

From Now to The End of My World

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From Now to The End of My World

by [Teatham](#)

Summary

“My dick grounds you.” Stiles had a shit-eating grin on his face. “My dick grounds you!”

Peter felt obligated to roll his eyes. “Yes, yes, you idiot.” He couldn’t hide his amusement, “your dick grounds me.”

(Peter became a quadruple amputee after an accident. Stiles volunteered to be his caretaker. Codependency ensued.)

Notes

Done for Writer's Pride Month Bingo 2025: Pink/Sex + Fight.

This one’s for the dark kinky gays. But mostly for myself. Sometimes we gotta celebrate the toxic codependency.

The timeline was set vaguely after their high school years. You can ignore all post-season 3 plots/characters if you want. Just know Peter was at one point in Eichen's house in the background of the story. Not mentioned in the fic but important context to have for the angst. Lol.

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

To say Stiles had never played with the idea of cutting off a werewolf's limb and see how the super healing work would be a lie. Hello? Derek begged him to cut his arm off, once. It wasn't unwarranted. The ADHD along with some spicy intrusive thoughts almost looking like compulsions made sure Stiles' brain went places. Sometimes, very, very dark places.

Which is to say, Stiles had morals, and this was not how he wanted to find out.

Peter lay lifeless, limbless, his legs chewed out like the drumstick of a halfway cooked rotisserie chicken and his arms chopped off, unevenly, as pools of blood gathered under his missing joints — that was not how Stiles wanted to find out.

Peter was no longer bleeding, thanks to werewolf healing. Which also meant that his exposed muscles and blood vessels were closed off and enmeshed together to form a meat cluster around his bones. It was a horrifying pink mess, but Peter's wolf must have tried so hard to keep him alive, and Stiles was too in shock to faint or vomit, and Peter was not responding, and he needed to he had to *anythingwhateverittakes I had to...*

In the end, they tracked down the Wendigos. Scott did not make any protest when Derek and Malia ripped off their heads.

Scott did, however, suggest they should put Peter down twelve days into Peter's coma. As if Peter was someone's dog. As if he was not bound to wake up again (because he always does: coming back). Stiles didn't know what was worse. That Scott truly believed he was suggesting something merciful, or that after so many years Scott still wanted Peter dead, and would gladly take the first chance when granted.

Stiles had morals. It might look different to Scott's, but they were his. So it didn't matter what Scott or anyone else said. Stiles didn't care what his father or friends thought when he stepped up to be the caretaker. To take the whole school year off and move into Peter's apartment so he could make sure Peter was okay. Stiles had always been good at caretaking, might as well use it where it was truly needed. He treated Peter like he was his new hyper-fixation. Paying close attention to everything and anything the doctors had said, jolting down notes for any caretaking tips. Melissa gave them the green light to return Peter home after

Peter was off the ventilator. (She didn't have the authority to, but the hospital staff of Beacon Hills had learned not to question a long time ago.)

"His vitals look stable to me," she confirmed, "but he'd lost so much blood. We still don't know what the blood loss did to his brain. Stiles, this isn't like when he was catatonic after the fire. He could breathe and swallow on his own then. He's barely breathing now. This injury... We don't know if he will ever wake up."

"Well, he's a werewolf." Stiles said, and the werewolves in the room flinched.

Regardless, Stiles picked up fast. Without his limbs, Peter lost almost half of his body weight. He wasn't light, but even Stiles could carry 80 lbs of torso and head with his gangly arms. Eighty pounds, that was what remained of Peter Hale.

Within three days, Stiles learned how to monitor the EKG, how to use syringes to administer food through the NG tube, how to watch out for distention and manage the suction, how to sanitize the catheter site and empty the drainage bag, how to move Peter safely to avoid bed sores, how to massage for bowel movements and replace bed pads, and so much more.

A month and a half into Peter's coma, Stiles learned how to replace all the tubes surrounding Peter, and taking care of Peter became a second nature.

