maybe someday we'll get it right

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by korilove

Summary

5 soulmate universes that Stiles and Lydia don't end up together, and one where fate wins out and they do. For Stydia Month.

Notes

For Stydia Month!

This is inspired by a quote that I've included at the beginning of the fic, which credit goes to elisabeth hewer

The title of the fic is from We Won't by Jaymes Young and Phoebe Ryan.

Special thanks to my betas anonymouses & scottmczall, who put up with my insanity and make my writing so much better ♥.

As always please always use protection people! do as I say and not as I write!

See the end of the work for more notes
in one timeline we kiss but the stars don’t come down. in another you set a world on fire for me but i perish in the flames. another and we’re strangers on a busy street, brushing by close enough to send each other reeling off balance but not stopping. somewhere there’s a final space where your hand on my face is the punchy climax to an epic saga, where the way our mouths meet takes the breath right out of people’s throats. one universe has us right, of all the millions stacked on millions. so it’s not this one. i can live with that. the world is full of wonders and a hundred years ago the moon was too much to dream of touching. look how far we’ve come. turn over your shoulder and just look. maybe we’ll come across each other at the turning of the century, racing across the breaches between worlds. i’ll build my life on that maybe. --- Elisabeth Hewer

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Ephemeral

Rainy days were the bane of Lydia’s existence.

The dreary and damp days mixed with gray skies always dampened her mood, bringing down her entire day and even affecting facets of her personality. They made her want to hole up under blankets and stay in bed all day, curled up in nothing but an old faded t-shirt, which was very un-Lydia.

On this particular rainy day, Lydia holds the black umbrella close to her as she walks down the street, eager to get another day at the lab over with as fast as possible; she could feel the effects of the water droplets on her skin already, sending shivers over her body. As she walks, she notices the dots of water around her soul mark, the dull gray design of curving lines connecting together reminiscent of her mood. She’s lost in her thoughts until she has to stop at a streetlight crossing.

The world seems to slow down for a moment, Lydia’s hearing focuses in on her louboutins clinking loudly against the wet sidewalk as she waits impatiently, rain falling from the sky in sheets of moisture.

The street light she’s been focusing on changes to walk, and she moves ahead with the crowd,
beginning to cross the street.

That’s when it happens.

The slow-motion movement she’d experienced before slows completely to a stop. Air gets caught in her throat and her heart speeds up, pumping faster than she can ever remember. Lydia shifts her eyes from the middle of the well-dressed man in front of her; and she sees him.

He’s wearing a red-and-blue plaid button down under a leather jacket to protect him from the rain and dark jeans. He has brown hair that’s stuck up in the front with some sort of hair product, and ray-bans don his face (which is completely pretentious on a rainy day). There are moles scattered across any skin that’s visible, thin lips and an angled nose feature his face. She can’t see his eyes though his sunglasses, but she feels their gazes connect, her insides vibrate as she feels a burning sensation across her wrist.

He inches closer as time seems to right itself, Lydia unable to move herself from the path she’s walking in. He draws closer and her heart rate intensifies, the anticipation building like a thick tension. The stranger continues walking and passes right by her, their hands brushing the other briefly, electrifying Lydia’s senses.

Then it’s over.

Lydia shakes herself and continues her walk to the lab, the momentary excitement flooded by her somber emotions.

She doesn’t notice that her mark has burned black until she’s going over test results later that day.

ii : Circumstances

Not everyone meets their soulmate.

It was sort of a rarity now, not like the stories people told. The ones where searching for the person who would make your mark sear black into your skin was the most important goal in life. The
excitement and anticipation of meeting your mate was common.

But not anymore. People didn’t wait around for their marks to burn in order for them to settle down. It was almost unheard of, unless you were a hopeless romantic whose head was up in the clouds most of the time. Which Lydia Martin certainly was not.

She’d met Jackson when she was 16, when he’d moved into town with his parents, just after her soul mark materialized. They got married when they were 20, because what was the point in waiting? Her parents weren’t soulmates, and neither were any other couple she knew. Plus, the sex was great, and they were a perfect duo together, a power couple climbing the ranks of society with ease.

But she never loved him.

She’d be lying if she said she didn’t dream of meeting the person her soul was connected to, even just to say that she’d met them; to feel the swirl of lines clustered on her wrist burn black and just know. Because the worst part of the soul legend was not knowing.

So when she finally did feel the embers of her mark blur into black, that may have been what the relief was from.

She was driving home from Andrew’s PTA meeting, knuckles turned white as she clutches the steering wheel a little too hard. Erica Boyd had gotten on her last nerve during the meeting, actually managing to get the rest of the “concerned” (more like over-dressed, stuffy morons with heavy pocketbooks) parents to side with her.

Furious, Lydia rushes to get home, desperately needing a glass of wine and a way to blow off some steam. She doesn’t realize she’s going 20mph over the limit until red and blue lights flash ahead of her in a speed trap.

“Fuck.”

Cursing in her mind, Lydia pulls her car over on the side of the road, signal light blinking to the right. Her heart speeds up and her hands tremble a bit, more out of annoyance than anything else. She leans over into the passenger seat to rifle through the glove box for her registration papers, finding them under a few coupons she’d clipped for the grocery store. She rolls her window down and hears the police cruiser door fall shut, the clanking of heavy boots on the asphalt unmistakable.
Lydia licks her lips and mashes them together as the officer inches closer, and turns her head towards the open window as soon as his voice can be heard.

“License and regist-”

His words fall short, and their eyes lock for a moment.

She falls into a pit of amber, the different facets of brown weaving in and out of his irises, connecting together around the center of his eyes. Thoughts seem to escape her for a moment, as she takes in the rest of his appearance. His being a police officer is obvious, clad in the blue uniform from the lapel to the glock attached to his hip, down to his boots. He’s lanky but he looks solid enough in his uniform. His face dotted by dark moles close to his ears, with a few others spread out further across his profile.

