

## Soulmate Panties

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# Soulmate Panties

by [RebaK1tten](#)

## Summary

The clothes you lose in the dryer end up with your soulmate.

Stiles finds nice men's underwear, which means someone has some of his underwear.

## Notes

You know those gifs of Dylan wearing the red bra and panties and stockings? Yeah, that.

“Scott! You need to come over right now! It’s important!” Stiles looks at his phone, willing it to ring. He’s sent a text and left a voicemail and now he has to wait. Waiting is not a skill he’s good at. Not when something this important has happened.

It’s not long before there’s a pounding on his front door and Stiles rushes to open it before Scott breaks the lock.

“Dude! Are you okay?” Scott pushes his way past Stiles and looks him up and down, along with thoroughly smelling him.

“Stop sniffing me, I’m fine!” Stiles pulls him into his bedroom and then pushes him onto the bed. “I’m sorry if I scared you, but I called because I have amazing news. I have a soulmate.” He reaches into his top drawer and pulls out a pair of men’s underwear.

“You’re kidding? Do you know how rare that is?” Scott leans forward, not wanting to touch the underwear he’s currently studying. “Can you figure anything out from them? I don’t suppose he was kind enough to write his name on the inside tag, was he?”

“No, which would have been helpful, but I don’t think he’s at summer camp.” He sits next to Scott and shows him the front and back of the underwear. “Adam Scott is the brand. I looked them up, they’re like thirty bucks a pair or something ridiculous. Size medium. This pattern happens to be called ‘Sailor.’ And they seem to be roomy enough for the good stuff. A *lot* of the good stuff.”

Scott’s nose wrinkles and he grimaces at his happy friend. “Yeah, good to know, thanks. They look pretty fancy, I guess and those aren’t cheap. Maybe it’ll be that sugar daddy you’re looking for?” Saying that puts a grin on his face.

“Maybe.” He sighs and looks at the back. “Whoever wears these has a nice butt. You can just tell.” He sighs again and asks, “How do I find this guy? Mr. Nice Butt.”

Scott shrugs. He found his soulmates while he was in college. Technically, he had confirmation of his soulmates in college, as he’s known Allison and Isaac since high school. It wasn’t until his sophomore year at U.C. Davis when a pair of striped boxers *and* a pair of pale blue cotton panties showed up in his dryer. He was familiar with both of them by then and the letters “AA” embroidered on the front hip confirmed his suspicions. “I never had to try to figure it out. You know.” He grins and takes the underwear from Stiles, holding it carefully with his finger and thumb.

“Yeah, everyone knows, you and your gilded life.” He watches as Scott looks at the from all sides, face showing his confusion. “What? You look like there’s something. What’re you thinking?”

“There’s something...Something.”

Stiles freezes, waiting to see what Scott says.

“I think I kind of recognize the scent. And I hate you, by the way,” Scott says, bringing the briefs closer to his face and taking a sniff. “Yeah, it’s something that I kind of recognize. Not exactly, but I feel like...maybe I passed this person or I’ve met them or something like that?”

“That’s good, that’s great, Scott!” Stiles crows, thumping Scott on the back. “Okay, which is it? You met them or you passed by them or...”

“Dude, I don’t know! I’m just saying there’s some kind of familiar scent here. I mean, honestly, it could be these belong to a family member of someone I saw at the clinic. Or someone working at the hospital when I brought Mom lunch.” He sighs and pushes the briefs back to Stiles. “Sorry, but that’s all I have.” He turns, giving Stiles a sunny smile. “Hey! At least you know the person is from around here. Or has been here. That’s good, it’s not like your soulmate is in Australia or something!”

“Yeah. Yeah, I guess that’s all true.” He sighs and sniffs the shorts himself and nods. “I feel like I know this scent, too. Or like you said, it’s familiar if not one I know.” He looks at Scott and asks, “Do you think it’s pack? Please. Because if it’s Theo, I’m outta here, soulmate or not. Or Liam. He’s just a baby.”

