

The Hale Wrangler

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The Hale Wrangler

by [turnupfortrash](#)

Summary

When Scott asks him to help the pack with a very important matter, Stiles didn't think it would get him into this much trouble. At least, not this kind of trouble...

Notes

So this is something I started forever ago and decided to finish.

A note RE the pairings, I have the separate ones because that will be the majority of the story. The Peter/Stiles/Derek/Malia tag is more to imply that they are all aware of each other and are okay with it and less to imply any actual incest. If that were to happen it would be included in a separate fic.

Just FYI

As per usual, un-betaed because who has time for that (/ I have no one to do it lmaaaaao) and updates will happen when they happen.

I'm on tumblr [the-biwonder](#)
feel free to harass me

Chapter 1: Peter

It wasn't long after graduation that things finally started to settle down. Their territory and Scott's role as alpha were well established, so supernatural issues were few and far between. In fact, for all intents and purposes, all of their current issues were... internal. Arguments breaking out, people on edge. Not even just with each other, but with the town as a whole. Integrating themselves into the community was a priority for the pack that has not gone as planned. It was on a Saturday afternoon pack meeting when Scott, apparently, decided enough was enough. After the meeting, as everyone else was leaving, Scott took Stiles aside.

"Stiles I need to ask you a favor" Scott looked at him, the puppy eyes were already in place. This couldn't be good. "I need your help keeping the pack out of trouble."

"Need use of departmental resources? I don't mind but wouldn't it make more sense to get one of the more super strength inclined people to put on a show of force?" Stiles asked, already wary.

"Well we have Peter and Derek as pack protectors, what I need you to do is a bit more...well, specific."

Stiles raised a brow and waited for Scott to continue.

"I need you to keep an eye on Peter, Malia, and Derek. You know they've been having some issues with causing waves in town and we really need the pack to stay under the radar. Remember that pack up in Canada that got investigated because they thought it was a cult? We don't need that kind of attention." Scott explained.

"You... you want me to be their babysitter?" Stiles asked, confused.

"Well... more watching over them than babysitting," Scott said carefully.

"You realize that you just repeated the definition of babysitting, right?"

"Stiles, please." Scott looked close to begging

Stiles sighed, "Doesn't matter what you call it Scott, I don't understand what you think I can do that you can't."

"They listen to you Stiles, they only listen to me when I use my alpha status."

Walking out of Scott's house Stiles still wasn't sure how he was going to do it, but apparently, he was now responsible for making sure the Hale's didn't destroy each other and the surrounding area.

Stiles is at the mall, trying to decide between two video games, the first time he feels the need to run Hale interference. He sees Peter, an angry scowl across his face, arguing with a sales clerk at the fancy clothing store across the hall. When Peter storms off, his hands clenched at his sides, Stiles runs after him already envisioning the ways in which this can go wrong. When he reaches the parking lot he sees Peter standing next to a shiny silver car.

“Stiles, what a lovely surprise,” Peter said, aware of Stiles presence without even turning around.

“Peter what are you doing?” Stiles asked slowly as he noticed the shift in Peter, his fingers lengthened as the claws came out.

“I’m going to destroy this imbeciles car because it’s much too pretty for someone who doesn’t understand the difference between a British spread collar and an Italian spread,” Peter growled, his face eerily calm.

“I feel like that’s a really bad idea. I mean claws don’t look like keys, mountain lions also don’t claw cars so we can’t pass it off as an animal attack...” Stiles rambled, hands flailing as he tried to step between Peter and the car.

“I think this is a wonderful idea, Stiles. A little something to get my point across.” Peter’s hands reached out, claw positioned against the side of the door.

“No, no, no, no. Bad idea, very bad idea.” Stiles gripped Peter’s hand, pulling it away with surprising ease.

“Why should I listen to you?” Peter moved his hand, turning to grip Stiles’ in turn. Claws tracing down his palm. “What do I get out of that?”