Lydia’s eyes are fixed on inspecting his thin lips as she passes the registration papers and her license through the window, his touch jolting her as he takes them out of her hands. His hands are warm as they brush softly against her skin.

She watches as he looks over the documents, mesmerized by the long fingers and bony knuckles. The officer nods and hands the papers back to her without a word. Lydia glances up and reads his name tag on the front of his shirt, “Stilinski”.

“You have a nice night, ma’am.” Is all he says, turning around and getting back in the cruiser.

Lydia heaves, trying to catch her breath from the odd encounter. She must stay like that on the side of the road for at least 20 minutes, because her cell rings out with a text from Jackson, asking where she is.

She types out a quick reply before gathering up her composure and turning the engine over with the key. It’s only then that she notices her soul mark has been inked in darker, the gray that had been there before etched a jet black.

Lydia smiles to herself before pulling off the median. So she really did have a soulmate after all.
Stiles Stilinski goes through his whole life without real romantic love.

Sure, he’s had flings and one night stands and a handful of relationships, but nothing that even comes close to a romantic love for the ages.

He knows people who have met their soulmates; his parents for one. His mother’s soul mark was a cross behind her left ear, his dad’s the same image on his right shoulder. He still feels a little sick when he thinks about the first time he saw his dad’s mark after the accident. The sharp black of the cross had changed over into a blood red, like the open wound he knew his father felt since she was ripped away from them.

He remembers when he came of age and the excitement that came with searching for your mark. Where it would be on your body and what it would be were things that were hyped up for your 16th birthday. Stiles remembers his mom telling him about finding her own mark, even though it had been 8 years before he’d even get to experience it.

He thought it’d be something cool, like a lightsaber or something. Instead, that morning in the shower he found a cluster of swirling lines etched into the skin just above his hip. It looked more like a bunch of scribbles done by a 3 year old than a soul mark.

Stiles only showed a few people his mark, when before he would have been excited to show it off; it was the thing that would connect him to the love of his life, after all. Scott had been one of those people, who was still markless since he was younger than Stiles.

“Dude, it’s not that bad.”

Stiles had groaned. “You aren’t allowed to say that, you don’t even have one yet!”

Stiles secretly hoped that maybe Scott’s would be just as bad (or even similar), but was sorrowly disappointed when the day rolled around and a faded gray arrow appeared on Scott’s left forearm.

Scott met Allison in college, and Stiles remembers so clearly the day his best friend’s mark turned black. He’d been playing call of duty in his pjs, yelling angrily at 12 year olds over the internet when Scott entered their dorm room.
He moved his headset off one ear so he could start a conversation, but his friend's face was void of any emotion. Scott slumped against the door and smiled goofily.

Stiles had dropped his controller and scampered to his best friend, scooping him up and getting him onto the bed that mirrored his own.

“Scotty, what’s wrong?” Stiles asked, voice full of concern, but Scott just broke out in a fit of giggles.

Stiles’ eyebrows knitted together in confusion as his friend laughed until he was coughing, raising his arm so Stiles could see the ink black arrow on his arm.

“You met your soulmate?! Dude!” Stiles exclaimed.

Scott’s laugh ebbs a bit and he nods, delving into the story of how he bumped into a beautiful raven haired girl on the quad. She almost ran him over, she was on her way to the gym and in the zone.

And as they say, the rest was history.

But that moment of heart racing palpable energy and anticipation never came for Stiles.

When he was 73 he felt the mark change, and he wondered if he’d finally met his mate, better late than never right? But when he checked his hip that night, the mark hadn’t been filled in black. Parts of the cluster had turned red, like a string weaving through the mess of lines. Stiles knew whoever his soulmate was, they were no longer a part of this world for him to find.

iv : Prurience

Usually, a bar was the last place Lydia wanted to be on a Saturday night. She’d rather be catching up on coursework, getting ahead for the next semester, or doing anything but having to be surrounded by sweaty bodies and objectifying words that just left a bad taste in her mouth.
Tonight though, she didn’t even need Allison to beg her to go. After a stressful week of midterms and professors eyeing her at every turn, Lydia could do for a night of letting off steam.

So she and Ally headed out to the Cosmo, dressed to impress and a little tipsy from the pre-club tequila shots.

The air inside the club is hot and humid, there’s an instant layer of moisture that sticks to Lydia’s skin as soon as the bouncer lets them into the main part of the bar. The dancefloor is filled to the brim with swaying bodies, pumping bass and upbeat music pounding out from the speakers.

Allison leads the way up to the bar counter, ordering four tequila shots. Lydia just shrugs and swings back the first one the bartender puts down in front of her.

“You really mean business tonight, don’t you?” Ally asks before swallowing her own shot.

“It’s been a long week.” Lydia replies, picking up the second shot and tipping it back, shaking with the burn in her throat. She picks up a lime and sucks out the juice to chase the feeling as she watches Allison do the same.

Ally turns back to flash a brilliant smile in Lydia’s direction before grabbing her hand and pulling her onto the dancefloor, a laugh escaping her lips as she leads the way. Somehow they weave their way through the crowd of people, ending up somewhere near the middle of the dancefloor.

Allison’s arm snakes down as it releases Lydia’s hand, and moving to the beat of the music they dance together. Lydia’s mind is hazy and her limbs move in a trance as she completely lets go.

Through a couple of songs she starts to notice someone’s frame pressed up against her back. Lydia doesn’t think much about it, since there isn’t a whole lot of room on the floor. When a pair of hands reach out and grasp her waist though, the venom buried deep in her veins rises and she turns around.

The guy who’s been dancing on her smiles up at her with a sinister grin. He’s stocky, pecs bulging out of his tight white tee. Blue eyes and sandy hair, he reeks of testosterone and overconfidence.

