

Stunned

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Stunned

by [Green](#)

Summary

Peter is kicked out of the pack for 'murder' when Malia's vampire stalker is killed. Stiles follows.

Notes

Hey Becca, hope you like this! Happy Valentines!

Stiles

Stiles gets back to Beacon Hills late, but as he drives by Derek's old building, he sees everyone's vehicles outside and lights blazing from the loft. Scott must be using it as a place for the pack to meet. Stiles looks at the clock, sees it's a little past two in the morning, and wonders what's going on.

Only one way to find out. Stiles is exhausted from his flight and ready to sleep, but if the pack is in danger, he needs to know about it.

He steps off the elevator to pandemonium. Everyone — everyone but a shirtless, bloodied Peter, that is — is talking at once, yelling over each other, and no one seems to notice when Stiles walks in. A wonderful welcome back home, really.

But Peter notices him, of course. He always notices Stiles. That recognition gives Stiles a *zing* he knows he should ignore, but can't. Stiles lifts his hand in a wave and then tries to focus on what everyone is saying. When he can't make heads or tails of it, he gets on top of the coffee table, towering over everyone, and shouts, "Hey!"

It's satisfying when the pack stops bickering to look at him. He doesn't usually get their attention so easily.

"Can one of you tell me what's going on?" Stiles asks calmly. Trying to keep them from starting up again.

Scott frowns. "What are you doing back so soon?"

"It's Friday. Well, Saturday morning, now. I told you I was getting in tonight," Stiles says. Actually, Scott was supposed to meet him at the airport and give him a ride home, but he didn't answer his phone when Stiles's plane got in, and Stiles had been forced to rent a car.

Scott nods and doesn't look at all contrite. "Something came up."

"You don't say," Stiles says flatly.

"Peter killed someone and we're trying to decide what to do about it," Scott says.

Stiles looks at Peter, who raises an eyebrow at him.

"I'm gonna need more than just that," Stiles says. "Who did he kill, and why?" He beckons Peter over to the conversation. The rest of the pack is quiet now, whispering among themselves. Stiles realizes Malia isn't there, though.

Before he can ask after her, Scott starts in on a rambling explanation full of derision and self-righteous judgement. Occasionally, Peter interjects with some relevant information Scott leaves out.

"Okay, I get it," Stiles says after a few minutes of this. "But to recap: a dangerous, three-hundred-year-old vampire was stalking Malia and wanting to make her his pet or something, and when she refused him, he got violent and threatened to kill her. And you didn't tell me any of this because I was out of town, and you didn't do anything about the vampire because you were waiting for him to see reason and just, what, leave?"

Peter snorts.

"He wasn't a mindless creature," Scott defends. "If Malia had been a little clearer about not being interested, I'm sure he would have left. But—"

"Scott, are you seriously blaming Malia for a vampire stalker problem?" Stiles says lowly. He feels like he could punch Scott right now.

"Not... not *blaming* her, but if she'd—"

"Stop. I've heard enough. Peter?" Stiles says as he turns to the accused. "Did you tell Scott when this started that vampires are violent and obsessive?"

"I did try," Peter says.

"Want to tell me what happened tonight? Where's Malia?" Stiles asks.

"The vampire attacked her, and now he's dead," Peter says simply. "As for my daughter, I assume she's somewhere in the preserve. I'd planned on looking for her immediately, but the True Alpha here insisted on dragging me back for an 'emergency' pack meeting."

Stiles turns to Scott. "I don't get it. What's the problem?"

Scott sputters. "Peter killed again! I said he could hang around only if he stayed on his best behavior."

"He's not your fucking dog, Scott." Stiles balls his fists. "So, what, you're gonna give him a demerit?"

"I'm kicking him out of the pack," Scott says.

"For defending his family?" Stiles asks, incredulous.

"He didn't have to kill the vampire, Stiles!" Scott says. "He could have just threatened him and made him leave!"

"Right. That would have worked brilliantly," Stiles says, sarcasm dripping from the words. "You can't kick Peter out. Without a pack, he'll go omega, and then what?"

"I assure you, I can handle being on my own," Peter says. Stiles doesn't believe him.

"You need pack," Stiles tells him.

"If something happens to Peter once he's out of the pack, it's not my problem," Scott says.

"If you kick Peter out for this, I'm leaving the pack, too," Stiles tells him.

"Stop defending him!" Scott says. "He's a murderer!"

"By your standards, so am I," Stiles says. "Killing in defense is the same as murder in your eyes, right?"

"I can't believe you're taking his side," Scott says. "You can't be serious about leaving."

"Oh, I am," Stiles assures him. "I don't want to be in your pack if this is how you treat people. Still."

"Stiles, you don't have to do this," Peter says. He sounds pained, a little incredulous.

