

nobody does it like you do

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nobody does it like you do

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Summary

"I'm not going to call you Dad," declares Malia. She crosses her arms over her chest and stares Peter down.

He smiles enigmatically. "Daddy works just fine for me, too."

Notes

this is your warning that if you still need to read the tags, it is your time to do so. read at your discretion.

set during tw: the movie (2023). semi-film-canon compliant. the creative license can be found in spades.

"I'm not going to call you Dad," declares Malia. She crosses her arms over her chest and stares Peter down.

He smiles enigmatically. "Daddy works just fine for me, too."

An amalgamation of embarrassment, fury and arousal corkscrews in Malia's gut. It takes her a moment to breathe through her nose and exhale, banishing ill thoughts and burning memories that threaten to spill forth. Peter is playing a dangerous game and Malia doesn't appreciate his cavalier, blase attitude.

He likes to see how far he can push her, how far he can taunt her into snapping after him before she realises she's the one that looks immature, riled up and heated.

Peter rocks back on his heels and grins tauntingly. He knows this, of course, making it all more thrilling for him.

"Alright," she acquiesces suddenly.

The smile drops from Peter's face. "Alright?" he mimics warily.

"Alright," Malia repeats, smiling benignly. She tosses Peter a sly look as she walks by and says, "I can call you Daddy if you want."

It's petty and below the belt—Jordan chokes up behind her—leaving a heavy, awkward silence to settle over the group in her wake.

It's more than a little satisfying.

They stop by the station, making it the busiest the building has been in months. The number of bodies filling the small office space causes Malia's skin to itch, so she sticks around briefly to learn that no information will benefit her and slips out the door.

The air is crisp, and the moonlight bounces off the tarmac, giving it a glittering sheen. The sky is the same, pitch black as the tar, cloudless and still. Malia checks the area, scanning for a threat as she walks around the building. She doesn't go too far—safety in numbers—before picking a spot against the brick and leaning back against it. She shuts her eyes and wishes there was a breeze.

"I can smell him on you." Peter's voice cuts through the quiet.

Malia opens her eyes tiredly. He's wearing the heavy coat from earlier—looks expensive, she should claw it up—and his warm breath creates tiny wisps of white in the cold air. The relaxed good humour from earlier has gone from Peter's expression, and his blue eyes are hard and flat as glass.

"Good," she retorts.

Peter moves closer. There's nothing overly hostile in his demeanour, yet everything about him implies a clear threat. His hands are loose at his sides, but Malia knows Peter and has seen how he explodes into action with no thought, it seems, between review and response. The fact that she has blatantly thrown her relationship with Jordan in his face hasn't gone unmissed by Peter, whose expression has tightened alarmingly.

Has she pushed him too far this time?

Peter's energy thrums and his wolf paces beneath his skin. Malia can sense it calling to her animal, and the treacherous beast responds eagerly, rising within her to whine and become agitated. The quirk of Peter's lips, the slightest tug at the corner of his mouth, tells Malia he knows.

She bares her teeth at him, and he laughs, the sound sharp and quick.

"Give it a rest." Peter waves a gloved hand at her idly. "You thought you were smart earlier with that daddy shit?"

"I did, actually," Malia shoots back petulantly, ignoring how she plays blatantly into the part of a young brat.

It's a win for Peter. She can tell by the merry way his eyes gleam.

Asshole.

Peter must tire of their verbal spare. She can't blame him; this isn't her best work. The upcoming sense of impending dread and doom won't shake, making it hard to put effort into adlibs.

He moves into her personal space, pressing her against the brick until it scratches uncomfortably at her back through her shirt. It's frustrating because she's lying if she says she doesn't enjoy it. Peter accosts her scent, body, and breath as he pins her hips with his own and drags a gloved hand down the side of her throat.

Malia caves instantly. She leans into his touch, eyes fluttering closed as his thumb brushes her jawline and over her cheek. Peter presses hot, firm kisses down the length of her exposed neck on the other side.

His tongue darts out to taste her sweat, and she can tell by his pleased hum that he can taste her arousal and agitation, too. It's an addicting cocktail for Peter, one of which Malia is never in short supply because he manages to manifest those things in her with little more than his presence.