“What do you think you’re doing, exactly?” Lydia slurs, loud enough for the stranger (and the other
people around her) to hear.

“What does it look like, Sweetheart?” The asshole jibes, running his hands over her ass.

Lydia give him a sweet smile and snakes her arms around his neck, hauling him closer. When she can feel him start to dance again, she softly kneels him in the crotch. “It looks like you’re being a skeeze.”

The guy’s face screws up in pain and he nods, turning away from her and making his way through the crowd. Lydia flings her hair out of her face and whips around to search for Ally.

She finds her friend in no time at all. She’s found a new dance partner; a muscular tanned guy with dark hair and a sweet looking face. His arms are around her hips and Allison’s swaying with him, smile etched on her face as he whispers something in her ear.

Lydia makes her way over to them and joins, but is distracted when Ally points at another guy beside her.

This guy is tall and lanky, wearing a novelty t-shirt and dark red jeans. His face is obscured by a gray ballcap as he talks to another guy with curly blonde hair, a beer clutched in his hand. Lydia and Allison’s dance partner yells something his way, and the stranger moves his head towards them to respond. She gets a good look at his face this way; moles scattered across his skin, thin lips drawn up in a smile. Soft brown colored eyes and eyelashes that go for days framing them. His dark brown hair sticks up off his forehead, on the same angle as of the brim of his hat that sits on top.

When he spots Lydia he does a double take, eyes sweeping over her high-heeled feet, bare legs and short dress. Lydia feels her mouth go dry, her tongue slips out and wets her lips, mashing them together nervously as he makes his way over to her.

“What’s your name?” The question is innocent enough, but the way it rolls off his tongue is laced with intention.

“Lydia.” She smiles, leaving Allison and her dance partner behind.

“Stiles.” He offers, his arms looping through hers as they move together to the beat of another bass riddled song.
Normally, she’d scrunch up her nose and wonder who the hell names someone *Stiles* but the liquor flowing through her bloodstream silences the protests as soon as they present.

Heat takes over as Lydia runs her palms over his arms, running over every mole-covered inch until she reaches his shoulders, snaking around his neck as she rocks her body against his. She feels his hands spread out over her lower back, their hips mirroring each other in their movements.

Soon all the sweating bodies around them seem to dissolve and float away; the only things Lydia’s able to get a hold on is Stiles’ body, the rising temperature in her cheeks and the slick on her skin, accompanied by the bass. Her fingers grasp at the ends of the cap as she runs her hands through the ends of his hair at the base of his neck. She swears she feels lips press to the exposed skin of her collarbone, and she doesn’t even try to hide the moan that passes over her lips.

Lydia feels Stiles’ breath ghost over her ear and his hands grasp onto her waist as they grind their hips together in sync. Lydia loses herself to the feeling of it, the hazy pleasure mixed with the heat and the smell of his laundry detergent.

“She almost whispers in her ear. “Come with me.”

Lydia props herself up onto her toes to return the proposition. “Why should I?”

“Trust me?” Stiles whispers back, and she can hear the smile in his voice.

She doesn’t know anything about him. She really should say no and just go home. Maybe it was the liquor, or the the long week she’d had, or maybe because she felt this pull towards him she couldn’t explain. But something about him makes her nod, and let him lead her off the dancefloor.

They barely make it out of the back of club before Lydia’s pressing her lips to his, a need to release this energy thrumming in her core. She registers the lingering taste of spearmint and beer, but their tongues are so frantic in tasting and searching that she forgets about it.

Stiles hoists her into his arms and presses her into the wall of the club, the rough edges of bricks scratching her skin as he captures her lips again. His right hand travels from the curve of her ass, over the swell of her breasts and graze the sensitive skin of her neck before grasping onto the hairs at the bottom of her neck as she rolls her hips against his.
Desperation outweighing her usual sense of propriety, Lydia immediately tugs on the belt holding his jeans up, nearly tearing it out of the loops. Stiles gasps into her mouth and follows her lead. He pulls his shirt over his head before sticking his hands under the flowing fabric of her dress and pulling her underwear down, ripping them in the process.

Lydia reaches into Stiles’ boxers and palms his dick, hard and ready for her. She strokes him a few times and he thrusts into her fist, deep groans falling from his lips that make her need even more unbearable. It must affect him too, because he’s pushing her arms out of the way and kissing with a certain ferocity she can’t place. And then he’s teasing her with the head, running it over the folds and into her clit, enough to make her squirm with the sensations.

Lydia pulls away from his lips to give him a condescending glare, but she’s met by a mischievous grin lighting up his features (the ballcap adding to the malice behind her eyes). Seconds later he readjusts and pushes into her, the stretch of it strangling any objections.

She digs her nails into the flesh of his shoulders as he pulls all the way out, humming deeply before filling her up again, still teasing. Lydia can’t believe the boldness of it, her arousal mixing with annoyance as she wraps her legs tighter around his thighs, giving him no room to pull out properly.

Stiles snorts and gets down to business, sealing her mouth with a kiss and tasting her as he thrusts in again, sinking up into her at just the right angle. Lydia’s eyelids flutter as she gives into the feeling, a primal instinct taking over as his pace becomes unrelenting. She matches every movement, the sounds of the street and the faint beat of music mixing with slapping skin, broken sobs that sound from her chest and eloquent swears falling from his lips.

Her breaths come in pants, every inch of her skin electrified and heat pouring out of every pore. He fucks into her with a reckless abandon, throwing a hand over her lips when her screams start to boil over into an octave out of normal human spectrums.

The pleasure coils in her stomach, low and building tighter every time their hips meet. It stretches out over her core and goes taut, the need to release it unbearable. Stiles’ fingers clutch to her so tightly she’s sure to be bruised, sweat beading off his forehead and onto the pale skin of her shoulders. He swipes his tongue out to taste it, before biting down onto the skin above her collarbone.