But Peter is Stiles's... something. Friend? Pack? He's always been the one to see him, to appreciate him. Over the years, they've only gotten closer, their bond stronger. He's not letting Scott do this.

Scott squares his jaw. "Fine. You don't have to leave. I'm kicking you out, too."

The other pack members have been silent up to this point. Now, they let out small gasps.

"Scott..." Lydia says.

"No, I mean it. I should have done it before," Scott says. "Stiles always wanted me to give Peter a chance, and now look what it's gotten us."

"But it's Stiles," someone whispers, but they're immediately shushed.

It hurts. Scott's always been the person who meant the most to Stiles, even when he was being a dumbass, even when his moral compass skewed in an opposite direction from Stiles's. They've been best friends since they were kids, and packmates since werewolves were a thing in their lives.

"Fine. Stay away from our pack, and we'll stay away from yours," Stiles says.

"Then go," Scott says.

Stiles reaches for Peter's hand and leads him out of the loft. "Idiot. True Alpha, my ass," he mutters.

"You didn't have to do that, sweetheart," Peter says softly in the elevator. There's a stunned look on his face.

Stiles doesn't have a good rebuttal to that. Instead, he says, "Let's find Malia. Did she get hurt?"

"Yes, but nothing that won't heal," Peter assures him.

"Did you see her shift or anything?" Stiles asks.

"Yes. She's probably still in her coyote form."

They're still holding hands. Stiles squeezes. "Let's go, then."

Peter

They take Peter's car and leave Stiles's rental at the loft, then Peter drives out to the Preserve.

He follows Malia's scent and the scent of blood toward her den. He knows where it is, in theory, though he hasn't visited it before. Then again, Malia hasn't returned to her den in years. She hasn't felt unsafe until this vampire came along and proved to be more than she could handle alone. Peter hates that this happened, that she was in danger. He hopes she's already healed from her injuries, but that's a lot of hope for one night. It was enough that they — that she — survived.

Stiles follows Peter, and Peter marvels at that. He's still reeling from what happened in the loft. Stiles took *his* side, which had become a more frequent occurrence in the past year or so, but Stiles took it all the way to Scott's moral line in the sand, then crossed it. Peter doesn't know how to take it.

"You're awfully quiet," Stiles says.

"I'm still coming to terms with being packless," Peter says, sidestepping the biggest issue.

Stiles stops in his tracks and waits for Peter to face him. When he does, he sees the resolute expression on Stiles's face. It's beautiful. Stiles says, "You have a pack. Maybe it's just me, or maybe Malia is part of it. Two or three... I don't know. But you *have* a pack."

And Peter almost wants to scoff and say two or three people don't make a pack, but arguing with Stiles when he gets this way never ends well. Instead, he says, "Malia won't want to leave Scott. She loves him."

"Okay. But even if you don't have her, which I don't believe, you have me," Stiles says.

Peter looks at him, frowning. "Are you sure you want to associate that closely with a murderer?" he asks, letting his eyes shine blue.

But Stiles doesn't look away. "You're not a bad person, Peter."

Peter laughs. "I hope you don't think I'm a good one."

"I know you," Stiles says. He says it easily, simply.

Something warm and soft fills Peter's chest and makes it hard to reply.

Stiles smiles. "Let's keep going. We need to find your daughter. I think her den is close."

Now Peter and Stiles are side by side, and they do find the den soon enough. Peter would have known it anywhere. Malia's coyote scent is easy to distinguish, even with all the blood.

Most of it isn't hers, though.

She picks up her head as they approach. Growls softly. She still smells like fear, though now it's mixed with anxiety.

"It's just us," Peter says. "Stiles and Peter."

She crawls out of the tightest part of the den, whining, tail wagging slightly.

"You're safe now," Stiles says.

"You need a bath. Do you want to come home with me?" Peter says, keeping his voice as calm and low as he can. He feels Stiles's eyes on him but keeps talking to Malia. "You can stay for as long as you want. Until you decide what you want to do."

"Are you hurt?" Stiles asks.

"She is, but I can't tell where," Peter answers for her. "She should stay in her shifted form until she heals."

"Let's go, then," Stiles says to Malia. "You heard the man. Let's head to his apartment — I've seen the bathtub, you'll love it. Maybe Peter will let you use his bubble bath."

Malia tips her head and moves a little closer to Peter, still whining softly when she jostles herself. Peter reaches out and drains her pain, then scoops her up into his arms. He's never held her like this before, has barely held her at all. Just three quick hugs over the years, but he's cherished every single one in his patched-together heart. He's not sure the lack of affection is his own fault for not wanting to get so close and lose someone dear again, or if it was Malia's reluctance at play. Maybe a combination.

Malia nestles into his arms as if she's never been anywhere else. It shows a lot of trust. If Peter doesn't watch it, he'll get emotional and have to stab someone.