Peter grinds his hips deliberately, ensuring she feels how hard he is in his jeans. Not like she needs the reminder; she's already a dripping, wet mess. Peter slips a strong leg between hers,

giving her support and something to chase her release. Malia doesn't hesitate, bearing down on his thigh to spark delicious friction where she needs it most. Her hands are in his hair, her nails scratch his scalp, and her fingertips dip down the collar of his shirt to clutch at the heated skin beneath.

"Go on, baby," coaxes Peter. His voice is low, and his breath is hot against her ear.

He rubs his face against hers and reaches up under her little white crop top to grasp her breast. The leather of his glove is so different from the usual touch of his palm that it makes Malia startle. Peter doesn't give her an inch, chasing the tiny space she puts between them with his own body. His fingers roll her tightened nipple roughly, and his thigh presses firmly against her aching cunt.

Malia bites her tongue to avoid making noise.

She firmly believes Peter would be fine if someone found out about them; he's not making any particular effort to be quiet.

He enjoys the thrill of the chase, the secret, more than Malia does, but she knows he tires of it. They're getting older, not that you can tell half the time the way Peter fucks and hunts, but Malia catches it from time to time. His gaze lingers too long; his touches become more apparent; their banter becomes too intimate. She can feel the weight in his stare every time they say goodbye because he misses her more each time.

It was sometimes easier. Peter enjoyed his freedom, and Malia enjoyed her life in Beacon Hills; coming together every six months or so scratched the itch they both seemed to have and couldn't get rid of.

Peter used to be able to ignore Jordan, for the most part. When Malia started dating him, Peter had been confident it would be a phase; he was used to her few short-lived lovers.

Until then, Peter was the most consistent man in her life; their relationship eclipsed that of hers and Scotts'. Malia believes that Peter has never seen another man in her life as an actual threat, except maybe Scott.

There's a lot of history with Scott for both Malia and Peter.

But Jordan had been different. Peter didn't like it when everyone continued to comment on what an item Malia and Jordan made and how happy Peter must be for them; when he came into town after that, something had shifted, and Jordan had become a problem.

"Where'd you go?" Peter murmurs into her ear in the present. His touch has softened, his hand cupping her breast gently, and the hand at her face strokes her cheek.

Malia swallows and meets his eyes. There's no space between them; she can see the fine lines around his eyes and the stubble on his jaw. Peter's gaze is searching. The air of hostility has drained, leaving only hot heat and Peter's strange, sweet touch. His thigh still pins her to the wall, but he's stopped his constant pressure, giving her a moment of reprieve while he ensures she's okay.

And that, thinks Malia, surging forward to kiss him, is why she can't let him go.

She tightens her grip on his shoulders, and Peter shifts to place his hands beneath her thighs and lift her. Malia firmly locks her legs around his waist, clutching the back of Peter's head as he presses his face into the valley of her breasts. He inhales deeply, his fingertips pressing into the flesh of her ass possessively, and Malia holds him to her. The air between them is no longer crisp and cool but hot and heated as their mingled breath dances in serpentine twirls above their heads.

Peter kisses like he hunts most of the time. A relentless, challenging passion, one that Malia can share more than she likes to admit.

Now, he slows to the unhurried, attentive loving that takes her breath away. He is reverent and gentle with his mouth on her collarbone, and she is benevolent and loving with her lips on his brow.

"Malia?" It's Jordan.

They go still. It's the inhuman type of still that comes with their animal, thoughtless and immediate at the moment when necessary.

"Mal, are you there?"

Even now, Malia can hear Peter's heart slowing as he wills himself into a sense of calm. He holds her gaze and shakes his head infinitesimally.

Don't move.

Jordan is close; Malia can hear his boots on the tarmac around the corner of the building.

Peter stares at her silently, holding her up while Jordan lingers in the car park. Malia hears him take a few searching steps, and then he heads back towards the entrance.

They wait until they hear the faint sound of the door clicking shut, and then they disentangle themselves.

Peter lowers her gently, rubbing his hand down her back from where it was pressed against the hard brick. She fixes her shirt, stopping to help Peter brush his hair off his forehead.

"So handsome," she tells him as she steps back.

Peter lifts a brow. "I hardly expected a compliment after almost being caught. Don't worry; I won't get used to it." He adds the end bit to soften the blow, but Malia catches the slip of his indifferent expression for the briefest moment.

"You're a dick," she tells him honestly. "But you're a handsome dick."

