

Safe

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Safe

by [bloodwrites](#)

Summary

Stiles was an independent kid. He wasn't the sort to climb into his parents bed in the middle of the night when he was small. After his mom died, though, he would slip into his father's room when he heard his dad go up to bed, and his father would flick back the edge of the blanket, and Stiles would curl up on his mom's side, pretend he could still smell her there. He'd roll over and cling to his father before he went to sleep, terrified that he'd lose him, too, and be entirely alone.

Notes

Fill for [this prompt](#) on the [Teen Wolf Kink Meme](#).

READ THE TAGS. This is father/son incest while the son is underage (16). Please, if that's going to disgust, horrify, trigger, or piss you off, don't read it, and certainly don't complain about it if you do read it. It's well tagged for your convenience. Don't be a dick. Ahem.

[Translation into Russian](#)

Stiles was an independent kid. He wasn't the sort to climb into his parents bed in the middle of the night when he was small. After his mom died, though, he would slip into his father's room when he heard his dad go up to bed, and his father would flick back the edge of the blanket, and Stiles would curl up on his mom's side, pretend he could still smell her there. He'd roll over and cling to his father before he went to sleep, terrified that he'd lose him, too, and be entirely alone.

That fear never left him. When Stiles thought his father would die like all the other sacrifices, it was too much. It's over now, but emotionally, he's exhausted. Completely drained.

Stiles and his father stumble into the house, each of them with an arm around the other. Stiles' head pounds, but it's not bleeding any more, and likely nothing a couple of Tylenol and a good night's sleep won't cure.

The sheriff has a slight limp, his legs stiff from being bound and unable to move for days. Stiles is worried about him, but he's moving okay, and doesn't seem to be in too much pain.

They're both quiet. When they do speak, it's softly, voices low and measured. Stiles struggles to keep the hitch out of his own.

He can feel the tension. It usually comes on the anniversary of his mom's death, or her birthday, but it doesn't seem strange or out of place tonight. Not after the week they've had. Not after the relief of knowing it's over.

Already, hands move over soiled clothing. Eyes move slowly over each others faces, bodies, taking in everything. When his dad presses his lips to Stiles' forehead, they're wet, warm, and they linger, just a little too long.

Stiles knows what it all means, they both do. As if they can smell it on each other, they feed it with every look, every touch, every ambiguous and yet obvious statement.

"We both need to shower," Stiles says, and he's still got one hand on his father as he checks to make sure the front door is secure before moving toward the stairs.

The sheriff rests a hand on Stiles' shoulder. "Help your old man upstairs?"

"Yeah."

They move up the stairs as one. The sheriff is moving more easily now, he doesn't need the help, but both of them need to be close, they need the contact.

Stiles strips off his clothes with his father right there with him in the bathroom. This is new, but neither of them have to say anything, and it's not as awkward as Stiles feels like it should be. He's half hard already as he shoves his jeans down, steps out of them, and he thinks, maybe, just maybe he should drop his eyes to the floor, he should not look, just jump in the shower and leave it all up to his dad.

He doesn't. As he pushes his jeans down, he looks up to find his father's eyes on him. They're dark, the pupils big and black, his lips are slightly parted and as Stiles watches he presses them together, wets them with a quick dart of his tongue.

Stiles' dick gets fully hard, fast. He lets his lips tug up into a smile and backs into the shower, under the spray of water. "Coming?" he says.

The sheriff blinks once, then starts to unbutton his shirt.

Stiles drops his eyes, watches blood from the cut on his head run over his body in pink trails and swirl down the drain.

He feels it through the stainless steel beneath his feet when his father steps in, feels it in the spray hitting his skin as it rebounds off his father's body. He feels it in the warm breath on the back of his neck.

"I'm so proud of you," his father says, and behind the words the sound of shower gel squirting onto a washcloth. "What you did, all the things you did to save us. I can't help thinking that if I'd believed you in the first place you wouldn't have had to put yourself in danger like that."