Perhaps it was that Stiles was the first one to find Peter. Perhaps it was that Peter was so cold, oh Lord have mercy he was so cold it gave Stiles frostbites when he touched his neck and it felt like stiff, hardened ice. Stiles knew, though, he just had to be patient. He knew he was panicking, and he must have felt the chills because of his anxiety. He made sure to use his index finger so it was not mistaken when he felt that faint pulse, it was Peter's, not his. Peter must be alive, because the next second, ocean blue eyes cracked open and Peter looked at him, fleeting but certain, before closing again. Stiles hooked one arm under the werewolf, feeling Peter's whole body turning into a dead weight against Stiles' wrist. Slow, but steady beats from Peter's neck vibrated through his forearm. Thump, thump, they followed Stiles' arteries, travelled up and down until they echoed in his chambers. Stiles learned something in that moment: Peter was his responsibility, right then and forevermore.

Nine weeks later, Peter woke up.

Stiles was just taking out the mouth swab when he felt Peter's teeth clenched gently on his gloved fingers. Involuntary movement wasn't uncommon in comatose patients. Not to mention Peter started yawning and swallowing a couple weeks ago, which Stiles had learned was a good sign of brain stem functioning.

He didn't think much, until Peter's fangs dropped and slashed his fingers. Moments later, Peter blinked open his eyes, and started coughing so much so it seemed he was choking.

The werewolf couldn't sit up on his own yet. Stiles tried to steady him, help him get up while holding him in place. Peter was still coughing, thrashing, shaking his head with so much strength that Stiles could barely hold him. As if he wasn't immobilized for two months, but had just woken up from a bad dream.

He wondered if the first time Peter woke up from his coma, he was this alive as well.

"Stop!" Stiles was yelling, "Peter, Peter! Stop! Please! You are gonna hurt yourself!" The NG tube seemed tangled and Peter wasn't listening, it was going to hurt his esophagus. "Peter, STOP!!!"

The werewolf froze. His shiny blue eyes bulged and unfocused. His chest constricted, a cough swallowed in his throat and came out like a muffled gurgle. Peter stopped, so did his breathing.

When the drumming in his ears died down and Stiles could hear himself speak again, he found himself telling Peter how to breathe. That's right, wolf, breathe in for me, one, two, three, hold — very well, you are doing very well, and breathe out. Stay still for me, wolf, I will take it out for you. I promise.

And the wolf quieted down. Peter looked at him, the shine in his eyes dimmed, but still so blue. Peter moved his mouth, just that no sound was made. The werewolf blinked again, then he was out like a light. This time, Peter was asleep and snoring. Stiles phoned Melissa, together they hauled Peter onto a wheelchair.

All things considered, the patient is doing very well. They said. This is a miracle. They said.

They removed the remaining catheter after Peter woke up again. The werewolf's voice was raspy, but he was coherent enough to answer questions and wiggle his missing limbs when instructed.

They shared the recovery plan with Melissa while Peter was asleep. "Who's the patient's caretaker? Who's his emergency contact?" None of those questions were bothered. Beacon Hills Memorial Hospital had way passed caring about their protected health information when Melissa was involved. Stiles heard her mention once that there was a special sectioned team in the hospital for all things "Beacon Hills", and Melissa was the designated "no questions asked" head provider.

Stiles didn't know whether he was grateful or furious. Thankfully, Melissa shared everything with him. When Peter woke up, she repeated what was on the care plan again.

And just like that, life continued. Apart from the day Peter gained consciousness, the werewolf appeared eerily calm and at peace. Never once did he show frustration with his missing limbs, with how wrong everything felt, or with how restricted he was on his bed. Derek and Malia visited Peter a couple of times at Peter's apartment. They exchanged short but civil talks, sat in awkwardness for an hour then left.

The Sheriff tried asking whether Stiles wanted to move back home, "Peter can come with. We have the guest room," Noah suggested hopefully. Stiles told his dad something about familiar environments and healing. Next, he babbled a mile about empty nest syndromes and that Noah should ask Melissa out. The Sheriff never had the chance to interrupt, and Stiles thought his father suddenly looked so old. He dared looking his father in the eyes. "I'm sorry," Stiles said, unable to explain this need.