Lydia cries out and the world bleeds black behind her eyes, a burning sensation cresting over her and settling in her wrist as she comes, the coil snapping inside her over and over again. Stiles joins her seconds later, spasming inside her and cursing god and love and everything holy as he pants hotly over her chest.
As they come down, she feels this indiscernible yearn to stay like this, tangled up in him, breathing the same air, perspiration mixing together and slick against them. She wants to spend hours mapping out his skin, drawing constellations with his moles, twisting her fingers in the dusty hair of his chest. Rub her knees raw in front of him, his fingers entwined in her hair. Take off his ridiculous hat and wear it backwards as he stares up at her, tasting her while she smirks like the devil.

Stiles slowly pulls out of her, finally releasing the vice on her hips. He helps her settle back onto the asphalt, his hands rubbing over her shoulders. She nods appreciatively, placing a quick peck to the edge of his jaw while he fixes himself.

This is usually the part where things get awkward. Lydia has done this half a dozen times before, but there’s something different. Tension doesn’t seep in through the cracks after their satisfaction. If anything, she feels even more comfortable with him.

When he pulls his shirt back over his head, the brim of the cap he’s still wearing slides down his forehead, obscuring him from view. Lydia can’t help but laugh and tilt it back up, locking eyes with him as he looks up at her.

She gets lost in the immensity of his irises, the different shades of brown changing in depth and almost taking her breath away. Stiles smiles again and presses his lips to hers once again, and Lydia feels her heart skip a beat.

He pulls away and hums happily. “Let’s get you a cab.”

She nods and he leads the way out of the alley and into the street, hailing a taxi on the curb. It feels right when he laces their fingers together and pulls her into the backseat.

The drive is short, maybe 5 minutes, but Lydia barely registers it. All she can focus on is his the feel of his skin on hers, still sending licks of fire over her. When the cabbie pulls up to the curb in front of what must be her apartment building, Stiles stumbles for a second.

“Can I see your phone?” He asks, panicked.

Lydia shakes her head. “It’s dead, and back at my place.”
Stiles groans and dives his hands in his pockets, pulling out a receipt from an atm. He borrows the cabbie’s pen and scribbles out his number, placing it in her palm.

“Call me.” He begs, kissing her cheek and exiting the cab.

Lydia watches him walk up the steps as the car pulls away, a certain sense of contentment filling her to the brim until she can’t see him anymore.

When Lydia wakes the next morning, she has a splitting headache, a dry mouth and a pain in her wrist.

Pain in her wrist?

Groggily she opens her eyes and scrambles out of bed, searching for the gray soulmark on her arm. But the gray is nowhere to be found; in its place is a swirl of curling lines inked black into her skin.

Pity she can’t remember anything about last night. And the number she finds at the bottom of her purse is no longer in service.

Ever since Stiles can remember, Lydia and Scott have always been there. Inseparable since their first days of elementary school.

Lydia with her bright orange braids hanging down her back and Scott’s dinky cars in the sandbox. Stiles always had a preference for the sandbox anyway, and it was fun to pull at Lydia’s braids in class (much better than paying attention to the teacher, anyway).

One day she’d come stomping over to the two best friends in the sandbox, demanding that Stiles leave her alone.

“You can’t pull at my braids anymore. It’s not funny!” She’d said.
Scott had given Stiles a scandalized look. “Stiles! You can’t do that, it’s mean!” He scolded, turning Stiles the color of Lydia’s hair.

Lydia had given Scott a mega-watt smile and apparently decided that he was worth her friendship. For about a week she ignored Stiles completely, only talking to Scott. Eventually she stopped ignoring him and started teasing him back while Scott tried to get them to make up.

The rest was history.

He remembers when his mom told them all about the soulmark legend. She had showed them the black cross inked into the skin behind her ear, earning a squeal from Scott as Stiles nervously played with the hem of his shirt. Lydia merely looked mesmerized, asking all sorts of questions (does it hurt? when did you get it?).

Claudia had just smiled and explained the ins and outs of the legend; how she got the mark when she turned 16 and when she met the sheriff it heated up and turned black.

“And is he your soulmate?” Lydia asked, curiosity getting the better of her at 8 years old. Claudia nodded and the redhead’s giggles filled the room. He remembers thinking that if either of his two best friends were his soulmates, it might be okay.

So here they were, 8 years later and Lydia’s birthday rolls around. Just like every other year, everyone shows up for her party, especially since her birthday falls on the Friday that year. There’s music and hormones and a ton of underage drinking.

Lydia’s dressed up in a beautiful blue dress and Stiles’ mouth goes dry when she opens up the door to let him in. He ignores it though as he tries desperately to get her gift through the doorway.

He doesn’t notice the mark on her wrist until they’re playing beer pong in the kitchen, Scott seriously kicking their asses with Isaac on his team.

“What’s this?” Stiles asks, noticing black and grey rings on her arm when she lobs a ping pong ball into one of the red solo cups and Scott makes a scene of bowing to her before downing the contents of the cup.
They hug in celebration and Lydia whispers “It’s my mark.”

Stiles’ face lights up but Lydia shakes her head, not wanting to talk about it in front of the crowd.

He doesn’t press her about it until later, after everyone else has left the party. The 3 of them are huddled over her pool with their feet dangling in the water, sharing a stolen cigarette between them.

“What’s it supposed to be?” Scott coughs as he passes the smoke to Stiles.

“I think it’s a bullseye, at least that’s what it looks like to me.” Lydia responds. “But only part of it is filled in black.”

“Does that mean you’ve met your soulmate already?” Stiles wonders out loud, smoke easing out of his lips before he passes the cigarette to Lydia. She just shrugs her shoulders before taking a drag.

