The Golden Husky and his Shadow

by Gothams_Only_Wolf

Summary

A bed-time story with a little more truth to it than most.
I promised Amethystina this fic ages ago so I'm just gonna post it because if I look at it anymore, I'm gonna throw my tablet.

Hope you all enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jake tucked Beth in with a quiet hum as she grabbed his face with both of her hands and gave him a nuzzle.

"Tell me a story?" Wide hazel eyes pleaded even better than words could. It ran in the family, though, so Jake could only shake his head and smile.

"Mmm, Arabian Nights?"

"No~"

"Cinderella?"

"No~" Beth giggled that time.

"Ah. You want something new." Jake pretended to think about it.

"Yes!"

"Shh. You're supposed to be asleep by now, fierce pup."

"Puh-leaaase?" Beth wiggled down so that only her face and hands showed over the fluffy duvet.

"Alright, alright. How about the Golden Husky and his Shadow?"

"What's that about?"

"Shh. I'll even tell it on the wall if you're good."

"Yay," the whisper-yell was so cute that Jake kissed her forehead.

"In a place long ago, longer now than it seems..."

"Uncle Jake, that's Halloween Town."

"Oh. Oops. You're right, my bad. But it sets the story up so well," Jake pouted and Beth muffled her laugh.

"Sorry."

"In a place long ago, longer now than it seems, an inky figure waited in dreams..."
Jake’s gum had long gone sour by the time he was introduced to his temp team-mates.

"This is Colonel Clay, Staff Sgt. Roque and Sgt. Porteous. They'll be your team for the next month. The other one is around here somewhere. You'll rotate out and be with a new team if you don't fit." His commander announced. "Gentlemen, this is Sgt. Jensen. He's a Shift and good with tech and comms. Trial period only. I'll leave it up to him to tell you what he is."

The silence that descended made Jake huff and Shift, the thick golden fur instantly attracting Sgt. Porteous.

"They call me 'Pooch' but we might have to switch it over to you," Pooch murmured as he scratched behind Jake's pointed ears.

He lolled his tongue and replied, 'You can keep it. Just keep scratching... Ooo, over to the left a little.' Pooch obliged, Jake happily wagging his tail in approval.

'Sir, is this gonna cause any problems?' Jake addressed Colonel Clay and the man took a moment to reply.

It stretched out into a slightly more comfortable silence. "No, I don't think so, Sgt. Jensen. You can gather intel like that?"

'Sure can, Sir. I know most Shifts are wild and all but I like to think I can do some good, Sir.'

"Drop the Sir. You're making me uncomfortable. Just Clay unless we're in front of some yuppy Active idiot." Clay rolled his eyes at that. "And change back, we've got work to do."

Jake didn't meet Staff Sgt. Alvarez until after their first mission. The other Shift slunk into the bar in the wake of the other Losers.

"Cougar, c'mere. Meet our newest tech in the string."

Jake rose an eyebrow at that but swallowed his beer all the same and offered his hand, "Jake Jensen."

"..." The sharp mead-colored eyes swept over him with a dismissive glance. The glossy black hair and the hat made Jake want to reach out and steal it, his inner puppy almost bursting with the need to tease this Shift.

"Alvarez," Clay sighed and Alvarez shook his hand firmly but shortly.

The guy basically high-tailed it out of there afterwards.

"This is gonna sound really rude—What the fuck is his issue with me?" Jake asked in complete bewilderment.

It was Roque who answered. "He's a literal cat. They like routine and this bullshit they're pulling with rotating tech people is pissing him off. You do a good enough job, maybe they'll let you stay."

"Guess I gotta do my job then." Jake snarked and Pooch burst out laughing. Maybe these guys weren't so bad.
They spent the night at the bar, trading old stories about Basic and their old battle buddies.

Chapter End Notes

Comment, complain, ect.
Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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-Mission # 2-

Jake and Pooch made a great intel team. They waited by the bar for thier informant. Jake picked up chatter, his ears swiveling to pick up the short, staticky communication via radio.

'They're sending in a honey-pot. Our informant got caught, the idiot, and gave away our location but not what we look like.'

"Mm," Pooch hummed around his martini, basically saying, "Go on."

'Sounds like they think the target is two men, not a guy and his dog on vacation.'