“I don’t know, Stiles! They’re washed, thank god, and clean! I’m not getting a whole scent, just a – just a thought of a scent, I guess. Like I said, it’s something familiar, but I can’t tell you exactly who.”

“You can tell our pack members apart, right? Please tell me you can tell them apart by their scents.”

Scott snorts and shakes his head. “Yeah, if they’re around or left something that smells like them. This smells like laundry detergent and your hot little hands!”

“But there’s the scent of someone, right? Someone in the pack? I think it’s someone in the pack.” Stiles smells again, shutting his eyes. “It smells familiar – like I know it. It’s not like smelling a person, but...”

“You know all the pack’s smells? Seriously?”

“You *don’t* know all the pack’s smells?” He stands, shoving the pants into the pouch on his sweatshirt. “I can’t just walk up to people and ask them if I have their underwear. I mean, if my soulmate is still here.”

“Well, remember, since you have a soulmate, that means they’ve got a pair of your underwear, too.” Scott shrugs and reaches for his phone, as it notifies him of a text.

“What?”

Scott smiles and says, “Stiles. Soulmates go in both directions, right? So you got some guy’s expensive briefs and your boxers or whatever end up with that guy.” He shrugs and gives Stiles a one-armed hug and he walks to the door. “Gotta run, have my own soulmates to feed.”

Stiles pats him on the back and says, “Yeah. Thanks for coming over.”

“No problem! And congratulations, I forgot to say that.” He turns back to Stiles and gives him a serious, alpha look. “You’ll find him. You’re the best researcher we have in the pack. Before and still.”

Stiles sits on his couch and looks at the small briefs, spread across his lap. “Well, shit,” he says.

There’s a couple of options here and the first is to calm the fuck down. He’s an adult man and the universe doesn’t give you confirmation of your soulmate until you’re 21. He’s 26 now, and finally got his confirmation. Apparently, the universe knew he was too fucked up until now to be a good soulmate.

Or maybe his soulmate, who is obviously over 21, has been too fucked up to be a soulmate to Stiles.

It’s kind of a refreshing thought. He has a soulmate. And his soulmate will love him unequivocally and will understand.

Option two, equally valid, is to freak the fuck out because maybe his soulmate will actually hate him. The universe is like that sometimes.

There isn’t much to do other than multiple loads of laundry, hoping for an update or another pair or whatever. His house has never smelled so clean, with all the sheets, towels, potholders, pillows and anything else that won’t be destroyed by a washing machine, washed. Okay, some pillows won’t survive but he did get another pair of underwear in the third load in the dryer.

Brushing the stringy bits of white fiber off them, he checks the inside label, muttering to himself, “SilkSilky, size medium.” A quick check on his phone and he’s found them. “Three piece, open front? What’s that mean?” He looks at the pair and shrugs. “Must mean the fly front, I guess. Red, which if you ask me, looks kinda maroon, but whatever. Three pack is, holy shit, fifty-nine dollars for three pairs of underwear?” He sets them down and sets down his phone and shrugs. “Okay, my soulmate treats himself nice, doesn’t he? Well, good for him.” He looks in the dryer and pulls out the remnants of his living room pillow with a sigh. “Maybe these are his only indulgence? Mine cost that much and more.” He sighs again, and cleans out the lint trap, trying not to think of what else he might be missing from the box on the top shelf of his closet.

Friday nights there’s generally a pack get together for whoever wants to show up. The attendees vary, but it’s always at Derek’s loft, a lot of food and whatever movie the pack wants to watch, as long as it doesn’t cost over \$19.95 to rent. Derek has the money, but

always states it's the principle. Just because they want to watch something a month before it's on cable for \$9.95, doesn't mean they always get what they want. He still grumbles about Five Nights at Freddy's.

So, on Friday, they're all at the loft, milling around the dining room table covered with take out from the favorite Thai restaurant. When the elevator to the loft starts, everyone looks around to see who is arriving late. Everyone but Derek, who just smiles to himself and spoons up more of the red curry with chicken.