Peter hums appreciatively. "I'll take it."

"Come on; I'll go in first. You circle back to the truck and enter the other entrance in a few minutes." She shoves him in the direction he needs to go, ignoring his protests. "Go."

Malia lets Peter kiss her, one last quick, hot kiss, and then he slips off into the darkness, blending into the shadows of the building.

Jordan brings up the idea of moving in together again, which sets Malia on edge. She's already been holding him off for so long that it makes perfect sense to discuss this after whatever shit show of a fight they have coming if they're lucky enough to survive it.

Jordan doesn't question that. He is so elated by the mere prospect Malia hopes that it will help him through the coming hours.

Fine. He can hate her later as long as he lives.

They split up during the errand run, and Malia heads back to her place to change.

She isn't surprised as she's walking past the living room when she catches Peter in her peripheral vision. He isn't trying to hide. He's leaning against the side of his car out on the street as if this is a casual drive-by, as he might always pop around and visit unannounced.

Malia stares at him through the window, and he waves cockily at her.

She flips him off, and he takes the offensive gesture as an invitation to make his way toward the house.

"I don't have time for this," she calls when he enters, brushing past him brusquely to check her phone that's charging in the hallway.

"Busy saving the world and all," drawls Peter. "I know; I'm used to your little hobbies."

Malia turns on her heel. "If you haven't come to be helpful, then leave."

Peter stares her down. "I came because not all of us will make it tonight."

There's a rawness to Peter's voice that makes her hesitate.

Malia notices the terse line to his jaw and the straight line of his shoulders that seems odd with his relaxed expression.

He's worried.

Suddenly, Malia feels younger than she has in a long time, and it takes Peter only a second to realise what she needs. His arms are already open when Malia throws herself at him, burying her face into his chest and letting him hold her.

She doesn't cry but shakes silently, trying to regulate her emotions before she can breathe normally again. Peter allows her the time she needs, and she's exceptionally grateful to be able to fall apart for a moment.

He smells familiar, aftershave, crisp with a touch of musk, a fine layer of sweat and the unique scent that is solely his. Malia rubs her cheek against his chest, buries her nose in his shirt, and inhales.

Peter strokes the back of her head with long, gentle strokes of his palm.

"I know you've been training. I don't need to get you into bed to see those abs." He pokes teasingly at her stomach, but his expression hardens. "You have to be careful. Don't take unnecessary risks."

Suddenly, it's too much.

Malia pulls back, putting distance between them and gathering herself.

"Is this your official parental warning?" Her tone is sharp enough, but her voice shakes.

Her noticeable deflection doesn't phase Peter.

"Yes," he says. "It is."

Malia stands up, brushing invisible lint from her jeans aggressively. "Okay. Well, thanks, *Dad*."

Peter smiles at her from the couch. "Not Daddy, this time?"

She narrows her eyes. "No."

"A pity." Peter regards her coolly as he gets to his feet. "I've imagined it so many times."

Oh.

Malia adopts a neutral expression and leads him to the front door. "Have you?"

"Yes," admits Peter readily.

He stops, and Malia comes up so close on his heels that when he turns around, they're almost chest-to-chest.

"I *dream* of you calling me 'daddy.' I get so fucking hard just thinking about it." He reaches out swiftly to grab her hand and press it to the crotch of his jeans. Instinctively, Malia palms his cock, fingers massaging through the rough denim.

"You want me to say it?" she asks.

Peter groans, pushing into her hand. "Yes, Malia, fuck-"

"Too bad." She snatches her hand back and smiles sweetly.

A frustrated growl rumbles in Peter's throat before he cracks his neck and reins in his temper. His tongue darts out to wet his lower lips while he regards her with narrow eyes.

"I'll see you at Scott's," she says, raising her brows at him. "*Peter.*"

He lingers, hands clenched into fists before he bares his teeth in a flash of white and turns on his heel, striding to his car and taking off from the sidewalk aggressively.

Malia likes Melissa. Melissa is a good mom, and she may not be Malia's mother, but she's been a loving, supportive maternal figure in Malia's life. She respects the older woman, too. There is enough history that Scott's mother holds a part of all their hearts in one way or another.

