Definite Appeal
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Definite Appeal

by Shey

Summary

For years Chris has ignored the fact that his best friend's boyfriend is exactly his type. He's not planning to stop now.

Stiles and Peter have a completely different plan.

Notes

For the "Drunk Confessions" space on my 2020 TW bingo card. And also Kinktober, unofficially.

This takes place post-series in a vaguely 3A canon-compliant universe. And by "compliant" I mean, canon has been dissected and harvested for the useful parts. Honestly, canon events don't really come up. This is all just an excuse for smut, wrapped up in a fluffy layer of sweet getting-together goodness. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Allison's laughter rings musically across the open space of Derek's loft. Chris soaks it in, feeling

warm, indulgent, and drunk.

Very drunk.

Five years ago, if someone told him he would spend his daughter's twenty-first birthday party sprawled on an alpha werewolf's sofa, watching her party with her friends—a group that includes more supernatural creatures than humans—he would have checked them for possession. Then probably burned and salted their corpse just to be safe.

He wasn't in the best place back then. This is definitely an improvement.

He's got his head tipped back and his arms stretched across the back of the sofa when he senses movement nearby. His reaction time is crap this many drinks in, as proven by the warm weight that drops half in his lap before he can lift his head.

He jumps a little, but still manages to bring one hand down and support the body sprawled against him.

Long limbs flail briefly, then relax. Silky soft hair brushes his cheek as a face tucks against his throat. He catches the scent of Stiles' shampoo and hauls him closer a fraction of a second before his brain catches up with his traitorous body.

Peter's muscular form is suddenly blocking the light.

Chris twitches, trying to move Stiles away without dropping him. "Hale." Heat starts creeping up his neck. "I didn't—"

He trails off when Peter laughs, then reaches down to lift Stiles' slumping body. Chris lets him go easily and fights to hide a pang of disappointment. It felt good to have Stiles' weight on him, even for a minute.

He shuts his eyes, but they fly open again when Peter only lifts the boy enough to redeposit him more securely in Chris' lap, looping his arms around Chris' neck and forcing Chris to support him so he doesn't tip over. "What?"

"Hold onto this for me, would you, Christopher?"

Chris gapes at him, words stalled in his throat. Once Peter apparently has Stiles arranged to his satisfaction he drops a kiss to the boy's cheek and smirks down at them. "Lovely. Now, be good you two."

Chris stares at Peter's retreating back, brain refusing to come online.

When Stiles and Peter announced their relationship—three days before Stiles headed off for his junior year at UCSD—the pack had responded with a mixture of eye-rolling, and grumbles of "it's about damn time."

Chris had toasted them from across the room, pleased that something good came out of the "Beacon Hills Hellmouth" as Peter—and Stiles, once Peter sat him down and had him marathon Buffy—liked to call it.

When Peter moved to San Diego to join Stiles, Chris was honestly surprised to find himself lonely. He might have been a little slow on the uptake, but he felt like a dumbass when he realized Peter was his best friend. Against his better judgment, Chris actually missed the asshole.

He stoically ignored any feelings about Peter and Stiles hiding their relationship from him for so long. That was none of his business, really.

Sunday morning motorcycle rides, followed by breakfast at the diner, and Thursday nights at the dive bar just outside of town became a slow, but never-ending text conversation. Some nights he and Peter chatted for hours. Other times, days would pass without a word.

Then, a couple of months into the school year, his phone lit up with an incoming video call from Stiles. After a harried hello the camera was shoved in Peter's face with a demand that he "cheer the zombiewolf up, before he turns into Derek."

That first call quickly became mandatory Sunday FaceTime sessions and a group chat that hardly ever went silent.

Now, a year and a half later, Stiles is a few months from graduation—wasted—and squirming in his lap. Chris feels his cock twitch, and wills himself to be too drunk to react.

He's been ignoring the fact that his best friend's boyfriend is exactly his type for years. He doesn't plan to stop now.

It doesn't make things easier when Stiles nuzzles his throat with a gentle whine. "Oh my god. This is so totally unfair."

"What is?" He remains carefully still, using all of his hunter training to not respond. Stiles feels too good, smells too good for his drunk-brain to resist.

"*You*. With the abs. And the arms. Chris, you have a tattoo!" Stiles whimpers as he rubs his cheek against Chris' shoulder in an enthusiastic imitation of scent marking.

He's a disgustingly cute drunk. All squirmy and affectionate, his usually flailing limbs gone floppy as he gestures toward the tribal pattern on Chris' shoulder.

Chris' lips twitch as he fights a grin. "I have five tattoos." He's not at all prepared for the desperate, pornographic moan Stiles lets out in response. Chris' breath hitches at how much he wants to hear it again, to cause it a different way.

"Ugh! I hate you so much!" Stiles digs his fingers into Chris' shirt and pulls with a sound of frustration. "How can you have those eyes, and that smile, and that *voice*? You should be illegal."

Chris has to laugh at that, even as Stiles' words fill him with uncomfortable warmth. He's not unaware of the way he looks and sounds—he knows he has definite appeal to a certain twinky demographic—but he also isn't used to it being pointed out so blatantly. "I'm sorry?"

"Damn right, you should be," Stiles grumbles, his scent-marking moving to Chris' throat and the open collar of his shirt. "Walking around, just showing all this off? Don't you know how buttons work?" It isn't clear if Stiles is talking about shirt buttons, or pressing buttons. Chris assumes it doesn't really matter.

He startles when Stiles' affectionate nuzzling moves from wolf-like—though he's not sure why he was accepting the scenting from a human in the first place—into more inappropriate territory.

He grips Stiles' shoulder and tries to gently shift him with a warning grunt. "Stiles." He forces a frown through the haze of alcohol. "You're drunk." It takes some effort to ease him back enough that Chris can see his flushed cheeks and blown pupils—drunk-Stiles is very clingy.

Dammit. The kid is too goddamn attractive. If anything is illegal, it should be the doe-eyed boy in his lap. Or even just the fact that Stiles is taken. Chris is going to have words with Peter for leaving all of this temptation here and wandering off.

Or maybe not. It might be better to never mention this again. Peter is too perceptive—and much too possessive—for Chris' continuing health if he lets this interaction slip.

He searches the room and finds the wayward wolf with his back to them, deep in conversation with Derek and Allison. He has a moment to wonder what that's all about before Stiles drags his attention back.

"Yeah, *so* drunk," Stiles breathes, lips parted, eyes roaming Chris' face. "Hurricanes pack a wallop." He giggles sweetly at his own joke; Chris has to shut his eyes and argue his libido into submission. He is not going to— "Chris?"

He takes a steadying breath at Stiles' worried tone and steels himself to look up again, already aware that he's going to regret it. "Yeah, baby?" *Shit. Dammit.* Maybe Stiles won't notice the slip.

No such luck. Stiles' breath hitches. He leans in until they're almost nose to nose and Chris has to swallow hard.

"Sorry. That—" he fumbles for words. Stiles is too close.

"Peter says I'm not allowed to kiss you, cause we're drunk." He juts out his lower lip and Chris stares, struggling against the urge to bite it as the words sink in.

"You—talked about that?" His voice comes out with a rasp that makes him pause and swallow. His pulse is speeding, tension coiling in his gut.

"Yeah. I promised I would be a good boy for you," Stiles says with a cheeky grin. He leans forward and rubs their noses together in a bunny kiss that snaps the last of Chris' restraint.

With a growl, he grips Stiles by the shoulders and flips them so that he's got the little minx pinned to the sofa cushion, flat on his back. Chris hovers over him, breathing hard and trying to blink away the sudden tilting of the room.

"Fuck me, that was hot," Stiles groans, staring up at him with wide eyes and flushed cheeks. He licks his lips, squirming as much as he can.

That's *enough*.

"You're a goddamned menace," Chris growls, pinning him more firmly. "If you don't cut it out," he searches for a suitable punishment that's *not* taking the brat over his knee and settles for, "you're gonna be in a whole heap of trouble."

Stiles' response is half-moan, his voice gone breathy with excitement, "Promise, Daddy?"

Chris' breath stutters and stalls. He releases Stiles like he's been burned and sits back, trying to engage his alcohol-sloshed brain. He's rock hard in his jeans, heart pounding with a need he typically keeps buried.

