck!

*I hope it will be okay, Stiles. I really do.*

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for following me down this rabbit hole. It was supposed to be a story about Stiles collecting sea shells on the beach and look where I am now! Chapter title from the INXS song.

End Notes

Based on my travels and a Pinterest prompt.
Help with Tamil from my friend Priya.

*I had closed this at two chapters because I’m not active in the fandom anymore, but I promised myself to wrap up open stories so I am currently working on a third. :) *

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!