Malia bristles at Peter's unusual display in front of them at the McCall residence, wondering why he enjoys engaging in this petty squabble. Pettiness, she can understand. This bickering with Chris Argent? No. It had started simply because Chris has a way of getting under anyone's skin with his dulcet, arrogant tone, not to mention his history with the Hale family.

She had also noted Peter's eyes glanced appreciatively at Melissa's dark curls when they'd first arrived, which had been enough to make Malia irritable. Perhaps this was some ploy to get back at her for earlier. If it is, is it fair for her to be bothered when she and Jordan have been doing far more than *looking* at each other?

Well, she *is* bothered. Fair or not.

Malia huffs and makes no show of hiding her expression. Let him see her distaste. He should know this won't work on her if his goal is to make her jealous.

She does try to act busy, not that it's hard; they're planning for a battle again. Yet, somehow the unholy triumvirate of her father, Scott's mother, and Chris Argent manages to follow her through the house.

Malia is sure that Peter is doing it deliberately, and she's ready to claw his eyes out until she finds a reprieve in the bathroom for a few minutes.

Scott catches her as she's coming out.

"Hey," she says, surprised when his fingers curl around her forearm. She looks inquisitively at his hand, holding her in place before lifting her head to face him. "What's up?"

Time hasn't been kind to Scott. He's faced so much in his young life, and the years show on his face. Malia looks into Scott's face and thinks of the teenager she used to love and then the young man after that. He's still in there, she knows, and there will always be a place for Scott in Malia's heart that another cannot replace. Their friendship, too, remains more robust than most, even now.

"Peter and Chris," says Scott, voice trailing off comedically at the end.

Malia grunts. "It's not funny." For various reasons, though, she doesn't say that. She wrinkles her nose. "Melissa isn't a piece of meat."

Scott laughs, and Malia riles because she knows he's laughing at her.

"What?" she snaps, shoving him in the shoulder. "Stop laughing at me."

"It's you. It isn't my mom," says Scott when he's finished laughing. There's a twinkle in his eye and the familiar, lop-sided grin that makes her smile, too, no matter what.

Malia's brain short-circuits. "What?"

Scott frowns. "You've got to stop saying 'what.'"

She ignores him. "What do you mean it's me?"

Scott shrugs. "They've gotten themselves confused. Chris is trying to impress my mom, but Peter is trying to impress you." He grins at her. "You leave the room, so Peter follows you. Chris follows Peter, and they continue arguing because Chris thinks Peter is into my mom. Then my mom follows Chris to mediate." Scott twirls his finger slowly in the air. "And the cycle continues."

Malia chooses to stay huffing in silence because now she's embarrassed more than anything.

Surely Scott can't know.

Malia knows he does when he looks at her with silent, earnest eyes.

"Fuck," she spits, running her hand through her hair.

"Hey, it's okay." Scott pulls her into a hug before she can put her fist through the drywall. "Don't worry about it."

It's stupid because she will worry about it, but what's worse is that Malia knows Scott means it. He doesn't want her to worry; the statement is genuine. Malia has always admired Scott's way with words. Stiles is probably laughing somewhere ("Scott, Scott McCall, a way with words?!"), and maybe it's a pack thing, but something in Scott's voice instantly calms her. In moments where he needs them the most, Scott always has the right words and means them when he speaks.

Malia had been resentful of it at first, this ability he seemed to have, but now, when she's scared and angry and shaking, she's thankful for it. She hugs Scott back, and they stand in the hallway for a while.

When they break apart, Malia sighs. "What should I do?"

"Break up with Jordan," Scott says immediately. His voice is kind but firm. "He's a good dude, and he doesn't deserve this. Don't give him hope where there isn't any."

"I know," whispers Malia. "I know." She flashes him an embarrassed look from beneath her lashes. "I meant about the rest of it."

Scott laughs heartedly. It's a full-body laugh that shakes his shoulders and brightens his face. Malia begrudgingly accepts that if her humiliation is at least worth a moment of entertainment for Scott, then that's something.

"My high school girlfriend is back from the dead, possessed by a demon and trying to kill people I care about and me." He grimaces. "I wish this situation were slightly more shocking."

Should I be disturbed if it isn't?"

Malia scrunches her nose. "I was your high school girlfriend."

"One of them." He's teasing her, but Scott looks too smug for Malia's liking.

She clocks him in his shoulder with her right fist hard enough that he feels it. Scott's a good sport and lets it land, rubbing the spot after and smiling. "I guess I deserved that."

