

Our Skin, Our Bones, Our Silent Poems

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/4248903) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/4248903>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Underage Sex
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Teen Wolf (TV)
Relationship:	Peter Hale/Stiles Stilinski
Characters:	Peter Hale , Stiles Stilinski , Derek Hale , Scott McCall , Lydia Martin
Additional Tags:	Deaf Peter Hale , Deaf Character , American Sign Language , ASL GLOSS , Ableism , Stiles is a CODA , Fluff and Angst , Texting , Nogitsune Fix-It , Daddy Kink , If You Squint - Freeform , Steter Week 2.0 , ASL Trash Talk , Peter and Stiles are Trolls No Matter What
Language:	English
Collections:	Steter Week Two , The Steter Network
Stats:	Published: 2015-07-01 Words: 7,676 Chapters: 1/1

Our Skin, Our Bones, Our Silent Poems

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Summary

Peter is a Deaf werewolf. Stiles is a CODA (Child of a Deaf Adult). They're a kind of unlikely pair. But sometimes things you wouldn't think of as a good combination, end up turning out to be the perfect combination, you know?

Notes

HEY. STOP RIGHT THERE, SON. The dialogue in fic is written in ASL Gloss. For more info about the what and why of it, please see the end notes. But if you skip the following paragraph I promise you will be very confused. I am 100% serious.

Dialogue Notes: when something has a dashes in between every letter like P-E-T-E-R it means it's fingerspelled. Dashes between words indicate directional signs (a sign that's motion goes in a specific direction to add grammatical information) like HELP-YOU, or compound signs, where a single sign has information it would take several english words to express like THE-TWO-OF-US. Things in parentheses are non-manual-signals, AKA mouth motions that go with a sign to express meaning like (CHA) for large or (LR-LR-LR) for look over there. A # indicates lexicalized fingerspelling, or something that is finger spelled with a specific flourish or motion and letters are often dropped like #Bank.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

PLEASE. NO. DON'T KILL-HER. PLEASE.

The boy signs rapidly, kneeling next to the redhead's torn and bloodied body, on the verge of tears. Peter pauses. He never intended to kill her. She's his insurance policy.

But the fact that the boy is asking in this particular way has his interest.

He's only run across this kid a few times before. Peter has seen him wandering around with the one he bit—Scott. The boy was also there at the hospital, on that first night, when Derek finally figured out Peter was the Alpha. Derek has never been a good signer. Only understands the simplest concepts. Peter tried to explain in a way Derek would comprehend, but it didn't work. Derek got angry, and they ended up fighting. The kid didn't sign that night. He'd watched intently, but he didn't move other than to get out of the way.

He must have understood, though. This is an advantage Peter can use.

FINE. Peter smiles. *YOU COME-WITH-ME.*

The boy's eyes widen. He pulls out his phone. *AMBULANCE, I-CALL? FOR-HER.*

HURRY.

He punches in a number. Speaks into his phone. The second he hangs up, Peter takes it from him, crushes it. He grabs the boy by his bicep and pulls him into a standing position.

CAR YOU HAVE?

HAVE-HAVE. He nods, still reeking of fear, but with a strange determination in his eyes.

GOOD. YOU DRIVE.

L-Y-D-I-A YOU HURT WHY?

The kid gestures violently with his right hand, eyes on the road, driving ten miles over the speed limit.

They come to a stoplight and he turns to look at Peter.

IF SHE LIVE, CHANGE. STRONG. FAST. WOLF LIKE ME. BUT MAYBE SHE DIE. DEPENDS.

He directs the boy to a parking garage at the edge of town. The same one he ditched the nurse's old car in. He leads the kid over to it and pops the trunk open, retrieving Scott's

laptop and flashing the dead body in the process.

YOU NAME WHAT?

S-T-I-L-E-S. He spells, and follows it with a name sign, an S dragged along his cheek. His eyes wide, still fixed on the body. Peter shuts the trunk.

YOU, S-C-O-T-T, BEST-FRIENDS. HIS COMPUTER. Peter points at the laptop. *P-A-S-S-W-O-R-D TELL-ME.*

DONT-KNOW. He signs too quick, scent souring.

YOU LIE. TELL-ME.

NO.

Peter wraps his left hand around the back of Stiles' neck, claws pricking into his skin. An obvious threat. He can see Stiles' chest rising and falling too quickly. But he makes no move towards the laptop.

FUTURE S-C-O-T-T YOU KILL?

NO. S-C-O-T-T HE FAMILY. The concept of pack doesn't translate so well. Peter has always just signed family.

D-E-R-E-K YOUR FAMILY. Stiles narrows his eyes. An obvious comment on the fight he witnessed before.

D-E-R-E-K DON'T-UNDERSTAND. Peter shrugs. *I KILL-HIM NEVER. MY FAMILY, PEOPLE KILL-THEM, I GET-REVENGE.*

L-A-U-R-A? Stiles still looks a little sceptical.

MISTAKE.

REALLY?

YES. MISTAKE.

Stiles lets out a long sigh. He pulls the computer towards him and types in the user name. Allison.

TRUE? Peter wrinkles his nose.

Stiles types in the password. Allison.

#WHAT. Peter spells with both hands, dumbfounded.

S-C-O-T-T YOUR FAMILY, STILL WANT?

Peter sighs and shakes his head. *YOUR KEYS GIVE-ME.*

Stiles digs into his pocket and hands over his car keys. *CAREFUL. ENGINE LOUSY.*

Peter bends the keys, rendering them useless and drops them to the ground.

ASSHOLE! Stiles flails a little bit.

Peter grabs him by the wrist. The boy stills. His body-language reads terror. Also something else. Perhaps interest?

B-I-T-E. YOU WANT? Peter cocks his head. *CHANGE. STRONG. FAST. LIKE S-C-O-T-T. LIKE ME.*

Stiles hesitates for a moment.

NO. YOU MONSTER.