"It's okay," Stiles breathes, turning his head to look over his shoulder. "I'm okay. And you're okay." He turns, takes the soapy washcloth from his father's hand, drags it from his father's throat, down over his chest. "Thank god. If I'd lost you, Dad... If you'd died—"

The words get stuck in his throat and he chokes on them, even as he continues to spread fine bubbles over his father's body.

"I'm fine," Stiles' dad says, lifting Stiles' chin with one finger, forcing Stiles to look him in the eye. "I'm okay. I'm not going anywhere." Then he leans in, pressing a chaste kiss to Stiles' temple, his cheek, and finally the corner of his mouth.

It's been months since Stiles last knocked on his father's bedroom door and slipped inside to stretch out alongside him under the blankets. Months since his mother's birthday, and the cold, empty ache inside that can only be eased by the presence of his father, feeling his dad beside him, skin on skin, by proving to each other that they aren't alone, that they still have each other.

It's been months since he's opened his mouth, licked at his father's lips until they parted for him, and it's been months since he's pushed his hips against his father's, both of them hard. Because that's only ever happened in his father's room before. They've never done this, never been entirely naked together, bare in front of each other. There's always been blankets to cover their naked bodies, there's always been a lamp to switch off while they pant into each other's throats as they rub against one another or jerk each other off.

On the fifth anniversary of his mother's death, Stiles woke in the night to his father's voice softly calling his name, to his father's hand on his shoulder gently shaking him.

"You're dreaming," his dad said, shifting away, putting a couple of inches between them.

Stiles already knew he was dreaming, knew he was maybe only seconds away from coming in his sleep because his heart was racing and his dick was hard and his pajama pants were already damp where the fabric was stretched over the tip of his cock. Still groggy, he reached for his dick, shuffling over to close the space between himself and his dad, because his dad was warmth and comfort and safety. He barely heard the urgency in his father's voice as he said Stiles' name, all he knew was that his father was speaking to him, and that his dad was hard in his own pants, heat and hard flesh brushing against the backs of Stiles' knuckles as he jerked himself off.

Stiles didn't really think about what he was doing until after he came, semen oozing through the thin cotton of his pajamas. Only then did he look up into his father's wide, shocked eyes, register the heaving of his father's chest. And when he brushed sticky fingers over the length of his dad's erection, he knew that what he was doing wasn't normal, he knew it wasn't the sort of thing he could tell anyone, ever, but it didn't feel wrong.

It never has. Not once. He's never felt unsafe with his dad, never felt as if he was being used or exploited. They make each other feel good, they take comfort from each other, they love each other.

Now, they just need to reassure themselves that they're both safe, that they're both alive, that neither of them is going to be left alone. Stiles swallows his dad's sigh as he wraps his long fingers around the both of them and strokes, slowly.

This is how they do it most often. Stiles remembers when his father's cock seemed so big compared to his own, but now they're about the same length. He loves that his dad is thicker, though, loves stretching his hand around them, squeezing them together, feeling how much fatter his dad's dick is against his.

He imagines, sometimes, how it would feel inside him, how much he'd have to stretch around it. He thinks of that while he's alone, jerking off in the privacy of his own room, or in the shower, bent over with his cheek pressed against the cold tile.

The last time they were together, months ago, Stiles came first—he always does—and then wriggled down under the blankets and sucked his dad off. It was a first, for them, and a memory Stiles has savored since. He still remembers the sound of his father's moans as he came, and the hot, bitter flood on the back of his tongue.

He's wanted to do it again, ever since. He hasn't because he only goes into his dad's room when he needs more than that. Here, though, he can go down on his knees, instead of suffocating under blankets, hidden because they should be ashamed of what they're doing, even though Stiles isn't, and if his father is, he's never said so, never hesitated when Stiles has come to him.

The stainless steel is hard under his knees, but Stiles barely notices. He slides his tongue down his father's length at first, looks up as he opens his lips and takes the head into his mouth.

His dad strokes his hair, tips his head back further so he can see, and Stiles smiles around his mouthful and closes his eyes.