“Why should you listen to me? Uhh...” Stiles ran his free hand through his hair. “Because you like me? Because it’s the right thing to do?”

“Hmm, you’re right. I do like you Stiles, but still, what do I get out of that?” Peter looked at Stiles, his attention finally off of the car.

Stiles gulped, Peter’s claws moving dangerously close to his racing pulse. “What do you want?”

“A kiss.” Peter said with a smirk, “A kiss to make up for my unfortunate experience, seems like a fair trade.”

“Uhhh...” Stiles stuttered. “Su...sure?”

It happened quicker than Stiles could register. Peter’s hand a warm presence on the back of his neck, drawing him in. Mouth firmly pressed against his, Peter’s tongue quickly demanded entrance. Peter’s clawed hand still grasped him, fingers wrapped around his wrist. A strange feeling crept up in Stiles’ chest, the feel of his pulse hammering against Peter’s fingers reminding him of a moment many years ago. He knew he was flushed, could feel the heat in his cheeks. All at once Stiles’ body seemed to come to life, his free hand reached up to pull

Peter closer. Their legs slotted together as Peter's mouth moved down to his neck, sucking and biting roughly as Stiles grinded against him.

"You know, you're quite pretty like this," Peter spoke in his ear, the deep rumble of his voice going right to Stiles' cock. "Makes me almost want to keep you."

Stiles whimpered, uncertain if the idea of being kept was arousing or terrifying.

Peter smirked, "Maybe next time."

And just like that, Peter was gone. Quickly stalking across the parking lot, out of sight before Stiles even moved off the car. His hand reached up to touch his lips, still not quite sure what had just happened. Well, at least he stopped Peter from keying the car with his claws so... silver lining?

Chapter 2: Malia

Chapter Notes

unbeta-ed because reasons

enjoy some vague hints at het sex because i dont write proper porn anymore

Malia had all but dropped off the map after they had all graduated. She came to pack meetings when she felt like it and helped Derek and Peter when they were rebuilding the old Hale house. Beyond that, she seemed to spend most of her time in the woods. The downside to that was the frequent calls the sheriff's department got about either a rabid coyote or an angry recluse yelling at children goofing off in the woods. Luckily, Stiles has been able to put out enough of those fires that it hasn't become a serious problem. Unluckily, that meant that Stiles was the one constantly going down to the forest to put out said fires.

It was about a week and a half after the *incident* (as Stiles had begun to call it), when he received one of those familiar calls about a coyote seen chasing pets and their owners out of the woods. His gentle reminder to the caller that the land was private property and that they shouldn't be walking their dog on it anyways was disregarded as per usual. Mrs. Wilson was just haughty enough to believe that laws like that just didn't apply to her.

Stiles sighed as he parked his car at the Hale house, walking straight into the woods in a way that only someone familiar with the area could. There weren't much for paths on this side of the forest, especially in comparison to the side that bordered suburbia, but Stiles knew that that meant he was more likely to find Malia on this side. Contrary to what Mrs. Wilson's high pitched screeching might tell you, Malia didn't usually seek people out in the woods. After the death of her adoptive father a few years ago, she went back to the reclusive ways of her childhood. Though, at least this time she had enough of a mind left to come out and socialize sometimes.

Stiles started whistling, letting Malia know it was him just in case his scent hadn't quite reached her yet. It didn't take her long for her to find him, Stiles barely heard her feet hit the ground behind him as she jumped from a tree.

"She was being mean to her dog," Malia said, staring at her nails and pointedly not looking at Stiles.

"Hi, Malia, nice to see you too. I'm doing good, thanks for asking!" Stiles plopped down against a tree, grinning up at her.

She sits next to him, moving effortlessly graceful in a way that Stiles couldn't pull off if he was trying.

“I’m glad you’re doing good, Stiles.” Malia’s shoulder nudged against his, something most would take for accidental. Luckily Stiles wasn’t most people. “Thought something might have been up after a story I heard the other day.”