Noah just nodded. Not knowing what to say. “I love you, son.” He ended their conversation with a hug. Stiles hugged him back and whispered “I love you, too.”

Stiles promised to visit his dad at least once a week.

Peter did not make any comment about Stiles staying with him, either. He let Stiles move him around, and he followed the human’s directions in physical therapy.

“You have nothing to say, huh?” Finally, Stiles blurted out.

“Say about what?” Peter raised his brows.

Stiles made a wild gesture. “Everything. Obviously. Do you want me to spell it out for you? Because you’ve been awfully quiet, and it doesn’t sit well, man. Normally if you are quiet, you are plotting something.”

“Hmm.” Peter looked at him, not breaking eye contact, “the same goes to you, too. You’ve been awfully quiet. No babbling, no sidetracking, no shooting nonsense nonstop. I kinda like it.”

“Asshole.”

“Pleasure is mine.”

They fell into a comfortable silence.

It didn't take Stiles long to figure out that Peter had to listen to him.

It also didn't take long for Stiles to slide into bed next to Peter at night, and neither talked about the implication of Stiles' action.

He woke up to Peter's heavy breathing.

"Do they hurt?"

"Very."

The werewolf hushed through clenched teeth. His nostril flaring, a low whimper almost escaped.

"Peter," Stiles reached out to grab his shoulder, "I don't want you to hold it back."

The werewolf gave a shaky chuckle, and continued to control his breathing. Without thinking, Stiles used his voice again.

"Peter." He announced, "DO NOT hold back for me."

Immediately, a wail, louder, longer, and sharper than Lydia's scream, erupted from the werewolf's mouth, cutting across the silent night. Peter curved his back, arched his shoulders inward but there were no arms to hold him, no legs to press against his belly — only about eight inches of his thighs were saved. He screamed again, teeth grinded and a deep, broken roar squeezed through his throat. He was breathing and breaking in between.

Stiles held onto him, folding Peter into his arms. His legs wrapping Peter's hip, his hands cradling Peter's head and holding it into the curve of his shoulder. Stiles held Peter with such urgency he swore he could hear his ribs breaking.

Before he knew it, Stiles began bawling. His face was on fire and his chest in sharp pain, and Stiles couldn't control his breath or the tears falling into Peter's hair. Peter's hair seemed so long now. It had only been three months, how did the curls get this long? Did Peter want a haircut? Stiles held Peter and his mind ran a thousand miles. What now? What's next? Do I ask him about the haircut in the morning? Where do we go after this? What is my life if not for this grown ass werewolf screaming in my arms?

He's so warm. God. He's so warm, and soft, and trembling.

He's in so much pain.

He's moving. He's alive. He's alive, and nothing else matters now.

The next day, Derek and Malia visited. Peter was sitting on the couch when the doorbell rang, his mouth battling the zipper of the pillow tucked under his chin. Stiles opened the door after putting a lid on their leftovers. His hand left a grease stain on the doorknob.

Normally, Stiles would give the Hales some privacy. This time he was too engrossed in cleaning to care.

He was vaguely aware of their conversations. They sounded civil and awkward as always. Stiles turned to look at Peter. The werewolf was making a point with his right shoulder, and suddenly everything seemed so wrong.

Peter's smirk. How did he never notice? The same smirk Peter wore before the accident. The glint in his eyes, the slight creases between his brows, and the curl of his mouth, they all looked so wrong now. They looked forced and uncomfortable. They looked like they were

draining all of Peter's strengths to be there. The werewolf's facial muscles strained and suddenly the sight of Peter smiling cut deeper than his screaming.

Stiles couldn't stand it anymore.

"Get out."

Malia glared at him, "Stiles? What the fuck—"

"Get out." Derek tried to say something, Stiles couldn't hear, "Out. NOW."

They were pushed out of the door without a fight. Derek looked hurt and irritated. Malia was exasperated but she indulged him. She probably thought this was one of those one time weird things Stiles did.