The door to the loft is pushed open with a thud. "Hello, children. Did you miss me?" Peter asks, walking in with a frown. "Wow, warn a guy before you assault someone's nose next time."

"Speaking of assault, what are you doing here?" Liam asks, stepping in front of Scott.

"Oh, aren't you adorable, look at you protecting your alpha. I'm so very *very* impressed." Peter rolls his eyes and asks, "I don't suppose there's any fresh rolls? The food on the airplane is best not spoken about."

"Peter. I'm sure you remember everyone. At least faces if not names." Derek points across the table and smiles. "Of course there's fresh rolls. You and Lydia do have something in common."

"Frightening." Lydia looks him up and down and says, "I guess New York is treating you well. I hope you haven't destroyed anything there. Malia and I are going to see *The Notebook* later this fall."

"Charming." Peter takes a breath and moves around the table, smirking as Pack 2.0 moves away from him. He never bothered learning their names, moving away as soon as everyone scattered for college. "And yes, I left New York untouched."

"Scott, he shouldn't be here, should he?" Liam asks, eyes shining brightly, crouching slightly as he stares at Peter.

"No. No, he shouldn't be. A wolf who isn't pack needs to ask permission to enter into another's territory. And this is my territory," Scott answers. The fact he glances at Derek while making this assertion lessens the strength of the statement.

"Your territory? Your territory, pup?" Peter seems to concentrate on the table, but his speech has a slight slur like he's trying to keep his fangs in. "As you've been told multiple times, this is the Hale territory. Hale, as in The Hale Veteran's Hall Center and The Hale Burn Unit at Beacon Hills Memorial Hospital, which may as well be called The Hale Memorial Hospital, given how much money we've given to the city to fix it. That one is my personal favorite, of course."

Derek jumps in, saying, "And I told Peter it's okay. I didn't think there'd be any problem with him visiting to see Cora and me."

“I think it’s shit-tastic,” Cora says with a deadpan voice. “Who wouldn’t want a visit from Uncle Peter?”

“Are we doing a show of hands?” Allison asks.

Stiles sits quietly on the loft stairs, aware it’s where Peter used to sit back in the old days, when the pack was small.

“Oh, calm down all of you. I bring you tidings of great joy. Apparently, I have been blessed with a soulmate. I thought you’d be interested in this news, since there seems to be a theory that having a mate calms a wolf down.” Peter looks to where Allison and Isaac are crammed together in a chair. “I can’t say it’s done a whole lot here, but…”

“Good for you, glad to hear it, and when are you leaving?” Scott asks, crossing his arms over his chest. He’s grown into his body, almost as muscled as Derek. His hair is just a little longer than the crew cut Stiles used to have, but it makes Scott look more mature for some reason. He glances at Derek and shrugs. “Sorry, Derek, Cora, but I’m the alpha and I say he goes by the end of the week.”

“Believe me, little boy, I don’t want to stay here any longer than necessary. For your information, I have a pack back home.” He flashes red eyes at Peter, grinning when Scott takes a step back. He holds his hands, just regular human hands, in front of his chest in a gesture of peace. “I’m not here for a challenge. As I said, I’m here because I have a soulmate and wanted to get the advice of my beloved niece and nephew. I’ll visit a few days and take my leave back home.”

Stiles has tried to stay quiet, not wanting the older, hotter wolf to start paying attention to him. “You sound as trustworthy as the Grinch talking to Cindy Loo Who.”

Peter sniffs the air, fangs hanging over his lips. “Ah. I knew you’d be hiding here someplace.”

“You knew where I was all along. Unless you forgot my scent.”

“Impossible,” the wolf says.

“One of you has to leave, the stench is unbearable.” Cora gets up and quickly opens windows in the loft. “Uncle Peter, we’ll talk later, but…”

“I should go,” he says, with a nod to his two relatives. “See the rest of you children later.” He gives a smaller, smug smile to Stiles and leaves the loft.

For a long minute, everyone just sits and tries to recover. Peter can do that to people.