“Malia Tate Hale, a gossip? Why I never!” Stiles’ faux aghast was overly dramatic in true Stiles fashion.

Malia snorted, “You know I would have thought it was a rumour if I didn’t know myself how much you like getting pushed up against things...” She trailed off and Stiles could all but hear the smirk. Must be genetic.

“Yeah, well, I didn’t exactly plan it.” He huffed, feeling oddly defensive.

She laughed at that, the sharp clear noise startled him, making Stiles turn towards her. Malia was smiling at him, eyes twinkling as she reached for his face. Stiles knew that look. Stiles was intimately familiar with that look. He leaned in to meet her. The kiss was sweet, almost platonic before it turned heated. Stiles felt his eyes flutter closed as Malia moved to straddle his lap, pushing his back firmly against the tree. His hands sought out her hips, quickly falling into familiar motions to pull her in closer. The heat of her tongue as it pressed against his made him whine, wanting to drown in that heat.

Malia’s hands pulled at his shirt, tugging it up over his head and Stiles was beyond game. He pulled at hers, she let him pull it up over her chest but stopped him there. She wasn’t wearing a bra and Stiles found himself immediately drawn in. Her skin was preternaturally warm, something Stiles had always enjoyed. He cupped her breast, dropping soft kisses against her skin before moving on to lick and suck at her nipple. Something he knew would drive Malia wild. This time was no different, her hands gripped his hair, pulling him in closer. The tree dug uncomfortably into his back but Stiles couldn’t care, the sting of it made a nice contrast to the heat pressed up against his front.

“Get the condom from your wallet. I want you to fuck me.” Malia pulled his head back by his hair, making his neck arch, as she whispered into his ear. Pausing momentarily to nip at the tendons in his neck.

“Yeah, yeah okay.” Stiles reached down to fumble for his wallet, struggling not to flush as he realized just how well Malia was able to hold him in place without even trying. “Can’t get to it with you in my lap.”

“Hmmm, maybe I’ll just have to get it then.”

Her hands reached around to the back of his jeans, one quickly grabbing his wallet and pulling it out. But her other hand, well, that one wandered a bit further. Stiles shivered, knowing that their position doesn’t allow for her to go further doesn’t make him stop remembering all the times she had gone further. Her claws must be out, digging in just enough for him to feel it.

“Please, can I...?” Stiles motioned towards the condom they both knew was stashed in his wallet.

“Nah, you stay busy. I’ll take care of it.” The dismissal was clear, she’d do it when she was ready and no sooner.

Stiles huffed but willingly went back to worshiping every inch of her body that she had revealed to him. Kissing and licking, sucking marks that quickly disappeared. Hands pressed up against her ass, pulling her close to grind against his thigh, very aware of the few layers separating them. Doing anything he could to bring her pleasure in some hope that it’ll make her go faster. Even though past experience told him that it was a lost cause. Things would happen at Malia’s pace, or they wouldn’t happen at all.

Eventually, Stiles felt her fingers at his zipper. Luckily they were now claw-free, Stiles knew he was much too on edge for that kind of play right now. Although... No, save that for another time. If there is another time... Malia must sense his train of thought, she pulled his face towards her own.

“Eyes on me, don’t let your mind wander. Just focus on me and what we’re doing right now.”

“Yeah... Yeah, okay. I can do that.” Stiles murmured against her lips.

The condom goes on and their pace turns frenzied. The bark is rough against Stiles’ back but the pain just makes everything more intense for him. Their kisses all but dissolved into heavy panting, their faces pressed closely together. The roughness of it was similar, their relationship had been hot and heavy while it had lasted, but the intensity was new. Malia’s supernaturally blue eyes stared at him and Stiles was at a loss. It was all so overwhelming and Stiles knew he wasn’t going to last much longer. He stuttered out just that to Malia and her only response was a low growl. Clinging to her body, Stiles tried to catch his breath.

“So... that was a thing that just happened.”

“You should go visit Derek.”

“Wait, what?” Stiles’ head jolted up, confused at the turn of conversation.