"Hey, bartender? You seen two tourists? They'd look out of place, tense." The soft voice has Jake glancing at the trap. She's pretty but not Pooch's type. "Kinda stupidly fit."

"Not that I can say. Only tourists that look that way are at the beach, miss. These two are from that cruise-liner." The bartender muttered in Afrikkans.

"Why hello there," The honey-trap knelt down and Jake caught a whiff of sour blood under her sweet perfume. Jake played his part, fluffy tail wagging even in the awful heat. "Bartender, can I get a water for the poor thing? Have you two been here long?"

Pooch smiled, turning up the charm. "Not long enough, clearly. I remember beautiful women when I see them. I definitely would've known who you were, gorgeous."

"What about your dog?"

"We spent most of our day in the cooler parts but I wanted some sun. J here is such a sweetheart that he waits for me to get tired." Pooch fondly ruffled behind Jake's ears as he lapped up the luke-warm water with some ice cubes in it. "Best wingman a guy could ask for."

"That is so cute. Have a good day!"

Jake laid back down in the shade of the bar and panted softly. 'I got her scent. You wanna get outta here?'

Pooch flicked his fingers in a wait a minute kind of way so Jake rolled over and sighed.

Jake cackled as he blew the encampment sky-high with Roque. The glint in his eyes and his mad-dog grin didn't throw his team-mates at all and he let the grin spread.
A sniper shot rang out and blood splattered all over Jake and up the white wall he was resting against.

Jake didn't Shift but it was a near thing. He blinked, squinted through his glasses and wiped them on the clean side of his standard issue shirt.

"Thanks Cougar," Roque dryly murmured. "Did you have to spatter newbie in blood head-to-toe though? He's gonna smell like ass the whole ride back."

"It's nothing, Roque. And that asshole was sneaking up on you," Alvarez, their sniper element, responded with a crackle of the head-set. "Newbie moved to cover you. Hence why he's now covered in blood." The implied Instead of you came through loud and clear.

"Huh. I think we might need you, newbie." Roque looked impressed.

"It's Jensen!"

"Whatever."

Chapter End Notes

Comment, complain, ect.
White Heart Silence

Chapter Notes

A quick thank you to everyone reading this!

Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

By their fifth mission, the Losers had learned four things about Jake.

First, he would talk a mile a minute when he was excited. Literally chat an ear off if they sat still long enough.

Second, excited was his default state. Really, his Shift should have been a clue.

Third, silence was bad. Silence meant that Jake had pulled off the comms. It meant that he was quietly wheezing as his advanced healing tried to remove a bullet lodged in his lower lung.

Fourth—Jake was twice as stubborn as any of them, Clay included. He finished the mission with a blood trail that grew wider as he methodically tore apart their assignment.

His vision was blurring when a dark shadow loomed over him. The white whiskers were bright against the inky fur and Jake reached out with his non-bloody hand.

"Hi... You-you're pretty. An-anyone tell-grk!-you tha' ya' got a white patch? 'S a h-h-heart. Under your chin."

His fingertips brushed the softest fur he'd ever felt in his life before his eyes rolled back in his head.

"I have his location. He's losing blood. Be quick about it." The voice sounded like Alvarez but that couldn't be right...

He jerked awake, cataloging his surroundings and baring his blunt human teeth when unfamiliar people come into the room. When his scramble tugged at the IV in his arm it came rushing back.

Blue locked with gold and Jake gingerly settled back against a mound of pillows. He sheepishly let the nurses take his vitals as his heart calmed down.

"That was a nasty wound. You can die from something like that, Sgt. Jensen, even as a Shifter. You're lucky Staff Sgt. Alvarez located the source of the perforation to your lung cavity."

Jake rolled his eyes and stated plainly, "Dumb it down, Doc. Just because I have a doctorate doesn't mean that kind. Geez."

"Staff Sgt. Alvarez pulled a bullet out of you." The flat reply had Jake grinning in triumph. "You're mostly healed but don't go trying that stunt again any time soon, Sgt. Jensen."

"Can do, Doc." Jake gave a sloppy half-a-salute. The doctor rolled her eyes and threw her hands up
in the air. The quiet lasted for exactly thirty seconds.

Jake wasn't the one to break it, for once.

"Stop being a dog."

"Huh?"