No, he tells himself. *You're drunk and you'll both regret this in the morning.*

He jolts when a hand lands on his shoulder. Peter's werewolf strength is the only thing that keeps him from jerking away while his mind catches up.

“Everything alright here, sweetheart?” Chris doesn’t need to turn to hear the raised eyebrow.

Stiles grins, over-bright with glazed eyes. “Fucking fantastic.”

Chris shoves his inappropriate desires down. He shrugs off Peter’s hand and gets to his feet—though it feels more like staggering to his feet. He’s woozier than he thought. It’s definitely time to go.

“Yep. All good. Great.” He nods to himself because that sounded almost normal. “I’m just gonna head out.” He jerks a thumb over his shoulder, then turns and squints across the room in search of the door.

“Forgetting something?” Peter hauls Stiles off the couch by his hips, sending him giggling again.

Chris turns and stares as that sound goes straight to his cock. Peter can’t mean—

The two of them mold together perfectly. Stiles melted back against Peter’s chest, his head turned so his forehead is pressed to Peter’s jaw, the long pale line of his throat on display—Chris wonders why the fuck no one has broken him of that habit. Peter drops a kiss on Stiles’ mouth and his tongue peaks out for a moment as he sneaks a taste of lips that Chris imagines are oh-so-sweet.

He’s blindsided by the sudden desire to taste Stiles from Peter’s lips, to feel the stubble under his palms as he cups Peter’s face. He has to clear his throat before he can answer and by then he doesn’t remember the question. “What?”

Peter smirks like he knows exactly what’s going through Chris’ head. With his supernatural senses, the asshole probably does. “We’re staying with you. Also, I drove.”

And fuck him, Chris did forget. He curses his past-self for being a good person and offering up his guest room. He should have let them tough it out in the double bed at the sheriff’s house. He groans and drags a hand over his face. “Right. I knew that.”

Peter laughs. It’s a good sound and Chris can’t help his answering grin.

With a shake of his head, Peter shifts Stiles so he can half-support him and still walk. “Come on, Christopher, at least be a little grateful for your werewolf-designated-driver.” He rests his free hand between Chris’ shoulder blades and steers them both towards the door. “Otherwise you’d be forced to remember how old having a twenty-one-year-old daughter makes you.

Chris growls at him in a passable imitation of a wolf but lets himself be steered. He’s not *old.*

Most of the party cleared out while Chris wasn’t paying attention. He can’t remember seeing Allison leave—he’ll have to give her a hard time for not saying goodbye on her birthday.

They pass Derek on the way out, cleaning up a few remaining beer bottles.

“Have a good night, nephew,” Peter calls. “Lovely party.”

Derek makes a gesture somewhere between acknowledgment and “get out” over his shoulder. “You too, Uncle Peter.”

Chris thinks he hears him mutter “but please never tell me about it” as the loft door shuts behind them.

Stiles passes out in the car, and Chris is a little bit glad that he won't have to listen to an hour of drunk-sex while he tries to fall asleep—he refuses to be disappointed for the same reason.

When they get to the house, Chris hauls himself to wobbly feet and hangs onto the door until the world rights itself.

Peter—in a move that makes Chris jealous of werewolf strength—reaches into the back of the car and scoops Stiles up bridal style. Stiles snuggles in with a hum, not startled by the sudden movement.

Chris can't stop his fond smile. They really are perfect together.

The three of them make it to the front door without incident, and Chris ignores Peter's snark when it takes him longer than normal to get his key in the lock—it's *dark* dammit.

He leads the way to the guest room like a good host and helps drag down the covers so Peter can put Stiles to bed.

He realizes the help wasn't necessary when Peter is able to prop Stiles up and wrestle him out of his shirts without the boy waking. Chris laughs to himself at the sight. Stiles is down for the count. Chris is glad he left painkillers on the bathroom counter, just in case.

"Get his shoes, would you?" Peter asks as he keeps the floppy body upright, cradling Stiles' head in one large hand.

Chris crouches to unlace and carefully tug off Stiles' sneakers and socks, setting them under the bed—the way Stiles' luck works, anywhere else would be a tripping hazard.

He's so distracted by the potential for middle of the night disasters that he doesn't realize he's popped the button on too-tight skinny jeans and lowered the zipper. He stalls for a moment, eyeing the hollow of Stiles' hip.

Undressing Peter's boyfriend is probably way into inappropriate territory, but Peter doesn't seem bothered. He murmurs a "thanks" and lifts Stiles slightly, allowing Chris to peel clinging denim down long legs and toss the pants on the pile of clothing.

Seems like it isn't a problem.

When Stiles is down to his boxers, Peter arranges him on his side and Chris tugs the blankets into place. Perched on the edge of the bed, he drinks in the dark fan of eyelashes against pale skin and the curve of a bare shoulder. He debates for a minute if Stiles will be warm enough, but decides sharing the bed with a werewolf will make up for any chill in the air.

He turns to double-check and finds Peter watching him with a strange expression on his face. He looks smug, but there's something else too, and Chris' drunk-brain can't decipher it.

"What?" he asks, hauling himself back to his feet and stumbling a little as the room tries to tilt on him.

Peter catches his elbow, supporting him until he gets his balance. "I like this." He's grinning now.

Chris meets his eyes, bewildered. "Not like you haven't seen me drunk before."

Peter chuckles and steps closer. “I’m curious what you’ll think in the morning.”

“Think about what?” Chris stops breathing when Peter leans in and slowly slides their cheeks together, his stubble rasping against Chris’ beard. While he’s still reeling from the lingering scent-marking, Peter ducks his head and inhales deeply, his nose touching the bare skin just inside Chris’ shirt collar.

Chris shivers, his hand coming up to brace on a solid shoulder.

“You smell fantastic.”

It takes a minute for Chris to find a response in the sudden jumble of his thoughts. “I probably smell like Stiles, he was—enthusiastic earlier.”

Peter chuckles and runs his nose up Chris’ neck as he straightens. “He’s always enthusiastic.”

Chris forces a laugh, feeling like the room is spinning a little faster than before. “That’s the truth.” He narrows his eyes at Peter, wondering what game he’s playing right now.

Peter steps closer, bringing their bodies almost into alignment, and lifts a hand up to scritch his short nails through Chris’ beard. It’s a sensation Chris loves and he shuts his eyes and leans into it without thinking.

“Drunk-you is much easier to push,” Peter says thoughtfully. He’s so close that his breath fans across Chris’ face and his lips snag on the corner of Chris’ mouth.

Chris opens his eyes and shifts back to give Peter a disapproving, if somewhat cross-eyed, glare. “Stiles said that wasn’t allowed.”

After a minute, frozen with their gazes locked, breathing each other’s air, Peter smirks and steps back, putting space between them. “Good night, Christopher.”

Chris stares a moment longer, glances at Stiles, and then pushes down all the things he wants to say. “Night, Peter.”

He turns and makes his wobbly way to the bedroom where he does an abridged version of his evening routine. He hesitates before climbing into bed, then decides he better be the responsible one and locks the bedroom door against any wandering drunk boys or pushy werewolves that might get adventurous in the night.

After stripping down to his boxers, he faceplants on the mattress, drags the sheet up, and lets the alcohol and exhaustion pull him under.

It’s the sound of his bedroom door easing open that wakes him. He blinks into the dim, early morning light at the lanky figure creeping towards him in measured steps.

“I know I locked that.” His voice is gravelly with sleep as he scowls toward the intruder.

Stiles, pauses, then resumes his trek across the room. “Funny thing about locked doors,” he says, a teasing inflection to his whisper. “They never seem to stay that way around me.”

He stops at the far side of the bed and tugs on the overlong hem of his t-shirt. It's a v-neck, so one of Peter's, which explains why he's swimming in it. It's just long enough to keep him decent and make his legs look miles long.

Chris shuts his eyes and wills his traitorous cock to behave. *Peter's boyfriend,* he reminds himself.

"What do you need, Stiles?"

"Ooh. Dangerous question." He giggles and Chris has to bite his tongue against a groan. This boy is going to kill him.

The mattress dips as Stiles crawls onto it. Chris cracks open an eye to watch and keeps his breathing even, waiting to see what Stiles' plan is.

When he doesn't get rejected immediately, Stiles makes his way across the bed, cat-like, complete with swaying hips. It's a mesmerizing sight, and any protest Chris might have had dries up in his throat.