"You did," confirms Malia. "Seriously, Scott. What do I do?"

Scott cuts straight to the point. "You've been doing this with Peter for... how many years?"

Malia stares, open-mouthed, and searches her brain for a coherent response. "You've known? For years?"

"Yeah." His expression turns thoughtful as if he's sorting through memories. "I wondered when we were together, near the end. You and Peter have always had a weird vibe, even back in the day." He smiles to soften the implication. "It doesn't make a difference; Peter looks at you like you're his." Scott shrugs. "I know the look because I used to look at you that way. I know what it looks like when you're returning it, too. If it's any consolation, I doubt anyone else has figured it out."

Malia swallows. "It never happened while I was with you."

"Thank you." Scott pulls her into another hug and kisses the top of her head. "I never thought it did, though."

She knows he means that, too.

"I think," Scott says slowly, still holding her while reverting to her original question. "That stranger things have happened in Beacon Hills, and if we know anything, it's that life is short. Spend it loving someone who makes you happy, and if Beacon Hills is too small, the world is a big place for two people." He finishes a little suggestively, and Malia smiles into his chest.

"That's not bad advice," she says as they pull apart.

Scott pretends to look hurt. "Why are people always shocked?" They laugh together, and he gestures back to the living room. "Let's go check those two haven't strangled each other."

"Maybe they have," suggests Malia brightly as they start walking. "Then I won't have to deal with it."

They laugh again, and she feels immensely better when they reach the living room. Derek and Eli have arrived and are talking to Lydia and Jordan near the front. Peter and Chris are sniping at each other in the doorway to the dining room while Melissa sighs tiredly into her coffee.

Peter looks up as Malia and Scott arrive, his blue eyes narrowing suspiciously at them. Malia's gaze darts nervously from Jordan to Peter, and she feels Scott's large hand grip her smaller one firmly.

"You got this," murmurs Scott into her ear, bumping his shoulder with hers. "We've been through worse," he adds teasingly.

He isn't wrong, technically, but this feels worse.

"Scott."

Peter materialises in front of them, Scott's name a sharp, predatory snap on his tongue. Peter tilts his head and surveys Scott slowly, his gaze lingering on his and Malia's entwined hands before dragging his burning stare to Malia's face. She's mortified at this childish display but

also embarrassingly turned on. To add to her embarrassment, Scott knows her well enough to pick up on things like this. Thankfully, Scott is taking delight in this situation—given that he has no part in it as a third-party observer—and is grinning like a madman.

Even Peter seems unsure, his eyes narrowing suspiciously at the other man's strange response.

"Well," says Scott brightly. "I have things to do, possessed, murderous exes to find." He doesn't cower beneath Peter's fuming gaze as he kisses Malia's cheek—she can feel his grin on the side of her face—nods to Peter and then walks off.

"Hardly appropriate," Malia hisses at Peter when Scott has left. "What is wrong with you?"

The grumble in his throat almost makes her laugh. Peter must know she's figured it out because he looks contrite for a fleeting nanosecond, then lifts his chin arrogantly.

"You're jealous of Scott," Malia whispers triumphantly.

Peter steps forward, and she dances back. He scowls at her. "Don't be ridiculous."

They slip behind one of the support beams. The dimly lit hall gives them a sense of obscurity despite still hearing and seeing where the others are. Peter gets into her space immediately, his cheek brushing hers as he scents her temple down to her neck.

Malia can't help but notice he smells good. He always fucking smells good, and she delights in his proximity, briefly. They've been apart since this afternoon, and she's missed him, despite his stupid antics. Peter's nose touches her jawline, and she shivers. The rumble in his throat starts again as he continues to pick up on Scott's smell in intimate places on her.

He pauses with their heads bowed low together. They are so close to one another that Malia can feel Peter's breath trickling down her neck and over her shoulder, and she's sure he's enjoying the way her heart is racing in her chest. She's nervous, though. Her breath is quick

from arousal and fear, and she tries to regulate her shallow, desperate pants to avoid unwanted attention.

They are silent and still until Peter swallows and tilts his head to speak directly into her ear.

"Jordan and Scott?" He asks quietly.

