Mischief Takes Control

by ract46

Summary

It can be surprising what you find in a box of spare parts you buy on-line. Even more surprising what you can do with it.

Relationships are listed in the order they appear in the story, this does not indicate the importance of the relation to the story. Additional relationship, character, and other tags will be added as the chapters are posted.

This story may contain elements that some readers may consider triggers concerning the dubious/non-consensual activities that occur and are of a sexual and/or violent nature.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
The jeep parts that I ordered have finally arrived.

After everything that had happened with the alpha pack and the Darach – the hell bitch, Jennifer Blake – me, Scott, and Allison are still dealing with the aftermath of the ‘sacrifice’ we did to save our parents. At the same time, we’re still getting used to Scott becoming a ‘True Alpha’, and Derek giving up his alpha-ness to save Cora. And then I have to deal with poor old Roscoe, my beloved jeep, having some repairs needed that duct tape just isn’t going to cover.

I checked with mechanics that carried the parts for Roscoe, but I just didn’t have the near four hundred dollars needed for the parts alone. Finally, I found the parts and tools I needed on eBay for a quarter of the cost; it only took me about three weeks since the ‘sacrifice’. Now I’m relying on Google and YouTube to be my friends and show me exactly where to find the camshaft and how to fit the bearing set.

I’m alone in my bedroom, like that’s a surprise to anyone, sitting on the floor going through the parts in the box that’s been delivered; matching them to the images on my computer screen. I know I’m still tired. And I’m not sure how long I actually slept or whether I remembered to take any of my Adderall; again.

“What the hell is this?” I ask aloud, picking up an object from the box; something that looks like it has nothing to do with a jeep engine. It looks like a smart phone, with the sliding keyboard; a bit like the Samsung Stratosphere, but slightly larger. There’s a logo on the back, ΛΟΓΟΣ; but it isn’t any company logo I recognise. I know I should ignore it and get on with working out how to fix Roscoe, but… I press the power button; surprisingly there is power still in the battery and it comes to life.

The screen lights up with options for creating a user profile; so, I’m thinking that maybe it’s games console of some kind. I create a profile under the user name mischief408, and set up my password; though at twenty characters it’s more of a passphrase. The next screen seems to be related to character creation.

On the right of the screen there is a grey featureless humanoid shape, and on the left, there are a series of tabs going down the screen. They cover physical traits, personality traits, health, abilities, enhanced abilities, knowledge, and so on. These are all in the background; across the centre of the screen is a box saying < select current user or search for target>.

For a fraction of a second I wonder if there is something more to this device, but… no, it has to be a games console. I select the option current user.
The tabbed left-hand side of the screen takes the focus and I scroll down the tabs looking at the options within. Each tab has several checkbox and menu options within it. You can choose the character’s hair colour, eye colour, hair length, muscle tone, body hair; even the sexual organs they had, and the size and shape. The lists seem endless. Then I notice that one of the options already checked on the character was ADHD, and it lists the effects that has on the character.

“Well, this is overly my real-life for a character in a game I’m playing,” I comment to the machine and uncheck that option. It’s then that I notice the character portrait looks a lot like me too; and I haven’t even selected any of the options for hair colour, height or weight yet. I click on another of the tabs and see Nogitsune Possession listed and checked. There’s a list of abilities gained from that, along with a list of flaws; like a contest of wills between the Nogitsune and the host until there’s only the Nogistune left.

“Well, I don’t like the sound of that,” I think aloud, again, “But some of these abilities would be cool.” As I say that a help box pops up, showing me how to take the abilities I want and merge them with the target.

“Isn’t this going to overpower my character, if I can take the abilities I want and forget about the flaws?” I wonder, but I do it anyway.

I play around with the other settings for the character; having fun laughing at the way the character portrait changes as I make him taller, shorter, removes any genitals, gives him a penis, testes, vagina, and breasts; the program warns of a conflict at that point, but gives me options on how to resolve it. In the end, I reset the height, weight, looks and sexual organs back to how they started; except I add a few inches to his height, makes his muscle definition a bit more defined – but not like he was on steroids – and increases the size of his cock, when flaccid and erect. It’s not like I want to play a character that is exactly like me; games are an escape from real life.

Then I click the button to run the program.

“Let’s see what this game looks like,” I think. Only nothing seems to happen.

It shows the program running, but other than a timer counting in seconds beside my character there is nothing different on the screen.

“Hey kiddo, dinner is on the table,” my dad shouts up to me.

“Coming dad,” I shout back; closing over the device and laying it on the bedside table, I head down stairs to eat with dad.

I’m sitting at the table, lifting the last forkful of potato to my mouth when I notice dad staring at me with a frown.

“Are you feeling okay?” he asks, “You look like you’re coming down with a fever.” Now that he mentions it, I do feel kinda groggy, and hot.

“I… I think I’m just tired, and that’s just working out what a camshaft is,” I joke, “I’ll probably just have a shower and head to bed. See how I feel in the morning.”

“Okay kiddo.” But I can still hear the concern in my dad’s voice as I leave the room.
After my shower, I head to my room exhausted. Dropping the towel from around my waist, I fall into my bed. All thoughts of camshafts and rod bearings, or the game device, forgotten as I swiftly fall asleep.

The next morning I’m woken by the sounds of my dad leaving for work.

I grin to myself as my hand trails down under the covers towards my hardened shaft and my fingers grasp almost around the girth…

“What the fuck?!” I shout throwing back the covers in shock, “What the hell?!” I try to control my breathing and not panic as I stare at the mammoth length and girth jutting from between my legs. Slowly, I notice there are other changes too.

My abs have more form to them, my arms and legs have more muscle definition, and… I get out of bed, and look in the full-length mirror… I’m taller. Slowly, it dawns on me; I’m the character I created in the game!

I’m still recognisable as me, I’m still Stiles; it’s just I’m… more.

I tear my gaze away from my reflection; I need to find the device. I search around my desk, the floor where the jeep parts are lying, and then I remember where I discarded it yesterday; on my bedside table. I stride over and pick it up; the is screen showing ‘Program Complete: 10h 35m 58s’.

“What the hell?!” I exclaim, “This ain’t no game. So, what is it? Some kind of reality warping slash rewriting pc?”

‘Yes’ appears on the screen; making me almost drop it in shock.

“How does it work? Magic?”

‘Yes, and no.’

‘Am I talking to someone through this?’ I ask, a certain level of concern starting to settle under my, now awesomely defined, abs.

‘No.’

“Am I talking to the machine?”
‘Yes.’

“Then explain how you work.” Pages start to fill the screen, flashing over each other, “Whoa, whoa, slow down,” and once the device stops flashing up page after page and allows me control, I start reading through the screens of information. Flipping back and forth I become more engrossed in the details, and uncertain of how much I can believe; though the results are evident.

The reality the device can warp or rewrite is limited to ‘sentient, semi-sentient, or pseudo-sentient organic life’. The level of sentience is defined by their capacity to communicate, feel, perceive, problem-solve, and self-awareness; it makes me certain the person that created this is a Star Wars fan, given their definition of sentient life. I can – through using the device – change their body, intelligence, knowledge, personality; I can change their very identity and being.

But, there are limits to what is possible. The device effectively rewrites the DNA and memories of the target. There’s a lot of DNA in a human body, and there is a lot cells and connections in the human brain. But there is a limit; I can’t, for instance, make myself, or anyone else, omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent. The device will only alter what is there.

It seems similar to assigning ability points in a game; like D&D Online, or World of Warcraft. I can have more ability points to assign if I assign flaws. And just as some abilities conflict with each other, so do some flaws, and there are also abilities and flaws that conflict; not all conflicts can be resolved.

I could alter some of the DNA sequences in my body to make me a werewolf, but that would conflict with the Nogitsune. Not that I need to, now that I’m half Nogitsune, which I really should read up on, and half human.

I could rewrite the sequences to make someone younger, could change someone’s gender, sexuality, could mix and match the DNA across species, I could turn Jackson back into a lizard… but could the device affect lizard-breath when he’s in London, there’s nothing I’ve found to say there’s a range limit on this thing.

What I don’t know is, who made this? How did it come to be in the box with the parts I bought online for my jeep? How does it work? How is it powered?

The ‘help pages’ that showed up on the screen claim that it contains a part of the ‘Lance of Longinus’, and that the spear can be used to rewrite reality. Given there are supernatural creatures and magic in the world I probably shouldn’t discount it; it could at least be possible.

Glancing at the time I realise I should really get showered and dressed; Scott should be on his way over to help me try and fix Roscoe. And I’m going to have to think of some way to explain my growth spurt.

I quickly shower and head back to my room to dress, a towel wrapped around my waist. Pulling on a pair of jeans I realise that nothing is going to fit; obviously! My pants are too short, as are the sleeves of my shirts. So, I pull on a red plaid shirt over a grey undershirt, rolling the sleeves up to my elbows – it still feels tight around my chest so I leave the shirt unbuttoned – and a pair of dark olive green short cargo-pants.
I’m going to need a new wardrobe; I’m just not sure how my dad or me is going to be able to afford it.

While I wait for Scott to arrive I review what the device, and I know I should come up with a name for it as it doesn’t seem to have one currently, has listed against me now.

Most of the data is unchanged, my hair colour, eye colour, skin and complexion, I still have my moles, things that I didn’t play around with; but then there are the changes.

My height is now 6’2” instead of the 5’10” I was, my weight is 175lbs where it was 147lbs before, my body fat percentage is listed as fourteen percent not that I know what it was before; I didn’t bother to check. It states the size and girth of my cock, both when soft (8” long / 4” circumference) and erect (13” / 7”); which I had increased from the average size junk I had before. My ADHD is no longer listed under health, and under Enhanced Abilities is listed strength, speed and agility, stamina, vision, hearing, and smell; all listed as coming from being half-Nogitsune.

I don’t pay too much attention to the tab stating that I have a dominant and sadistic nature, it can’t have changed really; I’ve always known I will do what needs to be done. Under the miscellaneous tab the ‘Nogitsune Possession’ has changed to ‘Merged Nogitsune *cannot be reversed’. After this it then lists abilities of: decelerated aging, emotional vampirism, and void walk. I’m going to live longer, and be young and healthy.

“I can live with that,” I laugh aloud.

The emotional vampirism seems to be that I can feed off the negative emotions of people and events around me, their pain, strife, and chaos; especially if I caused it. Not exactly what I was thinking of when I left it checked; I had been thinking more along the lines of like an incubus or a succubus; that kind of emotion. Still, in this town there’s bound to be plenty of chaos and strife to feed on. Void walk sounds useful, the ability to move from one place to another through shadow; but it’s powered from the energy I feed on through the emotional vampirism, which means I’ll have to store up on people’s pain before I can use it. The other entry in this section also lists me as a ‘Spark’, meaning I can manipulate magical forces; something else I need to read up on later.

Looking back and forth through the information on the various tabs there are two things that would be useful to add to myself. One was an ability listed as ‘Perception Filter’. It would mean that essentially, I could make people ignore any inconsistencies about me; how I look, for example, or how slowly I’ll age now, or the Nogitsune part of me. I decide that I’m definitely adding that; don’t want my dad coming home and wondering how I’m suddenly taller than I was last night. He’s only just getting used to there being werewolves; and Scotty being one.

The other is ‘Enhanced Pheromones’, there were several options within this; one was that it would make people more inclined to accept what I said as fact, and to concede to my wishes. That, would be very useful. After all, I’m usually right and the one pulling the furry asses out of the fire. And I figure adding one of the other options, to make me more attractive to other people, can’t be all bad.

I select all the changes I want, and run the program.

While the program is running I flop back on my bed, wondering where the hell Scott is. Checking my phone, I see there two messages from Scott about an hour ago.
“What the fuck?!” I explode as I read the messages from Scott.

<Sorry bro, I need to do some alpha boning with Isaac.>

<*BONDING. Alpha bonding with Isaac. Call you tomorrow.*>

“Yeah, Scotty. Whatever.” I can’t believe he’s letting me down; again. Something that has been getting worse since the sacrifice when he realised how close Isaac and Allison were becoming. I drop my phone beside the device contemplating what to do.

By the time the latest program has finished running, around ninety minutes later, I know what I’m doing. Getting Roscoe fixed without Scott’s help; using my new abilities and the ASPMAN (Application for Sentient Person MANipulation) to do it; it’s a crap name for the device, but I’ll come up with something better later.