He realizes belatedly that Stiles isn't creeping—he's stalking. "Where's Peter?" he asks in a weak effort at distraction.

"Missing out," is Stiles' cheeky reply. He sprawls long-ways on top of Chris, lining up their limbs, and rests his pointy chin on Chris' sternum. The heat of him is shocking with only the thin sheet between them.

Chris' hands go automatically to Stiles' hips. Which is how he discovers that the brat isn't wearing anything under Peter's shirt. He palms bare skin and tries not to choke on a rush of want.

Stiles moans softly and ducks his head, hiding his flushed cheeks against Chris' bare chest. If Chris was a wolf, he'd be able to scent the embarrassed arousal.

"Did you forget something, baby?" Chris growls, his fingers pressing into smooth skin.

Stiles' breath hitches and he arches a little into the touch. "I didn't forget," he mumbles into Chris' pec.

"No?" Chris shifts to cup his ass, making the shirt ride up enough to bare the tempting curve of it. "So you crawled into my bed half-naked on purpose?" He squeezes, just a little too firm to be teasing.

Stiles makes a sound that goes straight to Chris' cock and presses his face harder to Chris' chest. "Yes, Daddy."

Chris' restraint slips at those sweet words coming from Stiles, who usually expresses himself by way of snark and sarcasm. He rolls them carefully, until he's blanketing the boy, then props himself up on his elbows, forearms bracketing Stiles' shoulders.

Stiles instantly wraps his arms around Chris' ribs and tries to hide in his neck.

"Stiles, look at me."

He makes a negative noise and clings harder.

"If you can't look at me, I'm going to send you back to Peter right now." Stiles protests, but drops his head back to the pillow. He blinks up at Chris, red-faced, chewing anxiously on his lower lip.

Chris gives him a small smile. “Good boy.”

The praise earns him a "Chriiis" stretched into a whiny protest and the deepening of Stiles’ blush.

“God,” Chris chuckles. “You’re too fucking cute.”

The teasing seems to embolden Stiles some. He huffs, then offers Chris a flirty grin. “I'm *adorable*.” He sucks on his lip for a moment, then blurts out, "I want you."

Adrenaline buzzes under Chris' skin and he takes a steadying breath in an effort to contain it. “I can tell.” He shifts enough that he can trace one finger along the shell of Stiles’ ear. “What will your boyfriend think about that?”

Stiles’ grin takes on a gleeful edge. “He’ll be pissed we started without him.”

“Will he?” Chris raises an eyebrow. “And who’s fault is that?”

“His, for sleeping too long?”

Chris snorts. “Cheeky brat.” Stiles wiggles and stretches up for a kiss, but Chris presses him back down with a firm hand on his chest. “No, baby. We need to talk about this first.” The pout he gets in response does terrible things to his libido but Chris holds firm.

“Fine,” Stiles sighs. “What do you want me to say?”

“First of all, how’s your head?”

Stiles blinks at him. “What?”

Chris peers into his eyes, the room has brightened enough that he can see almost clearly. “You were feeling pretty good last night. No hangover this morning?”

He gets a sweet smile in response to that. “Peter woke me up to feed me Advil and water. I’m good now.”

“And he probably did a little pain-drain on you too.”

“It’s one of the secret werewolf-dating perks.” Stiles sneaks a hand up to stroke Chris’ beard. “What about yours?”

Chris chuckles. “It’s fine. I drank plenty of water, and my beer wasn’t full of sugar like your Hurricanes were.” He turns his head and brushes a kiss to the wandering fingers, unable to resist. “Next question.” Chris catches Stiles’ hand and folds it back down against his chest, keeping temptation briefly contained. “Does Peter know you’re in here?”

“Define ‘know’.”

Chris gives him a disapproving frown and hides his amusement when Stiles squirms under him, eyes darting everywhere but Chris’ face. “Stiles,” he says, letting his voice deepen in warning.

Stiles thunks his head back against the mattress with a pained groan. “Fuck. That's not fair. You’re too good at that.”

“If you think that’s not fair, wait till you see what you get if you don’t answer me.”

Stiles’ expression goes slightly glazed. After a moment he blinks it away, the cheeky grin

returning. “Will you spank me, Daddy?”

Chris has just enough warning to bite back his instinctive groan and school his reaction into something stern. Because that mental image—Stiles stretched out and squirming over his lap while Chris’ palm paints his sweet, upturned ass warm and pink—is almost enough to make him give in. “Why do I get the feeling that wouldn’t be much of a punishment?”

“Maybe you should try it, just to be sure?” Stiles licks his lips and stares up at him in obvious desire. It takes everything Chris has left not to kiss him.

Peter’s boyfriend.

“Maybe I should leave you here, and go make breakfast.”

Stiles’ jaw drops and he makes an outraged sound. “You wouldn’t.”

Chris just raises an eyebrow at him and Stiles caves like a house of cards.

“I didn’t *tell* him where I was going, cause he was asleep, but he knows where I am. He’s probably listening to us right now, the creeper.” He glances toward the doorway he can’t see around Chris’ shoulder.

“Such a smart boy,” Peter purrs from behind them.

Chris manages not to startle, but his muscles do tighten in anticipation. He doesn’t think he can be blamed for it. There’s a werewolf at his back and he has Peter’s half-naked boy pinned to his bed. It would make anyone a little tense.

“Good morning, lover,” Stiles sing-songs, giving Chris a sly grin that invites him in on the joke. “We were waiting for you.”

Peter laughs. “You were not, brat.”

Chris’ shoulders loosen at the sound. “Well, technically, one of us was.” He lets Stiles keep the sheet as he rolls back to his side of the bed and pushes up to lean on the headboard—all of the movement has left the boy with his shirt rucked up and more than his legs would be exposed without it.

He doesn’t know why he’s surprised when Stiles squirms right back against his side. It feels right—natural—to wrap an arm around him and tuck him close. Stiles lets out a pleased hum, and Chris glances up to gauge Peter’s reaction.

Peter looks between them, expression filled with something soft and possessive until he meets Chris’ eyes and the softness is hidden behind a smirk. Then his gaze dips, turning hungry as he takes in Chris’ bare chest, the muscles and scars that are the result of his lifestyle. The perusal pauses on the fleur-de-lis and Allison’s motto that fills his ribs and part of his side.

Stiles reaches out and traces the curved line of text. “*Nous protégeons ceux qui ne peuvent pas se protéger eux-mêmes,*” he reads.

His accent is American-school-system-bad, but hearing the language spill over Stiles’ tongue still gives Chris a thrill. He has a sudden fantasy of Stiles, perched on his lap, while Chris murmurs dirty phrases in his ear and rewards him in creative ways when he gets the pronunciation right. It sends desire blazing through him and he sees Peter’s nostrils flare from the corner of his eye. He's very quickly losing his battle with composure.

“The text is new,” Peter purrs like he’s expecting a response.

Chris shrugs, not trusting his voice. He added the words a couple of years ago, but Peter probably hasn’t seen him shirtless in that time. It’s been a while since they needed to patch each other up after a fight.

“You’ve seen this before?” Stiles gasps in mock offense. “And you didn’t tell me?” He dips his head and brushes his lips over the ink on Chris’ shoulder, tongue sneaking out to taste.

Chris sucks in a breath, bites down on a groan, and waits for Peter’s reaction. But Peter only smirks at him.

Well, that answers his question, doesn’t it?

“Tattoos are so hot,” Stiles complains as he traces a whirl in the design. “But Peter doesn’t have any, and I’m afraid of needles.”

“Sorry, sweetheart.” Peter rolls his eyes. “My slight aversion to fire makes for an effective deterrent.” He doesn’t sound all that sorry. “But it looks like you’ve found someone willing to indulge your kink. Lucky boy.”

Stiles’ breath hitches. He looks up, wide-eyed, from where he’s been mouthing Chris’ skin and flushes scarlet. He sits back, taking his hands with him. “Oh. I didn’t—that wasn’t—” He lifts a hand to chew on the side of his thumb, stopping his words in their tracks.

Chris takes pity on him—how could he not? He shifts to cup the back of Stiles’ neck, firm and possessive. “You don’t need to be shy, baby. I wasn’t stopping you.” He tugs Stiles’ hand from his mouth and keeps it, preventing Stiles’ attempt to curl the wandering fingers back towards his belly.