“That was a lot,” Lydia finally says, voicing everyone’s opinion. “Even for me, that was a lot. He’s an alpha now?” She looks at Derek, raising an eyebrow. “Did you know?”

“He told us about it when it happened a couple of months ago,” Derek answers, nodding to Cora who just shrugs. “I think he was trying to suggest we could join his pack without actually saying we should join his pack.”

“You would? Are you considering it?” Scott looks and smells anxious, checking around the room. “Don’t forget, he killed your sister!”

“Jesus, Scott, you are the master of tact! I doubt they could forget it, but don’t forget he was not in his right mind after being, you know, on fire, and in a coma for six years!” Stiles jumps up, pacing around the room, weaving his way around the pack lounging on Derek’s furniture.

“Still, it’s weird. And wrong and he won’t be a good alpha to anyone,” Scott states and Stiles swears *he* can smell the self-righteousness rolling off him.

“Anyway, he has a soulmate, which implies he has a soul.” Lydia looks around the room and asks, “Any takers? Mysterious underwear in your laundry?”

“I thought he went commando.” Isaac shrugs and when everyone stares at him, adds, “What, I’ve seen him shift, there doesn’t seem to be a lot of underwear in sight!”

“Stiles found underwear in his dryer! And you said it’s expensive, and I bet Peter’s the type to buy expensive underwear!” Scott exclaims and actually points at him, because he’s Scott and that’s what he does.

Stiles sighs loudly, crossing his arms over his chest. It does nothing to hide the sound of his heart beating as fast as a rabbit; a rabbit being chased by a wolf. “Look, it’s a coincidence, I’m sure. Do you think Peter wouldn’t have said something or thrown the underwear at me if he thought it was mine? It’s Peter, he lacks subtlety.” He sighs again and flops on the couch, shoving Lydia over a bit. “If it were a Hale, I’d probably choose Derek.”

“Me?” Derek squeaks and then clears his throat before saying, “Me? Did you consider that unlike Peter, I might be straight?”

There’s a moment of silence before the group chuckles and snorts.

“Well, maybe not gay, Derek, but seriously?” Allison asks, elbowing Isaac in the ribs. “I’m waiting for my dad to pull a pair of Under Armours out of his dryer. You two really need to sort out whatever it is you’re doing. Soulmate or not, you’re just dancing around each other.”

“Braeden. What about Braeden?” Derek looks around the room, trying to get agreement. “Malia? You and Braeden get along when she’s here, right? And you know we’re a good couple, right?”

“Don’t pull me into this, Derek. You know I don’t think this shit is important and frankly, I’d leave with Braeden if she’d let me.” She shrugs and looks at Stiles. “And if you’re planning on being mated to my birth father, Stiles, I’d prefer not to get any details. And don’t invite me to the wedding, okay?”



Stiles takes a breath and says, “There’s no mating. There’s no wedding. It’s Peter. Peter and I cannot be soulmates and so this is a ridiculous, time-wasting discussion. Oh, and Derek, you’re as straight as fusilli, so don’t be throwing any stones.”

“Actually... actually, you and Peter aren’t that bad of a match,” Lydia says, tilting her head and studying Stiles in a way that isn’t comfortable. Like he’s a bug on a leaf and she’s considering putting him in a jar – or stepping on him. “You’re both horn dogs. You’re both, to be nice, morally gray.”

“They’re nothing alike!” Scott declares, striding to Stiles and giving his shoulder a hard squeeze. “Stiles is a *good* person. Deep down, he’s good. And shallow or deep, Peter is bad!”

Liam shrugs and says, “He may be good deep down, but sometimes you have to go really deep. I think he was ready to kill me when I first got turned.”

“And Peter isn’t *completely* bad,” Derek says, pouring Lydia the last of the wine and gathering empty plates to take into the kitchen. “He was the pack’s protector, which can be an isolating job. Same as Stiles, sometimes.”

“Stiles isn’t exactly our protector,” Scott says, mostly into Allison’s neck, and a little to the group. “We’re peaceful here; we talk about problems and work them out without violence.”