Peter lets go of him. Turns on his heel and leaves. It was a stupid idea anyway. He doesn't need anyone else. He never has.

The insurance plan pays off.

It's always best to expect the worst from people.

Peter crawls out of the ground after siphoning off enough of Derek's life force to sustain himself, and hides to lick his wounds. He doesn't know what to do with himself. Not really. He could go somewhere else, but what would the point be? How would he explain where he's been to all his old friends? How could he make them understand he didn't drop out of contact on purpose? Most of them probably think he's dead, if they saw news about the fire.

Even though Derek's the one who killed him, he's still family. So Peter insinuates himself into pack life as best he can. Even if Derek only knows rudimentary signs, and they have to communicate for the most part by writing back and forth or texting, it's better than nothing.

It takes a while. For the rest of the little idiots to realize Peter is actually useful as a wealth of information on the supernatural. He reads a lot. He knows a lot. Just because he doesn't always have correct English grammar, and can't show his intelligence through verbal speech, people think he's stupid. He's used to it.

Surprisingly, Lydia is one of the first people that starts making an effort to communicate with him. When a problem arises, she texts him.

Do you know anything about barghests?

Demon. Sometime invisible. Sometime big black dog.

Do they eat household pets?

They eat anything.

I think we might have a barghest problem.

They dont like steel salt and holy water.

Thank you.

Stiles, for the most part, seems to avoid him. Peter understands. It's annoying that the pack tries to make Stiles translate any time the two of them are in the same place. Peter is perfectly capable of finding ways to express ideas on his own. He prefers to write things out. He can lipread to some degree, but it's not reliable. If he knows the conversation topic, it's a little easier to understand. But it's still exceedingly difficult, and he doesn't see why he should make that sort of concession to people he doesn't really like. They can ask him things in a clear way, or fend for themselves.

Peter doesn't quite grasp what's happening, because nobody bothers to explain it to him. Something to do with the Alpha pack. But Scott and Derek just suddenly leave the loft, and then he's alone. With Stiles.

Stiles doesn't look very happy about this development.

I GO HOME? Peter asks.

NO. STAY. The motions are short. Curt. Then Stiles returns to pacing by the window, refusing to look at Peter. Rude.

Peter has to stand up and walk over into his line of sight. *D-E-R-E-K, S-C-O-T-T, THOSE-TWO WHERE?*

#BANK.

WHY?

B-O-Y-D, E-R-I-C-A THERE. TRAPPED. WE STAY HERE. I HUMAN. YOU WEAK. CAN'T FIGHT.

Peter ruffles a bit at that. He's not weak. Most people wouldn't be strong enough to come back from the dead.

#BANK WHICH?

Stiles points to a set of blueprints on the table. Peter goes over to look at them. It takes him a few minutes. But then he spots it. Building materials.

He snaps his fingers a few times and when Stiles still doesn't turn around, he stomps his foot on the ground. That gets Stiles' attention.

S-C-O-T-T. YOU-CALL-HIM. NOW.

WHY? Stiles moves over towards the table, reaching for his phone.

#BANK. BUILDING. MADE OF H-E-C-A-T-O-L-I-T-E. M-O-O-N-S-T-O-N-E. MOONLIGHT NONE. 3-MONTHS. B-O-Y-D, E-R-I-C-A TURN CRAZY. KILL D-E-R-E-K AND S-C-O-T-T.

Stiles calls Scott in a hurry. He talks fast, Peter can't make it out, since Stiles is so jumpy. After a minute or two, he hangs up.

"Fuck!" Stiles kicks the table.

Peter knows how that word looks. He wants to do something. Perhaps point out that if they'd cared to include him in their plans from the start, this probably wouldn't have happened. But that wouldn't make Stiles feel any better. As little as Peter cares about Derek or Scott's well-being, he wouldn't really like to upset Stiles.

WHAT-DO? Peter shrugs, feigning nonchalance.

NOTHING. WAIT.

Peter goes back to the couch. He's a little surprised when Stiles turns on the overhead light, and goes to sit on the armchair adjacent to him. He smells like anxiety. Like maybe he's about to have a panic attack. Stiles gets those sometimes. Peter's seen people talk about it.

D-E-R-E-K, S-C-O-T-T STRONG. THEY LIVE.

I HOPE. HELP-THEM WANT. CAN'T. SORRY. BEFORE, SHOULD TELL-YOU PLAN. EXPLAIN. Stiles slumps back into the chair. Chest still rising and falling too fast.

FINE. DON'T WORRY. BREATHE, SLOW.

I FORGET-FORGET-FORGET TELL-YOU IMPORTANT PLAN.

DOESNT-MATTER.

NO. CRUEL. PLAN I SHOULD EXPLAIN.

NOT YOUR #JOB.

ALWAYS MY #JOB. Stiles laughs. Harsh. Peter can tell it's meant to be a little cold. *MY MOTHER, SHE DEAF. GROW-UP TRANSLATE FOR-HER. EVERYDAY.*

I-SEE. Peter pauses. *SHE DEAD?*

YES. DIE 3-YEARS AGO.

SORRY.

HER SISTER STILL ALIVE. DEAF. SOMETIMES I-GO VISIT. COUSINS DEAF. SAME.

YOUR FATHER HEARING. RIGHT? POLICE OFFICER?

YES. MY MOTHER, I THINK SHE WANT DEAF BABY. BUT I HEARING. FUTURE MAYBE DEAF. DONT-KNOW.

GOOD YOU KNOW SIGN. GROW-UP, MY FAMILY SIGN NONE.

NONE? Stiles looks a little taken aback.

Peter nods.

THAT HARD. Stiles offers after a minute.

LONG-TIME-AGO. Peter sighs. Mostly, he tries not to think about it.

For a few minutes, neither of them moves. Stiles smells less like panic. He just looks exhausted. Like he hasn't slept well in weeks.

YOUR NAME-SIGN WHAT? He asks abruptly.

Peter smiles. It's a P handshape, contacting his chest, like the motion for 'FANCY'. He got it at residential school. Because he always used to wear designer clothes and had an expensive watch.