He glances at Stiles and sees him smiling slightly, an understanding look in his eyes.

I know you, Stiles said before, and maybe he does. Maybe this pack-of-two (or three) will work out.

"Which way back to the car?" Stiles asks, breaking the moment.

"Follow me," Peter says. He leads, carrying Malia, until they reach the side road he parked off of.

"I can drive if you want to keep holding her," Stiles says. "I'd offer to take over, but I can't take her pain."

"She's okay as long as you don't jostle her too much," Peter says. He's not sure about letting Stiles drive his car. But he doesn't want to let go of Malia, either.

"Just give me the keys," Stiles says, rolling his eyes. "I promise I won't wreck your car, Peter."

"Fine," Peter says. He can't dig them out of his pocket though, not while he's holding Malia in both arms. "You'll have to get them yourself."

"Um."

"My pocket, sweetheart. Just reach in and get them."

Stiles tries. It takes him longer than it should since he's hesitant. Peter huffs, and Stiles defends himself with, "Well if your jeans weren't so tight!"

Peter laughs softly and Stiles looks disgruntled, but he gets the keys and Peter slides into the backseat with Malia in his arms. "If you get a single ding or chip on the paint, I'm taking it out of your hide."

"Okay, Dad," Stiles snarks.

"I'm only Dad to Malia. But you can call me Daddy," Peter says. He immediately wonders if he's gone too far, but then he smells an intoxicating mix of embarrassment and arousal from the front seat.

Malia gives Peter a flat look while Stiles sputters.

"Drive, darling," Peter says. Stiles does, unable to respond. Peter turns his attention to his daughter, making sure she's comfortable. "We'll talk later about what happened last night. Once you've had a chance to clean up and rest a bit."

Malia puts her head down and Peter gently strokes through her fur. The tenderness he feels for her isn't new, but for the first time, she's allowing him to show it. Maybe just because she's injured. She's been through a lot. Still, Peter can't help but see it as progress.

Stiles

He doesn't realize how tired he is until his head hits Peter's pillow.

"Get some rest. I'll help Malia," Peter says.

Stiles is about to object because he doesn't want to take the man's bed. But then his mind supplies helpfully that it's too comfortable to deny, and that he's always wanted to be in Peter's bed.

Thank you, brain.

He drifts off then, and doesn't wake when Peter and Malia come back.

He knows they do come back, because he wakes in the middle of the bed with a person on each side of him. Malia has a (human) hand tangled in his shirt, and Peter's even closer with

an arm casually draped around his waist.

Yes, Stiles wakes up spooning with Peter Hale. He doesn't wiggle or even try to breathe hard, afraid the moment will be ruined.

And then Peter's thumb strokes back and forth against Stiles's skin where his shirt is riding up thanks to Malia's grip on it.

Stiles squints at the sun coming through the fancy window treatment, estimates it's late afternoon. He really ought to check in with his dad.

Peter moves away and comes back with Stiles's phone, leaning over his shoulder and handing it to him.

"You reading my mind now?" Stiles murmurs, soft so he doesn't wake Malia.

"It stands to reason you'd want to text your father," Peter says in the same low tone. "I'll be back in a little while."

And then Peter gets up, leaving Stiles to text his dad — code that he's fine included. He gets a thumbs-up emoji in return. He's not sure how much longer he should stay at Peter's. They should probably talk more about how to be a pack of two... or three, if Malia is interested. In the end, Stiles tells his father that he'll be out for awhile more, and his father texts back that he'll be on shift until midnight.

Malia opens her eyes when he's finished texting, and looks at him with a frown. "Why are you awake?"

"Why are you?" Stiles counters.

"I smell food," Malia tells him, and rolls out of bed ostensibly to find said food.

Stiles has to use the bathroom. Then he looks in the mirror and tries to fix whatever his hair was trying to do. Possibly it wanted to go its own way after gaining sentience. Stiles picks up Peter's comb and uses some water to tame his hair at least so it's not in such disarray.

He walks toward the kitchen and hears Malia ask, "But why would you do that?"

Stiles knows he shouldn't eavesdrop, but he's been doing it since he was a kid and it's a hard habit to break.

"I know how much Scott means to you," Peter says. There's a sound of the oven opening and then closing again.

"Not if he would kick me out of the pack for killing that vampire," Malia says.

"Oh, you know Scott. He'd probably make an excuse for you," Peter says.

"But he kicked you out for something you didn't even do," Malia says. "And even if you had..." She trails off when Stiles walks into the room.

He looks back and forth between Peter and Malia, then decides he needs to make sure he has the whole picture before yelling.

"So, the vampire that was stalking you... You killed him?" he asks Malia.