Stiles doesn’t bother to roll his eyes, the Hales are doing enough of that. “Well on that happy note, I’m leaving. I have to figure out what to say on that ‘Find your Soulmate’ forum. Maybe he’s posted there.”

“Good luck!” Malia shouts out. She’s a good friend, Stiles thinks, much better friend than girlfriend. He doesn’t want to think of being her step-father.

Stiles opens the door to his jeep and jumps back because the jeep isn’t empty. Sitting in the passenger seat, looking as smug as usual, is Peter. “The fuck, Peter? What are you doing here?”

“Hello, Stiles, nice to see you again, too.” He looks over his shoulder towards the loft and puts his hand on Stiles’ arm. “Maybe we should go to your apartment and talk. Away from any prying ears?”

Pulling out of Derek’s parking lot, Stiles hopes the spray of gravel is enough to tell Peter how annoyed he is. And hopefully, his scent is only anger and he’s not betraying anything else through his smell or his pounding heart. Because, dammit, Peter makes sense in his own weird way. They’ve always gotten along, able to make intuitive leaps the others won’t or can’t. They both know the world isn’t black and white, but shades of gray splattered with red blood.

And the wolf is hot like the sun. Legs and neck and broad shoulders and thighs and thighs and...

“Stop looking at me like that. And how do you know I have an apartment? As soon as you get back to Beacon Hills you start creeping around?”

“I can’t stop looking at you when your scent is so intoxicating; I wish I knew what you’re thinking now.” Peter looks out the window, and says, “Left turn here for your place, right? I know because Derek told me. You don’t come back here and not have people know about it. Why are you back here, darling, I thought you escaped this hell hole?”

“I did and I’m not staying.” The jeep squeals taking the corner and Stiles continues, “I’m only home for a couple of months while Dad gets back on his feet. And I’m in an apartment because Lydia’s mom, Natalie, is practically living with Dad and it seems he’s decided part of his rehab includes loud sex. A lot. And loud.”

“It’s good he’ll have someone to look after him when you get back to your life. I’m glad you’re getting out of here. I am as well, back to my pack in New York.”

“You have a pack?”

Peter snorts and rolls his eyes. “Of course I have a pack, Stiles. I’m a good werewolf and a good alpha. What happened before...” He waves away his previous murder spree with a flip of his hand. “I’m hoping Derek and Cora will come back with me. I’m staying until they make a decision. Until all the decisions are made.”

Stiles pulls into the garage and into his parking space and turns to Peter. “Okay, this is my apartment. What do you want?”

The wolf’s eyes glow as red as the bit of lace sticking out of the top of his inside jacket pocket. “What I want is to go into your apartment and discuss our future, of course. My beautiful mate.”

Two pairs of underwear hit Peter in the face. Stiles wasn’t sure he’d be able to do that, but the wolf didn’t even try to stop it, just standing there, smug smile on his face.

“Yours, right? Your fucking underwear shows up in my dryer and now I’m supposed to fall madly in love with you?”

Peter looks at each pair and sets them on the back of the couch, smoothing them out. “Yes, they are mine. I hardly realized they were gone until I started looking. And I didn’t look until I got my presents.” Peter pulls a pair of red panties out of his pocket, straightening them out so they’re next to his more traditional briefs. “After I got these lovely things, I started doing wash every day, hoping I’d get more of a clue. Then I got this in the dryer.” He pulls a bra out of another jacket pocket and spreads it out. “I think this color is called champagne, isn’t it?”

“That doesn’t go in the washer,” Stiles states, looking at his belongings on display next to Peter’s. “It should be hand-washed.”

“It wasn’t in the washer, sweetheart. I found it in the dryer, spread out over a load of towels.” He steps towards Stiles, his hands twitching as he tries to keep from touching, grabbing. “All safe and sound and I’ve treated these with the reverence they deserve. I wasn’t sure they were yours; the scent is washed out of the panties, but the bra...”

“It has a scent? My scent?”