“It has to, why else would it be black already?” Scott offers, turning over her wrist to inspect it further. Stiles leans forward to take a closer look; the inner ring of the target inked in darker than the outer ring.

The mystery gets even more interesting 3 weeks later when Stiles comes of age for the mark.

He gets up that morning and takes a shower, completely missing the mark on his left hip bone until he notices it in the mirror as he’s getting dressed. It’s identical to Lydia’s, two gray rings circling each other. Stiles traces the circles and wonders if his will burn black too.

When he gets to school and meets Lydia and Scott at his locker, he feels the mark burn up on his hip, wanting desperately to check it.

He waits until after the first period and rushes to the bathroom, lifting up his hoodie and moving his jeans out of the way to get a look.

The mark had definitely burned black, but the invisible ring in the middle of the two gray rings was colored in.
Stiles doesn’t know what to think, or what to say when Lydia turns around in her chair during econ and asks him if his mark showed up yet.

“Yeah, it’s on my hip.” He says, before she presses him to show her. He promises to show her later.

Scott and Lydia can’t make sense of it either when they inspect it in his bedroom that night.

“Why would a different part of the mark turn black?” Scott wonders.

They live in confusion until October, when Scott’s mark shows up. It’s the exact same mark, etched into his forearm, but the very outer ring is black. Scott is desperate for answers, so he drags Lydia and Stiles to his boss’ office.

“Deaton is kind of an expert on soulmarks, He’ll know what it means.” He’d said.

But the doctor didn’t have any more insight that either of them.

“It’s definitely peculiar.” He’d agreed. “Every mark I’ve ever encountered has been identical to their mates. The three of you are definitely connected, but I’m not sure how it works out.”

“What does that mean, exactly?” Lydia questions, her face screwed up with a million other questions Stiles knows must be swirling in her mind.

“It could mean a number of things. It’s likely that each ring represents one of you, but there’s no way to tell who is who, especially since each of you have different burn patterns.”

“So there’s no way to tell who is who’s soulmate?” Stiles asks, confusion and outrage pouring out of his tone.

Deaton just shook his head. “You might not know until one of you is passed and their ring turns red.”
The trio fell silent, the reality of the situation settling in.

Things are quiet for a few weeks, the weight of their marks weighing heavy on all three minds. Lydia breaks the silence one day after school, when she’s settled up on the hood of the jeep swinging her legs back and forth as her skirt blows a bit in the wind.

“This is too difficult. We can’t let this ruin our friendship.” She says, the look on her face causing a sharp pain in Stiles’ heart.

“I know, but what do we do?” Scott brings up, leaning on the jeep beside her.

“What if we make a pact to not act on the mark?” The words fall out of Stiles’ mouth before he can stop them.

His friends mull it over before Lydia speaks. “I think that might be the only solution.”

Stiles gives them a ride home and they resume their lives as they were before the mark appeared on their skin. Lydia starts dating their teammate Jackson Whittemore (who Scott would always say was not worthy of her), Scott gets cute and cuddly with the new girl named Allison.

Stiles stays single for a long time. Even though it was his idea not to act on the mark, it seems to him he’s the one having the hardest time with it. His mind always bounces between thinking that Lydia is definitely it, but then Scott will flash him one of his proud smiles and the way his heart melts has to mean that it’s him.

He dates around a bit until they all go off to college, going their separate ways. They keep in touch and meet up every christmas, but it’s not the same.

When Lydia gets in an accident when they’re 45, Stiles knows for sure who his soulmate is.

The outer ring turns bright red before he even hears the news, and Malia can’t get him to get out of bed for a few days.

When he sees Scott at the funeral, he notices Scott’s darkened ring has bled into red. Stiles thinks
how cruel it is that the universe would divide a friendship by making him Lydia’s soulmate, Scott his, and Scott’s Lydia.

vi : Resistance

When the swirling lines appeared on her wrist the eve of her sixteenth birthday, Lydia Martin hardly noticed.

She was hosting her birthday party, which was always the biggest party of the year. Jackson at her side, a band of loyal followers to fulfil her every wish and whim at Beacon Hills High. She was on the top of the food chain, and who needed a soulmate when you could have the support (or fear) of all your classmates?

She’d heard the stories of soulmarks, of course. They were something the teachers talked about in school around 8th grade. She remembers some of the older kids showing them off, different designs and patterns that would burn black when their soulmate was near.

Not that Lydia believed in such trivial things. She knew math and science, the intricacies of how the world worked, not the complete nonsense of faith and superstitions.

Her parents weren’t soulmates, and neither were any of her grandparents. Her nana didn’t even have a soulmark. So when hers appeared, there was nothing to get excited over. The probability of even meeting another person with the same mark was nearly impossible, let alone that Lydia would change her life plan for it.

So when she bumped into a clumsy boy with a buzzcut at school a few weeks later, she merely rolled her eyes and ignored the heat rising on her skin.

She and Stiles had been in the same classes since kindergarten, and he’d always had colorful words to say, disrupting the class with his tangents into seemingly unconnected topics. If the universe thought that he was supposed to be her soulmate, it was sorely mistaken.

So instead of letting the whole world see that she’d met her so-called soulmate, she started covering her mark any way possible. Concealer, bracelets, long sleeves, anything really. The legend was just that, a legend.
And Lydia wasn’t about to start believing in something so completely ludicrous as fate.

Stiles had known since his sixteenth birthday that Lydia Martin was his soulmate.

Maybe a part of him had known even before that, since he’d been watching her from a distance since they were 8. Her hair had been a bit more curly back then, he’d stare at it in class as she finished any math test ahead of anyone else.

So when his mark showed up etched into his hip, he thought the universe might actually be on his side for once, since it was perpetually finding ways to dump on him since his mom passed away.