“You like it?” Stiles asks after an anxious pause. “The—the daddy stuff?” He’s got his eyes down; his clever fingers twitch in Chris’ hold.

Chris rubs his neck until his shoulders loosen and his twitchy hand falls still, then asks, “You mean do I like having a sweet boy under me, all squirmy and desperate to please his daddy, while I work him over and give him what he needs?”

Stiles makes a shocked sound and shivers hard, clenching the fisted sheet in his lap. “Oh my god,” he chokes out, his voice gone just as shaky as the rest of him.

“It’s not exactly my first time around the block, baby.” He reaches down and pries Stiles’ fist loose, lifting it to brush a kiss to his knuckles.

Stiles jumps and blushes, even as he avidly watches Chris’ lips caress his hand. “So it’s okay?”

“It’s more than okay.” He turns to Peter. “But where does that leave your boyfriend?”

Peter scoffs. “Exactly where I want to be. I’m definitely not old enough to be Daddy.”

“Aren’t you forty next year?”

“Coma years don’t count,” Stiles interjects. “We decided.”

“Huh.” Chris tilts his head in concession. “That’s fair. So you’re just gonna watch?” He examines Peter’s amused expression, not sure what he thinks about that. It’s a little too much like Chris is a convenient toy, and while he can get behind that in most situations—and has—with Stiles and

Peter it feels different.

Peter hums. “I think you know me better than that, Christopher. I might not be ‘Daddy’, but I’m not going to sit quietly in the corner either. I plan to be an—*active* participant.” He gives an exaggerated leer that makes Chris roll his eyes, even as it calms his concerns.

Good. Because Chris isn’t going to settle for anything less.

“Okay then.” He threads his fingers in Stiles’ hair and pulls until he can see wide brown eyes. “Are you ready to be good for me, baby?”

Stiles’ lips part on a whimper. His pupils expand rapidly as he nods against Chris’ hold.

Chris grips a little tighter in warning. “I need your words, Stiles.”

“Please,” Stiles breathes, his eyelids fluttering. “I’ll be *so* good."

Excitement flares in Chris’ chest and he grins sharply. “I use the traffic light system. That work for you?”

Stiles shivers so hard that his lips tremble. His “green” is breathless.

Chris looks over at Peter and pointedly raises an eyebrow. After a moment Peter’s smirk turns into a grin.

“We’re both green, Christopher.” He folds his arms across his broad chest. “We’ve been looking forward to this.”

Chris huffs out a laugh, a little of his disbelief slipping through. These two are ridiculous with their plotting and manipulation. He wonders briefly if he could train them to just ask for what they want, but pushes the thought aside for later.

It doesn’t take much to encourage Stiles up to his knees. He’s a little wobbly, flushed, gorgeous, and tenting out the bottom of Peter’s t-shirt.

Chris rakes his gaze down, taking it all in.

Stiles squirms in Chris’ hold and clutches the shirt hem, tugging it down in some kind of delayed modesty.

“This,” Chris plucks at the soft gray cotton, “makes me wonder just what you were hoping for when you came creeping in here. Maybe you thought I’d be so tempted I’d just bend you over and fuck you. No questions asked.”

Stiles’ eyes go wide. He sucks his lower lip between his teeth and whimpers helplessly.

“You’d have liked that, huh?” Chris moves his hand to wrap gently around Stiles’ neck, thumb stroking his rapid pulse. He slides the other up a smooth thigh to squeeze the ass he’s more than a little obsessed with.

Peter chuckles. “He’s been gagging for Daddy’s cock since the day you overslept and answered Facetime in a sweaty muscle shirt.”

“Asshole!” Stiles gasps, his blush spilling down and disappearing beneath the low v-neck.

Chris frowns and tries to place that—he can’t actually remember the last time he overslept on a

Sunday—but he's distracted by Stiles' pretty pink skin. He reaches up and drags the gaping neckline of the shirt lower, searching for where the blush stops. "That had to be over a year ago…" He pinches a dusky, peaked nipple, just to make Stiles shudder and whine. There's a wet spot growing on the shirt hem and he smirks when Stiles' barely hidden cock twitches against it.

"Seventeen months."

Chris transfers his raised eyebrow to Peter.

Peter shrugs with affected nonchalance. "It was a memorable day."

Stiles' squirming has turned into shifting like he wants to hide. His eyes dart as he alternates between licking and gnawing on his lower lip.

It's cute, and it only increases Chris' need to wreck him. He wants Stiles spread out under him, moaning and begging for more.

"Baby couldn't face you for weeks afterward. He claimed he had too much homework. And he wanted to give us 'space'."

Now *that* Chris remembers. It was pretty soon after they started their weekly chats. Stiles would wave hello, but then duck out of the room. Chris assumed he was trying to be a good boyfriend and let Peter hang out with Chris uninterrupted.

At some point, Stiles must have calmed down, because he started staying longer, and eventually it became Sunday morning video chats with Peter-and-Stiles. It shifts his world on its axis that Stiles was actually hiding from him all that time.

"Oh my god, I hate you so much," Stiles hisses at Peter. "Why did you *tell* him?" He flails a little but doesn't fight Chris' hold. He does end up abandoning the hem of the t-shirt in favor of hiding his face with a mortified groan.

"Hey." Chris releases his neck, only to catch his wrists and pull his hands down. "Why are you embarrassed?"

Stiles looks away and gives a little shrug, sucking on his lower lip then releasing it with a pop. "Cause now you know..."

"Know you're attracted to me?" Chris doesn't hold back his smile. "Pretty sure you told me that yourself, baby." He glances pointedly at Stiles' lack of clothing.

Stiles blinks at him, then ducks his head to peer up through his lashes with a shy grin. "Maybe?"

"Naughty boy," Peter purrs. "Someone's been trying to manipulate Daddy into giving him what he wants."

The full-body shudder that goes through Stiles at those words gives Chris so many ideas. He shoots a look at Peter who's taken up position leaning against the high post of the footboard. "And someone else is trying to get baby in trouble."

Stiles makes a desperate sound, high in his throat, and shuts his eyes.

Peter chuckles. "Oh, he would very much like to be in trouble."

Despite the taunts and the wicked smirk, Peter's watching Stiles with pure adoration. He glances up

at Chris and winks. Chris grins, the last of his invisible tension releasing, and returns his attention to the squirming, aroused boy in front of him.

“Is that right?” He lets his voice dip to a low rumble and schools his expression when Stiles’ erection twitches and the wet spot on his t-shirt grows. “Does baby need a spanking after all?”

“Oh my god.” Stiles sways and half collapses. Chris catches him easily. “I—*Daddy*,” Stiles begs, eyes still closed, his hands pressed flat to Chris’ chest.

“Lie down across my lap then.” He accompanies the command with a slap against Stiles’ flank, enjoying the hitched breath that earns him. It’s a fight to keep the calm facade when all he wants is to manhandle Stiles into place. *Later,* he tells himself. This time he’s not going to push. He needs Stiles to choose it.

Chris supports him when Stiles starts to scramble, shaky but eager. Stiles has one hand on Chris’ knee and the other on the mattress when he freezes and pulls back.

“I—Wait, Chris—”

It’s telling that his name surprises him more than anything. “What do you need, darlin’?” He reaches up and slides his thumb across one pink cheek, cupping Stiles’ jaw.

Stiles’ tongue flicks out to wet his lips. “A kiss?” He peeks at Chris, eyes liquid with want.

Chris smiles, a soft warmth in his chest. “Of course you can have a kiss.” He pulls Stiles in and gathers him close. “You can always have a kiss.”

He tilts Stiles’ chin up and holds him steady, then presses a lingering kiss to soft, damp lips. Stiles sighs and melts, opening easily when Chris slides his tongue forward to taste. Shifting them to a better angle, the kiss quickly turns hungry, demanding. Chris gets distracted exploring wet heat as he searches for the places that drag out whimpers and moans.

Stiles, for his part, is an active participant. He leans in eagerly, licking and nipping. His hands wander across Chris’ chest, tracing the dips and curves of muscle. His fingers graze a nipple and Chris groans, forcing himself to break away.

“You are way too good at that.” He grips Stiles’ hips and eases him back, ignoring his pout. “No more distracting me. You know where I want you.”

Stiles’ breath goes quick again and his blush comes rushing back, but he murmurs “yes, Daddy” and crawls into position. The words go straight to Chris’ cock and he has to shut his eyes to steady himself.