“A beautiful and faint scent from you.” Peter steps forward, trailing his fingers down Stiles’s arm, smiling as Stiles’ smell sweetens. “I’ve always known your scent, darling. I’ve been following you for, how many years now? Is it ten?”

“Ten? Probably, I was fifteen when you first kidnapped me.” Stiles chuckles and shakes his head. “There’s no way this is healthy for either of us, I’m sure. This has to be the definition of grooming. We should be in a Lifetime movie.”

“Probably why we had to wait for each other.” This has to happen, there’s no way Peter can let him go. His wolf is screaming packpackpack and Peter can feel his pack back in New York sending him calm vibes. Not that it’s doing much good, not unless Stiles agrees. “We’ve both gone through all our bullshit and our PTSD and now the gods want it for us.”

“This is the worst idea possible, Peter, but... Fuck it, should we try it?” Stiles wraps a hand around Peter’s neck and whispers, “I mean, if the gods want it, who am I to question? But one thing to talk about, right?”

It’s almost painful to stop the contact, but Peter steps back, so Stiles can talk. Unless things have changed, Stiles paces and gestures and Peter’s been hit in the back of the head before during a lecture.

He nods and leans against Stiles’ couch, trying not to touch Stiles’ underthings. “Please. Tell me whatever you’d like to, tell me rules, tell me what I need to know.”

Stiles nods and starts his pacing in front of Peter, as expected. “I wear what I want to wear because I want to. I’m not trying to look like a woman, I’m a man. If you try to feminize me in any way, it’s over.”

“Seems reasonable.” Peter thinks a minute and says, “I do like to call you ‘Sweetheart.’ Is that okay? Your scent says it’s okay.”

“Yeah.” He smiles and rubs his mouth as his cheeks turn pink. “That’s good, but no ‘baby’ or anything like that. And thank you for asking.” He huffs out a breath and starts to walk towards his kitchen, calling, “You need a drink? I need something. I have beer, it doesn’t have a kick, but do you want one? Or water?”

“Sure. Water, please.” He says, with a shrug. He’ll do whatever Stiles suggests, as long as it keeps him talking. And not kicking him out.

“I don’t shave and I won’t,” Stiles continues, staring at his bottle. “I dress when I want to. I don’t *need* to wear it during sex or anything, but I might if you’re okay with it. If we were to

have sex.” He sighs, turning his back to Peter. “Which we might not because there’s a chance I’m going to spontaneously combust. Is it hot in here?”

Peter takes the chance. He walks up behind Stiles and wraps his arms around him, pulling his mate against his chest, rubbing his face against the back of Stiles’ neck. “You’re fine. It’s fine. You’re free to wear and look however you want. I won’t push you to wear anything or to change who you are. I am *honored*, Stiles, honored the gods chose you for me. And that you’re even considering me.”

Stiles lets out a breath and turns around in Peter’s arms. “I was hoping whoever I got connected to would be good with...stuff, the stuff. I mean, how could I be soulmates with someone who, I don’t know, doesn’t approve or thinks I’m weird or—”

“You’re beautiful and I hope that word is okay, because it’s that or gorgeous. Do you think I could see your outfit? Or am I being pushy?”

“You, pushy?” Stiles snorts and steps back, rubbing his arms as though he’s cold, even when the room is warm. “I’ll tell you what. You show me yours and I’ll show you mine.” He reaches behind Peter and grabs the first pair of underwear that showed up in his dryer. “I’ve thought about the person who owns these.” He turns them over in his hands, caressing the back. “I know you have a nice ass, it’s not like you hide it in baggy pants.” He hands them to Peter and says, “I may need a couple more minutes than you. Is red okay?”

Peter’s shirt hits the floor before Stiles finishes his last sentence. “Red would be wonderful, but any color would be. I’m interested to see what you have and, if you’ll let me, to buy you some more special things.”