I find Andrews’ Auto Repairs on-line, a place that specialises in restoring older model cars. It’s a small one man operation run by Mr Andrews; a twenty-seven-year-old red-head; information that is readily supplied by ASPMAN when I search for him. He’s exclusively straight, with a forceful personality. I gloss over the rest of the information on the guy, deciding that to give me a better chance of getting Roscoe fixed I should move the guy up the Kinsey scale, and give him a less forceful personality. I quickly select the options to change Mr Andrews’s sexuality and make him more submissive, then start the program running; hoping it will complete before I arrive at the auto repair shop.

If I keep off the main roads and take the longer route given Roscoe is in not fit state to be on the road, then Mr Andrews may well be more amenable to helping me out; and the place is on the outskirts of the other side of town.

It takes me a good ten minutes to get Roscoe started, and with all the parts I bought stored in the back I head on my way.

I finally get there around ninety minutes after the program started running, and as I park on the forecourt the device tells me the changes are complete; it seems non-physical changes can be made quicker than physical ones.

I step out of the jeep as a red headed guy comes out to greet me, his hand extended; I read the name Archie emblazoned across the left breast of the dirty overalls he’s wearing.

“Hi, how can I help you?” he beams at me.
“Hi,” I return his smile, taking his hand and holding it tightly as he shakes it, “This place is a bit out of the way, you out here on your own?” I ask, not letting go of the guy’s hand, as I look around at how secluded the place is.

“No, I live above the shop with my girlfriend, Valerie,” he replies, seemingly unfazed by the question, or that he answered it. My pheromones must be working.

“She around?” I’m wondering if I need to worry about her interfering in my plans; I need to get Roscoe back in gleaming fully working order.

“No,” Archie replies a little breathlessly. I turn my head to face him, worrying if there is something wrong, and I’m caught unexpectedly in a kiss as he pulls us together, taking my mouth almost gently.

“What the fuck?!” I jerk back; the kiss was unexpected, and I wonder if my pheromones are maybe too potent, “What do you think you’re doing?”

“I… I’m sorry, I…” Archie looks ashamed and confused by his actions; and with our hands still touching I feel the flow of power from him as I feed off the emotions.

“I’m a minor,” I can feel the fear start to radiate from my prey; so, I amplify it, “And the sheriff’s son.”

“Oh god, please I…”

“I came here to get my car fixed, not to be molested…”

“I don’t… I’ve never… It was just a kiss…”

“That doesn’t make it okay…”

“I know… I didn’t mean… I…”

“I should report you to my dad, make sure you get locked up and can’t abuse any other minor that you like the look of…”

“Please, don’t… I never…”

“Then what are you going to do to convince me?” I snarl at him; getting face to face with him I see his eyes take on a glassy look, and know that my pheromones are working on him. Maybe too well. It’s not exactly how I intended this to go, but I can work with it.

“I…”

“Why don’t we go inside and work things out,” I push the man towards the building he exited a few minutes before.

I follow him into what looks like a small office; there’s a desk, computer, chair, filing cabinet and not much else. Once we are in the enclosed space my pheromones attraction effect on Archie become more oppressive; I see the way his eyes fearfully watch me with a hunger in them, and his tongue darts across his lips. The man is clearly fighting his desires; his new desires that he doesn’t understand. I can’t help the grin that tugs at the corners of my mouth.

“Strip,” I command him.
“Wha…” before Archie can finish asking I step closer to him and slaps him, hard, across the face.

“Strip,” I command again, and this time he quickly removes his overalls and boots, the hunger heavy in his eyes, and a tent clearly visible in his boxers, “Everything,” I clarify, “Then kneel.”

Once the man is naked and kneeling, his hard six inches straining under his new desires, I unzip my cargo pants and pull out my own hard thirteen inches. I feed off the confusion and fear roiling off the kneeling naked prey; who is filled with lust despite his bewilderment.

“So, here’s what’s going to happen,” I smirk at the man, “You’re going to fix my jeep, and keep it running for me. Any problem I have with it, you’ll fix to keep me happy, and you want to keep me happy so that I’ll let you suck my cock; isn’t that true?” Archie can’t take his eyes from the thick hard length swaying from the fly of my pants; he nods dumbly, “Say it, tell me how you want to work on my jeep and keep it running for me, and it won’t cost me a cent.”

“I want to work on your jeep, please let me work on it for you, it won’t cost you anything,” Archie pleads, the other change I made to my pheromones working just as powerfully on him, “I just want to make you happy.”

“Why would you do that?” I ask, full of faux innocence.

“So,” Archie blushes, his eyes darting to the ground and back to my cock, “So, that maybe you’ll let me suck you off,” his gaze rising to meet my eyes with both a look of fear and pleading.

“Then maybe I should let you have a taste of what you’ll get for being a good boy and making me happy,” I take a step forward and rest the crown on my cock at his slightly parted lips, “Open up.”

He opens his mouth as wide as he can as I push the head past his lips; the kneeling man grasps my hips as I grab his head and thrust forward, hitting the back of his throat; not even half of my length in his mouth.

“Mind your teeth,” I remind him with another slap to his face, before shoving my cock back into Archie’s throat, temporarily cutting off his air; all the while feeding of the pain and emotional turmoil the man is drowning in.

When I finally shoot down the naked red-head’s throat I don’t fail to notice how he shoots his own load untouched. I smirk as I pull my cock back until just the head is resting in the man’s mouth, and looks down to see him staring up at him with fearful eyes; I smile down at him, and holding his head firmly in place begin to piss in his mouth.

“Swallow it all,” I warn him, watching in satisfaction as his throat bobs as he takes every drop. When I pull my cock from Archie’s mouth, I wipe off the remaining residue on the still kneeling man’s hair, telling him, “You’re mine now,” before tucking my softening length back in my pants.

“I’ll need a loan of your car until you’ve fixed my jeep, won’t I,” I remind the tear-streaked face looking suppliantly at me.

Archie scrambles to his feet and searches the desk for his keys.

“You better show me which one it is,” I say turning to the door; Archie reaches for his overalls, “Come on, I don’t have time to wait in you getting dressed, but bring your phone,” I laugh as I admonish him. A naked Archie chases after me as I walk out onto the forecourt.
When the naked man catches up to me, he leads me to a two-door red 2005 Ford Mustang GT.

“Nice,” I genuinely smile; taking the keys and the phone from him. I program Archie’s number into my phone under the contact ‘Mechanic’, and my number into Archie’s phone under the contact ‘Master’, then hand Archie his phone back. Archie looks at the new contact information on his screen. “This way you’ll know it’s me calling you for an update on how my jeep is, so make sure you’re going to please me.”

“Did I…” Archie stumbles over his words, “Did I please you today… Master?”

“So far, though you need to work on your deep throating skills,” I cooly say to him, “Though if I’m really pleased with you next time, I might be persuaded to fuck your ass,” I say as I jump into the car. Starting the engine, I roll down the window, “Oh, and you’re going to want to get my permission before coming; so, work on that too. Be seeing you, slave.” I drive off in his car; leaving him standing naked and staring after me.

I’m feeling better than I can ever remember; powerful, and ‘fed’. But it occurs to me that the changes to my pheromones had a far greater effect on the mechanic than I planned. And, as well as it worked out, it’s certainly not an effect I want it having on anyone else.

As I pull into the driveway at home, I’m glad to see that dad’s cruiser is not there. I’ll need to work on toning down my pheromones’ affects before he gets home. I’ll also want to read more on just what I can do with the ASPMAN. I should have checked more carefully what I was changing in the mechanic. That’s a mistake I don’t plan to repeat when I start fixing the wolves.

But, I can’t deny how much I enjoyed using him like that; or the fact that it was the feeling of power over him that fuelled my own orgasm.

My phone rings before I’m even out of the car; it’s my mechanic slave.

“Please,” comes a desperate, sobbed cry as he answers, “Please, Master, I don’t understand… I can’t stop thinking about you. I need… can I come?”

“It’s been less than an hour,” I scold him, “And no, you can’t. You should be working on my jeep, not playing with your dicklet. Don’t call and ask again; it may make me want to remove it.” I hang up on the man; chuckling to myself at the image of the distressed naked red-head needing to blow his load. But also making me realise I need to check exactly how the changes I made, and my pheromones, have affected him.

I head into the house, and up to my room to work on the changes I need to make to myself, to
reduce the effects of my pheromones, before my dad gets home.

Then I’ll start on dinner; maybe allow him some actual red meat tonight. I should review my dad’s health on ASPMAN; I can improve him too to ensure he’s not at risk of any coronary health issues. Then check on the mechanic; then plan how to fix the wolves the way I want them.
Scott has been an absolute bitch; he is, literally, the worst best friend. Constantly forgetting plans he’d made with me, or changing them at the last minute because he needs to talk with Allison, or with Isaac. Like he didn’t get enough time to talk with them at school during lunch or between classes. But it doesn’t matter; not now. I have been planning, and today things will start to change. Well, they should have already started.

I put the program into the ASPMAN, Application for Sentient Person MANipulation, device and ran it a couple of weeks ago. Scott should be struggling by now, trying to deal with the changes, and I’m going to help him; that’s what best friends do, right? And this plan is more refined, subtler than what I did to…with the mechanic.

After accidently, and it was an accident, I didn’t know the affects would be so strong; so, yeah, after accidently making the mechanic, Archie Andrews, my slave, I toned down the power on my enhanced pheromone effects; both for attraction to me and obeying me. I didn’t want either affecting my dad the same way. As the device dialled back the pheromones I read some more of the help files and realised why my emotional vampirism fed so well on my slave, Archie.

I hadn’t done anything to the guy’s knowledge of himself to accept the changes I had made. Archie knew he was straight, that he wasn’t submissive; and yet he found himself sexually attracted to a guy and needing to obey him. The man’s mind was in turmoil; breaking apart on the contradiction of his self-awareness and the new reality I had given him. If left unchecked, it could cause a total breakdown. I didn’t want that, but I did still want an obedient slave mechanic I could feed from.

I couldn’t just change what the guy knew about himself; not when he had family and a girlfriend that would question any contradiction of what they knew of him. So, I had to be careful; making slight changes to my mechanic slave each night. Not to undo the changes, but to make him more accepting of his new self.

It has been causing friction between him and his girlfriend. Especially as I haven’t allowed him to fuck her; my rule of not coming without permission meaning that Archie has had to eat her out most nights. Something he now intensely dislikes as he’d rather be swallowing down my dick. I even had him email me a video of him practicing deep-throating a banana. It’s hilarious; watching him nearly choke on it, I nearly cried I laughed so hard.

So, with Scott, I knew I had to be more careful. I’ve been slowly applying the changes to him over the last two weeks. After my training session with Deaton today, I should finally get to see the start of the results. Scott’s working at the clinic today, and I will see him there; and start phase two of my plan.
But first I have a mechanic to visit, and a jeep to pick up.

I pull the red Ford Mustang into the forecourt; turning off the engine, I use my enhanced hearing to listen to the argument in the office. A sexually frustrated slave and his equally frustrated girlfriend.

“I told you, I just haven’t been feeling in the mood lately,” I hear Archie practically shout.

“Yeah, you’ve been telling me that since I got back from New York,” there’s anger in the woman’s voice, “But we both know that’s a damn lie, we both know you’ve been in the mood, just not for me!”

“Well, she has that right,’ I smirk to myself.

“This is going to be so good,” I snort as I get out of the car.

“I’m here to pick up my jeep,” I smile as I walk through the door; they both quickly turn to look at me; a startled expression on their faces. My mechanic slave’s face swiftly shifting to a grin; one that makes his girlfriend frown.

“I’ll leave you too it,” she says stomping towards the door, turning to Archie she adds, “We’ll continue this later.” She brushes past me and closes the door as she leaves.

“I trust you remember what I promised you if I was happy with the way you fixed my jeep, and that’s why you’re smiling so much,” I tease the mechanic.

“Ye… yes,” he replies, blushing as he looks to the ground, before looking back at me, the insistent look I give him making him softly add, “Yes, Master.” I can already pick up on the nervousness of the man; I can guess that he’s worried that his girlfriend will overhear something. I know she will.

“So, show me,” I demand, and Archie leads me to the bay where my precious jeep is sitting.

“Wearing the butt plug I told you to buy?” I ask as I look over the work done to my Roscoe.

“Yes, Master,” is the nervous reply. Archie keeps looking around him, like he expects his girlfriend to be there. And I’m eating up the warring emotions flowing from him.

“Let me see,” I suddenly command a promptly stricken Archie, “Strip.” I enjoy the fear coming from him; I know it’s not a fear of me, but of being caught. But the fear isn’t enough to stop Archie stripping naked, or from sporting a solid erection that is dripping his arousal on the cement.
floor.