P-O-L-I-T-E? Stiles snorts

Peter shakes his head and repeats the motion.

OH. P-O-S-H. Stiles rolls his eyes. He shows his own name-sign. The S dragged along his cheek. *WHY? MY MOM, PAST TELL-ME I SMILE (CHA).*

YOUR SMILE BEAUTIFUL.

Stiles' eyes widen. It takes him a few seconds to respond, and when he does, the motion is a little awkward. *THANK-YOU.*

Do you watch switched at birth?

Peter stares down at the message. Stiles has only ever texted him before when it was to ask questions about supernatural creatures or impending disasters.

No. What is it?

It's a TV show with Deaf main characters.

Oh.

I don't even know if you watch TV. Just, it came on.

I was thinking about how it was something my mom probably would have liked.

We watched Children of a Lesser God a lot when I was growing up.

I watch that one.

Marlee Matlin.

I had the biggest crush on her when I was like 7.

Anyway, you should watch it sometime. If you like TV.

OK.

Did you go to Gallaudet?

Yes.

What year?

Graduate 2001.

Did you have Professor Hershey for First Year Seminar? The dude with the glasses and the really bushy eyebrows?

I think so.

He was one of my mom's best friends. Like he was at her wedding and stuff. He used to come over for dinner whenever he visited his niece in Sacramento.

Interesting.

Did you play sports?

Yes. Basketball.

Oh my god. Coach Ackleston?

You know him?

Also at the wedding. Once we stayed at his house in D.C. he has so MANY dogs.

Always show us picture of them.

That's crazy.

Deaf-World is a kinda small one.

True.

Was it harder to be a wolf?

What you mean?

Like, you guys are supposed to have super hearing and vision and all that. Was your family shitty about it?

My mother love me. Sometime my father get angry.

He grab my face and make me look at him and mouth 'broken' until I push him away.

I'm sorry, dude. That's awful.

I did not grow up at home after I was twelve and learn how to control my shift. I go to residential school in Fremont. Better there. Meet Deaf friends and teachers. All ASL.

Always feel more like a Deaf human than a wolf.

Never meet other Deaf wolves.

Don't know if there are any or if it just me.

Sometimes I don't think I fit in with hearing people because my mom mostly raised me. My first language was sign language.

My dad talked to me sometimes when my mom wasn't around, but I didn't really speak much until I started kindergarten.

Then I didn't understand that hearing people thought it was rude to be blunt or just ask something that you wanted to know. They also get so weird about touching. Like it's not normal to go tap someone when you want their attention?

Also people never say what they mean and it gets annoying and confusing.

Hearing humans are strange.

They really are.

I miss my mom.

Im sorry.

It's OK. Just, you know, I barely see my cousins and stuff. It's kind of nice to have someone to talk to.

Yes. It is.

Peter's doorbell flashes. It's almost one in the morning. He's not accustomed to having visitors at his apartment. He still hasn't really gotten into contact with his old school friends. He figures it must be Derek.

He's more than a little shocked when he opens the door and sees Stiles standing there, wild-eyed, and smelling like whiskey.

VIRGIN. Stiles pushes past Peter, without waiting to be invited in. *PEOPLE DIE, WHY? VIRGIN.*

#WHAT? Peter closes the door behind him.

I VIRGIN. Stiles is all but bouncing up and down, radiating nervous energy. *SCARED. DIE DONT-WANT.*

He can't possibly be insinuating what Peter thinks he's insinuating. Right? A couple weeks ago, Stiles barely wanted to be in the same room with him. Yes, they've been texting. But. He didn't think...?

#WHAT. Peter repeats with a little more emphasis. He must be missing something here. It doesn't make sense.

THE-TWO-OF-US. SEX. NOW. Stiles nods, approaching, getting into Peter's personal space. He puts his hands on Peter's hips, runs his thumb along the bone. He's about an inch taller than Peter. But in that moment, he seems small. Vulnerable.

JOKING? Peter asks in the limited space available, since Stiles is all but plastered to his chest.

NO. TRUE-BUSINESS. DONT-WANT?

CONFUSED. Peter frowns.

Stiles backs up a little bit. Not much. He licks his lips. Smells spicy. Like sweat, and hormones, and... arousal.

YOU DONT-LIKE ME? Peter isn't sure whether it's really a question or a statement on his part. So the grammar is a bit slurred.

YOU GOOD-LOOKING. Stiles shifts back and forth on the balls of his feet.

YOU AGE-SIXTEEN?

ALMOST AGE-SEVENTEEN.

I AGE-THIRTY-FIVE. Peter frowns.

I-DONT-MIND. YES? NO? WHICH?

On one hand, this is a terrible idea. Stiles is much too young. Peter could go to jail. On the other hand... he did say it was a matter of life and death? And he's cute? And eager? And god, Peter hasn't had sex since before the coma.

Stiles leans in, slow, giving Peter plenty of time to pull away. Peter doesn't.

The first brush of lips is quick. Light. The second has more intention behind it. Their mouths open, tongues brush together. Then all of Stiles' desperate anxiety starts to bleed through. He's rough, domineering, biting Peter's lower lip, grinding against him. Peter's a little dizzy from it.

They break apart.

BED WHERE? Stiles grins. His cheeks are flushed. Lips slick and plump.

Peter grabs his wrist and leads him down the hallway.

Stiles starts undressing when they get to the bedroom. Peter wanted to do that. Slowly strip his clothes away to reveal all that smooth, pale skin. There are moles everywhere. He

wondered if they would just be on Stiles' face and arms. But there are more. On his chest. Back. Stomach. Legs.

CLOTHES TAKE-OFF. Stiles rolls his eyes.

Peter does. And then they're both naked. Standing next to his bed. Stiles rakes his eyes down Peter's body. He stops, stares, at Peter's half-hard cock. It may be a full thirty seconds. Peter almost asks if Stiles has changed his mind. But then Stiles looks up at him again.