“You. Should. Go. See. Derek.” Malia rolled her eyes as she got up, pressing a brief kiss on his lips before she began pulling her clothes back on.

“Like... now?”

“You parked your car there right?”

“Yeah?” Stiles watched as Malia began to walk further into the woods, his legs still not working enough for him to move after her.

“Then go see him,” Malia yelled over her shoulder.

Stiles haphazardly tucked himself away as his head plonked back against the tree. He couldn’t help but wonder why Scott had put him in charge of babysitting the Hales anyways. At this rate, he was more likely to get them all arrested for public indecency than to stop them from getting into trouble.

Chapter 3: Derek

Chapter Notes

honestly this fic is a dumpster fire and im just glad its done.
unbeta'd because aint nobody got the time for that
and most of this was written under the influence. so... take that for what it's worth.

for as much as i have headcanons and emotions about this concept, writing this as been a
disaster lol so...
godspeed yall

Stiles wasn't sure why he was being sent to go see Derek. Malia seemed to think it would be a good idea, but knowing her that didn't mean much. Malia also thought eating animals raw was a good idea which, frankly, is just gross. Maybe Derek had something to report to the Sheriff's station. It wouldn't be unusual for Derek to seek him out to personally report something. With all his skulking around the forest and town, he's noticed things that others haven't picked up on. Though his supernatural senses certainly played a part in it, it seemed to Stiles that Derek genuinely cared about Beacon Hills. It almost made all the complaint calls they got about a large suspicious male, loitering in front of businesses, worth it. Stiles can't count the number of times he's been in his car only to hear a bolo alert fitting Derek's description.

As he walked, Stiles could feel his shirt rubbing against the scratches on his back. He figured there was a pretty good chance some of them were bleeding. It wasn't an unusual occurrence when they were dating and Stiles found himself smiling at the feeling. The slight sting a pleasant reminder of what had just happened. Something to keep with him in the days to come. As he broke out of the tree line and crossed the yard to the Hale house, Stiles thought briefly about what he must smell like but shrugged it off. No different than how he smelt in high school and that hadn't bothered Derek then. Before Stiles got to the door, Derek opened it and stood blocking the doorway.

"Hey there, Der-bear! How's it hanging?" Stiles asked as he hopped up the stairs.

"Fine. Why are you here, Stiles?" Derek's voice was deceptively blank but Stiles had become adept at reading him. He was tired but not unhappy about seeing Stiles.

"Well I was responding to a call about Malia and then she said I should come to see you... so..." Stiles trailed off, hand scratching the back of his head.

Derek looked at Stiles for a moment, face still impassively blank. He seemed to be happy with whatever he found because he stepped aside and motioned for Stiles to enter. They walked together into the kitchen and Stiles watched as Derek grabbed a couple water bottles

from the fridge. He tossed one to Stiles, who managed to catch it with all his usual grace. They both stood silently, leaning against the counters. Derek didn't say anything as he cautiously watched Stiles. Of course, Stiles couldn't let things be for too long and quickly found himself speaking to older man.

"So... The house is looking pretty nice. Did you update the deck recently?" Stiles added awkwardly.

"You helped me lay down the flooring, Stiles."

"I did do that, didn't I... Huh." Stiles finds himself trailing off, unsure of what to say under Derek's blank stare. Even being able to read Derek wasn't helping him at this moment.

Stiles was about to speak again when Derek cut him off, "I know what you're doing."

"Wh-What?" Stiles stuttered over his response.

"I know Scott asked you to keep an eye on us. Between the three of us, we've been attracting too much attention around town." Derek looked vaguely apologetic, shuffling his feet and staring at the bottle in his hands.

"Sorry, I don't think he means anything by it. Hell," Stiles chuckles nervously. "You're not even the one he's really worried about. Worst that you do is lurk around and look vaguely threatening. Peter can actually be dangerous and Malia just hates people."