“Now turn around, spread your feet wide, and grab your ankles.”

Archie quickly complies, and I can see the thick black rubber plug nestled between the man’s cheeks.

“Good slave-boy,” I praise him, “Now show me what you’ve done to my jeep.”

As the still naked man talks me through all the work he’s carried out on my jeep, it’s obvious just how much he is trying to please. He’s practically built a new engine, given the parts he’s replaced, and he’s replaced the stereo with a new one that has a seven-inch touch-screen display, Bluetooth and USB connections, and a rear-view camera.

He’s put in a lot of work, knowing his only payment is going to be getting to come; either from my cock down his throat or in his ass.

“I guess you’ve pleased me enough to get a reward,” I say casually as I walk to the front of the jeep, resting my ass against the hood I open my fly and pull out my soft dick, “So, get your mouth to work so I can fuck you.”

The naked mechanic is on his knees in front of me in an instant, his mouth taking the soft flesh into him as he sucks and works his tongue around the crown.

“That’s it, get me hard,” I pant at him, my hands fisting in the red-head’s hair, “Get me hard so I can fuck your ass and make you come.”

Archie moans with want and need around my hardening column sliding between his lips.

“Up,” I order, “Brace yourself against that bench over there,” I direct him to the bench in clear view of the open doorway we came through. Archie quickly complies.

As he bends over, grasping the side of the bench with his hands, I kick his feet a little further apart and pull the butt plug from his ass, before I thrust my cock into the opened entrance. Archie gasps in pain, and the crown of my cock has only just breached inside.

“Shut up,” I shout at him, slapping his ass hard, again and again, as I say, “Do you want your girlfriend running in here to find out what the noise is and see you like this?”

“N… No, Master,” Archie replies as I slide my cock deeper, and start hitting his prostate. With every nudge against the bundle of nerve endings the naked mechanic’s moans and cries increase in volume.

“Please… please, Master…”

“Please what?” I ask as I slide my hands along the man’s body until I’m teasing and tweaking his nipples, “Please stop?”

“No, no, please, please let me come,” he screams in reply.

“Okay,” I tell him as I pull and twist his nipples, my cock thrusting vigorously in and out of his ass.
“Oh. My. God!” is heard coming from the doorway as Archie sprays his pent-up release over the bench below him. I ignore Archie’s shocked girlfriend, enjoying the feel of the ass grasping my cock, and continue to thrust while the man I’m fucking turns to see her standing, staring at him.

“Valerie?!?” Archie calls, before gasping as I hit his prostate again.

“This is why we’ve hardly had sex since I got back,” she hisses, “You’ve been seeing this guy behind my back?!! And could you stop fucking?!” she screams.

“Now I can,” I reply as I grasp Archie’s hips and spill my load inside, “He has a such a tight, hot, ass,” I smile at her as I feed off the embarrassment rolling off Archie, and the hurt and confusion from the girlfriend; tears spilling down her cheeks.

As I pull out of the man, I shove the plug back in his ass. Archie grabs his underwear from the floor as I grab his shirt from the floor to wipe my dick with before handing it over to Archie with a smile.

I sit back against Roscoe and enjoy the recriminations, pleading, and mix of confusion, hurt, and fear as the couple squabble in front of me. I only decide to get involved when the girlfriend starts mentioning getting her family’s lawyer involved; as apparently, they have financed Archie’s little auto shop venture.

“You don’t want to do that,” I inform her.

“And why wouldn’t I?!” she shouts at me, “Why should I just let him get away with fucking around behind my back and squandering my family’s money on his boyfriends?”

“I swear, I’ve never done this with anyone else before,” Archie pleads with her again.

“Because,” I interrupt before either of them say anything more, “Despite how much you’re angry at him, you don’t want to see him go to jail. And as I am just a junior in high school, and my dad’s the sheriff, he would go to jail,” I practically revel in the further shock in her expression as she looks between me and the half-dressed Archie.

“So,” I continue, stepping into her space and sure that my pheromones will be persuasive enough, “Whatever else you decide, you do not want to mention Archie’s involvement with me, and his sexual corruption of a minor.”

I pick up the keys to Roscoe, hand Archie the keys to his Mustang, and drive off; leaving them to sort out the mess of their relationship; smiling as I feel refreshed and sated from my feeding.
Deaton was always the one I was wary about since I merged with the Nogitsune. In the three weeks since then, my ability with most magic has increased and comes more easily to me, but Mountain Ash is no-longer my friend. And despite the perception filter, I keep expecting the druid to notice I can’t pass a mountain ash barrier, or pick up the ash anymore.

“You’re making good progress, Stiles,” the vet says at the end of the session, “Though you are still having problems with creating barriers.”

“Maybe it’s just something I’m not going to be able to do,” I huff in reply.

“Maybe,” Deaton replies, “We can try again next week.”

“Thanks doc,” I smile at him; happy that my half-Nogitsune state is still undetected as I head through the door to find the dog cages and Scott.

My arrival at the room couldn’t have been timed better if I’d tried, but even I am shocked at what I see as I walk through the door.

Scott’s supposed to be cleaning the cages that are now empty, and most of them clearly have been. Instead of cleaning out the remaining cage, Scott is on his hands and knees, bending over the large dog sleeping in the only occupied cage. The male Boxer is lying on its side, with its hind legs stretched back. The dog’s large balls are on display, and the tip of its red penis is just peeking out from the sheath. And Scott is dragging his tongue up over the balls and sheath; flicking the end of his tongue over the dog’s exposed tip of its penis.

“What the fuck are you doing Scotty?” I ask, as if I didn’t already know; even if I didn’t think the changes I made to him would have resulted in him acting on them yet.

“Stiles?!” is the startled response as Scott jumps at the sound of my voice, backing away from the cage. I slowly track my gaze back to the cage and what Scott was licking, before turning back to Scott with a smirk. “Nothing, just checking on the dog… not really doing anything, really,” Scott lies. Even if I couldn’t hear the lie in his heartbeat, it’s written all over Scott’s blushing face; the shame and embarrassment evident.

“Bro, we’ve known each other since third grade,” I say seriously, “I can tell when you’re lying,” I look back to look at the cage, widen my eyes as I say, “And what I walked in on you doing…” I turn back to Scott, “It was like you were…”

“NO!” Scott shouts, “Please, Stiles, it’s not… I haven’t… it’s not…” Scott’s panicking, and I’m sure if I don’t intervene he’ll have a heart attack.

“Scott, calm down,” I grab him by the shoulders and pull him into a hug, “My dad’s working tonight, and I was gonna ask if you wanted to come over and have pizza while we played something on the XBOX, how about instead you come over and we have pizza and you tell me what it is, if it isn’t what I think it is. That sound like a good idea?”

There’s silence that seems to stretch out between us; I’m holding Scott while he breathes in my scent, his panic subsiding.

“Okay,” Scott finally answers. I smirk to myself before schooling my features, putting on my friendly smile as I pull back from the hug.
“Okay,” I smile at him, “See you in about an hour?”

“Yeah,” Scott weakly smiles back.

I smile, turn and hide my grin as I walk out the door and to my jeep. So far, everything is going better than planned.

I sit on the stairs, listening to Scott debate with himself on the porch. He arrived about fifteen minutes ago, and hasn’t yet knocked on the door.

“I can’t tell him the truth, I’ll lose my best friend.”

“He’ll think I’m a sick pervert; I am a sick pervert.”

“Who has thoughts like these? Why am I having thoughts like these? I never have before…”

As much as I’m lapping up the emotional self-loathing, I decide to end the self-flagellation.

“Scotty,” I call as I open the door, causing Scott to jump back in surprise, “If you don’t come in soon the pizza will be cold.”

“Um, yeah,” Scott replies as he steps in, closing the door behind him, “How did you know I was out there?”

“Didn’t you see the pizza delivery drive off as you drove up?” I assume he must have, as he arrived just after the delivery, even though I didn’t notice Scott’s bike; I heard him shuffle around outside the door. Enhanced hearing can be a boon.

“Oh, yeah,” Scott accepts my explanation.

We’ve been sitting in my bedroom for nearly twenty minutes, the pizza boxes lying between us on my bed and the pizzas hardly touched. I can almost taste the anxiety rolling off Scott, it’s so strong.

“So,” Scott jumps from the bed at the sound of my voice, and starts pacing.

“I… I can’t… You’ve already guessed what I… I just…”

“Hey, calm down,” I stand and grab his shoulders, “I know I’m usually, well mostly always, right about everything, but, why don’t you tell me your version of what’s going on with you. From the start,” I push the uneaten pizzas to the side and pull Scott down to sit beside me and wrapping an
arm around his shoulder to ensure that Scott is surrounded by my scent; and touch makes feeding off his turmoil easier.

Scott takes a deep breath before he starts.

“A couple of weeks ago I… Well… I woke up like normal, you know…”

“Little Scotty was solid oak.”

“What? Oh,” Scott says as he gets the reference, “Yeah, and so I thought I’d watch my favourite, you know, while I…” Scott tries to subtly indicate he was jacking off.

“So, you were watching some pseudo lesbian porn while spanking little Scott,” I state, making Scott blush redder.

“Yeah,” Scott softly replies, “Only I… I thought maybe I just wasn’t in the mood as much as I thought.”

“But?” I press, knowing Scott must be talking about the day after I ran the ‘Scotty-01’ program. The female form wouldn’t be doing anything to keep Scott in the mood.

“It wasn’t a one off. Whenever I thought about girls like that I’d… little Scotty lost interest,” Scott glances from his hands where he’s picking at his nails to my face, then back again; his voice almost a whisper.

“But that wasn’t the end, was it?”

“No, little Scotty started reacting when…” Scott swallows hard, and I can see how difficult this is for him to say, but I need him to say it; I want to feel, to feed on, that emotional release from him.

“Bro, come on, you can say it…” I urge him.

“I started getting hard when I saw a dog’s…” Scott sobs, “A dog’s balls, or its cock poking from its sheath.” Program ‘Scotty-02’.

“Okay…”

“But then,” Scott rushes on, and I knows it’s because he’s now scared of not getting everything out, “Then I had a dream. I was… I was su… sucking off a dog, and then it… it fucked me, tied to me, and when I woke up I’d… I’d come and…” the tears are spilling for Scott’s eyes, and I tighten my hug around Scott’s shoulders, “This is so messed up Stiles, my asshole was wet, like it was lubed.” Program ‘Scotty-03’. “Every time I get hard, my asshole starts leaking.”

“Even when you were licking that dog’s balls at the clinic?” I already know the answer.

“Yeah. You gotta help me, I don’t know how to fix this; to fix me.”

“Fix you?” I ask, putting as much confusion into my voice as possible; and trying not to laugh.

“Yeah,” Scott starts to sound panicked again, “There has to be some way to find out how this happened, to make me normal again.”

“Buddy, what if this is your normal…”
“What?! How?! I’ve never had thoughts like these before…”

“I know, I know, but hear me out,” I keep a tight grip on Scott, holding him close to me, “All this started after you found out about Allison and Isaac, right. And Allison was the first girl you were ever serious about; your first real relationship. She was everything to you, you loved her unconditionally, but in the end, she rejected you. You thought you could still get back together, that it wouldn’t be over, and then you find out about her and Isaac. Isaac, your beta,” I stress, “And the only other werewolf you know, Derek, doesn’t exactly have a good track record when it comes to his love life; Kate, then Jennifer. So, maybe your wolf has moved your attraction to something closer to its genus. You are half human half wolf. Wolves and dogs are both Canids. I’m sure if you fucked a female wolf she could carry your cubs, or if you had a womb and a dog fucked you, you could carry its pups,” not that I planned to run program ‘Scotty-05’ any time soon; there was still ‘Scotty-04’ to be run.

“Stiles…” Scott wailed.

“This could all be bullshit,” I say looking at the horror in Scott’s eyes, “But think about how you felt when Allison broke up with you, how you felt when you found out about her and Isaac, and how you’ve felt when you’ve been with them since.”

“I know, but…”

“We could talk to Deaton, ask him if there’s any chance I’m wrong, but, do you really want to tell him you’ve been sexually molesting his male dog patients?”

“Stiles! No! I didn’t… it was only today when you caught me…”

“Maybe it’s something you could control; something that you’ll never do again. It’s just…”

“What?” Scott asks cautiously.

“After I got home I tried searching for stuff about werewolves and dogs, and you know…” I try to be coy about where I’m going with this, “Being sexual. Outside of fan fiction for Supernatural or involving alpha werewolves fully shifted I didn’t really find anything.”

“So?”