Stiles didn't care what they thought. He looked at Peter, and the werewolf rolled his eyes at him. Then, he gave Stiles a little grin.

"Don't," Stiles said. "Don't you pretend around me."

It was like a switch was turned off. Peter's face went completely blank, void of emotions. He was still looking at Stiles. Lately, he was always looking at Stiles.

He let Stiles pick him up wordlessly and carry him into their bedroom. There, they hugged and cuddled. Peter breathed in when Stiles breathed in, and breathed out when Stiles breathed out.

"We are moving." Stiles told Peter as he folded his laundry.

“We are?”

“Uh-huh. End of the month, we are moving into a house in West Sacramento. I’ve already signed the lease. I got a moving company ready, too. Anything in particular they need to know about your stuff?”

Peter opened and closed his mouth. “Well. I have many questions.”

“Ask away!”

Peter shook his head. “I’m guessing you have all my banking information at this point.”

“All your legal stuff, too. And power of attorney.”

“Huh.”

Stiles shrugged.

“Aren’t you full of surprises,” Peter mused, “I guess you always have been.”

“I can cancel it. I can call it off.” Stiles did not respond directly, “you just need to say the word.”

Say the word, Peter.

Peter lifted his chin to rest his head on the couch. His neck was exposed and extended. He was seated while Stiles stood next to him. Stiles felt so small. Somehow the werewolf

managed to look down at him from below through his hooded eyelids.

“It’s about time,” Peter smiled. “Let’s do it.”

Peter wasn’t even surprised when he found out their new home was designed to accommodate a quadruple amputee. He took in the lowered furniture, the stair lift installed next to the railing, the open floor plan and the soft carpet covering every ground surface. All the edges were rounded where the corners of walls connected the floor.

A roomba with the label “Derek” sat neatly next to the fireplace (it’s a gas fireplace, with its switch installed close to the ground, at Peter’s chin level).

“Derek?”

Stiles managed to look guilty. “You are welcome to rename it.”

But here is the thing. Peter didn’t have to. Peter no longer needed to voice his needs unless Stiles asked him, because Stiles just knew what to do. It should be wrong, this complete strip of agency. It was also the only thing that kept Peter sane.

He couldn’t think. Any moment he thought of himself, thought of what he wanted, he wanted to scream and vomit and burn everything with him.

If he was not focusing on Stiles, he wanted to howl until his vocal chords fell out and he wanted to bend his neck so far back to break his spine. He couldn’t even bite himself. His fangs barely broke the skin near his shoulder and he wanted all the pain but not the phantom pain, the limbs he could no longer rip off because they were ripped off from him.

So he nodded, smirked, and said with vengeance: “No. Derek is perfect. We are keeping it.”

The wooden steps installed next to their bed (“their bed”, they didn’t even hide it any more) was also carved and polished to ensure the most comfort for Peter to climb in. The werewolf landed on the bed face down, then rolled onto his back. Stiles followed right after him.

Stiles tugged him closer, burying his head into Peter’s neck, and inhaled.

“What are we?” The human whispered. Peter hated the small uncertainty in his voice, but he held it close to him. He asked, instead:

“What do you want us to be?”

The world was finally quiet when Stiles landed his chapped lips on his.

They learned quickly that Peter didn’t like to be the one inside Stiles. The first time Stiles attempted to ride him, the werewolf panicked. His shoulders were cramped. Peter became nonverbal. His gasping was quick and loud and irregular. He whimpered whilst his chest heaved violently, and he couldn’t let a word out despite his gaping mouth.

Stiles had to use his own mouth to guide Peter to breathe again, sending all the carbon dioxide lost too quickly back to Peter’s lungs. He trapped Peter with his whole body, pinned him to the bed, and kissed sweet nothingness into his skin.

“I need to hold you.” Peter sounded so lost, “I needed to hold you but I can’t. I couldn’t. I can never ...”

Stiles swallowed those unspoken words as he pushed his tongue down Peter's throat. The werewolf gagged, but he exhaled desperately into Stiles and opened his mouth even wider. He gagged again, then relaxed. His whole body melted under Stiles' kissing.