Malia wants to be smug and petty about it; she does. She wants to lord this over him and tell him it doesn't matter, the way they've done countless times to each other. She wants to say that they're not in a relationship. They aren't committed, so why should it bother him? This was the arrangement they agreed to, right? Doesn't he remember all the times he threw those words in her face? Malia remembers all the times she's thrown them at him before.

But she can't.

Peter's voice is soft, and Malia can pick up the fragile, fleeting note of despair beneath his calm exterior.

"Scott was just telling me I should break up with Jordan if I'm going to be in a relationship with you." Malia pushes him back slowly, her palms flat and gentle on his chest.

Peter's eyes search her face. She can see him catching up to her admission, the confusion, shock, and wariness playing on his face.

She's not a Saint; Malia basks in the satisfaction of his reaction for a moment.

"Scott knows?" Peter asks, looking surreptitiously around the room. "Who else?"

It isn't an unfair first or second question. Fear of people's responses had been one of her first concerns too.

"Just Scott, it seems, and he was okay with it."

Peter frowns. "Why does it matter what Scott McCall thinks?"

Malia fixes him with a firm look. "If you seriously have to ask me that, then you don't know me well enough."

Peter has yet to survive this long due to sheer luck. He contemplates Malia's response before nodding. "You're right. I'm sorry." He shakes his head slightly, looking up at her through his eyelashes and grinning. "I'm sure there's some way I can make it up to you."

"Later," says Malia brusquely because she's noticed Derek and Eli heading in their direction.

Peter acquiesces, taking a step back to welcome the other two while placing a proprietary hand on the small of Malia's back. It's a light, gentle presence, warm above her flannel shirt, but Derek's eyes snap to it immediately. He glances from Peter to Malia, calculating, but doesn't say anything.

Eli remains blissfully unaware, nervous and excited as he is. Malia is thankful that he's still at an age where he idolises her, though she can't imagine it will stay that way if she and Peter go public. However, as Scott said, stranger things have happened in Beacon Hills.

"Thank you for coming," Derek says to Peter eventually. He speaks in his slow, measured tone, which Malia has gotten more used to with age.

Peter regards him momentarily and then reaches out, leaving Malia's side and pulling his nephew into a brief but sincere hug. Derek's eyes fly open in surprise, but he willingly accepts the gesture and hugs Peter back tightly.

Eli grins and shoots Malia a proud look, which she returns with a smile; she gets it.

When they're done, Peter steps back alongside Malia, placing his hand on her back again. There is no distance between them this time, and Peter's body presses up to her right side.

Derek does not bother to hide his curious stare at their intimacy. He shifts his scrutinising gaze to Malia and then lifts a single, dark brow at Peter in silence.

"We're family," says Peter, as if it's the most simple thing in the world. He tugs Malia in closer.

Derek considers this, and when he nods, the slightest ghost of a smile dances across his face. "Family."

"We'll meet you," says Peter coolly when it comes time to leave. He glances at Chris and Melissa and then Jordan, respectively. "I'd like a few moments alone with my daughter."

Malia is genuinely shocked, though not for the reasons most people in the room are currently assuming.

Peter doesn't flinch from the confused stares. "Malia?" He looks at her expectantly. "Thirty minutes tops."

Chris opens his mouth to say something, and Peter turns, rolling his head slowly and staring Chris down with pursed lips and ruthless eyes. "This isn't a request, Argent."

"It's fine," says Malia finally. She glances nervously around the room and avoids Scott and Derek's gaze. "We'll meet you," she assures the others and gestures from Peter to the door. "Alright, let's go."

It takes them less than two minutes to be in the car and pulling away, and they're likely not far enough away for it to be called a safe distance, but neither of them can wait any longer.

Peter's mouth is hot on hers before she realises it's happening. There is urgency in his kiss; they're short on time and short on luck, but Peter makes up for the briefness with his hands in her hair and his lips at the corner of her mouth. It's a consuming kiss that leaves you breathless and lightheaded, which is how Malia feels when Peter pulls away.

She stares at him breathlessly over the gearstick. "I need-"

Peter nods, already closing the space between them as he leans in to kiss her. "I know."

Malia is agile, and Peter is determined, so they quickly make it to the back seat. They kiss, hot and hurried, shedding their clothes and bumping limbs and foreheads in the small space. It adds to the excitement. Peter's hand envelops her breast when her shirt is gone. He kisses down her throat and lowers her until she's flat against the seat's leather.