“So, I don’t have anything to back up my theory, or to say what giving in to your doggy desires, or even resisting your doggy desires, will do. I think, given Derek isn’t back from South America, we need to talk to Deaton.”

“No!” Scott yells, “I can’t, please Stiles I can’t have him know…”

“We can be careful in how we ask him, make sure he doesn’t know about you sucking one of his doggy patient’s dick.”

“I don’t know…” Scott starts to protest.

“Sleep on it, you can give me your answer at school tomorrow.”
We’re sitting in my jeep after school; I’ve just parked outside of Deaton’s clinic. Scott is so nervous I think he’s going to vibrate fast enough to split his atoms.

“Calm down,” I tell him, settling my hand on the back of his neck and feeding off his emotional distress, “If you want, I’ll do all the talking.”

“Thanks,” he smiles at me, and we get out of Roscoe and head into the clinic.

“So,” I start with, to get Deaton’s attention, “You know how I’m trying to compile my own version of the Argent Bestiary…”

“Yes,” Deaton replies, emotionless as always.

“There’s some questions I’m having trouble finding definitive answers to.”

“There are many questions that we don’t yet have conclusive answers to,” Deaton says.

“Yeah,” there are times I feel like punching him in the face, instead of giving in to the impulse I just smile, “What I was wondering is… well, I’ve recently come across some references to werewolves mating with dogs, and I was curious as to whether this was a common thing, or if it was just something made up by hunters to make werewolves look bad because… you know, hunters, and werewolves being into bestiality.” Scott just whimpers beside me as Deaton’s beady gaze sweeps between us.

“Would this have anything to do with the footage on the security video from the dog cage room with Scott sexually molesting the Boxer?” Deaton robotically asks.

Scott almost bolts for the door, stopped only by Deaton sealing the mountain ash barrier by closing the hatch on the front desk.

“It might,” I answer; Scott just whimpers some more. Deaton just waits for me, or Scott, to say more; I already know it’s not going to be Scott, even before he turned the shade of ‘ready to vomit’ green he’s now sporting. “The True Alpha has found that over the last couple of weeks he’s lost interest in the human female form, any human form really, and that little Scotty only perks up with curiosity for dogs; as long as they have cocks and balls.” Scott sobs beside me, the tears trickle down his cheek. I grab his hand, and he grips back tightly seeking comfort. I smile as I feed from his humiliation. Turning back to Deaton I continue, “Is it possible that it’s natural, with him being a werewolf, or has someone somehow cursed him? If it’s the later can he be turned back into the mostly straight, slightly bi-curious for Isaac, guy that he was?”

“Stiles,” the alpha whines, “Isaac and I were just friends, are just friends. I wasn’t…”

“Yeah, yeah,” I shush him, “So, Doc, which is it? Normal or curse?”

“What makes you think it’s normal?” he asks me; and it sounds like I’m being cross-examined. I tell him what Scott told me, Scott nodding when Deaton looks to him for confirmation, and then I explain my theory I previously told Scott.
“Interesting,” Deaton murmurs, not answering my earlier question, “We can quickly test for a magical cause; any magic responsible for that level of change to a person would leave an impression behind that could be detected,” he informs us.

We follow him into examination room and he has Scott hold something in his open palm. Scott can’t look the vet in the eye, his embarrassment at his employer/mentor knowing he had sucked on the dog’s cock making him hang his head; I feed off the shame he’s feeling.

“I’m not detecting any form of curse,” Deaton says, and Scott’s shoulders slump in defeat.

“I still love you Scotty,” I tell him, wrapping my arms around him and pulling him against me, “Despite your degeneracy.”

“But how? Why?” he asks as he slumps against me.

“I believe that Stiles may have stumbled on the answer to that,” Deaton answers, “I recently recalled coming across some vague reference to this transference of attraction occurring in werewolves before.” That would be the implanted memories from program ‘Deaton-01’.

“There was not much information, as I recall, and I reached out to some contacts to see if they had any reliable information or details on the source of the references,” Deaton resumes; that wasn’t part of the programming and I briefly worry that whoever he talked to may have debunked the implanted details, but he continues, “They too recalled similar references. There were some who thought that it may have been hunter propaganda to dehumanise werewolves, but others recalled the same details that I had remembered. They are searching for any sources now.”

I’m left wondering if I have somehow made up something that is actually real. How could other people have recollections of something I put into Deaton’s memories?

“What did you remember?” I ask Deaton. I want him to be the one to tell Scott this part.

“As I said, the information was vague…”

“But what was it?” Scott exclaims, lifting his sad little face from my shoulder.

“The information came from some fragments of a bestiary, and they were incomplete. They mentioned rare accounts of werewolves and either actual wolves or domestic dogs in sexual relations. One account was of female werewolf whose werewolf mate was killed by hunters. In her grief, she turned to her lover’s domestic dog for comfort and became pregnant with the dog’s pups. The pups were more intelligent than regular dogs, and when they grew became protectors of the rest of the pack and the other packs they were sold to.”

“But I wasn’t grieving, not really,” Scott interrupts, “And I’m male…”

“There was another account in the fragments,” Deaton resumes, “Of a male werewolf who became separated from his pack. Lost in the woods he’s found by a male wolf. The wolf leads him to his den and hides him from the hunters. During the night the wolf mounts him, biting at the back of his neck to claim him as his mate.

When the werewolf leaves in the morning to go back to his pack, the wolf goes with him. At the next full moon, the werewolf finds that he is self-lubricating; I’m sure I don’t need to tell you how
the werewolf and wolf spend the night. By the following full moon, the werewolf has developed a vagina between his scrotum and anus, the wolf mounts him and impregnates him. Again, the pups are more intelligent than regular dogs, and sought after as protectors of the rest of the pack and other packs.”

As Deaton talks, Scott’s anxiety rises. Especially as he recounts the tale of the male werewolf.

“I guess if the pups born of the werewolf and wolf were sought after protectors it would make sense for werewolves to try and hide the existence of such relationships from those outside the packs; particularly hunters who are looking to demonise them,” I add, “And if….”

“No!” Scott states loudly, “No… I just… I just need to fight these desires; to never give in to doing something with… with a dog.”

“That may not be the best course of action,” Deaton advises, a look of concern crossing his face, “Not that I would recommend you breaking State laws by committing bestiality, but there was one account of a werewolf that fought their desire for a Canis familiaris lover; they became feral. To protect the rest of the pack the werewolf had to be killed.”

“But there is nothing to prove any of these accounts are true?” I ask, “They could all be fake hunter tales to make werewolves appear as nothing more than animals; right?”

“I am trying to verify the source of the information and its veracity,” Deaton replies, “Scott needs to decide how to proceed with what is currently known.”

“I…” Scott starts.

“Well, he can sleep on it,” I interrupt him, “If he wants to experiment with his new found sexual attraction, there’s one of the deputies from the K9 unit who’s moving out of state, after the whole serial killing thing, and the dog was injured, so, he’s adopting it and taking it with him. He doesn’t want to leave it in the kennels while he’s out of town and is looking for someone to take it in Friday to Monday. I could ask my dad if I can look after it over the weekend.”

“I don’t know…” Scott starts to object.

“Sleep on it, you can give me your answer at school tomorrow.”

I deliberately get to school just in time to park and rush to class; not giving Scott time to talk to me. I gave him some nice dreams last night. We’re sitting in Mr Yukimura’s class when my phone vibrates. Surreptitiously, I fish the phone out of my pocket and look to see a text from Scott.

<What kind of dog is it?>
I text back a terse.

<Talk about it at lunch.>

I know Scott won’t want to because Isaac, Allison, and Lydia will probably be sitting with us. But I have a plan, and as I see Scott sulk back in his chair, I know it’s going to be fun.

When lunchtime rolls around Scott is practically bouncing with eagerness to talk to me. I quickly get my food and head to a free table, stuffing a mouthful of whatever it is they’re serving as meatloaf into my mouth so I can’t answer as Scott sits across from me.

“So,” the alpha asks, “What kind of dog is it?” I chew my food as I see the others making their way to the table; I can feel Scott getting anxious as he waits for an answer.

“He’s a Belgian Tervuren,” I reply, around the food I haven’t swallowed, as Isaac, Allison, and Lydia sit around us.

“Don’t speak with your mouth full, and what is a Belgian Tervuren?” Lydia edicts and asks, as she sits at the effective head of the table, “Other than a breed of dog.”

“The dog that Scott and I might be looking after this weekend,” I state, “He’s a four-year-old that was part of the K9 unit. His handler is moving out of state, and as the dog was injured and being invalided out he’s adopting him. He needs someone to look after him while he finalises the move in Oregon City.”

“Injured?” Scott asks, “What happened to him?”

“One of his front legs was broken, and while it’s healed, it isn’t as strong as it was. So, he’s been invalided out of the service.”

“I didn’t know you were so keen on dogs,” Lydia remarks as she turns her steely gaze on me.

“I like dogs,” I smile at her, “But, Scott’s the real dog lover.” I hear Scott’s heartbeat soar. Luckily, for Scott, Isaac is too engrossed in his own problems to notice; just as Scott is too concerned about his own issues to realise that his beta has been unusually quiet at the table.

“Really?” Lydia asks in an off-handed manner.

“Yeah,” I bulldoze on, at Scott’s mild panic, “It’s partly why he works at the clinic and wants to be a vet. He loves helping animals and taking care of them.”

“They’re quite big, aren’t they?” Allison adds

“Yeah,” I wiggle my eyebrows suggestively at Scott, who momentarily chokes on his food, “About two feet tall.”

“And can be shy around strangers,” she continues.

“I’m sure Scott can find some way to coax it out of its shell,” I definitely hold back the smirk, “He’s good with animals, especially dogs.”

“I know,” Allison replies, making Scott choke again, “I remember when I brought the dog I hit with my car into the clinic; he was able to calm them down so easily. Of course, now I know that was because he’s a werewolf. So, now he’s an alpha he should have no problem setting the pack
hierarchy with the dog.”

“I don’t know,” I smirk, “I mean this is an ex-service dog; maybe Scott will end up on the bottom.”

At the end of the day, I’m heading to my jeep, Scott calls out as he runs to catch up to me.

“Why’d you have to be like that at lunch,” Scott scowls as he stands next to me at my jeep, “They might have guessed what you meant.”

“I was only joking with you,” I sort of apologise, “And besides, they wouldn’t guess; everything I said was perfectly innocent. Except to you and me, because we know.”

“Still…” the alpha grumbles.

“So, am I asking my dad about the dog?”

“No,” Scott sharply answers. I think my plan has gone awry, until the werewolf just as abruptly says, “Yes. Fuck, I’m a sick person.”

“Yes,” I retort, to Scott’s surprise, “But you’re my best friend, no matter how sick and perverted you are.” I pull him into a hug, and smirk as I feel the alpha relax against me.

My dad was easy to convince. Despite several people willing to help out and take the dog, no-one was actually able to. Either their work schedule would mean the dog would be on its own too long without adequate exercise, or they had kids that they worried would get too attached. So, while my dad is working most of the weekend, he will be around Friday morning to pick up the dog, and Monday morning for the guy to come back and pick up his dog. Scott and I will be taking care of ‘Sarge’, the dog’s name, Friday night until we’re back at school Monday.

I assure my dad that we will make sure the dog gets plenty of exercise, and won’t strain its front leg.

When I tell Scott at school the next day, the alpha tries to hide the effect the thought of spending the weekend with the dog has on him.

“Great,” Scott half smiles. But I hear the uptick in his heartbeat, sees the twitch in the crotch of his pants, and catch the mix of arousal and self-loathing in his scent.

“If you don’t want to do this, I can look after the dog myse…”

“No,” Scott interjects while I’m mid words, “It’s just… I don’t want to risk going feral, end up like
Peter was, but…” he looks around to make sure that no-one around them can hear, “It’s hard for me…” I can’t help but arch my eyebrows as I try to stop from snickering at his choice of words, Scott blushes and switches to whispering as he amends his comment, “I mean it’s difficult; you know how… wrong this is.”

“Not to mention illegal,” I add, making Scott groan and blush even redder, “But I told you, I’ll support you. We’re bros, for life. As long your pervy sex-life is consensual and safe, I’ll help make sure you get laid. Okay?”

“Okay,” Scott replies, his smile weaker, “Thanks buddy.”

“No problem,” I smile back, “I’m gonna be there for you bro.”

When Friday arrives, Scott’s self-flagellation over what he wants to do with the dog has allowed my emotional vampirism to feed well. Not that Scott’s talked about what he wants to do, but I know what the alpha is thinking about when we’re alone together and his scent changes and the crotch of his pants start to twitch.