“I can always use more briefs.” He shrugs and adds, “I think I’m going to go with more thongs. They aren’t that comfortable, but I’m willing to wear them because I think they make my ass look good. I mean, I’ll wear them until someone takes them off.” His grin is wicked as he turns and walks towards his bedroom, thinking this might be fun, if he can get over his nerves. He calls over his shoulder, “Give me ten minutes and come on in.” It isn’t a question.

At the seven-minute mark, Stiles yells from the bedroom, “Okay, not ten minutes. Apparently, I’m a fast dresser. Un-dresser. Re-dresser. Come on, Peter!”

He’s a vision in red. Red bra and the tiny panties (or whatever Stiles wants to call them) and he’s wearing stockings, fucking red stockings, and a garter belt. A red garter belt and there’s little red hearts where they hold up the sheer, red stockings. Red heels, not too tall, but enough to make Stiles’ walk a bit more hip-shaking. Topped with a sheer red robe that flows behind him, settling at his ankles.

Peter’s speechless, taking a moment to catch his breath and just stare. “I’ve never had my mouth go dry and salivate at the same time. I didn’t know that could happen. You’re... remarkable.”

“Ya make a guy blush, Peter.” Stiles looks down, cheeks pink as he says, “You’re, um, you’re okay and? I mean, some people aren’t.”

“Someone was not okay? With you?” Peter’s eyes shine red, but he keeps his teeth under control. “Is there a name or names you’d like to share? And are you okay with me killing them? I’ll bring you their heads or hearts or whatever you’d like.”

“Wow, you’re *asking* me if it’s okay to kill people? Asking. Boy, you have matured, Peter.” He steps forward and wraps Peter’s arms around himself, tilting his head to let the wolf breath in the scent of his neck. “You know, I didn’t get to admire your outfit.”

“Sexy, snug white underwear with anchors on them. I look unbelievably hot.” He turns his head to kiss Stiles’ mouth, tugging on his lower lip. “Sweetheart, I have to taste you. Please.”

The boy in red steps back and stands with his legs slightly apart, and both arms resting on his head. “Go ahead, Wolf,” he whispers.

Peter drops to his knees and for a moment, just looks up at Stiles, awe on his face. “You’re perfect. And I get to have you, you’re my soulmate?”

“Obviously.” He strokes Peter’s cheek with the back of his hand and says, “You look perfect like that. You’d look even better with my cock in your mouth. Just saying.”

Chuckling, Peter runs his hands up the back of Stiles’ thighs, giving a firm squeeze to his bare ass. He pulls down Stiles’ thong with his teeth, freeing Stiles’ cock. “It does look delicious,” he says, running his tongue on the thick vein underneath. He wraps his lips around the head, sucking gently, feeling the rhythm of Stiles’ thighs tighten and relax in his hands.

He can tell, regretfully, this isn’t going to take long, but he wants to make it as good as possible while he can. Peter does everything he knows and throws in a few extras when Stiles moans and juts his hips forward. He grabs Stiles’ ass, looking up at him with his eyes as red as Stiles’ stockings, letting the younger man fuck his throat.

Peter’s right, Stiles doesn’t last long, shaking as he comes down Peter’s throat with a full-body shudder.

Werewolf reflexes keep Stiles from falling on the floor, and Peter catches him, positioning him on the bed so he can pull Stiles’ head against his shoulder.

Stiles immediately wraps a leg around Peter, nudging his hardon with his thigh. “I’m a bad host, if I’m leaving you with that.” He looks up at Peter, rubbing his beard against Peter’s neck. “So, what ‘cha wanna do with that thing? Your choice, all this needs to be washed anyway.”

Peter moves away enough to look at Stiles, seeing the gleam in his eyes as he stretches out on the bed.

“You do like this don’t you? You like *me*.”

“Good thing, too, as you’re my soulmate. And I’m not letting you forget it.” Peter kneels between Stiles’ legs, shoving his briefs down his thighs. He uses the moisture from his leaking cock to stroke himself, roughly and quickly. They can take their time the next time. “I’m not letting anyone forget it.”

“Oh, you’re gonna come all over me, coat me with your wolfy spunk?”