DICK (CHA). He mouths in disbelief.

Peter shrugs, grinning.

Stiles pushes him back onto the bed and kisses him again. Their cocks slide against each other. Peter can feel the soft vibration of his ribcage when Stiles moans.

L-U-B-E? Stiles spelling is a little muddled, but Peter can still read it.

He points at the bedside table. Stiles reaches for the drawer and tugs it open. He fumbles for a moment before he finds the bottle. Then he sits back. Peter spreads his legs in invitation.

Stiles is careful. Gentle. Hesitant. Peter tries his best to relax. Stiles' fingers are long, slender. He manages to rub against the spot that makes everything go hot and shivery.

READY. Peter is breathing much too fast.

SURE?

YES. READY.

Stiles slicks his cock up. He hovers for a few seconds, bracing himself on one arm, pressed against Peter's entrance but not moving. Then he pushes forward. Slides in.

The stretch burns. Peter must make a face, because Stiles stops immediately.

#OK?

Peter nods. Signs *MINUTE* with one hand. Takes a few deep breaths. Then motions for Stiles to continue.

Stiles rocks into him in small increments. Peter used to like this. But it's been so long. He tries to focus on something else. On how pretty Stiles is with pink cheeks and messy hair. He puts a hand on Stiles' chest so he can feel the noises. Stiles is making a lot of them.

"Fuck." Stiles says over and over. *"Fuck, fuck, fuck."*

Peter slides his free hand between them and touches himself. The distraction helps. It feels good. Stiles shifts above him, the angle changes slightly. It still burns a little, but now Stiles is dragging across that spot. It sends sparks up Peter's spine.

Then Stiles shudders. He pushes into Peter as deep as he can and goes still. He collapses, and just lies there. Peter lets it happen, just drapes his arms around Stiles' torso. He wasn't really expecting this to be very good. After all, Stiles was a virgin. That was the whole point of this exercise.

After Stiles collects himself again, he withdraws, sits back. He looks down at Peter's erection and licks his lips, considering.

DONT HAVE-TO. Peter offers.

Stiles shakes his head. He bends down and licks a stripe up Peter cock, with a singular sort of determination. He kisses the tip of it, before letting it slide between his lips. Of course, he can't take very much. He tries, chokes, and has to back off to catch his breath. After he finds his own limit, however, he makes up for his lack of experience with enthusiasm.

He has a nice mouth. Soft. Wet. Peter gets lost in the sensation. He has to remind himself not to move, try to thrust, give Stiles more than he can handle. The kid seems afraid to swallow. Drool starts to run down his chin. He wraps his hand around the base of Peter's cock and starts to stroke it.

Peter does try to warn him. He taps Stiles on the shoulder when he starts to tense, when it starts to feel too good, when he knows it's not going to last much longer. But Stiles doesn't pull away. If anything, he just speeds up.

The pleasure crests. Peter's hips jerk a bit, he can't help it. Then he's spilling down Stiles' throat. The poor boy almost drowns. He comes back up sputtering, cum dribbling out of his mouth and smeared across his cheek. He wrinkles his nose.

TASTE LOUSY.

Peter laughs silently. He learned not to make noise, because people would frown at him. Too loud, or strange sounding. He was never sure which it was.

Stiles punches him in the arm. *ASSHOLE.* But he doesn't get up to leave. Instead he flops down next to Peter and curls close. He runs his fingers through the fuzz on Peter's chest. Peter might start trying to count the visible moles on Stiles' skin, pressing lightly on each one of them with his index finger. It's a strange sort of intimacy. Peter kind of likes it.

In the following weeks, Peter expects things to change. But they don't. At least, not very much. Stiles texts him more often. And whenever they're in the same place, with the pack, Stiles will now sign with him.

(LR-LR-LR). Stiles looks pointedly at Derek.

Peter gives a slight nod in response.

NAME-SIGN. HAVE IDEA. Stiles signs quick, body shifted towards Peter so Derek can't see him.

#WHAT? Peter smiles.

Stiles puts his pointer finger and thumb up next to his eyebrow and spreads them mouthing (*CHA*).

Peter bites his lip, trying not to giggle. Stiles turns his head abruptly. Peter glances in the same direction. Derek is staring at them, saying something. Stiles responds, but as he does, he continues to sign.

NOTHING. NOT IMPORTANT.

He's never done that before. Interpreted without Peter's asking. He continues as Derek speaks.

YOU-TWO TALK ABOUT ME.

Then Stiles responds. *NO. SPORTS WE DISCUSS.*

Derek glowers for a moment. But then goes back to whatever he was saying to Scott. Stiles turns to Peter again.

FUTURE MORE-CAREFUL.

TRUE. IF HE ANGRY. D-E-R-E-K. He throws in the 'EYEBROW' name sign Stiles just suggested. *VERY MEAN.*

Stiles coughs to hide a fit of laughter.

Peter feels strangely warm, at the center of his chest.

They come up with horrible name signs for everybody. Scott get's bequeathed *DUMB* with an S handshape facing outwards instead of towards the body. Isaac is referred to just by the motion of throwing a scarf over your shoulder. Lydia is *LIPSTICK*. Allison's name starts out looking like it's *SILVER*, which would make sense, for Argent and all. But halfway through their discussion, Stiles moved his hand up next to his eye to make the universal 'Crybaby' signal. So now she's referred to as a mesh of *SILVER-WHINER*.

Cora knows more sign than Derek, so whenever she's around, they're careful. She still can't really keep up with them, but sometimes they slow down for her. She still seems angry at

Peter. About Laura. He understands.

In fact, he's still a little confused about why Stiles doesn't hate him after everything he did. He doesn't regret most of it. But killing Laura. He would probably take that back if he could.

Scott just asked to borrow my sign language dictionary.

He's onto us.

Oh no!

I mean, I told him he'd have better luck online than just looking at pictures in a book.

I'll keep you posted on how much he actually learns and whether or not we have to give him a nicer name.