Scott is practically bouncing in the passenger seat of the jeep as I drive us to my house for the weekend. His scent a combination of excitement, arousal, fear, and disgust. No matter how turned on Scott is about the idea of sex with male dogs, he is always going to have that part of him that hates it about himself. I made sure of that. I might remove it, allow him to full embrace his newly acquired sexual attraction to other canids, but it won’t be any time soon.

“Hey, kiddo,” my dad calls out as he unclips the leash from the dog’s collar, “I’ve just taken him for a walk, he might need another short stop before you turn in for the night; the pooper scooper is with the rest of his stuff. I’ve put the dog bed out in the hall for him.”

Scott hasn’t gotten his jacket off and the dog is trotting over to him and sniffing at his crotch, and pushing its nose into the ass of his jeans. Scott tries not yelp as he pushes at the dog, trying to dissuade him from paying such close attention to those areas.

“Pfui, platz,” dad barks out. The dog backs away from Scott and lies down on the floor.

“Sarge was taught commands in German, a lot of police K9 units do; they use a language that is likely to be uncommon or rarely spoken around their precinct,” Stiles explains to Scott, who’s looking confused by the change in language.

“I need to head into the station early,” my dad says, “If you guys have any problems looking after him give me a call; otherwise I’ll see you in the morning. Okay?”

“It’s fine dad,” I assure him as I hug him before he leaves, telling him, “Besides, I’m sure the alpha
werewolf over here will make sure Sarge is contented.”

I turn to Scott when my dad leave and the door closes behind him.

“Let’s get some food,” I say as we hear the cruiser pull out of the driveway, “Then we can take things to the bedroom,” I add with a suggestive wiggle of his eyebrows.

Scott barely eats any of the pizza when the food is delivered; he sits constantly glancing across to the Sarge lying on the floor in the corner, the dog occasionally sniffing at the air in Scott’s direction making him blush.

“Whatcha thinking about?” I ask him.

“Nothing,” the alpha mumbles.

“Yeah,” I snort at him, I know there’s a riot of conflicting emotions and thoughts running around inside him; the nervousness evident in the fact he has only eaten half a pizza and is sitting like a coiled spring. “Wanna try that again, Scotty?”

“I… this is so wrong…”

“Eating pizza?”

“No, you know what I’m talking about,” Scott turns to me looking hurt and scared, “Me and the dog… you know…”

“How do you plan on actually doing something with Sarge if you can’t even say it?” I tease the wolf.

“Stiles,” Scott whines; I just smirk at him. “Maybe I won’t go feral; maybe I should just tough it out,” Scott huffs.

“You, me, and Sarge, given the way he keeps scenting the air when he looks at you,” Scott blushes furiously as I add, “Know how much you want to ‘do stuff’ with him.” I even make air quotes.

“Just because I want to, doesn’t make it right, would you be this helpful if I wanted to have sex with a gorilla or some girl or boy from sixth grade?”

“Hell no!” I exclaim, “One, a gorilla and a human are not the same genus; a wolf and a dog are. Two, you and I are seventeen, an eleven-year-old from sixth grade is not old enough to know what they are getting into, and legally cannot consent in any state in the US. There’s a big difference between what you want, and those scenarios. Sarge is clearly interested in you, and even I can see the tent you’re making in your pants,” Scott hangs his head, “So, tell me what you want to do Scott.”

“I… I’m scared Stiles. What if I change, like the guy Deaton mentioned, and can get pregnant with puppies? I want the dog to fuck me,” he says, his voice so quiet and full of fear, “But…”

“Then let’s all three of us head up to my bedroom, and see what happens,” I say standing. I know once Scott starts to act on his impulses, he’ll never look back. “Hier, Fuss,” I command Sarge. The dog immediately comes to me, and follows at my heel with a glance back to Scott; who stands and slowly follows.
“Platz,” I instruct Sarge, and he lays down on the carpet next to my bed.

“You might want to get stripped,” I say turning to Scott. The alpha looks bashful as he toes off his sneakers, and with his hands on the edge of his hoodie he freezes. I walk up behind him, and place my hands over his.

“I know this is scary for you,” I whisper in his ear as I stand behind him, not blocking his view of the dog that is about to fuck him, “But I know how much the thought is turning you on. You’re my best friend, my brother, and I’m always going to be there for you. I’m always going to look out for you.” I pull his hoodie over his head, dragging the t-shirt he has on, underneath, up over his abs, revealing his treasure trail of dark hair. He doesn’t stop me, doesn’t say a word. I bend down and pull his boxers down, as he steps out of them, I can see they are soaked with slick, the ass of his pants too. The self-lubrication from Scott’s asshole is dripping down the back of his thighs. He’s self-conscious about it; I can tell, but, his cock is hard and dripping. No matter how much Scott sees this as perverse, he is turned on by the thought. His dripping asshole and cock making it obvious.

“Bleiben,” I command the dog when it stirs at the increased scent of Scott’s arousal; Sarge lays back down with a slight whine, “Why don’t you kneel down beside him,” I direct Scott with a push downward on his shoulders, “And coax his cock from his sheath, with your tongue.” Now it’s Scott’s turn to whine as he looks over at the dog and sees the tip poking from his sheath. Getting down on all fours he crawls over to the dog, biting at his lips as he leans over the canine male that is sprawling on its back. His gaze rests on the tip of the red cock peeking from the sheath, and he strains forward, his tongue slipping over his lips before he laps at the red dog cock and his tongue swipes across the sheath.

Scott groans and his whole body is shuddering as he tries to retain his control.

“Taste good to you buddy,” I smirk, “Keep going, lap away at your stud’s cock; get him ready to fuck his bitch.” Scott returns to the task with increased vigour. His tongue bathing the sheath and cock as more emerges from within. “Such a good puppy,” I praise him, only making Scott whimper with more need; the slick coating his taint and balls where it runs down from his hole.

It isn’t long before Scott is sucking on the red shaft, freed from the dog’s sheath, and coming over the carpet.

“That’s not very good, is it?” I rhetorically ask, “Coming before your stud gets to mount you. You want him to mount you, don’t you?” and I see Scott’s cock twitch with desire at the words.

“Don’t you?” I push for a verbal response.
“Yes,” Scott whines, his body flushed with embarrassment and desire.

“Then why don’t you turn and offer him your ass,” I suggest.

Scott is quick to comply; turning toward the bed and bending to rest his weight on his forearms, his ass in the air. The scent from his slick wet hole telling Sarge all he needs to know. The dog is soon standing behind the alpha werewolf, his tongue lapping the wetness from the back of Scott’s thighs, and teasing the entrance to its source.

“Fuck,” Scott keens, pushing back as the dog’s tongue slips inside him; his cock remaining hard despite his orgasm, and already dripping again, “Please, fuck.”

“Need something puppy?” I mockingly ask him, looking down from my perch on the bed, where I’m sitting at Scott’s head.

“Please, Stiles, please, I need him, fuck, please I need him in me,” Scott pleads.

“Auf,” I direct, and the dog is upon him; his front paws wrapped around Scott’s waist as he thrusts forward, searching for his mark. From Scott’s whimpers, I’m sure the dog hasn’t lined up and is missing the mark. I reach between them and guide the dog’s cock to the waiting hole.

“Fuck,” Scott growls, spreading his legs as the dog rapidly pounds into him.

“Take that stud cock,” I hoarsely whisper at Scott’s ear, “You need that boy pussy filled with a stud dog’s cock don’t you,” Scott moans at my words, pushing back to meet Sage’s thrusts. “Tell me how it feels, Scott; to have your boy pussy fucked by a dog’s dick.”

“Fuck s’good,” Scott slurs, too into the sex to be any more coherent; his moans turning to a yelp as Sarge’s knot ties them and Scott sprays his second orgasm from his untouched cock to join his first on the carpet below him.

“Enjoying that knot, locking you together. You’re gonna want this again, aren’t you puppy?”

“Yessss,” Scott moans, “Fuck it’s s’good.”

“You love being a dog’s bitch, love being fucked by him, being bred by him, while he fills you up, trying to get you full of his puppies,” Scott moans and presses back, my words fuelling his arousal as much as the feel of the knot filling him, “Bet you love the idea; would love to have your belly round with a litter of pups.”

Scott moans as his dick remains hard between his legs.

Sarge mounts and knots him three more times, before he finally walks to his dog bed and lays down. Scott sprayed his own load on the carpet at least once each time.

“This will keep you from leaking all over the bed,” I tell an exhausted Scott as I push a butt plug into the well fucked and sated alpha. A happy alpha judging by the smile fixed on Scott’s face.

I lift Scott onto my bed, before stripping and joining him; I pull the covers over us as he curls up against me.

“Thanks,” Scott mumbles as he wraps an arm around me, “For not hating me.”

“You’re welcome, puppy,” I kiss Scott’s forehead, knowing he’s mine again, “Guess I’m going to
have to talk my dad into letting me get a dog.”

“Hmm?” Scott tiredly asks.

“So that you can have a doggy boyfriend to breed with,” I feel Scott’s dick twitch against my leg at the words, “And don’t go molesting the dogs at the clinic through sexual frustration. I mean we only have Sarge around this weekend; he won’t be here to fuck your boy pussy after Monday.”

“Don’t worry, if my dad agrees we’ll pick out your boyfriend together, okay puppy?” I ask him.

“Okay,” Scott yawns in answer.

I know Scott is well on his way to becoming my pet. Given how quickly he’s taken to being called puppy, I can run program ‘Scotty-04’ soon; leading him further into puppy play and being the bitch for any stud dog I, and only I, set him up with.

Now it’s time for me to run ‘Isaac-02’ and start concentrating on the beta.

Chapter End Notes

Excerpt from Chapter-3 -- Of Isaac

Scott has spent the weekend as Sarge’s bitch; getting fucked morning, noon, and night, by the dog. But only when my dad hasn’t been around. Except for this morning, Scott has this look of longing on his face and Sarge seems eager. It just doesn’t seem right to deny him one last fuck from the dog; he’s going to have to wait until I can arrange another stud for him before he can get his ass bred again.

He’s just finished his shower and walks into my room with the towel around his waist. Sarge perks up as he sees Scott enter, but the dog has gotten to know that he doesn’t get to use his bitch unless he’s naked. I see the want in Scott’s eyes, as he smiles wanly at the dog and reaches for his underwear. So, I pull the towel from his waist, and the dog is immediately on his feet and licking at Scott’s asshole.

“Stiles?!” he quietly hisses at me, “You… your dad’s downstairs…”

“I know puppy, so, you better be quiet while you let Sarge breed you one last time,” I say to him as I push down on his shoulders, getting him on his knees. He hurriedly leans forward to rest on his forearms; moaning as the dog licks at the slick now flowing from his ass and he pushes back to get more of the dog’s tongue in his hole.

Scott’s sitting at the desk next to me, his face scrunched in concentration as he tries to
do the assigned reading and writing the discussion paper.
“Oh SHIT!” is shouted from the desk a few seats down and across from us, and Isaac
leaps from his seat, bolting from the room. The rest of the class dissolving into riotous
laughter and pointing phones to capture images of the fleeing boy; a trail of leaking
piss and dark stains running down his pant legs, his seat wet with a puddle under it.
“Grab Isaac’s and our stuff,” I instruct Scott, “I’ll go catch up with Isaac and check on
him.” Ignoring the teacher, I run after the curly haired wolf before Scott can argue.

I track Isaac’s scent, and the trail of dribbled piss to the toilets near the boy’s locker
room; the ones that mostly never used.
Scott has spent the weekend as Sarge’s bitch; getting fucked morning, noon, and night, by the dog. But only when my dad hasn’t been around. Except for this morning, Scott has this look of longing on his face and Sarge seems eager. It just doesn’t seem right to deny him one last fuck from the dog; he’s going to have to wait until I can arrange another stud for him before he can get his ass bred again.

He’s just finished his shower and walks into my room with the towel around his waist. Sarge perks up as he sees Scott enter, but the dog has gotten to know that he doesn’t get to use his bitch unless he’s naked. I see the want in Scott’s eyes, as he smiles wanly at the dog and reaches for his underwear. So, I pull the towel from his waist, and the dog is immediately on his feet and licking at Scott’s asshole.

“Stiles?!” he quietly hisses at me, “You… your dad’s downstairs…”

“I know puppy, so, you better be quiet while you let Sarge breed you one last time,” I say to him as I push down on his shoulders, getting him on his knees. He hurriedly leans forward to rest on his forearms; moaning as the dog licks at the slick now flowing from his ass and he pushes back to get more of the dog’s tongue in his hole.