Taking care of Peter was Stiles' second nature. He had touched every inch of Peter's body, from inside and out. He knew how one of Peter's left molars was slightly chipped. He knew where the soft scar tissues formed from grinding located in his mouth. He'd cleaned inside Peter's urethra and wiped his ass hundredths of times. He had douched Peter's asshole more than once, for fucks sake. He even knew what it was like when the end of the NG tube touched the inside of Peter's stomach.

Peter was his to clean, his to take care of, and his to claim. Stiles didn't need to think twice before going down on Peter and burying his face into Peter's cheeks.

Stiles' one hand grasped tightly on Peter's hip to hold him in place, the other hand lifted Peter's shaft and started stroking.

The weight felt so right in his hand.

At the time Stiles finished tasting every inch of Peter's inside where his tongue could reach, Peter's face had become a wet mess. Without warning, Stiles took Peter's length into his mouth and shoved two fingers up the werewolf's glistening hole. Peter hitched and keened. Stiles could feel the vibration of all the noises Peter made through his mouth. Peter's pub soft and tickled his nose. Stiles bobbed his head faster and deeper, fingers curling and twisting deep inside the werewolf, each time his knuckles grazed the walls and the sensitive bundle of nerves within.

"Stiles," Peter could barely make sense with his words, "Stiles, please, please, em' close ... I'm, I can't, need you. Need you now, everywhere, I need ..."

When Peter gained consciousness again, he was held tightly in Stiles' arms. The last inch of Stiles' dick snuggled inside. He was pressed so thoroughly into the mattress, by Stiles' weight, his length, his tongue in his throat, his scent occupying Peter's nose and mind and everything.

It was all too much, but still not enough.

And then Stiles started moving. The human's solid heat inched slowly out then thrust back in, each time getting impossibly deeper than earlier. Peter was trapped by so many sensations. He was a prisoner in between the little space of their bed followed by Stiles' arms beneath, and Stiles' sweating body above him.

For the first time and forever, Peter felt complete. He didn't need to look at Stiles to make sure Stiles was the center of his world, because Stiles was everywhere. On top of him, inside him, under him. Peter closed his eyes, and he let go.

He was free as much as Stiles let him.

Peter felt Stiles gaze mapping him even with his eyes closed, and it was true. Stiles looked at every bit of Peter. The werewolf was beautiful like this. If not for the intense pleasure and his little frowns, mouth slightly ajar letting out small gasps each time Stiles pushed into him, Peter almost looked serene. Stiles wanted to hold Peter there forever. To hide him in this tiny cage Stiles created for him, so nothing else in the world could reach him or harm him.

No one else in this world could see Peter like this. Broken, complete, vulnerable, and so strong and trusting in Stiles' embrace.

Heat continued to pool in his lower abdomen. Stiles came with a silent cry.

Peter once let it slip that sex with Stiles grounded him.

"My dick grounds you." Stiles had a shit-eating grin on his face. "My dick grounds you!"

Peter felt obligated to roll his eyes. "Yes, yes, you idiot." He couldn't hide his amusement, "your dick grounds me."

He didn't need to say it out loud that everything about Stiles grounded him. After all, he was kept alive because of Stiles. Which was another facet of their relationship they did not talk about.

Except that when Stiles closed his hands around Peter's throat, squeezing his windpipe while buried deeply inside him, Peter felt truly alive.

So painfully, vividly alive.

During the move, half of Peter's designer furniture was put in storage, and half was donated. The only thing kept at their new house was the ergo chair (Stiles claimed it for himself) and the leather couch. Same thing happened to his clothes. Those with sentimental values were either stored or given to Stiles. The majority of Peter's clothing was donated upon his request. "You have twelve different V-necks," Stiles exclaimed, "who has this many V-necks?" Stiles also suggested sending some of Peter's favorite shirts to tailors. The werewolf didn't let him.

"It's more exciting to get a new wardrobe." Peter insisted. "I saw some boutiques on our way here. Entertain me?"