He didn’t even mean to bump into her, at least not intentionally. He felt the swirl of lines burn black as she dusted herself off, swung her head back into the air and strutted away.

In the days that followed he kept his eyes peeled for the mark that surely she must have on her body somewhere, the ink must have turned black just like his. But he never could find one, and the sinking feeling in his stomach became more of an inevitable truth.

He had an unrequited soulmate.

It wasn’t unheard of, though definitely out of the ordinary from what he’d been told. And Stiles, being a believer in everything of the sort, was crushed to say the least.

“How do we even know that the soulmate legend is real? I mean after finding out that werewolves are real it’s not too far of a stretch, but how do we know?”

Allison was laying on Lydia’s bed, staring up at the ceiling as she spoke. Lydia was swinging her legs back and forth as she worked on a biology project that wasn’t due until the start of the semester. It was the night before Ally’s flight out to Europe, where she’d be spending the summer sightseeing. Or rather, to get some space from her werewolf ex-boyfriend, who just so happened to have the same
soulmark as her.

Lydia shifts her position, turning to face her best friend. “We don’t. I for one don’t believe in it whatsoever.”

Allison sighed and sat up on the bed. “I don’t believe in it either. Fate isn’t real.” She whispers as her fingers trace the black ring around her ankle.

Lydia grasps Allison’s hand and links their fingers together. “Of course it isn’t.” She smiles sweetly, pulling her best friend up and off the bed, tearing down the stairs to get some well needed snacks from the kitchen.

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Stiles’ attention was diverted from his soulmate problems when Scott was bitten, and the supernatural started to infiltrate their lives. Full moons and alphas, kanima’s, hunter families and psychotic classmates (who he had pegged right from the start), murderous demon wolves and twins that morph into one wolf for crying out loud.

He was allowed to be distracted as far as he was concerned.

Stiles didn’t really have time to worry about not being Lydia’s soulmate, when his best friend lost his. The inner ring around Scott’s forearm had changed from the jet black to blood red after their rescue attempt at Oak Creek. He’d been inconsolable for weeks, Stiles had kept his distance, since it had been his fault in the end.

And he’d met Malia, who didn’t have a soul mark, and it was easier to forget about everything that happened.

She’d been sitting on the end of his bed, legs swinging back and forth and chewing on a stick of liquorice.

“So you really don’t have a mark?”
Malia shook her head, the long waves of her hair moving along with her ministrations. “I don’t really remember my 16th birthday, but there’s definitely no mark on me anywhere.”

Later that night when his eyes roam her skin, he could definitely confirm she didn’t have a soulmark.

Lydia couldn’t believe in fate.

How could it be fate that her best friend would be killed at 17? It couldn’t be true. It wasn’t true.

And it certainly wasn’t fate.

Lydia spent the summer before her junior year trying to get over not one, but two deaths. She’d lost her boyfriend and best friend within days. She was allowed to be distraught, as far as she was concerned.

Lydia withdrew herself from the rest of the pack for a few weeks, only really talking to Scott. Somehow, the true alpha was the only one who really understood how she was feeling, and she had an inkling that he wasn’t sharing how he was feeling with anyone else either.

Especially since Lydia was pretty sure Scott’s best friend had his hands full with a werecoyote who had spent the last 8 years in the woods stuck in full shift form.

Most of the time, she’d go over to Scott’s place, sit on the couch and watch tv. Their grieving was silent, friendly hugs or arms over shoulders when tears threatened to spill over, with the occasional few words about Allison, the hunter who died protecting her friends.

Lydia would never say it out loud, but once she spotted the bright red ring around Scott’s forearm, the soulmark legend didn’t seem so farfetched after all.
Things start to get better when Kira and Malia start to come around more.

Kira first, eager to have another girl to be close to in a pack full of (mostly) immature boys. Malia eventually follows, and girls night becomes a pretty regular thing. They study together (which mostly consists of Lydia sharing notes and Malia looking confused until Kira explains them), play old hits from the 00’s (Malia tries to guess the artist and Lydia laughs while Kira sings along to every song), watch sappy rom coms and laugh about how ridiculous the storylines are.

Things from Kira’s closet start appearing in her wardrobe, and Lydia even lends Malia a few of her nicer things.

It’s not the same as having Allison around, but it helps.

Lydia starts to let her guard down around them, her attempts at superiority a thing of the past. They are pack after all; there’s no real reason to hide who she really is.

So the first time Lydia forgets to cover her soulmark is a pretty big deal. She remembers as Kira enters the house, pillow and overnight bag in tow. Malia follows close behind, backpack slung over her shoulder.

Normally, Lydia would panic. Revealing her mark always led to questions she didn’t want to answer, and open up the discussion for soulmarks and the legend, which always brought up an uneasy feeling in her stomach.

This time though, Lydia puts it out of her mind. So what if they see the mark? She’s pretty sure the legend is the only thing they haven’t talked about yet. And what’s more is, she actually trusts Kira and Malia.

It’s not like Scott or Stiles have the same mark as she does, anyway (not that she'd been looking).

Neither of the girls seem to notice until they’re halfway through *Pride and Prejudice*.

Kira’s sitting crosslegged in front of her while Lydia works on pulling her dark hair into french braid, back leaned up against the end of her bed. Malia’s stretched out on the bed above them, feet swinging back and forth as Elizabeth turns down Mr. Darcy’s proposal in the rain that ends in a very inappropriate argument for the 1800’s.
“Stiles has that.” Malia says out of nowhere, pointing to the swirl of black lines on Lydia’s wrist.

Lydia freezes for a second, dropping the remnants of Kira's hair still tangled between her fingers. Kira turns her head back towards the other two girls, a quizzical look donning her features. Her dark brown eyes focus in on Lydia's mark, which only intensifies the look on her face.