There’s an awkward moment as Stiles tries to both keep his shirt tugged down and his hips lifted while he stretches out over Chris’ lap. Chris shoots Peter a glance, amused by all the squirming—squirming that utterly fails to hide just how hard Stiles is.

Peter smirks in response and reaches down, blatantly adjusting himself in his sleep-pants. Chris shakes with a silent laugh, the warmth in his chest expanding. Peter might not want a daddy, but he is definitely a brat.

God, this is going to be fun.

He doesn’t let Stiles struggle long before he gives in to the urge to manhandle him, pulling him to the correct position, arranged neatly across Chris’ thighs with his ass front-and-center and his chest

flat against the mattress.

He pauses to rub soothing circles on Stiles' lower back as he scrabbles at the sheets, then settles. He's shivering, but it seems more like eagerness than nerves. Chris is breathing a little quick himself, and he knows if Stiles was any closer, the proof of how much Chris is enjoying this would be digging into his hip.

"Just as pretty as I imagined." Chris grips the back of the t-shirt and starts to gather it between Stiles' shoulder blades, watching the cotton drag over milky white skin until Stiles' gorgeous, upturned ass is on display. Chris drops his free hand to a bare thigh and slides it up just as slowly, enjoying the smooth texture, anticipating the heat his palm is going to bring.

Stiles pants into the mattress, soft, desperate sounds slipping free. He kicks a little, spreads his legs, and digs in with his toes. "Please." he gasps. "Please, I need—"

Chris grips one cheek and gives it a squeeze, pulling a moan from Stiles' chest. He follows it up with a smack that makes Stiles' ass jiggle and his breath catch.

Stiles lifts his hips to chase after the sting but Chris presses them back down firmly.

"Are you gonna be good for me, or are you gonna wiggle?" he asks, despite knowing Stiles will lose any attempt at stillness once they really get started. He's so perfectly responsive that Chris' mouth starts to water in anticipation.

"I'm *trying*, but—" Stiles pushes his face into the mattress with a whimper when Chris palms his other ass-cheek, kneading lightly to warm the skin.

"Guess I'm gonna have to help you."

Stiles gives a low, wanton groan. "Fuck, yes."

The next sharp strike earns Chris a desperate "oh god" followed by squirming hips.

"Is that how you say 'thank you'?" he growls.

Stiles makes a sound that's close to overwhelmed, writhing more desperately. Chris revels in the fact that they've barely started and the boy is so turned on that he's losing control.

"Please, please, *Daddy*," Stiles begs, hips shifting as he humps down into the space between Chris' thighs, searching for friction.

Chris wonders if he even knows what he's begging *for*. But it's okay if he doesn't because Daddy is going to give him exactly what he needs.

He twists up the t-shirt between Stiles' shoulders and presses down firmly enough to keep him still, then spreads his thighs and hooks a leg over Stiles' far knee, effectively pinning him to the bed. Chris' cock twitches eagerly.

Stiles arches and strains for a moment then goes limp in surrender, just breathing.

"There we go," Chris murmurs. He lifts his hand and brings it down in another firm smack, pausing to let the sting settle into Stiles' skin, watching in satisfaction as his ass blooms pink under Chris' palm.

Stiles hisses and jerks. His fingers clench in the sheets, then he melts again with a needy moan.

Beautiful.

Chris lifts his hand again and gives the other cheek the same treatment. It lights up something electric inside of him that Stiles is just as eager for this as he is.

He lets the tempo build slowly, reveling in the jiggle of smooth flesh and the gathering marks on pale skin. The way Stiles gives himself over to it is mesmerizing. He starts to arch and squirm again, tilting his hips up as little sounds slip past his lips.

“Perfect, baby,” Chris praises, pausing briefly to stroke his palm over tender flesh. “Taking your spanking so well for me.”

Stiles hums and slurs something that sounds like “love it” as he rubs his face into the sheets.

Chris grins and starts again. He falls into the rhythm as he spreads the strikes out, eventually moving down to the sensitive skin of Stiles’ thighs. His palm stings but it’s a background sensation, easy to ignore. Stiles’ ass is radiating heat, flushed to a gorgeous rosy-red just like Chris knew it would. He murmurs praise, how good Stiles is for his daddy, how beautiful. Stiles soaks it up with soft hitching breaths and wordless pleas.

He’s so deeply attuned to every shift of Stiles’ body, to every gasp, yelp, and moan as Stiles’ pleasure-pain spirals higher, that he doesn’t notice movement until Peter’s crouched at the side of the bed, his fingers threading into Stiles’ hair.

Peter tugs Stiles’ head back enough to search his face, then his smirk turns into a grin. “Oh, sweetheart. Look at you.” Peter’s eyes are just a little too bright to be totally human, and his voice has a growl to it that Chris suspects he isn’t able to control.

Chris slows, then pauses, stroking abused skin.

Peter turns Stiles enough that Chris can see his flushed and sweat-damp face, his open red-bitten mouth, and his blown pupils. He’s completely slack in Peter’s hold and, god, so gorgeous.

“You were desperate for Daddy to take you over his knee, weren’t you? Poor baby.” He slides a thumb along the wet inside of Stiles’ lower lip. “Look how close you are. I bet if he keeps going, you could come from this.”

Stiles gives a desperate groan that Chris wants to echo and his tongue darts out to taste. “Yessir,” he slurs, before catching the digit between his lips and sucking.

Chris blinks at the unexpected honorific, but Peter makes an approving sound. “You’re going under like a ton of bricks, aren’t you?” Peter smirks up at Chris. “I hardly ever get ‘sir’. He’d much rather be my little brat.” He tugs his thumb from Stiles’ mouth and leans in to give him a swift kiss. “Wouldn’t you, pet?”

Stiles gapes at him, dazed for a moment, then his eyebrows draw together in a frown. “Peter,” he whines, batting at the hand in his hair.

“Ah-ah,” Peter tuts as he snags the flailing hand. “I thought you were being good and holding still for Daddy?”

“I thought so too,” Chris teases, his voice coming out rough with desire. He ghosts a finger along Stiles’ crease. He wants nothing more than to press his tongue to burning skin and taste the heat he’s caused, but he’s not going to shift them now. Next time, he thinks, he’ll bend Stiles over the end of the bed and have Peter hold his wrists.

Stiles whimpers, his desperation taking over as he pushes his ass up, wiggling eagerly.

Chris squeezes the flesh in his hand hard enough to make Stiles gasp, then lands half a dozen harder blows that make him arch and shout.

"*Please*." Stiles' hips thrust, searching uselessly for friction, and his free hand flies back, groping for Chris. His voice breaks, thick and wet. "*Daddy*, *please*. I'm gonna—"

Chris catches his hand and twines their fingers together, pressing them to Stiles' lower back. "You're okay. I've got you." He shifts his leg to give Stiles something to thrust against and resumes, timing the strikes to the jerking of Stiles' hips until he dissolves into frantic writhing. "Come, baby."

His boy comes with a wail, shaking and gasping as wet heat spills across Chris' thigh. Chris eases him through it with firm hands, rubbing circles on his back and petting him with long strokes that ghost carefully over his sensitive skin.

Stiles melts as he starts to come down. He lets out a blissful sigh and his fingers—one hand still clutching Peter's the other twined with Chris'—relax. His eyes are open but unfocused, glazed with the aftermath of pleasure.

Peter leans in and drops a kiss on his temple, then on his slack mouth.

Chris is floating on his own cloud of endorphins. His skin is buzzing and his palm burns with an echo of what Stiles must be feeling. He can't remember the last time he was so hard. He takes a slow, steadying breath, trying to focus through the haze of need.

He presses his hand to Stiles' back, feeling the quick rise and fall, the small twitches as his body works through the aftershocks. Running his gaze down, he looks for any spots that seem overly tender or bruised, but there's only a beautiful, even flush. He's maybe a little darker on the meaty part of his ass where Chris spent more time, but not overly raw.

Chris traces gently over him, enjoying the heat and the way Stiles shivers but stays pliable under the continued attention. He dips into the crease and, *god* he aches to press inside, to open up Stiles' lax body on his fingers and fill him with his cock. He can imagine the sounds Stiles would make while Chris sinks into him and he throbs in his boxers. But he isn't going to take something that hasn't been offered, especially when Stiles is probably floating in subspace.