"Enter — are you asking me to buy you clothes? Me?? The plaids and hoodie me?"

Peter winked.

Alright. Stiles heard him loud and clear. He did some research, saved some Pinterest posts, and went shopping. If looks could kill, the disdain on Peter's face when he saw the short-sleeved Henleys might as well end Stiles' next life a thousand times.

“Tell me you didn’t get them from Target.”

“I didn’t get them from Target.”

Peter attempted a face palm as much as his remaining brachium (which is not much, Stiles named them the arm nubs) allowed him.

They agreed to keep the cotton V-necks that came in different shades of grey and blue, an olive green modal hoodie, some camp collar button-ups, and a dark jacket with self-aligning zippers.

Peter blinked at the adaptive jeans, “aren’t they too long?”

“They said these are good with prosthetics.” Stiles chirped, “you know, in case that’s something you want.”

Peter signalled at the wool and bamboo shorts, “these are okay.”

They started setting up systems that allowed Peter to do as many things on his own as possible. Clothes and underwear were placed and folded in certain ways for low effort dressing. Small cabinets shallow enough for easy access whenever Peter needed water or snacks. Most switches were installed close to the ground level. Echo dots set up in every room ready to respond to whatever voice commands Peter had.

As much as Stiles wanted to dress Peter, feed him, bathe him, and carry him around, he needed to let him go. Least he tried to.

Less than a week in Stiles gave in. Their life returned to what it was like before their move. In the morning, Stiles observed Peter until the werewolf’s eyes shuttered open. After that,

Stiles took him to the bathroom, adjusting his placement on the bathroom counter until Peter seemed comfortable. The werewolf opened his mouth, and Stiles started the hygiene routine.

Stiles liked to kiss Peter on the nose when he brushed the werewolf's hair. He honed his shaving skills so Peter could have a perfectly trimmed goatee and clean shades. He was also particular with the water temperature when he wet the washcloths before cleansing Peter's face. He clothed the werewolf. More and more buttoned-up garments appeared in Peter's wardrobe, because Stiles liked how Peter looked in cardigans and sweater polos. He liked it when Peter had sweats on and Stiles got to tie the ends up for him. He loved it when he got to rub the end of Peter's thighs and Peter moaned into his mouth.

Stiles surrounded the wolf with softness and warmth. He looked after Peter's needs despite the tasks' simplicity (passing him his phone, filling up his mugs, "can you unlock this for me" nevertheless his electronics were fully voice controlled), and every time, Peter just let him.

Stiles recalled looking up eating techniques for quad amputees. Stiles put the instruction away and learned how to better feed Peter instead.

Stiles gained some muscles. Peter lost another five pounds.

Stiles was unhappy when Scott showed up on their doorstep.

He stopped Scott at the door, but it didn't take a werewolf to know what happened in the house when the wind carried a whiff of the living room out through the front door.

Well, they'd fucked on every surface and non surface in their house. The whole place probably reeked of sex.

Scotty's hopeful puppy eyes widened. His face twisted into more of a grimace than a smile.

"Hey." Scott said shyly, "what's up?"

Stiles tried not to glare. No need to be hostile. No.

"What are you doing here?"

Well. That boat has sailed.

Scott blinked rapidly, putting on his best puppy eyes. He nudged his chin towards the door.
"Can I come in?"

"Peter's sleeping."

Scott nodded.

He sighed. Stiles didn't want to be seen arguing at the front door. "Fine. Come on in, but take off your shoes, and you can only stay in the living room."

Scott beamed at him.

Once they were both in, the grimace re-appeared on Scott's face. He looked around cautiously. Eventually, he decided on standing. Stiles sank into the couch.

"Water?"

“Ugh. No thanks?”

Stiles snorted. “Look, I’m gonna skip all this formality. Why are you here? I told dad I will return for Christmas.”

Scott looked pained. “I can’t visit?”

“You didn’t visit once after I moved into Peter’s apartment.”

“Stiles...” Scott started, “I wanted to visit. I really did, it’s just...”