"Lydia?” She asks tentatively, her eyes flitting up to Lydia’s own emerald.

Lydia licks her lips before turning back to Malia. "What do you know about these?” She asks.

Malia just shrugs her shoulders, her recently chopped off hair moving slightly. "Not much, just that you're supposed to get it when your turn 16?"

"Do you not have one Malia?” Kira questions, her eyebrows raising.

The coyote shakes her head. "Not as far as I can tell. Not that I remember much about my 16th birthday other than catching a rabbit for dinner."

Kira stands up, lifting her pyjama shorts up a bit to reveal a thick, dark ring around her thigh. "I never used to have this, it showed up when I met Scott. Most people get their soul marks when they turn 16."

So that's why Scott has another ring on his arm.

"Soul mark?” Malia sits up on the bed, her face screwed up in confusion.

Lydia and Kira dive into the soul legend, how it's said that the gods blessed every pair of souls with a mark, that would appear as they reached the age of 16. To help the soulmates find each other, the marks would burn black on their skin when they met their other half.

"But it's just a legend. My parents don't have the same marks, and my nana doesn't have one either.” Lydia finishes, desperate to have Malia understand. Soulmates were just a silly notion from a legend
that wasn't a certain thing.

Malia points to Kira. "But Scott has the same mark as you, right?"

The dark haired girl nods. "He also has another ring that's turned red -" she trails off, still hesitant to talk about it.

"It's from Allison." Lydia says. "She had a ring around her ankle. Scott's turned red when she died."

The trio falls silent for a moment, as was customary when Lydia’s best friend was mentioned. The redhead’s mind swirling, remembering when she’d bumped into a younger, shorter haired Stiles, and how she'd spent the days after they’d grown closer convincing herself that he didn't have a mark, and the pull she’d felt towards him had been one sided.

Apparently she'd been wrong.

"So if Stiles has the same one on his hip as Lydia’s..." Malia mumbles, barely audible under her breath.

Lydia reaches out to grasp Malia's arm, to try and reassure her. But the coyote pulls away and scrambles off the bed.

"Malia!" Lydia calls after her, but she's already out of earshot as she runs out the front door.

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“Lydia’s your soulmate.”

All Stiles can do is stare at the pause screen of the game he’d been playing, controller still clutched in his hands. Malia says it like an accusation, which now that he thinks about it, is completely warranted.

He finally turns to face his girlfriend with a wince on his face. She’s leaned up against the doorway
of his bedroom, still in pj’s from the sleepover she was supposed to be at right now. Her hair’s a mess from the wind and her face is contorted into varying emotions; anger, betrayal, hurt, and finally disappointment.

“H-how-” He stammers, trailing off. He licks his lips and tries to regain his composure before speaking again. “How do you know that?”

Malia doesn’t move from the doorway, only crossing her arms in front of her chest, as if to protect her from something. “I saw Lydia’s mark.”

As soon as the words leave her mouth Stiles’ heart quickens, pumping wildly at the thought. *Lydia has the same mark?* He can’t help but wonder.

“As soon as the words leave her mouth Stiles’ heart quickens, pumping wildly at the thought. *Lydia has the same mark?* He can’t help but wonder.

“Her mark?” Stiles mumbles dumbly, but loud enough that a werecoyote can hear. (Not that she definitely didn't hear his heartbeat spike at the mention of Lydia's mark or anything.)

Malia sighs exasperatedly. “Yes, Stiles. Her mark. Her soul mark, which you so conveniently never explained to me, that is identical to the mark you have on your hip!” She seethes.

Stiles jumps up from the bed, scrambling up to her to try and fix this. “Malia, I didn’t know that Lydia even had a mark.

Malia shakes her head. “Stiles, you have one. You could have explained soul marks to me, but instead you decided to keep it from me.”

“Malia-” He reaches out to take hold of her hand, but she wrenches away from him.

“No, Stiles. I don’t have a soulmark. Because I don’t have a soulmate. And you do. And you never explained that you knew that Lydia was yours.” Malia can’t even look at him, she avoids his eyes and he feels like such an asshole.

“I didn’t know that she had a mark too! I thought it was unrequited. So I didn’t see the point.” Stiles whispers.
“It doesn’t matter. You knew you had one and you hid it from me.” Malia has tears in her eyes now, something Stiles had never seen, even when she had been frustrated to the point of giving up.

“I didn’t exactly hide it.” He trails off, the look Malia shoots him looks like it could kill. “But I see your point.”

Malia doesn’t say anything, she just stares past him, in an attempt to keep the waterworks from breaking over.

“It’s just a stupid legend, Malia. It doesn’t have to mean anything.” He says softly, but the words even feel hollow in his mouth.

“But it does, Stiles! It means everything. All this time, I thought that I needed you.” She’s crying now, hot tears spilling down her cheeks. She almost seems surprised by them as she wipes them away furiously, and Stiles feels his heart break. “But you couldn’t even give me the fucking courtesy of helping me realize that I only need myself.”

And in that moment Stiles somehow knows that there’s no fixing this. How do you fix it when your girlfriend tells you she doesn’t need you?

And what’s worse, he actually deserves it.

Malia sniffs and turns away, slowly making her way through the hallway and down the stairs. Stiles does nothing but watch her go, and he can’t help the way he slams the door of his bedroom a little too hard.

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Lydia almost feels like she has to tiptoe around Malia the next day. After all, if she’d just hidden her mark as usual, she and Stiles would probably still be together. Even if all she can think about since last night is the fact that he has the same mark as she does.

But her fears are squandered at school that morning, when Malia hooks her arm through hers, a smile on her face and they continue as if the night before had never even happened. Although, things are different, because Stiles keeps his distance when normally he’d be tagging right along with them.
“It’s not your fault.” The coyote tells her later, when they’re having lunch on the quad with Kira. “It wasn’t about you and him.” She shrugs.