I will keep calling him STUPID. I don't care.

You're horrible and it's great.

I know.

I will also never stop calling Isaac SCARF.

Same.

Even if it's obvious and he's already figured it out.

He's a little bitch anyway.

Sometime I want to throw him off a bridge.

We should.

It might put the fear of god in him. Improve his personality.

You are awful same.

That's why we get along, right?

I think yes.

Update: Scott has now learned the signs for POTATO and DOG.

Congradulate?

I also tried to teach him BANANA and BACON but he did not remember those past the five-minute mark.

I love Scott.

But I worry a lot about what his SAT scores are gonna be like.

And he think Im stupid.

What? No he doesn't?

He never ask me question even if I know the answer. Does that slow-talk mouthing at me before he will write it down.

Scott just doesn't understand that he's being rude. I've told him how smart you are. Now he just asks me to ask you stuff because he's embarrassed and a little afraid of you.

He scared of me?

Yeah, dude.

Good. I am a strong monster. *Growl*

You're ridiculous.

I've never actually heard you make any noise.

I know.

I try not to. Can't tell how loud it is.

So you can't even hear a howl?

No. Stone Deaf. Would not hear bomb go off next to me.

My mom was profoundly Deaf too. But she used to go sit in the car and turn up the bass all the way and put on Led Zeppelin. She said she could feel it.

Once I go to a concert. My bones vibrate with the drum. Strange.

We should go to a concert sometime. I bet you'd have fun with dubstep.

What is dubstep?

You'll see.

I'm gonna make you a mixtape.

I do not have a tape player.

Idiom. I will actually give it to you on a CD.

I do not like skrillex.

My organs are pulsing.

I mean, you can turn it down. I just wanted you to try listening at full volume. I know you don't care about how awesome the stereo system in your Benz is. But bro.

Hearing people listen to this?

Yeah. At clubs and stuff.

They will go Deaf too.

Probably, yeah.

I still do not like it.

Then turn it off. OMg.

But you made a mixtape for me. I will sit through the whole thing. Even if it is bad.

I don't know whether that's sweet or meant to be an insult.

Both.

It figures.

One afternoon, Stiles shows up without warning, holding a pizza and a bunch of DVD's. Peter lets him in, even if it's a little strange. Awkward. Stiles hasn't been over since that one night. When they... well. They haven't discussed that since it happened. Peter suspects they're supposed to be pretending it didn't happen at all.

SWITCHED AT BIRTH. Stiles grins, holding up one of the DVD's. *IF YOU DONT-LIKE, HAVE L-O-T-R.*

L-O-T-R? Peter spells back. That's not a word, is it?

L-O-R-D O-F T-H-E R-I-N-G-S.

OH. NEVER WATCH BEFORE.

WE #FIX TONIGHT. SIT. He points at the couch.

Peter feels a little ridiculous, following orders in his own home. But he settles down in the middle of his large, leather couch. Stiles takes the pizza into the kitchen. He reappears after a moment, inserts the first Switched at Birth DVD, and sits right next to Peter. So close they're almost touching.

They leave the lights on, of course. The show starts up, captions on automatically. Peter tries to pay attention for the first few minutes. But he's distracted. Stiles smells like mint. And pastries. And he's so warm. This close together, the kid just radiates body heat.

Stiles turns his head and catches Peter staring at him.

T-V WATCH. NOT ME! He grins.

SORRY. Peter shrugs.

LIE.

They're both quiet. The eye contact doesn't break until Stiles' gaze dips to Peter's mouth then quickly back upwards.

Stiles reaches out and interlaces their fingers. He squeezes Peter's hand.

T-V WATCH! Stiles puts his free hand on Peter's cheek and turns Peter's head back towards the television. Peter laughs, but doesn't protest.

They make it through two full episodes before Stiles climbs into Peter's lap and kisses him. It's different than last time. Slower. Perhaps because there's no imminent threat of death hanging over Stiles' head. His mouth is so soft. Tongue small and quick. Peter drowns in the sensory input.

He runs his hands all over Stiles' body, exploring, pulling him closer. The scent of Stiles' arousal is overpowering. Drugging.

He's lost until they break apart, both panting. He can feel the warm puffs of breath against his face.

BED? Stiles' eyes are wide and dark.

Peter responds by wrapping his arms around Stiles' waist and picking him up. Stiles clings to him, giggling. And Peter carries him down the hall, to his bedroom.

My ass is sore.

Sorry?

You should be, Mr. Horse-dick.

I thought you like it.

I do. But now I'm sitting in class and I can't stop squirming. Scott keeps looking at me like he knows something.

Maybe he can smell it.

OMG.

You did not just OMG me.

Did I do it wrong?

I mean, no. Except you shouldn't be doing that at all.

Why?

You're too old?

I am not old.

It's like when my dad tries to be cool by saying shit like 'swag' and I can't stop laughing.

WTF?

STOPPP.

LMFAO.

Who taught you these horrible things????

The internet.

I just.

It might be a date, when Stiles takes them to an In-N-Out drive through. They get greasy burgers and cruise out onto the preserve. They park at the top of a hill and sit on the hood of the Jeep while they eat. After they finish, Stiles kisses him and it tastes like french fries.

They go back to Stiles' house when the sun starts to set, because the Sheriff is working late. Stiles chatters about videogames for a while, and eventually convinces Peter to play Call of Duty. Peter turns out to be a natural. He kills a lot of people before Stiles distracts him with more kisses and they end up naked, sprawled across the couch, sweaty, rutting against each other.

It's intoxicating. Overwhelming. Peter can't stop kissing Stiles. Touching him. Sucking dark-purple marks onto his shoulders.

"*Peter!*" Stiles' mouth curls around the word right when he's about to cum.

Even afterwards, they stay plastered against each other for a long time. Until Stiles gets a text from the Sheriff, that he's on the way home.

Ugh.

What?

Do you ever just hate all people?

Yes.