"Well... Regardless, I just wanted to let you know that you don't have to worry about me. My wolf likes to think protecting Beacon Hills is its job. But... I'll stop. You don't have to look out for me like the others..." Derek trails off, stammering over the last few words.

Stiles looks up at that, unused to hearing that amount of uncertainty from Derek. "Wait... Are you blushing? Oh my god, did Peter tell you what happened?" Stiles groaned, "I swear to god that man is a gossipy bitch. And of course, you can smell what just happened. Oh lord, I am sorry Derek. You probably do NOT want to think of your family that way."

Stiles had begun to ramble, immediately entering into some form of damage control. Derek cut him off, "No! It's okay. I mean, I don't want to hear details or anything but uh..." Derek's face was beet red by this point, he was pointedly looking anywhere except at Stiles. "It's nice to know that someone's taking care of them."

Stiles pauses for a moment, taking the time to carefully think about what Derek just said and the many small non-verbal cues he showed. Translating things from Derek speak to regular English.

"What about you?"

Derek startled at that, eyes wide as he looked up at Stiles. Stiles repeated the question. "What about you, Derek? Who's taking care of you?"

Derek's eyes narrowed, "I don't need someone to take after me, Stiles."

“I know. But it’s okay to want it.” Stiles said simply as he shrugged.

Derek’s face softened, he didn’t respond.

“I don’t mind taking care of people, you know. In fact, I kinda like doing it.” Stiles takes a step forward, trying not to crowd Derek but still wanting to clearly show his intentions. Give Derek a chance to respond.

Derek steps closer, angling their bodies to let himself be backed against the counter. He reached for Stiles’ hand, tugging him the rest of the way.

“What does *taking care of* entail, exactly?” Derek smiled at him. A small, half smile, but something that was as close to bliss as Stiles had ever seen on the older man’s face.

“Well... Instead of lurking around downtown by yourself we could walk and hang out there together. Definitely less suspicious that way.”

“Makes sense.”

“And we could work together to help Beacon Hills so you can help protect it even beyond the pack stuff.”

“Anything else?”

Stiles was on a roll at this point. “We could also hang out, and maybe hold hands and maybe go on date.”

“Dates, eh?”

Stiles nodded, gaining confidence in the direction he was going. “They’ll be very romantic and sweet and I’ll probably buy you flowers too. Do you like flowers? Maybe chocolates. I know you have a sweet tooth even though you try to hide it from everyone. I don’t know why it’s not like people wouldn’t take you seriously just because of you...”

Derek cut him off, closing the distance between them and pressing his lips against Stiles. The kiss was short and sweet but Stiles still felt himself melting into it. The warm press of Derek’s lips against his had the uncanny ability to stop his thoughts dead in their tracks.

“I’ve decided I’m okay with you taking care of me.” Derek murmured against his lips. Pulling back just enough for Stiles to see the smile in his eyes. “With taking care of all of us.”

Stiles hesitates briefly while his brain reboots. “That won’t be weird for you? I mean, I don’t know what’s actually happening with either of them long term. But I just want to be clear about things.”

“It’s fine. Actually, it’s better than fine. I... I think I like it like this. Not that I’m into it or anything but uh...” Derek’s blush returned and Stiles couldn’t help but fall in love a little more.

“No, it’s okay. I get it. Pack’s important to you and knowing that your pack, your family, is taken care of is important to you.”

Derek looked like he was searching for a way to better explain himself, closing his eyes in thought briefly before continuing. “The day you and Peter... ran into each other. He came home happier than I’ve seen him in a long time. I don’t know what it is he needs, but I think he needs a part of what you are. Same with Malia. And I think it’s different than what we would be doing, and so it all kind of fits together in some weird way.”

Stiles smiled as he leaned forward to kiss Derek again, wrapping his arms around his neck.

“Weird sounds about right, but that’s our lives in a nutshell eh?”

Derek doesn’t answer him, but for once it’s not because he’s brooding in silence. It’s because his mouth is otherwise occupied.

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