“Here,” I say putting the butt plug in his mouth, “Maybe this will keep you quiet enough.”

Sarge quickly mounts Scott, his forelegs locking around his waist. The dog starts thrusting, his cock hitting home and the alpha moans, in pleasure, around the rubber plug gagging his mouth. The dog’s hips thrust wildly with enthusiasm, Sarge pushing deeper and deeper into the boy beneath him, knotting them up swiftly, and his doggy jizz is soon pumping into Scott’s ass.

“That’s it, bitch, take his seed. Let him breed your belly until it’s swollen with his puppies,” I say, and with a groan Scott spills his release onto the rug beneath him before his cock hardens again when Sarge turns settling his ass against him. Scott’s ass muscles working the dog cock buried inside him as it fills him.

“Such a good puppy,” I tell him as I ruffle his hair, and he sighs as he leans into my touch.

“Boys,” my dad’s voice has Scott’s eyes fly open, just as Sarge is pulling his cock from the alpha’s ass, “You’re gonna be late for school if you don’t get a move on.”

“Coming dad,” I call down to him as I pull the butt plug from Scott’s mouth and shove it into his ass to stop the doggy come from leaking out.

Scott hurriedly wipes the back of his thighs, and around the plug, with the towel and gets dressed.

“I should leave a window open, just a crack, to let some air in,” I say as we leave the room, “After
a weekend of you getting screwed by Sarge, and the carpet getting covered in your come, my room needs fumigated.” Scott quietly blushes at my comment as we head down to grab some breakfast.

Sarge whines as Scott and I head to the front door; though I think it has more to do with Scott than me. Scott kneels down beside the dog and hugs him; and Sarge is soon licking at his face.

“Gee, someone is really gonna be missed,” my dad comments.

“Yeah, Scotty is gonna miss the dog a lot,” I say, “They got on great over the weekend, always playing with each other.” I can see Scott blush as he tries to hide his face in the dog’s fur.

“I meant the dog is going to miss Scott,” my dad retorts.

“I’m gonna miss him too,” Scott quietly murmurs as he stands.

“I know bro,” I add, “Now, come on, we’re gonna be late for school.”

Scott is quiet as he sits in the passenger seat of my jeep. He’s staring out of the window with a melancholy look and I think, with the euphoria of his weekend sexcapades wearing off, that his guilt about having let a dog fuck him to mind-blowing orgasms for three days is starting to set in; I can feel my Nogitsune senses tingling at the prospect of feeding off his emotional turmoil.

“What’s up, puppy?” I smile at him as I reach over and clasp the back of his neck, “I’d have thought that after all the jizz you sprayed on the rug in my bedroom you’d still be smiling.” His turmoil tastes so good as it ripples along my arm.

“I…” he starts, but then stops.

“What?” I press him, feigning ignorance, but the concern is real. I want him to eventually accept and enjoy the life I have planned for him; even if he is a little disgusted with himself so that I can keep my Nogitsune side sated.

“I… It doesn’t matter…”

“Come on bro, if something is bothering you it matters,” I cajole him, “So, tell me.”

“I…” he looks down at his hands as he picks at a nail, “I really enjoyed the weekend, and I realised… you know how I usually… like every day, right?” he looks earnestly at me and I realise he’s talking about jacking off every day.

“Yeah…”

“I haven’t since… since things changed…”

“What? I’d have thought you’d be choking little Scott every day at the thought of some big stud dog fucking breeding you.”

“Stiles…” he whines at my comment. “I’d start to, but… I was never able to… to get to the release. No matter what I thought of,” he huffs out, “I guess I’m just getting to understand how sick I am that I need a dog in me to come.”

“And come, and come,” I add, “I mean you came at least twice every time Sarge fucked you, and
once while you sucked him off that time…” he whines again, burying his face in his hands as I pull into the school parking lot. I need to take my hand from his neck as I park, and I make a mental note to check the ASPMAN; I didn’t think I’d changed Scott that much that he wouldn’t be able to have an orgasm without a dog’s cock in him.

“Don’t worry,” I tell him when we get out of the jeep and I pull him into a hug, “We’ll just need to find you an eager stud that will breed your ass every day.”

“I’m such a sick puppy, but I don’t want to go feral” he groans into my neck. I smile at him referring to himself as ‘puppy’. “And what if your dad doesn’t let you get a dog, and what if I can’t come over for… you know, and…”

“Scott,” I stall his questions, “I’ll think of something. Maybe I’ll start a dog walking service, and we’ll take them over to the preserve and find some secluded spot for you to get gang-banged by a whole pack of dogs.” He groans really loudly as I’m talking and the scent of his slick hits my nose. “Okay,” I say pulling back from him, “I’ll file that one under fantasies that puppy may want to act on some day, shall I?”

Scott doesn’t answer, but he blushes profusely.

“Come on; oh, alpha my alpha, let’s get to class,” I say, pulling him along. He walks carefully, but not noticeably different from usual, holding the plug in his ass; we don’t want his slick or the doggy come leaking out of him and soaking his boxers and pants.

“Am I still your alpha? After… everything?” he cautiously asks.

“Of course you’re my alpha,” I tell him, leaning in to whisper in his ear, “Even when you act like a bitch in heat eager to get bred, puppy.” He blushes crimson as I open the door to Finstock’s economics class and walk inside.

It’s nearly lunchtime and we’re reading through a chapter on… I have no idea as I lost interest at the start of the class when the teacher couldn’t even be bothered to turn up and some substitute just assigned a chapter to be read and a discussion paper to be written on it and handed in. So, I wrote nearly a thousand words on why Jesus of Nazareth was not the Son of God; just thinking about the reaction if it’s ever actually read making me smile.

Scott’s sitting at the desk next to me, his face scrunched in concentration as he tries to do the assigned reading and discussion paper.
“Oh SHIT!” is shouted from the desk a few rows down and across from us, and Isaac leaps from his seat, bolting from the room. The rest of the class dissolving into riotous laughter and pointing phones to capture images of the fleeing boy; a trail of leaking piss and dark stains running down his pant legs, his seat wet with a puddle under it.

“Grab Isaac’s and our stuff,” I instruct Scott, “I’ll go catch up with Isaac and check on him.” Ignoring the teacher, I run after the curly haired wolf before Scott can argue.

I track Isaac’s scent, and the trail of dribbled piss to the toilets near the boy’s locker room; the ones that are mostly never used.

“Stiles?!?” I hear Scott shout from behind me as I’m about to enter, I turn to see him running up laden with the stuff we’d left behind in the class, “Shouldn’t I be the one to talk to him? As his alpha…”

“Probably,” I say, “But, given what just happened he might be really embarrassed, and especially worried about what his alpha thinks of him. And.” I add, “You’d be a better guard dog and able to keep anyone from coming in here and seeing him like this, don’t you think?”

“Oh, I guess,” he unhappily pouts, and I push the door open and go in.

Isaac hiding in a stall in a deserted school toilet makes it easy to find him; and anyway, I just need to follow the trail of cold piss on the floor to the only occupied cubicle.

“Go away Stiles,” he weakly growls from behind the closed door before I even say anything.

“No,” I tell him, “Scott is standing outside guarding the door, and I’m not going anywhere; so, open the door and…”

“Let you get a good laugh at the boy who pissed his pants in class,” he snivels, “I’m sure there will be plenty of pictures and videos on-line for you to see.”

“I’m not here to get laugh at you Isaac; do you really think Scott would have let me in here if that was what I wanted?” I ask him, “I know we haven’t exactly got along, but we’re pack. Pack is family. I’m here to see if you’re okay, which right now, you are clearly not. So, I’m not leaving you alone until I’m sure you are.”

There is silence from the other side of the door. There are several long seconds, stretching into minutes, before the lock on the stall door slides and the door swings open. Isaac stands there, looking a mess. His eyes bleary from crying, and the inside leg and front of his pants stained from his piss.

“See, I’m fine. Now you can go,” he says defiantly.

“No, you clearly aren’t,” I retort, walking over and pulling him into a hug. For the program I ran last night, ‘Isaac-02’, to work as intended, I need to make him see me as a source of comfort as quickly as possible. “Let’s get your face washed, while I send Scott to get you clean underwear and pants; do you need clean socks and shoes too?” I ask as I drag him over to the wash basins.

He warily nods his answer, still not fully trusting me.
“Okay,” I say, “You wash your face, while I go speak to Scott.” I head towards the door as I hear water running behind me. I pull the ASPMAN out of my pocket, looking to see if there is some way I can make other people avoid using this bathroom while I talk with Isaac and let my natural persuasiveness — and by that, I mean my pheromones — get him to trust me more.

When I open to door to talk to Scott I see Danny standing there with him; his eyes almost immediately track to the device in my hand.

“Nice phone,” Danny smiles at me, “You must tell me what you think of LOGOS; I found it too powerful for me and went back to my iphone.”

“Um, yeah, we should talk later,” I stumble out as a reply, trying to wrap my head around the Danny possibly knowing more about this device than I do and trying to remember what I was about to tell Scott to do, “Pu… Scotty, Isaac needs some clean clothes, pants, underwear, shoes, socks, can you drive back to yours and get them for him; I’ll try and lock the door so no-one bothers us while he gets cleaned up…”

“Maybe I could stand guard,” Danny offers out of the blue, catching me off guard, again; my thoughts fixating on me nearly saying Puppy instead of Scott.

“Yeah, that would be very helpful,” I reply, getting my mind back on track, while thinking I really need to check Danny out on the ASPMAN — or maybe I should call it what he did, LOGOS — device; he’s starting to ring alarm bells on a Matt/Gerard level. I head back into bathroom and to Isaac, while Scott goes to get his clothes and Danny stands outside to ensure we’re left alone; hopefully. I need to concentrate on Isaac.

“You should get out of those wet clothes,” I inform Isaac, when I see him leaning against the countertop watching me.

“So you can get a good look,” he tries to bait me.

“While I might enjoy the view on any other occasion,” I decide to be honest, “It’s to prevent you getting a skin infection; and before you say, ‘but I’m a werewolf,’” I quickly add when I see him about to argue, “That means your wolf-y immune system fights off disease quickly enough that you never appear to be sick; but if something is already affecting your immune system…”

“Why would you think I was sick?” he growls at me; cutting me off mid-sentence.

“Let me ask you a question,” I respond, “Is this the first time you’ve had an accident like this?” parrying the inquiry I saw forming, I quickly add, “I’ve noticed you’ve been quieter than usual; preoccupied with something, and it hasn’t been Allison.”

He frowns, his brow creasing in consternation as he looks to the ground.

“It’s not the first,” he admits, more quietly adding, “It’s not even the second.”

“Want to talk about it?” I ask; I walk over to stand beside him.

“No,” he pouts. I put my arm around his shoulder, I feel him flinch before I pull him against me and he relaxes as he breathes in my scent, “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“I know,” I tell him, tightening the hug as my hand rubbing up and down his back to comfort him; he melts into the embrace, the touch and scent of pack reducing his resistance, “But I want to help;
not just because Deaton is training me to be the pack’s emissary, or because Scott is our alpha, but because I hope you’d think of me as your friend and not just part of your pack,” I tell him. He’s silent, so I press, “If you talk to me I might be able to help, or at least offer better support.”

“It started a about a week ago,” he quietly mumbles, “I noticed I was going a lot more frequently,” he pauses again, fear of rejection pungent in his scent, even over the cooling piss on his pants. I keep hugging him, my hand running circles on his back to calm him as I feed on his anxiety. Slowly he resumes, “Then one night I lost control when sleeping. Allison woke up screaming at me for pissing on her, and her bed; yelling that she wasn’t into that sort of thing. I was lucky her dad wasn’t home. I told her I didn’t mean to, and that I was still asleep when it happened; she finally believed me. I helped her change the bedding, but then I went home to Scott’s. Things were fine for a few days, then it happened again,” he sobs against my shoulder, “I was with Allison again, and she didn’t believe me this time, she said she knew werewolves don’t get sick, so I couldn’t have a medical problem, and that I was just marking my territory like a dog. We had a huge fight and broke up…”

“That bitch,” I hiss, “First she breaks Scotty’s heart, and now she treats you like that!” I make sure to hold him tightly, and give him the comfort, and security to know he’s safe, that he needs, “Just because the probability of you being sick is practically non-existent doesn’t mean that it isn’t possible; you could have an infection of some sort…”

“You think it’s possible?” he asks, hope creeping into his voice.