"You should fuck him."

Chris sucks in a breath and kind of hates the way it feels like Peter is reading his mind.

"Really. He loves it when he's all come-drunk and sensitive. I'd say it's his favorite thing, but that might've changed now that he's been spanked to orgasm on his daddy's lap."

Chris shudders and thunks his head back against the headboard. "Goddammit, Peter."

Peter grins and climbs onto the bed. He leans across Stiles and braces his hands on the headboard, bracketing Chris' shoulders. "Trust me, darling," he murmurs. "I'm disgustingly in love with this boy. I would *never* let you do something he didn't want."

Chris slides his hand into Peter's hair and drags him into a biting kiss. He pours every bit of his need into it and Peter meets him enthusiastically. It's hot and hard, a playful battle for dominance, and all Chris can think is *it's about damn time*.

They're both breathing heavily when the kiss ends and Peter eases back enough for Chris to speak.

"I trust you," Chris says with a little grin, liking the way that statement feels. "But I'm not fucking a boy who's too out of it to consent."

Peter's eyes crinkle at the corners when he smiles and it only makes him more handsome. "You're a good daddy." He sits back on his heels, then reaches down and taps Stiles' cheek until he scrunches up his face and whines.

"Peter…" His eyebrows furrow for a moment, then he turns his head and bites. "Basthrd. Whaa?" he slurs around Peter's fingers, cracking open one eye to glare at his boyfriend.

It's such a perfectly "Stiles" reaction that Chris has to laugh.

"Be nice." Peter doesn't sound at all put out over being bitten. "I need your attention, brat."

Stiles huffs but lets his fingers go with a lick. He stretches and blinks a little, then says, "You have it." The words sound rote; it's clearly a phrase they use to check in.

Peter smirks. "I know you want to keep flying, sweetheart, but Daddy needs your green if you want him to fuck you."

Stiles heaves a gigantic sigh and mutters something that sounds like, "freaking responsible dom-types" but gets cut off when Peter's hand flashes out and adds his own stinging slap to Stiles' ass.

The boy yelps and scowls, his voice coming out whiny. "Peter, you *know*. We *talked* about this." He twists around until he can see Chris, staring up at him with huge, luminous eyes. "*Yes*. I'm *so* green." He squirms close enough to rub against Chris' aching cock. "Fuck me, Daddy. Please? I need you in me." He spreads his thighs and tilts his flushed ass up.

Jesus *fucking* Christ.

Chris growls and in an abrupt move—that probably only works because Stiles goes ragdoll limp and doesn't flail—reverses their positions. Once he's draped over Stiles' back, pinning him to the mattress, Chris presses his mouth to Stiles' ear and lets his voice drop to a deep rumble. "Is that right, baby? You and your boyfriend talked about letting Daddy fill you up?" He grinds his boxer-clad erection against Stiles' ass.

Stiles mewls, mouth opening and closing wordlessly, squirming under him—maybe at the dirty talk, maybe at Chris' weight against tender skin. Probably both.

Chris pins him more firmly and looks up, catching Peter with parted lips and overly bright eyes. He smirks at the wolf, glad to see he's not the only one affected by the little minx.

He licks the shell of Stiles' ear, then gives the lobe a swift nip. The gasp he gets in exchange makes him grin. So sensitive. He slides a hand under Stiles as he sits up and drags the limp form with him.

The easy surrender when Stiles sprawls back against his chest, his head on Chris' shoulder and his neck bared trustingly, makes all of Chris' protective instincts flare. He takes a moment to press his teeth to that tempting stretch of pale skin, getting a moan for his efforts.

Peter's eyes flash, and his teeth are sharper than normal, but his voice stays steady, teasing. "Are you desperate for it, pet? You need to be split open on Daddy's cock?" He brushes blunt-nailed, human fingers along Stiles' cheek and dips them into his open mouth. "I bet he's big. You think

you can take it?"

Stiles' words are garbled around Peter's fingers but clearly enthusiastic.

Chris chuckles and palms Stiles' abs, enjoying the smooth skin, pulled taut over lightly defined muscle as he slides the shirt up and out of the way. "Let's get this off first," he murmurs.

Stiles raises his arms obligingly and Peter helps him sit up enough for Chris to peel the shirt over his head and toss it aside.

When it's done Chris drops a kiss on the back of Stiles' neck. "Such a good boy."

Stiles shudders and whines, grinding his ass against Chris' throbbing erection.

Chris rubs hands over his chest and plucks at pebbled nipples to make him squirm more. The friction is fantastic, despite how thin it pulls his control. He looks at Peter, then cuts his eyes to the nightstand. Peter grins and slides over to retrieve the lube.

Chris raises an eyebrow at the conspicuous lack of a condom and Peter, waiting by the drawer, raises one right back. Chris rolls his eyes in amusement. He knows he's clean, and he trusts Peter with regards to Stiles, but condoms are useful for more than just protection.

Peter crawls back onto the bed and licks his way up Stiles' neck before pausing with his mouth inches from Chris', blue eyes glittering. "Fuck him bare. Make him smell like you."

And, okay, Chris apparently has a scent-marking kink that he didn't know about because he sucks in a sharp breath and growls involuntarily. His hands clench on Stiles' hips, hard enough to make him gasp.

Peter surges forward and claims Chris' mouth in another searing kiss. Chris has to grip his arm to keep them all from tumbling backward as he meets Peter with equal intensity.

Trapped between them, Stiles squirms, his breath hitching. "Oh fuck," he whimpers. "Please." He turns his head to mouth at Chris' jaw, hungry noises slipping free.

The soft lips and pressure against his skin are a teasing contrast to Peter's fangs. Chris scrapes his tongue deliberately over a point, not quite hard enough to do damage, then catches Peter's lower lip between his teeth and bites.

Peter hisses and breaks the kiss. His eyes are definitely glowing now, and Chris smirks at making his control slip.

"You heard the boy," Peter says, rasping around his fangs. "Fuck him." He presses a rough kiss to Stiles' mouth then shifts back to give Chris room to maneuver.

Chris manhandles Stiles into place, getting no resistance as he's settled with knees wide and elbows braced on the mattress, red ass tilted up like an offering—an offering Chris is going to take full advantage of. He bends down, hands keeping squirming hips still, and presses his tongue to the heat of one tempting cheek. Then he sinks his teeth in.

Stiles squeals and jerks against Chris' hold but there's nowhere for him to go. Peter chuckles at the whimpered, "fuck, fuck, *fuck.*"

Chris drags his tongue over the indents his teeth left behind, enjoying the taste of burning skin just as much as he thought he would.

“Daddy’s pushing all your buttons, isn’t he, sweetheart?”

Chris glances up to see Peter stroking Stiles’ back. Stiles’ head is hanging and his ribs heave as he sucks in rapid breaths.

“Baby likes a little biting, huh?” Chris purrs. “Never would have guessed, what with dating a werewolf and all.” He shoots Peter a smirk as he sits up and snags the lube.

Peter laughs and drops a kiss between Stiles’ shoulder blades. “The oral fixation goes both ways.”

Stiles’ growl turns to an amusing yelp when Chris parts the globes of his ass and drizzles cold lube down his crack. He shivers hard and moans as Chris massages it around his hole. The shivering quickly becomes squirming. His hips chase after Chris’ touch until Chris finally stops teasing and sinks a slick finger into grasping heat.

He has to close his eyes and fight for control at the flutter of his sweet boy’s muscles around the intrusion. Stiles is making soft, desperate sounds as he rocks and tries to force Chris deeper. After a minute, Chris gives him what he wants, pressing in to the last knuckle and twisting to rub against his smooth insides.

Stiles hips jerk when Chris finds his prostate and he scrabbles at the sheets, a steady stream of pleading spilling past his lips. Chris can’t deny him and slides a second finger deep into his hole and scissors carefully. Stiles’ groan rattles in his chest. “You—now, in me—please,” he begs, words as uncoordinated as his wiggling hips.

Chris doesn’t think he’s ready and lets him know. He gets a few muttered curses in return, which is not acceptable in his book. He gives Stiles’ butt a smack, well aware that even a mild warning will light his skin up.

He’s right. Stiles chokes on a gasp and clenches down on Chris’ fingers, shuddering hard. “Sorry!” he yelps. “Sorry, Daddy.”