“Just what? You hated Peter so much you couldn’t stand being in the same room with him? Even after everything? You couldn’t even drop by and say hi to your best friend because he was sleeping with your nemesis?”

“That’s not it. Stiles, that’s not ...”

“Well. Tell me! What is it? Is it because you think Peter would be a risk? Or am I a risk? Or, or, you...”

“I tried!!” Scott cried out, “Stiles! I tried! But it wasn’t me! Every time I had plans to come over you always have things up to turn me down! You told Derek to fuck off! You moved out with Peter without notifying anyone! You left before Peter finished his physical therapy!”

It was funny, how utterly devastated Scott looked. “We don’t know what to do!” he almost screamed, “*I* don’t know what to do! You never let us near him — near you! You don’t answer the phones! You barely responded to our texts! Your dad really thought you were missing until he filed a missing person report and your new address popped in the system! You are the one pushing us away, and I don’t get it! What happened to us, Stiles? What happened to us??”

Scott's voice wavered at the end. He exhaled shakily, and stared at Stiles as if he was just scolded.

"I... "

Stiles cut him off.

"I left in a hurry because Peter needed it." He stated, "you are right, I don't allow you near him. You wanted Peter dead, didn't you?"

"What?! No?! How come —"

"You wanted to euthanize him!!" Stiles screamed, "it hadn't even been a month! And you wanted to euthanize him."

Stiles was standing now. He had tear streaks on his face. Scott's face was shiny as well.

They let the silence wash over them.

"I suggested it because he was in pain." Scott's lips were trembling as he spoke, "I don't have to be his Alpha to feel it. Stiles, he was in so much pain. I could feel it, when I touched him... something inside him was burning... No. Not burning. Something was wrong. Something was very wrong inside him and it was tearing him apart and that was why I suggested it."

For a moment Stiles almost believed him, believed that Scott truly had Peter's wellbeing in mind, and was earnest about taking Peter's pain away. Then that ever growing resentment came back, masquerading — taking the form of a fierce protectiveness.

"Still. That's Peter's decision to make."

“Oh.” Scott’s gaze seemed hardened, “Is that his decision to let you fuck him, too?”

The second these words left the Alpha’s mouth, Scott looked more shocked than Stiles was.

Stiles couldn’t hear himself over the loud ringing in his ears. He was barely aware when he was moving his mouth.

“...What are you suggesting?” he laughed, “What do you mean? Scott? You think — you think I’d... He’s still a werewolf!” Who could no longer get into beta shift, “he still has his strength and fangs! Hell! He can bite my head off if he wants!” Except he wouldn’t. He wouldn’t and couldn’t. Deep down, Stiles knew. Stiles knew where his deepest fear was buried.

“So don’t you... don’t you dare act like you care about him. You never did!”

Scott let out a long exhale. “I care about you, Stiles.”

“Before you say anything else. I do. I do care about him. I came here because Mom and Deaton found some good doctors that can help Peter with his recovery. If he’s interested.” The Alpha’s voice was tight. “I can send you the list.”

“Take care, Stiles.”

Stiles watched the Alpha walk out. Scott shut the door gently behind him.

Stiles slammed opened the door to the bathroom and emptied everything from his stomach.

He heard Peter's shuffling. When he looked up, the werewolf was leaning against the doorframe.

"It's cold on the tiles. You don't have to wait here." Stiles' voice came out wet and scratchy.

Peter shrugged, and didn't budge an inch.

Another wave of nausea hit him. Stiles hurled into the toilet bowl just in time.

"Can I get you some water?" Peter carefully asked, and it almost made Stiles laugh. How? He wanted to ask. The werewolf relied on him for everything nowadays.

"I fucked up, didn't I?" Stiles stared at the yellow droplet splashed onto the toilet seat. The smell of his bile nearly made him retch once more.

He turned his head to where the werewolf was at, but still not looking at him. "I made this happen. All this bullshit, it was me. You shouldn't be here. You should be hunting down the best doctors out there, testing out the most high tech prosthetics! Or, or! Find an actually capable magic user! Someone with crazy spells! Make sacrifices, do dark magic! A limb for a limb!"