"Stiles," Peter starts to say, and Stiles points a finger at him without looking away from Malia.

"Just let me get this straight first," he says.

"There was a fight," Malia says. "Peter got there at the end. He got a couple of good swipes in, but yeah. I killed him." She juts her chin up.

Stiles looks at Peter now and doesn't understand how he's feeling. "You lied to me?"

"I let you keep your assumptions," Peter corrects. "I didn't expect Scott to kick you out, or for you to..." Peter makes a helpless gesture then.

"You could have told me when we were looking for Malia," Stiles says.

"I wasn't sure how Malia wanted to handle it," Peter says.

"No, you assumed I'd go along with it and go back to Scott and his pack like nothing was different," Malia says.

"But you aren't doing that," Stiles says.

"What? Of course not," Malia says. "I'm dumping Scott and his stupid pack, and I'm throwing in with you two. We're a pack, right? The three of us?"

Peter sucks in a breath. He looks stunned, like he did when Stiles took his hand and led him out of the loft.

"Yes, though I have a rule proposition," Stiles says.

Malia tilts her head and so does Peter. The similarity makes Stiles smile.

"We don't keep things from each other," Stiles says. "Not big stuff like, I don't know, *who killed the latest big bad*? We share that shit."

"Agreed," Peter says.

Malia scrunches her face. "What if you're not sure if the other people know or not?"

Stiles shrugs. "I guess you get it out in the open."

"Malia," Peter says in a low tone, like a warning.

She ignores him and looks at Stiles. "Peter's completely in love with you."

Stiles feels his heart stutter, then start to race. It can't be true, can it? He looks at Peter.

Who seems to be at a loss for words.

"Is she right?" Stiles asks, anticipation tight in his throat.

"Of course I'm right," Malia says. She grabs a muffin off the counter. "I'm all healed up. I think I'll go rip Scott a new one and then do some shopping with that credit card you gave me, Peter." She disappears out the door before Peter or Stiles can object.

"I wish I could be there when Scott realizes he's lost his girlfriend, too," Peter says.

"I'm sure Malia will give us all the juicy details when she tells us about it," Stiles says.

Peter nods. Then he says, "I am in love with you, Stiles. But I'll understand completely if you just want to remain friends and packmates."

Which is too understanding and not at all what Stiles wants.

"Love is a big word," Stiles says. "And a relationship is a risk. But I'm willing, as long as you stay honest with me."

Peter nods. There's that stunned look again. This time, Stiles can relate.

"I think we've been building toward this, anyway," Stiles muses.

"You do?" Peter asks.

Stiles smiles at him and grabs a warm muffin. When he breaks it open, steam escapes along with the scent of lemon and blueberry. "Mm. My favorite," he says.

"That was the point," Peter says. "I was going to make sausages for Malia, too."

"Got some coffee?" Stiles asks, and Peter sets to brewing some. Stiles sits at the counter on a fancy bar stool and watches the way he moves. His feet are bare, his jeans slightly looser than the ones he wore the night before. His shirt is casually untucked with rolled-up sleeves. He looks comfortable in the kitchen, and seductively domestic. Stiles is struck by the shape of his shoulders, his neck, the strength in his forearms.

Peter turns and raises an eyebrow. "See something you like?"

Stiles can feel the heat in his cheeks, but why not tell the truth? "Yes. I see a lot I like." Then he stuffs the rest of the muffin in his mouth so he doesn't say more, because once he gets going, he's likely to embarrass himself.

Peter smiles at him and leans over the counter. Then he reaches out and brushes the corner of Stiles's mouth with his thumb. Gentle. Sweet. "You had a crumb."

Stiles makes sure to swallow his food before speaking, but then he can't think of what to say that isn't dumb.

"How many dates until I can have you in my bed again?" Peter asks.

Stiles's eyes go big. "Um. You."

"Yes?" Peter's expression tells Stiles he's amused, but completely serious in his question.

Stiles swallows but his mouth is suddenly dry. "Will you call me a slut if I say we can go have sex right now?"

"Only if that's your kink, sweetheart."

Stiles sputters and drops his head to the cool counter surface. His whole face is burning now. He mumbles, but he knows the words aren't clear.

"What was that?" Peter asks.

Stiles picks his head up again. "I said it might be."

Peter laughs, throwing his head back. He looks beautiful. Stiles...

He *is* in love with Peter. How did he miss that fact? Granted, he's been busy lately, but this is a pretty big secret he's been keeping from himself.

"But darling, I would very much like to take you out and pamper you a bit before we go farther," Peter says.

"You want to court me. This is a wolf thing," Stiles guesses.

Peter looks pleased. "Yes, exactly."

"I'm fine with that plan," Stiles tells him.

Peter reaches out and takes his hand, then brings it to his lips. It seems like a promising beginning.

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