Peter is at home between her thighs, nestling himself into the space she makes for him as she hitches her legs around his waist. He bends to catch her left nipple in his teeth, firm enough to excite but gentle enough to tease.

"You're beautiful," he whispers against her skin. "Fucking beautiful, baby."

Peter is hard and ready, and Malia is wet enough that he presses two long fingers straight into her with hardly any resistance. She pants heavily while he fingers her, spreading her wetness and stroking her clit with reverent, purposeful motions. Malia is starting to become impatient, and before she makes a sound, Peter withdraws his fingers and replaces them with his cock.

It knocks the breath out of her.

Peter holds still, giving her a moment, while she pants into his neck and holds tightly to his shoulders. She shifts her hips, giving him the go-ahead. Peter kisses her shoulder as he pulls

back, slow and frustrating in the way Malia adores.

She chases him with her hips, canting up and trying to create more speed, more friction. A futile effort because Peter continues to fuck her slowly and surely, ignoring her desperate pleas for him to '*move faster*' and, '*please, fuck me.*'

Condensation builds on the windows quickly, and the air in the cramped space of the car is humid. Peter's skin is hot to the touch.

Malia runs her palms over his shoulders, delighting in their broadness and how his muscles dance beneath his skin. She digs her fingers into his back hard enough that he grunts, his hips stuttering as she pulls him in close. Peter laughs and fucks her through it, using his body weight above her to create languid, firm thrusts. Despite his deliciously agonising, slow strokes, she can hear the hitch in his breath and feel the tightening in his abdomen. Malia is chasing an orgasm fervently, and she knows Peter is close.

She kisses him, teeth and tongue and hot breath. "Please, daddy, come inside me."

Peter groans, hips faltering as he pulls back to stare at her with wild eyes.

"Yeah?" he asks, picking up the pace.

He starts driving them into the leather, unforgiving thrusts that force Malia to set her heel against the back seat for leverage.

"You want it, baby?" He coos the word so fucking sweetly it turns Malia into a begging mess.

"Please, *please*," she pants. "Peter, fuck. *Daddy*," she cries out because he leans down and bites at the tender skin of her neck reprimandingly at the use of his name.

"That's it," grunts Peter, hips still pistoning and pinning her to the seat, his mouth a hot, sinful mess on her throat as he licks and kisses along her jawline. "I'm your fucking daddy."

"Yes, fuck, *yes*." Malia throws her head back, clutching onto him. "I'm gonna come."

Peter grunts. "Do it, baby girl, come for me."

That's all it takes. Malia's orgasm teeters over the edge, and she comes, a chorus of Peter's name and incomprehensible sounds, all babbled in the rich, slow slur of a woman who has been well fucked.

Peter is right behind her. He chases his release frantically for a moment longer before he groans, collapsing atop her and thrusting his hips lazily as he finishes. Malia loves this part; when they're hot and sweaty and slick, still so close, they share the same air as they catch their breath. She kisses Peter's cheek, nuzzling at the stubble, and he rests his head on her shoulder while she strokes his hair.

"We have to go," she tells him eventually. The outside is cooling, and the evening is wearing on; the others will expect them.

Peter doesn't look up. "Do we?"

"Yes," she tells him firmly. Malia gently pushes herself up, dislodging Peter until they sit side by side. She glances at him warily. "I'm scared."

"I know, baby." The words are heavy and tired, laden with years of empathy. Peter leans over and strokes her head, brushing his thumb over her cheek. "I'm not going to let anything happen to you."

Malia nods, shaking her head so he can't see her watering eyes. "I'm not going to let anything happen to you, either," she tells him fiercely.

He regards her from the corner of his eye, and she can't quite place his expression.

It doesn't matter, though. What matters is that Malia means it, and Peter knows it.

"Well, tomorrow I'm breaking up with Jordan. Then I'm going to ask if I can move in with you." She ignores Peter's astonished look and steamrolls on. "And you're going to say yes, of course." Because he is. "And we're gonna be exclusive. You and me, properly. We can travel, see the world, stay in bed and fuck for four months. I'm looking forward to that future, wherever it takes us." Malia fixes him with a commanding stare. "So, we're both going to stay alive, and I'll see you in the morning. Deal?"

Peter grins and kisses her. "Deal."

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