"Pendejo. You do what they tell you, you crave attention and you suffer in silence."

"I'm a Shift." He cocked his head to the side in confusion.

Alvarez groaned and slapped a hand over his face. "That. Stop living up to the stereotypes of a \textit{literal dog}."

Jake bit his tongue. Dog was a default now but... It hadn't always been so.

"Says a metaphorical fucking cat. Who slinks into a bar at the last second, gets pissy when the routine's fucked or they want to keep changing tech guys until Clay said I fit?" He fired back.

Alvarez blinked at his sass, apparently not having realized he embodied cat behavior to that extreme. "But I am a cat."

"Uh-huh." Jake rose a brow.

Alvarez's full lips thinned as he held out his hand; it Shifted into a large black paw and back into a hand in the blink of an eye.

"Ah." Jake shrugged at that. His lung decided to protest the movement. "Oww, oww, oww."

"Idiot." The tone was softer that time as Jake whined at a frequency most wouldn't be able to hear. "Get better."

Chapter End Notes

Comment, complain, ect.
The Evil Paperwork

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for reading this tiny WIP! I don't write The Losers very often so it's nice to see that I can still write them after a hiatus.

Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After that mission, his team wouldn't move without hearing him on the comms. They said it was for operational security but Pooch checked in, followed by Clay, then Roque (the crotchety bastard) and finally, Alvarez.

Jake happily chattered away over the comms about anything but the mission but made sure to use certain code-words for his team during the conversation to let him know where he was at, at any given time, so that they could find him.

The enemy hated Jake's chatter. It sounded like a phone call. It sounded like the ramblings of a teenager at best and a hyper-active college student who drank too much coffee at worst.

The CIA loved it. They thought it was a clever distancing tactic but Jake always grinned when they asked what the code-words had anything to do with the conversation.

He sang too. Off-key when he knew enemy had ears in him, letting his voice warble and crack horrendously. On-key when it was private, soft songs and lullabies in three different languages that soothed Roque and Clay's irritation, Pooch's impatience and rewarded Alvarez's motionlessness.

When the CIA went over the audio files, Jake nabbed the best bits for himself.

"Sgt. Jensen, why are you singing songs in such a... Help me out here, people." The other Colonel begged his team, looking faintly constipated.

"Horrendously awful manner? I only sing like that when the enemy has hacked our comm. feed until I can wrestle it back or I feel like they're listening in." Jake stated succinctly.

He went back to quietly eating his beef jerky, observing most of the room and their quirks. Cataloguing them took him a minute as he kept half-an-ear on the debrief.

After the debrief, he grinned, spun his seat and skipped out of the room. Time to go do dog things!

Jake Shifted outside, taking in the soft, sweet grass and waiting for Spec Ops to notice him.

"What—"

"A dog?"

"Is he a service dog?"

"Does he belong to anyone?"
"Jake," Pooch gave Jake a fly-by pet, skimming the backs of his pointed ears as he did so. "Hey, so he's my dog but he loves pets! He's waiting for someone to give him attention."

"Oh."

"Dude, thank you."

Jake's tongue lolled as he got scratched and petted and eventually flopped over to show his belly for some nice rubs. He whined when the hands pulled away, the troops scattering to the wind. Rolling over showed that the officers had come out of the building.

'Damn officers,' he sighed. He trotted over to Pooch and sat neatly next to Pooch's boots.

"A dog in the compound?" One of the officers asked.

"I left his vest in our section. He's with us, Sir." Roque—Roque?!—murmured quietly. "My apologies."

"It's fine, Sgt. He appears to be well-train—" Jake's lip lifted and he left Pooch to hide behind Roque. "That's odd. Dogs normally like me."


He sat upright and with his tail curled over his front paws.

"My, he's intellegent."

"J, break formation." Jake growled. "At ease. He responds to military style commands. He's technically the squad's but he likes Sgt. Porteous best."

"Would you lend him out?"

"Can't. Govt. property. You can put in a request though." Clay murmured. The rest of the Losers tried not to give away the game, though Roque smelled highly amused and Pooch was about two seconds from laughing.

"Paperwork. Ugh, nevermind."

All of them burst out laughing when they closed the doors of the Loser's SUV.

Chapter End Notes

Comment, complain, ect.

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