Peter stops and takes a breath. “Please stop talking, love of my life, you’re ruining the mood.”

“You’ll help me work on the sex talk then. In the meantime, move up here, you need to come on my chest and my, on my face.” Stiles pulls Peter forward, wrapping a hand around his neck and pulling him forward into a biting kiss. “You can bite me, Wolfie. Not to change me, but I don’t mind you leaving marks that can be seen and not just smelled.”

“Stiles,” is all Peter can say, kissing his way to the younger man’s throat, where he leaves a biting bruise on his neck, along with a scratch that slowly bleeds. They don’t break eye contact as Peter continues to stroke himself until he comes with a shudder, splashing on Stiles’ chest, his neck, and around his mouth.

“That’s my man,” Stiles murmurs as Peter falls back on him, this time tucked under Stiles’ arm. “You gonna rub it in or lick it off or what? Before it gets sticky and dry.”

“I’m going to roll both of us in it and you’re going to sleep for a few minutes, please?” He does as he says, rolling them over so he’s back under Stiles’ arm on the other side, wiping his come off Stiles’ face with a finger. “This is my side of the bed. Okay with it?”

“Yes! See, we are destined to be soulmates because I need the other side of my bed. And wherever we end up, I’ll need my pillow.” He grabs something that probably resembled a pillow a few years ago, and shoves it under his head. “You should undress me now,” he orders, lying back to look at Peter. “This will all go to be washed. I wash stuff in the sink usually and hang it to dry in the shower.”

Peter sits up and undoes the garters, both front and back, carefully sliding the damp stockings off Stiles’ legs. He reaches behind Stiles to undo the garter belt, knowing Stiles’ half-shut eyes are on him. “Maybe you should wear the garter belt underneath next time? Just a thought.”

Raising his hips, Stiles lets Peter pull off his panties and reaches behind himself for the clasp in his bra. “Ew, that would ruin the lines. But yeah, we can look into options.” He wipes off his chin and cleans off his hand on Peter’s chest. “If you want. I mean, you’re okay with – this? Me? We’ve known each other forever, why now?”

“We needed time to mature? And no, I’m not sure if that’s you or me and I don’t care, I have you now. You *have* to know I’ve always found you...fascinating. If you’re still worrying, after all this, that I have a concern about your outfits, well, I don’t know how else I can reassure you.” Peter uses the panties to wipe them both off as much as possible. “I may have bookmarked a site or two after finding these in my dryer.” He lets them drop off the side of

the bed and says, “Or, if you were to move to New York with me, there are stores with pretty things. Or tailors.”

“Tailors? That seems a little extreme.”

Peter pulls him close, wiping sticky hair off Stiles’ forehead. “You’ll need suits so I can take you places and show you off. You will move with me, won’t you?”

There’s doubt in Peter’s voice and Stiles is quick to answer. “Yes. I hated my job and they put me on leave. Apparently,” Stiles snuffles into Peter’s neck, and throws his leg over Peter’s. “Apparently, it’s a concern that I find it too easy to understand the motivations of the killer. You might think that would make me a logical candidate for assignment to the Behavioral Analysis Unit, but nope. I’m supposed to talk with a counselor or something. So, fuck that. I was going to figure out what do. I’m quite willing to move with you to New York and be in your pack and, and –”

“And let me give you everything,” Peter finishes, pulling the scratchy blanket up around them. Everything will include new bedding for as long as Stiles lives here.

“Umm, Peter?”

Peter concentrates to hear what Stiles is mumbling, closer to asleep than awake. “Yes, sweetheart?”

“Let’s say, theoretically, there was a person or two who was a bit offensive. Theoretically.”

“Okay, theoretical potential accident victims.”

Stiles look up at him for a moment, amber eyes looking satisfied and a bit dangerous. “Yeah, that. If there’s anyone who needs to be in an accident, I get to help.”

“Of course, my perfect boy,” Peter promises, taking a contented sniff of Stiles’ sweaty hair, watching him relax, small smile on his mate’s face. The universe is never wrong.

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