Especially Scott?

Very yes.

He came up to me during lunch today like 'I saw Peter's car in your driveway last night what was that about'.

And I was like, 'none of your business bro'.

And then he had the nerve to be all 'I know you like signing with Peter bc you miss your mom and stuff but he is creepy and old and you shouldn't be friends with him'.

Like.

What the fuck?

Dont know.

I used to think you were creepy, but that's before I figured out what an actual dork you are.

I am not a dork.

You're such a dork, dude. You spend most of you free time reading ancient mythology books and drinking tea with milk and two sugars.

So?

You own argyle-patterned socks and wear cardigans.

They are comfortable?

You're pretty much a walking dad joke.

God. What does that say about ME?

I am not a joke.

But you could call me 'baby'.

Wait, no. Well, hearing people, when they're hooking up sometimes they call each other 'baby' but that would be awkward to sign.

I like it when you call me SWEETHEART.

OK.

And I'll just call you FATHER-HUSBAND. It'll be great. Fun for the whole family.

You are strange sometime.

You think it's adorable.

True.

It seems like it's probably another date, when they go see a silent Charlie Chaplin movie at some arthouse theater a few exits down the highway. Peter buys popcorn. They hold hands through most of the film.

What do you mean you've never seen star wars?!?!?

My family don't like movies?

YOU DEPRIVED CHILD.

Um?

No, no. It's fine. This is fine. We can correct this. I'm coming over. Right now.

At midnight?

Yes. We're gonna be up until you've at least seen episodes IV-VI, so make some coffee if you have to.

I do not want to watch three movies in a row.

Too bad.

There will be no more sex until you watch these damn films.

Are you seriously?

Dead seriously.

All Peter knows is he got a text from Stiles saying: ***Come to the vet clinic. ASAP.***

He just walked in the door, however, and nobody looks happy to see him. Not even Stiles. Stiles is pale. Smells like fear. There are three large metal troughs on the floor, full of ice and water.

What is happening?

Stiles rushes up to him, signing rapidly.

MY FATHER KIDNAPPED. SCOTT HIS MOTHER, ALLISON HER FATHER, SAME. D-A-R-A-C-H WANT KILL-THEM. THE-THREE-OF-US NEED ALMOST DIE. WHY? SAVE THEM.

ALMOST DIE? Peter repeats, heart racing.

YES. ICE WATER. HEART-BEAT SLOW. S-U-R-R-O-G-A-T-E SACRIFICE.

NO. Peter shakes his head. *DANGEROUS.*

ONLY CHOICE. NEED YOU. HELP-ME.

I DO-WHAT?

ME. PUSH DOWN. UNDER WATER. HOLD. WAIT. PULL-ME BACK.

Peter hates this plan. It's a horrible plan. He looks around the room, trying to fight the rising panic. Deaton, Allison, Lydia and Scott all look just as scared as he feels. Stiles reaches out, puts a hand on Peter's chest.

PLEASE. He widens his eyes. *NEED YOU. NEED PERSON... CLOSE-WITH.*

Peter swallows hard. It's too late to argue with all of them, isn't it? Too late to find another way.

FINE. He sighs.

Stiles leads him over to one of the metal buckets. The others get into position as well. Stiles steps into to water, and starts shivering as he lowers himself into it. Peter puts his hands on Stiles' shoulders, just like Deaton does to Scott, and Lydia does to Allison. Stiles turns to Scott and says something. Peter can't make it out from this angle. Then he looks up at Peter and raises one hand.

#ILY. He offers a weak smile.

Peter bites his lip. *#ILY.*

Deaton pushes Scott under. Peter follows his lead, even if it hurts, to hold Stiles in the water. It hurts Peter's heart.

Stiles comes back different.

It's subtle at first. The dark circles under his eyes, like he's not sleeping. He's distracted. Doesn't text as often as he used to.

Things seem more complicated. Because now everyone knows there's something going on between the two of them. After all, Stiles chose Peter to be his anchor. Trusted Peter with his life. There isn't a label, which Peter didn't mind before. But now he wonders.

Stiles comes over a lot, but mostly for touching, he doesn't talk as much. He doesn't seem very interested in their conversations.

Then, sometimes, he's mean.

SHUT-UP. He will snap if Peter tries to ask him something while they're watching TV, or a movie. He never minded that before.

He still calls Peter *FATHER-HUSBAND* in a joking way, but now he also calls Peter *OLD-MAN*, *PERVERT*, and *PEA-BRAIN*. He laughs as he does it, but Peter doesn't find it funny.

Stiles starts turning the light off right after sex, making conversation impossible.

The first time he does it, Peter figures he's just exhausted, and not thinking about how rude it is. But then he does it again. And again. It hurts. It makes Peter angry.

The fourth time it happens, Peter turns the light right back on.

YOU IGNORE ME WHY? He snaps.

TIRED. Stiles signs, as he rolls over, refusing eye contact.

Peter gets out of bed and stands in his line of sight. *I NOT #TOY.*

REALLY? Stiles smirks.

DONT-UNDERSTAND. YOU CHANGE.

BOTHER-ME FINISH. GO TO SLEEP. Stiles reaches for the light switch again and turns it off.

Peter sleeps on the couch.

Peter gets a text from Stiles' phone and almost elects to ignore it. Stiles hasn't contacted him in almost two weeks.

its scott come to my house stiles is in trouble

also not even gonna ask y ur in his phone as father-husband

Peter hates how fast he's in his car and driving to Scott's house. But of course, he'd still do anything for Stiles. Even if Stiles doesn't care about him anymore. Maybe never did.

When he arrives, Stiles is tied up on the couch, with duct-tape slapped over his mouth. Peter is very confused and a little scared about what's happening. Thankfully, Lydia is there. Instead of trying to talk at him, she pulls out a small whiteboard and writes on it.

Stiles is possessed by a nogitsune. Demon fox spirit. We need to get it out of him.

Peter blinks at her a few times. She erases what she's written and continues.