"You're beautiful," his father says. "God, you're so beautiful."

And Stiles' face heats up, and he breathes quicker through his nose, and he pulls on his cock as he takes his father deeper into his throat.

Stiles comes moaning around the cock in his mouth as he spills over his own fingers. When he recovers, when he keeps sucking, he thinks about stopping, he thinks about dragging his father to bed, thinks about asking to be fucked. It's what he wants, more than anything, especially now when only hours ago he was afraid he'd get to his dad too late only to find him dead. He wants the intensity, he wants everything.

So he pulls off, lets his dad's dick slide from his mouth and into his hand. He rubs his cheek down the length, kisses the tip, and then looks up. "I want you inside me," he breathes.

His father reaches down and pulls him up. "Stiles," he breathes, the word almost swept away behind the sound of the water hitting their bodies, hitting tile and stainless steel. "Not yet," he says. "Not tonight, son."

Stiles feels his face fall. He knows his father loves him, and he trusts him, but he can't help feeling the sting of rejection. Too late, he schools his features into something neutral. His father has already seen his disappointment.

"I want to," his dad says. "More than anything. But not tonight." He leans in, takes a kiss with a strong hand on the back of Stiles' neck, and then he backs him into the wall.

Stiles lets out a hiss as the cold tile hits his skin, from his shoulders to the backs of his thighs, the hard chill makes him shiver, raises goosebumps. And his father crowds in, presses heated flesh to his front, and it confuses Stiles. Suddenly the tile behind him feels like it's burning, even though he still shivers. His dad's hard cock presses against his belly, Stiles tries to get a hand between them, wants to jerk his dad off, feel the hot splatter of semen on his skin.

His dad pulls back a bit, reaches behind him for the shower gel, angles the shower head away from them so it doesn't wash away the soap they're using as lube.

When Stiles reaches for his father's dick, his dad gently pushes his hand away. "Come here," he says, one hand on his cock, the other pulling Stiles into a kiss, pressing him back against the tile again. "Let me," he whispers, and then feeds his slippery cock between Stiles' thighs.

Stiles whimpers as his dad's fat cock rubs against the underside of his sensitive balls, as it grazes over his taint and the spot he likes to press against while he jerks off. "What—?" he tries, as his father gives a rolling thrust.

"Stiles," his father groans, eyes closed, head tipped back. One hand is still on the back of Stiles' neck, the other holds Stiles by the hip. He pulls back, thrusts forward again. "Stiles, oh god."

Stiles' dick tries to get hard again. He loves the sight of his father close to coming, loves the sounds he makes. They always arouse him, never fail to get him hard, but this... Stiles is actually being fucked. Not penetrated, no, but his father is fucking him nonetheless, and he

didn't even fuck his mouth, but he's fucking Stiles' thighs, and it takes only moments for Stiles' dick to go from flaccid to erect again.

He slips his hand between them, knowing he's got only minutes before his dad comes, wanting to come with him, or as near as possible. Soon enough, though, the shower is filled with the sounds of their moans, his dad's movements become jerky and erratic, his cries deeper, his voice utterly wrecked.

And then he's still, his face buried in Stiles' neck, the only sound he makes a low, drawn out groan as his cock jerks and spills between Stiles' thighs.

Stiles follows soon after, his head on his father's shoulder and an arm around his dad's waist. He holds his cock against his dad's soft belly as he paints it with his come.

Then everything's still and silent except for their panting breaths and the spatter of water as it hits the tiled wall.

"We'd better get rinsed off," Stiles' dad says finally, peeling himself away, wrapping an arm around Stiles' shoulders and helping him stand on shaky legs under the shower head.

Stiles shivers, because the water's close to running cold.

"We'll be quick," his dad says. "And then bed. I'll keep you warm."

Stiles knows it's true. Sleeping with his father is so easy, so natural. Because wrapped in those arms, he's safe, and he's comfortable, and he's home. He doesn't need anything else.

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