“Let’s not get your hopes up,” I warn him, “It might be possible, but it is unlikely. We’ll need to get Deaton to check you out. First though,” I nod towards his wet pants that he’s still wearing, “You need to get out of those and wash the piss off you. As soon as Scott gets back we’ll go see Deaton.”

“Thanks,” he ducks his head as he bashfully turns from me and toes off his sneakers and drops his pants.

“How well are you sleeping?” Deaton asks as him as Isaac rolled the sleeve of this shirt back down. He’d taken some blood and was now preparing it to for the tests he was planning to run.

“I’m not,” Isaac fidgeted as he replied.
“No wonder you’re so stressed and strung out,” I replied.

“How can I sleep?” he asks, “If I… if this were to happen at Scott’s, how could I explain to Mrs McCall that I’d…”

“Hey,” I put my arm around him, “It’s okay, she wouldn’t be mad at you for having an accident, and she’d have had you checked out for an infection before now. You need to get your sleep,” I try my best to sound like an authoritative, concerned parent; it should appeal to the traits I’ve made more dominant in Isaac’s psyche.

“I just don’t want her to be sorry she let me stay there, I don’t want to disappoint her,” he sighs, leaning into my touch.

“You’re not going to disappoint her,” I tell him, while feeding off his fears and anxiety.

“Well,” Deaton sharply exclaims, grabbing our attention, “There is no sign of infection or magic as cause.”

“Could it be stress or psychologically induced?” I ask.

“Possibly,” Deaton is non-comital in his reply, “And lack of sleep is not going to help.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure he gets some sleep,” I inform them.

“But…” Isaac starts to protest.

“It may be worth considering diapers until…”

“What?!” Isaac wails, blushing furiously.

“Don’t worry, I got this doc,” I tell Deaton. Isaac just stands there with his mouth hanging open.

“Shit! Shit!” Isaac cries from the passenger seat of the jeep, “I’m so sorry, I…”

“Don’t worry,” I reassure him, when I look over and see that he’s had another accident, “We can clean up the jeep, after we get you cleaned up. I’ll head home, you can have a shower while I put your clothes in the washer.”
While he’s in the shower I put his clothes on a quick wash cycle and when I get back to my room I fire up some of the sites that gave me the ideas for the programs I created to run for Isaac. It should look to him as if I was just searching for ‘reasons for adults pissing themselves’, and my ADHD – which he doesn’t know I don’t have anymore – leading me down one line of inquiry.

I hear him coming out of the shower. I walk out of my room into the hall as he steps out of the bathroom, his hair damp and unruly, and a towel wrapped around his waist; he looks unsure of himself, lost and in need of support.

“Hey, the washer should be finished now and I’m just going to put your clothes in the dryer,” I tell him.

“Okay,” he softly says as he walks into my room. I’ve left my computer unlocked and the screen showing the websites.

I take my time getting his clothes into the dryer, and once I get back to my room, he’s sitting staring at the pictures on one of the ABDL sites. The pictures are from some Diaper Party that was held somewhere in Europe. There are lots of happy smiling men and women, some dressed in childlike clothes; some only in a diaper.

“How were you looking at these?” he asks me, the trepidation heavy in his voice.

“Why do you think?” I evade.

“I’m not a baby,” he defiantly states.

“I never said you were,” I try to soothe his nerves, “We know you don’t have an infection, but there are other causes of sleep enuresis, bedwetting,” I add at his look of confusion, “Stress can be a factor, anxiety, fear, psychological issues, but I don’t think any of those are the cause in this case; do you?” He shakes his head in reply, so, I continue, “The stress and anxiety came after it started. So, in the time I’ve looked at this I don’t know how sound my theory is, but, is it possible you were feeling safe enough and secure enough that the side of you that wants to be loved and cared for by a parent, like a child should be, started to come out. A little side that wants a family like you should have had.”

He wipes the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand as my words strike a chord with the desires I found in him, sitting just below the surface waiting to be released. Now I just have to give him a safe environment to want to let his little self out. And he should be feeling safe in my room; the place still smells strongly of his alpha, from Scott spending the weekend in here getting fucked by Sarge, plus, I’m pack, and with my enhanced pheromones getting to work on him for the last couple of hours, there’s no reason for him not to feel safe around me.

I see his eyes track back to the photos on screen. One of a group of diapered twentysomethings watching cartoons. Another of a male and female diapered and lying on their stomachs colouring with crayons. A final one of male who is clearly shaved from the neck down having his diaper changed by another guy in jeans and a shirt; the caption reading ‘Mikey getting his diaper changed by Daddy’, yet ‘Daddy’ looks younger than ‘Mikey’. I scent the longing coming from Isaac as he looks at the picture.

“Is that something you want Issy?” I ask him, trying to sound nonchalant, but I need him to admit
his desire to be little.

“I… I shouldn’t,” he barely whispers.

“Why?”

“He told me,” he sobs; I pull him into my arms as he continues, “He said, when he locked me in the… in the basement… he said big boys don’t piss the bed, and that everyone would laugh at me if they knew, and they did and…”

I pull us both over to the bed, and hold him tightly.

He’s talking about his dad, the asshole who abused him; who beat him and locked a scared little boy in an old, thankfully not connected to the power, chest freezer in their basement.

With Scotty, the programs I ran to change him were removing his existing sexual attractions and creating entirely new ones. With Isaac I decided to search what was already there and override his current traits with something pre-existing that he kept hidden. I had no idea that the buried Little persona I pulled near the surface had any connection to his childhood like this; that it would trigger memories of his father. I found his need for comfort, security, of being taken care of, along with a memory of using diapers when he was around eleven or twelve, and brought these close to the surface. Then I ran the program to lessen is control over his bladder.

I didn’t know this side of him was something that his so-called father had punished him for. I just knew there was something that my Nogitsune side could feed on; the embarrassment he’d feel when he lost control and wet himself. I didn’t intend it to be something traumatic for him.

“Issy,” I say to the sobbing teen, “He had no right to treat you like that. A parent, a dad, should take care of their kid; he should have…”

“But he was right, they laughed… they’ll keep making…”

“It doesn’t matter what the other kids at school do or say; Scott won’t laugh at you, I won’t laugh at you. I’ll take care of you, and help you. When you want, or need, to be Little, I’ll be there for you.”

“Why would you?”

“Like I said before, we’re pack, pack is family, and I like taking care of my family.”

He lies there in my arms, silent and still; slowly relaxing against me.

“You’re bound to be tired and in need of some sleep,” I state, “Why don’t I go see if your clothes are dry, we get you dressed and then head to Target and pick up some diapers for you. When we get back, I can put one on you and we can take a nap. That sound good?” I see the want and the wariness in him fighting.

“I… I guess,” he cautiously agrees; the want winning out.

“We can get some warm milk, curl up here on the bed and watch some Voltron or Thundercats or
“Okay,” he whispers; the corners of his mouth briefly quirking upward in an almost smile.

“What if someone sees what we’re buying?” Isaac asks as we’re walking around the store.

“Well, the cashier will definitely see when I’m paying for it,” I reply. I can tell he’s nervous; almost leaning against me. I grab his hand in mine, lacing our fingers together. He looks down at our hands shocked, and I expect him to pull away, but he suddenly relaxes.

“I mean someone from school, or someone we know,” he retorts in hushed tones.

“They won’t know that we’re buying them for you,” I reassure him, “Now, let’s start in this aisle,” I smile at him as I lead him to the shelves containing nursing bottles, formula, and other baby goods. I hear his heart speed up as he looks over the range of clothing, and I think back to the pictures on sites that he saw on my laptop, “We’d need to order them from some specialist sites, we can check them out later if you want.”

“I don’t know,” he quietly says, but the want is clear.

“We can think about it later, for now I was thinking we might need some of these,” I say picking up a two-pack of soft silicone orthodontic pacifiers; he blushes when he sees what I put in the basket, but he smiles softly to himself. The blush only grows when I add a single nine-ounce ‘Playtex Baby VentAire Complete Tummy Comfort’ baby bottle, a tub of diaper rash cream, a pack of diaper wipes, and a two-pack of stage-three nine-ounce ‘Playtex Sipsters Insulated’ sippy cups.

When we get to the adult diapers he’s leaning heavily against me, his grip on my hand tight.

“You okay?” I ask him, he nods in response, “Needing to use the bathroom?” He shakes his head. “Do you want to pick?”

“I don’t like any of them,” he frowns.

“None of them look great,” I respond, “For now, we just want to get something you can use; we can order something more suitable on-line.”

“I guess,” he stifles a yawn, and I know his lack of sleep from keeping himself awake is catching up even with his wolf-y stamina.

“Do you want something light, that looks like regular briefs, if you don’t look too close, or something absorbent to last through the night and not leak?”

“Absorbent,” he replies.

I pick up two packs of twenty Depends maximum absorbency, a pack of twenty booster pads; and something for Scott.

When we get to the counter to pay, Isaac is fishing through his wallet; he only has two tens and a five, I wasn’t expecting him to pay for any of this. I take one of his ten dollar bills and add it to two twenties I hand over, and hand the change back to Isaac.

“I should have paid for this,” he complains as we make our way to the jeep.

“Don’t worry, you can pay for the clothes we order for you,” I assure him, “Except the ones I buy
for your birthday. Besides, I told you I like to take care of family.”

“Thanks,” he says, ducking his head as he fastens the seatbelt.

When we get back to the house, my dad’s still at work. We carry the bags, one with the diapers and one with everything else, up to my room.

My laptop is still on, and screen still has the pictures of the diaper party displayed.

“Can I be like him?” Isaac asks, pointing to the guy getting his diaper changed.

“You want to be shaved?” I ask. He nods. “Everything except your head?” I clarify. He nods again. “Okay, how about I shave your balls, pubes, and crack. If that feels good to you, then I’ll see if there’s something I can come up with from Deaton’s books, an ointment you can cover yourself with, to remove the rest of your hair permanently; without having to shave all the time”

“Okay,” he nods enthusiastically; with a blush on his cheeks.

“So, let’s get you stripped, and into the bathroom, while I find the hair clippers.”

Thirty minutes later, I’m patting his pubis dry. It’s smooth as a baby’s; just like his balls and ass crack. His cock is at half-mast, and his blush has blossomed across his chest and up his neck; his cheeks crimson and hot. I can smell his arousal and his fear. I’m not sure which is related to me and which is about letting his little self out to play.

I stand up and pull him into a hug; he relaxes into it, hugging me back tightly.

“You okay?” I ask him; while still feeding off his emotional distress.

“Yeah, just…” he trails off.

“You don’t like the barber job I did on your pubes?” I try to lighten the mood.

“No, I mean yes, I like it; I just… it scares me.”

“What does?”
“Wanting this. I shouldn’t want to do this; I shouldn’t enjoy being taken care of; I’m not a little kid anymore, I should…”

“Okay,” I interrupt him, “There’s nothing wrong in being yourself; it shouldn’t be scary, but,” I need to reassure him, “It can be, there’s a lot of pressure to be what everyone else thinks we should be like. I think that can only add to the stress we put ourselves under. You deserve to be able to be yourself, to be your little self when you want to, when you need to. And I want to be there to help you and take care of you. If you’ll let me.”

There’s a low hum of trepidation running through him, but my ability to feed off it lessens as the worry diminishes and he feels safe to start being lssy.

“Yeah, I want to,” he says, “I just don’t know how.”

“How about we just start with me putting your diaper on, then you settle back on my bed and watch some…”

“ThunderCats,” he interjects.

“Okay,” I agree, “While I make us some hot milk or hot chocolate. Then we’ll snuggle on the bed while we drink the chocolate and watch some more ThunderCats, before you take a nap.”

I lead him, still naked, back to my room, and I place the towel I used to dry him on the floor. I get him to settle on his back while I get the cream and one of the diapers. I lift his legs up onto my shoulder and rub some of the cream over his ass and into his crack; he’s watching me intently, biting at his bottom lip and blushing. Putting the cream aside, I place the diaper under him and letting his legs down, I tuck his thickening cock down and tape the diaper in place. I wipe my hands on the towel, reach for one of the pacifiers and pop it between his lips; he looks a little startled as I kiss the top of his head.

“Let’s get you settle on the bed with some cartoons, while I go make up the hot milk, or what about hot chocolate,” he smiles and nods at my suggestion as I lift him up onto the bed. I place my laptop on the bed, and find some full episodes of ThunderCats on YouTube. I leave him sitting against the headboard watching the opening scenes of the cartoon.