Even so, Lydia can’t help but shift her eyes to their usual table, where the rest of the pack is having lunch. Scott and Mason are taking the mickey out of Liam, while Stiles is looking down at his food, uninterested. As if he feels her gaze, he suddenly looks up, and their eyes lock for a moment.

Lydia gasps and looks away as if she’d been burned, but if Kira and Malia notice, they don’t say anything.

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After a few weeks things seem to go back to normal; the pack eats together at lunch, there's no awkward avoiding of anyone.

Except Lydia. She's definitely been avoiding Stiles, mostly because dealing with the fact that they're each other's soulmates is the last thing she wants to do at this point.

When Mr. Yukimura pairs them up for a history project though, she doesn't really have much of a choice but to break her silence (Lydia suspects Kira of treachery).

They make plans to meet up at the Stilinski house after school, and it weighs heavy on her mind for the rest of the day.

So much so that she doesn't interrogate Kira if she'd told her dad about her situation, or tell Malia how she's feeling. She even messes up a few questions in AP bio that she knows.

This was going to end badly.

But Lydia shows up, on time and ready to work. She knocks on his bedroom door, holding her breath as she waits, not-so-patiently.
When the door opens though, the uneasiness she'd been feeling melts away.

Stiles is wearing a goofy smile and swings the door wider, allowing her to pass through.

"Did you clean up just for me?" Lydia quips, turning back to him. Falling into their banter routine just feels easy, like nothing had even passed between them.

"Nope, you just missed the girl who climbed out the window." Stiles tosses back to her, his grin widening over the rest of his face.

They go straight to their work, research and banter, a wide range of junk food in the middle of Stiles' bed to pick at. Lydia's pulling red vines apart as she outlines the different sections of their project on Stiles' MacBook, while Stiles pops skittles into his mouth, stretched out on his side reading encyclopedias.

At some point, Lydia's attention diverts from the laptop and travels instead to where the blue of Stiles' shirt has ridden up, revealing a bit of skin and dusty hair. Her eyes follow the edge of his jeans, to where a jet black line juts out against his skin.

Her breath gets caught in her throat when she realizes that it's his mark. The thought of actually seeing her mark on someone else, let alone Stiles, was too overwhelming a thought.

But the sound she must make has Stiles looking up from the leather bound book he's holding, and she knows she's caught.

"Lyds?"

His eyes soften a bit and he sits up, shoving the candy to the side as he scuffles closer to her. He holds her gaze, even after she avoids it for a moment. Lydia swears she could probably get lost in the different facets of his irises, golden brown, almost honey coloured swirling into different shades of chocolate.

"Do you want to see it?" He whispers, so quiet she thinks she could've imagined it.
Curiosity getting the better of her, Lydia nods, sending wisps of her hair into her face.

Stiles offers her a tentative smile before lifting his t-shirt up to his chin, grasping onto the denim of his jeans to pull it away from the mark etched on his hip.

Sure enough, the black swirl of lines that have been the bane of Lydia's existence for the past 2 years are there, plain as day and dark as night.

She leans closer to inspect it, twisting her hair to the side to get a better look. She traces the lines she knows so well with the pads of her fingers, her heart thumping hard and steady in her chest.

When she finishes, her fingertips linger above his hip where the lines stop. She has the sudden urge to let her hands roam elsewhere over his skin, map out the dips and curves and jagged edges, catalogue every mole and hair that contrasts the paleness.

"Can I see yours?" Stiles' voice, which is a bit deeper than usual, breaks her out of her mesmerized thoughts.

Lydia nods, leaning over the side of the bed for her purse. "Just a second." She says, digging through the compartments until she finds make up remover wipes.

She rubs her wrist with a wipe until the black of the lines peers through the foundation and concealer, her eyes unable to look anywhere in Stiles' direction.

When the make-up is gone her skin is tinted with pink from the rubbing, but her mark stands out against the redness.

Stiles reaches out and repeats her actions from before, tracing the lines of her mark with his fingertips. Lydia tries to ignore the shivers that travel down her spine as he gently weaves through the mark with ease, indicating he has his memorized too.

Neither of them speak, there's only the sound of her heartbeat in her ears and the whirring of Stiles' laptop for what seems like eons.
"Why did you hide it?" He questions, breaking the silence. Even though it feels piercing, Lydia's heart breaks with the softness of it.

"I didn't believe in it. I didn't believe in fate." She responds, just as quiet.

"Didn't?"

His eyes flit up to meet hers, and she knows she can't deny it. This inexplicable pull towards him that she feels in her chest, in her bones, down to her very core.

Lydia shrugs. "After learning that werewolves were real, and that I'm a death counting radar, the soul legend didn't seem so far fetched anymore."

Stiles says nothing, but his eyes flick down to her lips and back again, and she really wants him to lean in and seal his lips to hers, pressed together like old flowers between the pages of a book.

"And now that you know we have the same mark?" He asks, his voice breathy and loaded with vulnerability.

Lydia sighs shallowly before putting her heart on her sleeve, eyes meeting his and her voice shaky. "You know how the legend goes, Stiles."

And then Stiles leans forward, capturing her lips in a kiss that solidifies everything; making her heart float up away from her, but plants her further into his mattress. Turns her entire world upside down, but sets the earth back on its axis. Lydia presses back fervently when he reaches his fingers into her hair, and she can't help but think that fate wasn't so bad after all.

End Notes

I'm lydiamsrtin on tumblr!

Also, if you are looking for the time of your life, consider listening to I'm a Believer by Smashmouth when you read Lydia's last line. I'm sorry and You're Welcome.

please please pleaaasssee leave me feedback, kudos or talk to me on tumblr about this, I poured everything i have into this :(
Works inspired by this one: *Having Lost You* by *writergirl8*

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!