“Be nice, baby.”

Stiles nods furiously and drops his chest to the bed with a whimper, hips lifted.

Chris groans at the pretty sight and pets down the arch of his spine, soothing him. Another minute and he eases in a third finger.

Stiles pants and moans but doesn’t demand more this time.

“Look at your greedy hole. So hungry for Daddy’s cock,” Chris praises as he presses a little deeper, loving the way Stiles is opening for him so eagerly. He’s gone loose and pliant again, mouth gaping, glazed eyes barely visible between his thick lashes.

Peter crawls across the bed and fits himself against Chris’ back, teeth dragging over his shoulder. “Give me the lube, Christopher.” Peter murmurs into his skin. He slides his hands down Chris’ chest, then tucks his thumbs into the front of Chris’ boxers and tugs the waistband lower.

“Yeah.” It only takes Chris a moment to locate the bottle again. He adds more to his fingers before passing the rest to Peter.

Peter sets about getting Chris out of his boxers. When he reaches around and closes Chris’ straining cock in a firm, slick grip, they both groan.

Chris rocks into the sure hold a few times, unable to help himself as sparks dance up his spine. He doesn't think he's ever been this hard before. Maintaining his calm is going to take some serious focus.

Peter lets out a deep, purring rumble that makes Stiles lift his head, glassy eyes searching for his lover. "Oh, you lucky boy." Peter gives Chris another brain-melting stroke. "I'm almost jealous. You're going to love this."

Chris huffs and bats Peter away before he loses track of his goal. "You ready, baby?" He twists his fingers deep, making Stiles arch.

"Yeah. Yes," Stiles gasps, kneading the sheets. His face is beautifully flushed, sweat dampening the roots of his hair as he squirms and rocks back.

Chris takes hold of Stiles' hip to keep him still, removes his fingers, and lines up his cock. He presses the head to the furled opening, then pauses. "Then what do you say?"

Stiles mewls desperately. "Oh *god*." His voice cracks, breathless and shaky. "*Please*, Daddy, please fuck me. Now. I—I need—."

Chris doesn't make him wait any longer; he sinks forward into slick, wet heat.

Stiles arches with a shocked, choked sound, like somehow, despite all the prep, he wasn't expecting it.

Chris sucks in a steadying breath, willing himself not to thrust and *take* in reaction to that animal whine. He's experienced, disciplined. He's been taking sweet, needy boys apart like this for years. He's capable of controlling himself—he hopes.

He keeps the inward roll of his hips slow and steady until he bottoms out, snug against Stiles' ass. Chris revels in the fluttering clench of Stiles' body, his brain stalling momentarily. When it reengages, Stiles is gasping, shaking under his palms.

Chris wants to drag him closer, to fuck him hard and deep until he doesn't remember anything but how it feels to be filled by his daddy. He waits though. He knows he's a lot for some boys. Still, he's glimpsed what Peter's packing—werewolves aren't exactly body-shy—and figures Stiles can handle it. Chris leans down and licks a stripe up his spine to distract him from the stretch.

"That's my good boy. I know it's a lot," he soothes against Stiles' ear. "Just breathe for me and relax, sweet thing." He flicks his tongue against the lobe, tasting salt, then scrapes over it with his teeth, drawing a gasp.

Stiles takes a few quick breaths and Chris feels him trying. He pets over Stiles' chest and helps distract him by pinching and rolling one peaked nipple between his fingers and then the other until Stiles is squirming, pleading whimpers falling past his lips again. Finally, the tight clench around his cock relaxes enough for Chris to move.

Chris sits up and takes hold of Stiles' hips, but before he can draw back Peter is pressed behind him again, his breath wet and hot on Chris' throat.

Chris growls at him.

"If only you could hear his heart racing, Christopher," Peter purrs, his tone sending sparks across Chris' skin. "It's like a little rabbit's. He's so needy, he's going to come apart at the seams." He inhales deeply, then hums. "And the way he smells when he's this turned on—like candied ginger.

Spicy-sharp and oh-so-sweet."

Stiles goes red to the tips of his ears and he whines, desperation mixed with embarrassment.

Chris drops his chin to his chest, hands tight on Stiles' hips. The words batter against his restraint and he clenches his jaw at Peter's efforts to make him lose it.

Of course, that only encourages the wolf, who keeps murmuring as he trails kisses over Chris' shoulder. "It gets stronger every time you praise him, you know. He's such a slut for hearing he's a good boy. And he positively *leaks* for dirty talk in that deep 'daddy-voice' of yours." Peter abruptly latches onto Chris' throat and sucks hard enough to bruise. It sends a bolt of painful pleasure straight to Chris' cock.

Chris shudders and can't stop the low groan that's ripped out of him, or his small, rocking thrusts. Stiles is going to have finger-shaped bruises on his hips after this.

Finally, Chris can't take any more teasing. He reaches over his shoulder, sinks his fingers into Peter's hair, and drags him away. "And here I thought *baby* was a menace," he grits out, staring into wolf-bright eyes.

Peter's fanged grin makes Chris huff out a strained laugh and give him a little shake. Such a brat.

A whimper escapes Stiles at their jostling and Chris refocuses, soothing him with a palm stroking his hip. "Easy. You're okay."

He uses his hold to move Peter until he's kneeling by Stiles' side. Fortunately, the wolf goes willingly. Chris doesn't think he's got enough patience left to deal if Peter wanted to keep being bratty. Though, despite all the slick words, he looks just as desperate as Chris.

And Chris is done waiting. He lets Peter go and grips Stiles' shoulder to haul him up to his hands. He uses the new-found leverage to grind deep into Stiles' ass.

Stiles shouts and shakes, arching in beautiful reaction. His head falls back, eyes closed, mouth wet and open.

It gives Chris so many ideas.

"Get your cock out," he growls at Peter.

Peter follows Chris' gaze and groans, then slides off the bed. Standing at the edge he's the perfect height. He frees himself from his pants, letting them fall to the floor.

"Stiles, sweetheart, open your eyes."

Stiles' eyes flutter open obediently. When he sees Peter's dark, flushed erection inches from his face he moans, opens his mouth further, and sticks his tongue out.

Chris grins through the heat that floods him at the eager reaction. "Aren't you just a perfect little cock-sucker?" he praises their boy.

"His mouth is pure sin," Peter agrees, having regained some of his composure. He slides fingers into Stiles' hair and moves close enough for Stiles to lap at the head of his cock. "What a lucky boy, getting two fantasies fulfilled today." Peter closes his eyes briefly when Stiles takes him in his mouth and starts to suck. "You know what to do if you need to stop, pet."

Stiles hums in agreement and lifts a hand, making a pinching motion with his finger and thumb.

“Good boy,” Peter says, then rocks deeper, the words dragging out into a groan.

Chris eases back when Peter does. When he presses forward again they fill Stiles completely, making him whine with pleasure.

Stiles is stunning between them—sweat-slick under Chris’ palms, ribs heaving as he sucks in air around Peter’s cock—readily taking everything they give him. It makes something possessive flare inside of Chris; he wants to know just how far Stiles would let them push him.

He adjusts his next thrust and gets a choked shout when it grazes Stiles’ prostate. There. He spreads a palm across Stiles’ taught belly to keep the angle, driving their boy’s pleasure higher and higher.

Peter pants as his cock sinks into Stiles' mouth, groaning as the plush, swollen lips swallow him down. Chris' gut tightens at the lewd slurping noises and the sight of Peter's hand sliding down the narrow, heaving back to squeeze the still-pink ass until Stiles whines. The movement forces Peter's cock deeper, but Stiles only redoubles his efforts.

Chris groans and picks up speed. His heart pounds and his vision starts to blur. His orgasm is building but he holds it off. He’s not ready for this to be over.

Peter’s hand shifts to trace Stiles’ rim, making Stiles keen and clench in down reaction. His exploring fingers graze Chris’ cock almost accidentally, but the touch still ricochets through him.

The sensations are too much. Chris drives his hips forward, chasing the crashing wave of pleasure.

With the last of his focus, he grasps Stiles’ leaking cock, jacks him quickly, and orders him to *come*.

He pumps Stiles once, twice, and then his boy is crying out, voice breaking as his cock pulses, wet and hot in Chris’ fist.

Chris follows him over the edge.