Anything you know that could help? We thought about having Scott bite him.

Peter shakes his head furiously, yanks the whiteboard away and writes. *He would die. Need to go in his mind.*

Lydia frowns and points at the second half of the sentence.

Peter extends his claws and looks at her meaningfully. She seems to understand. She starts talking to Scott. Whatever she says seems to make Scott very angry. Lydia erases the whiteboard again.

Who should go?

Peter points at her and Scott in turn. She shakes her head and scribbles: *I think you would be a better choice.*

Scott is gesturing wildly, trying to communicate something incomprehensible. Lydia snaps back at him. She writes in big, neat letters and holds it up for both of them.

Peter goes in first. Then, if he needs help, Scott and I will follow.

Peter glances over at Stiles. Or, Stiles' body. It's smiling beneath the tape, eyes wide. The intense, steady gaze is disturbing. Peter's a little afraid to dive into Stiles' mind. Worried what he might find.

But he has to help however he can. So he stands, nods, and approaches. He circles around behind the couch.

He sets the tips of his claws against Stiles' neck, hesitates for a moment, then plunges them in.

He's in Stiles' living room. But everything looks different. Older and newer at the same time. There's a picture above the mantle he's never seen before. A dark haired woman, with her arms around both a young Stiles and the Sheriff. It must be Claudia.

The lights flicker off.

Peter wheels around. There's a dark silhouette of a person standing by the door. The lights come back on. There's a man wrapped in bandages and wearing an army coat.

HELLO OLD-MAN. WE WAIT-WAIT-WAIT FOR-YOU.

STILES WHERE? Peter bares his fangs.

HERE. I STILES. The thing nods.

YOU N-O-G-I-T-S-U-N-E.

STILES SAME. THE-TWO-OF-US BECOME ONE.

The lights go off again. The thing is gone. Peter rushes through the door after it. They are no longer in Stiles' house. But out in the woods somewhere. Peter runs through the trees, faster and faster. Looking for the monster.

Then he stumbles into a clearing. The nogitsune is waiting for him, standing on a large tree stump. The nemeton.

STILES DONT LOVE YOU. It laughs. *YOU PATHETIC. HELPLESS.*

Peter lunges at the creature, but it disappears again. The tree stump suddenly opens up and Peter is falling.

He lands on a mattress, in a small, white room. There are leather straps attached to the bed. He's never been to this place before? Where is he? He gets up and tries the door. It's locked. He turns around. The nogitsune is sitting on the bed. Still laughing.

STILES NOT TELL-YOU.

#WHAT?

HERE. INSANE ASYLUM. STILES LOCKED-UP. WHY? HE THINK IT STOP ME. NOTHING STOP ME.

Peter blinks a few times.

BEFORE HE COME HERE, STILES TELL SCOTT. LYDIA. DEREK. TELL EVERYONE BUT YOU. YOU NOT IMPORTANT. HE DOESNT CARE.

Peter doesn't know what to do. Is this thing lying to him? Is it telling the truth? Before he can respond, the lights go out again. It's pitch dark. So dark he can't see anything. Still, he turns around, feels for the doorknob. He kicks it with all his might. Feels splintering wood.

He tumbles into his own living room. It's not quite right. The proportions are strange. The walls are the wrong color. Red instead of white. He walks past the couch, towards the hallway. As he walks, the floor stretches longer and longer, so his bedroom door never gets any closer.

The nogitsune is nowhere to be seen, but writing starts to appear on the walls.

He doesn't love you. You're useless. Broken. Give up. Broken. Broken. Broken. What sort of wolf can't hear? You're not a wolf at all. You're a disgrace. A monster. Stupid animal. Speak, boy, speak. Oh, you can't? Broken.

Peter shifts. Not just his face and claws. He sprouts fur, drops down onto all fours and runs as fast as he can.

When is a beast not a beast? When it can't howl. Can't howl. Can. Afraid to. So afraid of everything. What sort of wolf are you?

Peter stops. Panting. He's not making any progress this way. But if he's in Stiles' mind, maybe Stiles can see him. He shifts back. Stands on two legs.

STILES. #ILY.

The scribbles on the wall intensify. The writing becomes larger. More jagged. Frantic.

Stupid animal. No language. Get out of here. Your hands are useless without your claws.

YOU CLOSE. I THINK. CAN SEE ME? #ILY. NOT ANGRY. WANT HELP-YOU.

Peter takes a step forward. The ground doesn't move underneath him. He keeps walking as he signs.

LOOK AT ME. FOCUS. I HERE. REAL. NOT DREAM.

Broken. Idiot. Say 'airplane'. Wrong. You will never talk like a normal person. You will never be normal. Freak. Dummy.

He's halfway down the hall.

#ILY. YOU SMART. STRONG. BEAUTIFUL. BEST HUMAN I MEET.

The writing stops abruptly. Peter's at the door to his bedroom. He pushes it open. He sees a shivering lump, huddled underneath the comforter. He pulls the blanket away. Stiles looks up at him with wide eyes.

IT FOLLOW-YOU? HERE ONLY PLACE SAFE. IT NEVER COME HERE. He babbles.

Peter pulls Stiles into a kiss. Soft. Tender. It only lasts a moment. *TOGETHER. WE SAFE.*

Stiles clutches at him, eyes on the door. He points. The nogitsune is standing there, right on the edge of the threshold. Peter turns away, focuses on Stiles.

THIS YOUR BRAIN. YOU CONTROL.

Stiles shakes his head, looks like maybe he's on the verge of tears.

YOU STRONG. POWERFUL. CAN PUSH IT OUT.

Stiles is still trembling but he looks back towards the door. *GO*. His mouth moves as he signs it, so he must be saying it too. *GET-OUT. LEAVE*.

Peter turns. The nogitsune is yelling furiously. But with each word, it's sliding further away from the door. The lights flicker on and off. Stiles continues to shout and sign at it. *GET-OUT. YOU MUST GO. CANT STAY HERE. LEAVE*.