"This! What we have here ... Peter, what am I doing?"

He knew he was scrambling, and he couldn't remember the last time he let on like this. He couldn't stop.

"Oh, darling," Peter sounded so caring, "you are doing great. You are taking care of me, and I am exactly where I need to be. I'm not going anywhere."

"But this is not you! The Peter I knew, he wouldn't settle for this." *He wouldn't settle for me*, "Did I... " *did I control you* ? "Did I do this to you? Am I the reason why —" you were

trapped and suffering?

Peter had that blank face on which normally indicated excruciating pain. Yet, his voice was gentle:

“Maybe this is where I am supposed to be. Maybe all the decisions I’ve made in this life, all the things that have happened to me, they meant to lead me to this moment. To you.”

Stiles was startled by his own laughter of disbelief.

“Did you hear yourself?” He hated this. He hated that he was lashing out on Peter. Nonetheless, something within Stiles demanded him to continue. “The things I did to you. The things I made you do ... Peter. I made you do things — and you know what’s the scariest part? That, this whole time, I knew what I was doing, and I liked it. Fuck. I loved it because it felt so natural. Like it was meant to be ...” but how could that be true, “and it scares me so, fucking, much.”

Stiles was also too scared to look at Peter. He heard a sigh, and more clothes shuffling.

“You know how I feel.” Peter stated matter of factly.

“You know what I want, you know what I need to do. That knowledge is built in you. If you can’t trust yourself, then trust me.” Peter scooted closer. “Come here, sweetheart. You know you can let it in.”

Peter’s forehead touched his.

Stiles let out a high pitched yelp, cut short by the unprepared agony. Scott was right. There was so much pain, immense pain. Wherever he turned there was nothing but pain. Nothing but pure suffering surrounded him and suffocated him. The pain, almost like burning, almost like stabbing, or an agglomeration of every kind of torture combined. It was twisted and unnatural. Any second spent in it would drive one crazy.

Then there was Stiles. At the center of it, there was him. A vacuum at the heart of all the wrongness. Stiles saw himself, and then, suddenly there was peace.

He sobbed.

“This is how you see me?” This is the pain I caused you? Staying alive, but at what cost?
“This is how you go by the days? Every second, every minute?”

Peter kissed him on the top of his head.

“This is how I see you. This is how I stay alive.”

Stiles let out a long, shuttered breath. He finally looked at Peter. His voice was low and tiny.

“I don’t know what to believe anymore. I can’t trust myself. I don’t know. Peter. I don’t know, what do you want? How can I help you? Are you allowed to want anything?”

Peter just said: “I want what you want for me.”

Stiles was knocked over by his hysteria. “But I can’t make that decision for you. I shouldn’t! I can’t!”

Peter hummed.

What felt like a decade later, the werewolf leaned into Stiles’ face.

“Then look at me. Do what you always do. Look at me, take care of me, protect me from harm, make me your everything. Will you do that for me, Stiles?”

His voice was a luring warmth. Stiles stared into Peter’s eyes, and just like that he forgot what he was going to say.

Yes . This he can do. Look after him, protect him, follow him to the end of the world. Make him my everything.

This he can do.

It was still dark outside. Stiles tried to lift the werewolf up. Peter made a protesting groan.

“No. Stay.”

“Peter,” Stiles nibbled on his lover’s brow, and felt the werewolf’s inside twitch around him, “I’ve been soaking for hours. My dick is all wrinkly.”

“Don’t care.” Peter started moving slowly, up and down, forcing his ass closer to Stiles’ base. “Hmm, you feel good.”

Stiles rolled his eyes. He plopped out regardless. Before Peter could complain, Stiles placed Peter back on their bed. He shoved his crumpled underwear inside Peter, and re-inserted the mouth gag.

He gave Peter a quick peck on the eyelid.

“Good wolf. I will be right back.”

Their life continued on.

End Notes

Comments please 🙄🙄??

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