He’s vaguely aware of Peter pulling back while they’re still caught up in aftershocks and pushing them sideways onto the mattress.

Chris has to drag Stiles—who’s gone completely limp—with him. He sprawls against Chris’ chest, head lolling, and Chris wraps tight arms around his waist. He’s still buried deep and has no plans to give up his boy’s heat anytime soon.

Peter follows them onto the bed, eyes glowing blue, fangs dropped. He leans over them, his hand heavy and grounding on Chris’ shoulder, then strokes himself until he comes across Stiles’ softening cock and both of their thighs with bared teeth and an animalistic growl.

It’s Peter who eventually heads to the bathroom and retrieves a damp towel to clean them up. Normally, Chris would insist that’s his job, but he’s currently too comfortable to protest.

He might also be perfectly willing to let Peter and his werewolf recovery time take one for the

team.

He draws a finger down Stiles' spine, tracing the curves of muscle. Stiles has reclaimed his position draped on top of Chris from earlier, but this time Chris has access to so much more skin. He takes full advantage.

Stiles folds his hands on Chris' sternum and rests his chin on them. "Hi." His lips curl up in a shy smile.

"Hi, baby." Chris slides his palm to carefully cup one ass-cheek.

Stiles' breath hitches and he bites his lip.

"Sore?"

Stiles flushes pink. "Good sore," he murmurs. He squirms a little, then wrinkles his nose. "And sticky."

Chris chuckles and thinks he wouldn't mind making Stiles sore and sticky more often.

"Whiny brat. You love it." Peter crawls up between their tangled legs with a wet towel and lifts Stiles to his knees.

Chris grunts as the change in angle makes Stiles flail and almost smack him in the face. He catches the dangerous hands before they can do any damage and presses a kiss to the back of his fingers.

Stiles' smile sharpens into a wicked little grin and he wiggles his hips in the air. "Who's fault is that?" he asks smugly. "You get all handsy and possessive when I smell like you. It's super hot."

Peter leans down and plants a loud kiss on Stiles' ass, inhaling deeply. "And now you smell like both of us." The satisfied rumble in his voice makes Chris' chest clench and he tries not to examine it too closely. Peter sits back and starts cleaning Stiles up.

Chris helps by holding Stiles steady and brushing kisses to his lips, eyelids, and the curve of his cheek. Stiles hums and leans into it, going soft and pliable under his hands. Chris needs to be careful because the power this boy is giving him is addictive.

After a minute the warm cloth swipes over Chris' belly and he startles at the unfamiliar attention. He doesn't think he's ever been on this end of the post-sex clean-up.

When Peter's done he tosses the towel aside. Chris doesn't know what he was expecting next, but it's not Peter's fingers just above the crease of his hip, tracing the tattoo there. His thoughts stall.

"Did you think I wouldn't mention it?" Peter asks casually.

Chris licks his lips and searches for a response.

"Mention what?" Stiles twists to look back at Peter, his eyebrows furrowed.

"Christopher has a lovely little tattoo he's been hiding from us."

"Just because I don't advertise, doesn't mean I'm hiding it," Chris grumbles. Not that he had any intention of showing it off either.

Stiles flops over so he's curled against Chris' side, then props himself up on his elbow. "What's—oh." He smiles and reaches out to stroke the small triskelion, fingers brushing Peter's. "Oh."

This feels like giving away more than he intended. Still, their fingers together in such an intimate place makes his breath catch. Desire overwhelms the trickle of uncertainty. If he was a few years younger—

Peter ducks down and presses his lips to the tattoo, then his tongue. He inhales deeply and lets out a possessive growl. The blended scent of them has to be overwhelming.

Chris groans as his body tries to react and can't. "Peter." He slides his fingers into the wolf's hair and tugs him away.

Peter crawls up next to him, movements all sleepy-predator, and lets Chris pull him into a kiss.

Chris keeps it slow and languid, hand firm on Peter's head to anchor him in place.

Stiles makes a pleased sound, fingers wandering and scritching through Chris' chest hair. "God, that's hot. I'm never gonna get tired of that."

Chris breaks the kiss slowly and looks between them. "I'd be up for a repeat." He aims for nonchalance even as his heart beats a little faster.

Peter's palm slides down Chris' belly to stroke possessively over the tattoo. "Oh, Christopher, did you *really* think we were going to let you go after all this?"

Chris goes still at the implication.

Stiles snorts. "Could you sound any more like a psychopath, babe?" He turns laughing eyes to Chris. "I'd apologize for him being so—Peter, but if you don't know what he's like by now, there's no hope for you."

Peter pouts dramatically. "I'm only stating the truth, darling."

Stiles rolls his eyes. "Well, *yeah*, but you're the one who said not to jump ahead."

"I'm not 'jumping ahead.' I'm not quite that impulsive, unlike *some* people I could—"

"I'd say my impulsiveness worked out *just* fine, thank you very mu—"

"Could we pause the snark for a second, please?" Chris cuts into their banter. They turn twin looks of blank innocence on him. Chris arches an eyebrow. "What exactly have you two been plotting?"

"Plotting sounds so negative," Peter scoffs. "Thinking ahead is just good sense."

Chris, deciding on the path of least resistance, gives Stiles his best "disapproving Daddy" look.

Stiles' breath catches, his eyes go wide, and he folds with a whimper. Just like Chris knew he would. "We're gonna keep dating you?"

Chris' eyebrows fly up. What the hell? "*Keep* dating?"

"Pay attention, Christopher. You've been ours for over a year."

"You—What? No you—" Chris stares, dumbfounded. Because that's ridiculous. There's no way.

But his thoughts flash to lazy Sunday mornings, lounging on the sofa with FaceTime open on his laptop, listening in amusement while Peter and Stiles bicker about the benefits of waffles over pancakes, or the best way to annotate an ancient text—often insisting that Chris be their tie-

breaker.

And the pictures on his phone, texted during lunch breaks, nights out, and the occasional long weekend—some more appropriate than others. He'd chalked it up to having friends that were completely lacking in boundaries—it's not like early-morning shots of Peter's bedhead, or Stiles shirtless and smiling sweetly crossed any obvious lines.

Or all the times one of them has called late at night, on edge or rambling, looking for reassurance, or just needing Chris to talk them down—Chris is always willing to offer support and perspective.

It's what good friends do, right?

Shit.

"You've been kinda dumb about it," Stiles says, teasing to hide the anxiety in his eyes. And how well does Chris know him that he can pick it out so easily?

Shit. He's an idiot.

"That isn't—you can't just—" Chris drags a hand over his face. "*Look.* You have to tell someone before you can be dating them."

"Not if it's long-distance stealth-dating."

Chris looks at Stiles in disbelief. "That's not a thing."

"Oops?" Stiles offers with a grin and an I'm-cute-as-hell head-tilt. "Well, too late now. We're keeping you."

Chris thinks this might be what emotional whiplash feels like. "Stiles, you can't just *keep* people. That's not how that works."

Peter scoffs. "Have you *met* him, Christopher? That's exactly how it works."

"You're ridiculous. I can't—"

"Are you saying no? I'm hearing a lot of 'no'."

Chris looks up at Stiles' big, pleading, amber eyes and dramatically wobbly lower-lip. He heaves a sigh. "Fuck, baby. I'm not saying no. But give me a minute to catch up, would you?"

Their expressions are equally triumphant, though Peter's holds the sharpness of a wolf closing in on prey, while Stiles' is edged with giddy glee.

Chris shakes his head, a helpless chuckle slipping free. "What am I going to do with you two?"

Peter hums thoughtfully and opens his mouth, but Stiles cuts him off.

"Oh!" He squirms, nearly vibrating with excitement. "I have a list!"

Chris laughs and pulls Stiles into a hug, eyes meeting Peter's over their boy's shoulder.

They'll be in town for a few more days. That should be enough time to wrap his head around the idea. In the meantime, Chris is pretty sure he has a list of his own.

End Notes

Happy Kinktober!!! I hope you enjoyed the kinky-fluffiness. I love these three and I'm super excited to get started on my next Stetopher fic! (Please, please don't ask for more of this. It makes me anxious. <3)

If you need additional Chris Argent *right now* go look at this photoset. Guh. The last photo is the reason this fic happened. JR Bourne Photoset

Come hang out with me on Tumblr! shey-elizabeth. I post WiP updates and a lot of Chris and Peter being Daddy AF.

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