Then the ground's falling out from underneath them.

Peter crashes back into his own body. His claws disconnect from Stiles' neck. Stiles is retching. Lydia rips the tape off his mouth. He starts to vomit black goo. Lydia jumps into action, drawing a circle of mountain ash around all the liquid. When Stiles finishes, he collapses sideways. The black ooze tries to move outside the circle, but can't. Nor can it seem to achieve a completely solid form without a host. Peter doesn't really care. The rest of the pack can deal with it. He slices the ropes off Stiles' body, and picks him up. Stiles buries his face in Peter's chest, clinging to him.

Nobody stops them when Peter walks out the door.

He puts Stiles in the passenger's seat of his car, and drives back to his house. Once they arrive Stiles wants to walk on his own. He's quiet. He just takes a shower then goes to Peter's room and crawls into the bed in a bizarre mirror of what just took place.

Peter wonders how often Stiles thinks about hiding in his bed. It must be pretty often, if that was the 'safe' place in his brain.

Peter lies down next to him.

SORRY LIGHTS TURN-OFF. Stiles signs very small, close to his body, like he's embarrassed. *SORRY. NOT TELL-YOU IMPORTANT PLAN*.

FINE. Peter cups Stiles' chin, runs his thumb across the boy's cheek.

E-I-C-H-E-N H-O-U-S-E, KNOW?

INSANE ASYLUM.

I GO-THERE. PROTECT YOU. PROTECT EVERYONE.

FINE. Peter repeats. *NOT ANGRY*.

I NOT TELL-YOU. PHONE NONE. THEN NOT-ME. CHANGE. SORRY. #ILY.

#ILY.

Peter takes both of Stiles' hands in his. They just look at each other. Stiles' eyes are wet. Peter kisses him on the forehead.

I can't sleep.

Nightmare?

Yeah. I assume you're still awake since you responded?

I watch Buffy on Netflix. Now in season two.

OMG.

I'm so glad I made you start Buffy.

Oz is not like a werewolf at all.

I know.

But still. Giles. I used to have the most elaborate sexual fantasies about him when I was like thirteen.

God, I've been daddy kink trash for so long. What is wrong with me.

Nothing is wrong with you.

Do you maybe wanna come over?

Your father home?

Yeah. But he passed out hours ago.

You could climb through my window.

It would be romantic.

OK.

For real?

Yes. I will drive over.

Love youuu.

I love you too.

Scott remembered the sign for THANK-YOU today. What progress.

He is learning?

Slowly. Glacially. But yes. I think his goal is to learn enough so he can give you the 'if you break my bro's heart, I'll break your face' speech.

My confidence in his ability to do that is low.

He already give me that speech.

What?

Facebook.

Send me a lot of threat.

Jeeessuuus.

It is OK. Sometime now he just talk to me. Kind of strange. But he watch basketball.

Not like you.

Wait. Why did you say you were busy last week? There was some big basketball game going on wasn't there? It was all over my feed.

Scott come over to watch it because my TV is big.

WTF.

He say I should not tell you because you would get angry.

But I am a good father-husband and do not lie to you.

I'm gonna fucking strangle Scott.

You guys aren't allowed to become friends behind my back. This is so creepy.

What if you conspire against me!

I would never.

I can sense the sass. Even over text. And let me tell you mister, it is not appreciated.

You are handsome and smart.

Flattery will get you nowhere.

You are very good at sex.

Bitch, I know.

I care about you a lot.

I care about you too. Asshole.

Schoools out for summer! Schoools out foreeeever!

I think you have one more year left?

Shut up. Let me celebrate the end of finals week in peace.

You are not coming over?

Well, of course I am.

Just.

Must you be so literal?

Yes.

Of course you do. Delightful father-husband, mine.

:P

NO. WHO SHOWED YOU EMOJIS.

Scott.

I WILL KILL HIM.

XD

STAHP.

B==D ~

ARe you fuCKING SERIOUS.

<3

Ok that is a little cute.

<3 <3 <3

You're such a goober I can't handle it.

End Notes

I am not Deaf. However, I've been studying American Sign Language and Deaf culture for about six years, so I felt at least semi-qualified to write this fic. Insert standard disclaimer about how this isn't meant to portray the experience of every Deaf individual, just one specific case.

I went back and forth about writing the dialogue as GLOSS. I don't think I've ever seen it in fic before. The thing about sign language, is there really isn't a good way to write it down. GLOSS is what linguists and teachers use as a sort of shorthand to get a general idea across. This way, I at least was able to mimic most of the grammar of ASL instead of just writing in English.

ASL has it's own grammar, as you saw, or will see. It tends to cut to the chase. For this reason, I also tried to write Peter's texts as if English were his second language, because it is. ASL does plurals differently. You don't sign CATS, you sign MANY-CAT or 3 CAT, or CAT and then establish where they are/how many there are with classifiers. ASL also doesn't change verbs for tenses. If you want to discuss something not happening in the present, you just establish the time 'past/future' at the beginning of a train of thought, and then use the same verbs you would for present. Therefore, Peter has some trouble with English plurals and tenses. I was not trying to make him sound stupid, just going for realism.

So tldr: all the grammar in the dialogue and texts is purposeful to the best of my ability. Translation is kind of subjective, and I'm certain some things could have been phrased better. If you have actual helpful, constructive criticism, I might listen, but please don't leave an essay in the comments about how I fucked up. I hope you enjoyed this. I had a lot of fun writing it, and trying to translate the big Steter scenes of canon into ASL.

As always, I'm hanging out on [my trash blog](#). It's gonna be a Steter Week 2.0 party for the next seven days. Also stop by the [Steter Network Chatzy](#) to flail, if you so desire.

Blame Elpie for this fic's existence. Also she wrote a lovely [Deaf Stiles AU](#) and I kinda consider this a companion piece to it.

Special thanks to [Mala](#), [Elpie](#), and [Emma](#) for the editing and encouragement.

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