When I get back, with a mug of hot chocolate for me, and the baby bottle filled with hot chocolate for him, he’s still sucking away on the pacifier, curled up with my pillow, watching the cartoon. I place my mug on the beside cabinet, and slide onto the bed beside Isaac. He curls up against my side, resting his head on my shoulder while still watching the cartoon. I pull the pacifier from his mouth, and his eyes flick up to mine as I place the nipple of the bottle to his mouth. He blushes as it slips between his lips, but he starts to suckle as he presses himself against my side, and his arms wrapping around me; his eyes return to the laptop to watch the rest of the episode while I hold the bottle he’s feeding from.

He’s asleep by the time he’s finished the hot chocolate, curled up against me, one leg thrown over mine, his head on my shoulder, and a hand gripping tightly to my shirt. I place the empty bottle on the bedside cabinet and pick up my cooling mug of chocolate, thinking that today has gone better than I had hoped.
I pick up the ASPMAN/LOGOS device, deciding now would be the best time to check out what it can tell me about Danny. Though first I check on Archie, Scott, and Isaac.

Archie has a relationship change noted against him; apparently, he and his girlfriend have split up. Can’t imagine why, he is a good fuck; though he does need the practice at sucking cock.

Scott is feeling both guilt and worry; probably guilt about enjoying getting fucked by a dog, and worry about going feral if he doesn’t get fucked by a dog again. He’ll also be concerned about Isaac.

Isaac, right now is feeling contented.

Switching from the tab of my saved persons to the search tab, I look for Danny Māhealani. When he appears in the device there is a padlock symbol beside his name, and a message that I cannot make any changes to, or see the details of, the target without the password.

I stare dumbfounded at the screen; I didn’t even know this was possible. How is Danny locked from being viewed in, never mind being changed by, the device?

Before I get a chance to check anything further my phone rings. I put the device down as Isaac starts to stir; I answer my phone, checking the time to see that it has been a couple of hours since Isaac fell asleep.

“Hi Dad,” I answer, “Okay, see you in thirty minutes. Oh, and pick up an extra pizza; Isaac’s here.” I hang up after talking to my dad, and see Isaac looking at me.

“I can go…” he starts to say.

“No, not until after dinner, and I’m sure my little boy isn’t still his little self,” I tell him, “I need to know you’re okay, and I don’t want you leaving until then. Unless you really don’t want to sit and have dinner with me and my dad?”

“No, I mean, yes,” he stammers in reply, “I don’t mind staying.” His fingers are still entwined in my shirt as he tilts his head up to look at me.
“Good,” I smile at him, “Now, how about I check if your diaper needs changed, hm?” He blushes as his mouth falls open when I pull the back of diaper away to check, and the blush deepens when I do the same at the front. “Yep,” I inform him, “A little poopy and wet, but there’s been no leakage,” I smile at him.

“Are you going to be okay changing your diaper at Scott’s tonight and again in the morning?” I ask him while his legs are back over my shoulders and I’m wiping his ass.

“I guess I’m going to have to be,” he replies while I’m applying the diaper cream around his butthole.

“If you’re worried about it, how about, I add a booster pad to this diaper; that should see you through the night,” I tell him, “And, you take a diaper to put on in the morning. I can check it at school for you, and bring some more to change you at lunchtime.”

“How will you change my diaper at school?” he asks, biting at his bottom lip. I slip his pacifier between his lips to stop him before he breaks the skin.

“We’ll have Scott stand guard outside the toilets we use,” I say casually.

“Ohkay,” he smiles from behind the pacifier. I place the booster pad in the diaper, lower his legs from my shoulders, and tuck his semi-hard dick down as I fasten the diaper around his waist.

My Issy does seem to like having his diaper changed.

We cleaned up his bottle and stored it with the other supplies in my room. We put a couple of the diapers and booster pads into Isaac’s backpack along with the now cleaned set of clothes he had worn that morning. All before my dad got home.

Isaac found the booster pad added a bit of bulk to the diaper, and was worried that it might be noticeable under his pants; he was walking with his legs a bit further apart. I assured him it wasn’t, and that my dad wasn’t going to know he was wearing a diaper. However, when my dad got the first thing he mentioned was that the school had called him to say I had taken Isaac to see his doctor because he had lost control of his bladder in class. Scott apparently informed him that
several videos of the incident had been posted on-line, but that Danny was running something to find and remove the files.

My dad didn’t want to know what Danny was doing, he wasn’t sure it would be legal and he wished Scott hadn’t mentioned it.

I could tell that Isaac was nervous during dinner, and I tried to comfort him as he sat next to me at the table; though I wasn’t surprised when as soon as we were in the jeep driving back to the McCall house he unconsciously slipped the pacifier into his mouth.

Pulling up outside the house I get out of the jeep with him and pull him into a hug, and kiss the top of his head; making him duck his head down with a blush.

“See you tomorrow,” I tell him, and pull the pacifier from his mouth.

“Thanks,” he softly says as I hand it to him; he pushes it into one of his pockets as Scott comes bounding towards us.

“You okay?” Scott asks him.

“Yeah, just a little tired,” Isaac answers, “I’m just gonna have an early night.” He smiles at me before he heads inside.

“Okay,” Scott calls after him, before turning to me and asking, “Is he okay?”

“Yeah,” I tell him, “I think he’s just been through a lot today and it’s drained him.”

“Danny’s trying to find the videos and remove them,” he tells me.

“Yeah, my dad said you told him Danny was doing something potentially illegal,” I smirk, “Which is great with him being the sheriff.” Talking of Danny makes me wonder if I should detour to his on the way home, and try to find out what he knows about my device.

“He’s not gonna arrest Danny, is he?” Scott sounds almost panicked, “He’s just trying to help Isaac.”

“I don’t think so, I guess we’ll know if Danny’s in school tomorrow,” I tease him; I see he still has his worried puppy look so I cup my hand on the back of his neck and tell him, “Don’t worry puppy, I was only joking with you. I’m sure my dad isn’t going to do anything to Danny.”

“Don’t joke about that; I was worried for Danny,” Scott whines at me, “I don’t want to get him in trouble when he was doing something to help the pack.”

“I know you were,” I say to him, “I’m sorry. Here, I got you something,” I reach into the jeep and pull out the package I picked up for Scott.

“What are these?”

“They are pads designed for ‘maximum absorbency for larger surges of wetness’,” I say, making sure not to snicker, “I thought you could maybe use these instead of having to use your butt plug every day to stop your slick running down your legs. You will need to wear briefs to use them though; so, you’d still need to plug your ass if you were wearing boxers. How did you get on with the plug at school today?” He’s blushing furiously and nervously looking around us when I finish
talking.

“Um, thanks, um, fine.”

“No problems?” I ask casually; enjoying the low hum of his distress talking about this in the open.

“No,” he replies in hushed tones, “Not really.”

“But…” I press.

“It was difficult putting it back in after… you know…”

“You weren’t wet enough back there?”

“No,” he hisses, “I’d just… emptied everything out of there.”

“I should get you some small tubes of lube to carry around.” His embarrassment increases and he reddens further at my suggestion.

“The only problem really was Aiden and Ethan,” he changes the topic.

“They still pressuring you to let them in your pack?”

“Yeah, but today they made a comment about how my scent has changed,” his words cause me to look sharply to his face.

“What exactly did they say?” I ask trying to mask my concern.

“They said I smelled more dog like than wolf like,” he mumbles, “Especially at the back, and that they could help me with that if they were in my pack.”

“I’ll deal with them,” I say, heading around to get back in my jeep, “See you and Isaac tomorrow, at school.”

“Wait, I was going to ask you about dog walking…” he almost shouts as I start the jeep.

“We’ll talk about it tomorrow,” I tell him with a smile, and drive off.

I’ve now got two additional things to look into; Danny, and the murder twins.

The question is which do I deal with first.

---

Excerpt from Chapter-04

Leaving Scott’s place, I decide Danny is potentially the biggest threat, and he’s also
the person I was looking to set up part of what I’d need for my future plans with Scotty. He’s also the person who could be the solution in dealing with Aiden and Ethan; given that Ethan is – sort of – his boyfriend, or ex-boyfriend. It all depends on what he knows, what he is, how and why the device has him locked, and what he intends to do; with whatever it is he knows.

I pull up outside his house, walk to the door, and ring the doorbell.

“Bit late for a social call,” he says when answers the door.
“Yeah,” I shrug, “I was in the neighbourhood and thought I’d drop by for a chat.”
“Worried about what I know about the Logos Device you have?” he doesn’t really ask as he lets me enter the house, “It looks different to what they did when I had one,” he continues as we walk into the living room, “But that was a long time ago.”
“How long?” I ask turning to face him; he’s standing by the bar, cocktail shaker in one hand and a glass in the other, there’s already one poured, “Not for me,” I say, “I’m driving. And did you say ‘they’, as in there’s more than one of these?”
“It was around time of the Bayonet Constitution and the United States unlawful annexation of Kingdom of Hawai‘i.”
“That would be the late eighteen-hundreds,” I state, “That would make you over a hundred and twenty.”
“That was when I had a Logos device,” Danny smiles at me, “Not when I was born.”
“Care to elaborate?” I ask.

+---++---++---++---++---++---++---++---++---++---+

Next morning, I arrive at school, Scott and Isaac are waiting on me at the steps leading to the main doors; Scott looks anxious and Isaac is blushing.
“We need to talk,” Scott states as I walk up to them, “Privately,” he adds; looking around to make sure no-one is listening.
“Okay,” I shrug as I hoist my backpack onto my shoulder.

As I follow Scott and Isaac, I can see the nervous glances that dart between them; the restiveness in them seems almost too delicious to miss out on. I reach out and take Isaac’s hand, he starts a little, but doesn’t pull out of my grip and our fingers entwine. With my other hand, I reach out grasp the back of Scott’s neck, and with my thumb just behind his ear I rub gently; he’s soon relaxing into the touch, my puppy likes scritches behind his ear.
Leaving Scott’s place, I decide Danny is potentially the biggest threat, and he’s also the person I was looking to set up part of what I’d need for my future plans with Scotty. He’s also the person who could be the solution in dealing with Aiden and Ethan; given that Ethan is – sort of – his boyfriend, or ex-boyfriend.

It all depends on what he knows, what he is, how and why the device has him locked, and what he intends to do; with whatever it is he knows.

I pull up outside his house, walk to the door, and ring the doorbell.

“Bit late for a social call,” he says when answers the door.

“Yeah,” I shrug, “I was in the neighbourhood and thought I’d drop by for a chat.”

“Worried about what I know about the Logos Device you have?” he doesn’t really ask as he lets me enter the house, “It looks different to what they did when I had one,” he continues as we walk into the living room, “But that was a long time ago.”

“How long?” I ask turning to face him; he’s standing by the bar, cocktail shaker in one hand and a glass in the other, there’s already one poured, “Not for me,” I say, “I’m driving. And did you say ‘they’, as in there’s more than one of these?”

“It was around time of the United States unlawful annexation of Kingdom of Hawai‘i; you know the Bayonet Constitution and all.”

“That would be the late eighteen-hundreds,” I state, “That would make you over a hundred years old.”

“That was when I had a Logos device,” Danny smiles at me, “Not when I was born.”

“Care to elaborate?” I ask.

“I was a keeper of secrets, a Kahuna. Much like an Emissary for a werewolf pack, I suppose; a shaman, a spiritual leader and healer. But we were invaded, and I… I saw my village, and most of my family slaughtered. Wounded I ran to the sacred caves, I was bleeding and light headed from the loss of blood. Taking refuge in the caves I prayed to the gods to give me enough life, and enough magic to avenge my family and village. Then my vision dimmed.

When I awoke the world looked different to me, and I realised I was a mo‘o,” at my look of confusion he adds, “A big lizard, think of something like a Monitor Lizard, or Komodo Dragon. And I understood that I must be my family’s ‘aumakua. I…”
“Would a Kanima be…”

“No,” he interrupts my question, “A Kanima needs a Master; it is an instrument of someone else’s vengeance. Aumakua are guardian spirits, I was the ‘aumakua of my family; of the only ones left, my sister and her husband. He was a fisherman in another village. While travelling there I learned to shift my shape between human, lizard, and to become like rock; a statue of whatever form I currently was.”

“Anyway,” he continues, “I protect and advise my family, they prosper; life goes on, and I keep protecting my family’s descendants. With the growing number of European and the American people coming to the kingdom I start to learn about their magic, and their artefacts. This is when I first hear of Logos, and the Logos Device. The little box of tricks you hold.” He pauses, sipping his drink.

“Then in eighteen eighty-seven, the Hawaiian monarchy is forced to sign a document stripping it of much of its authority, initiating a transfer of power to American and European elites,” his eyes darken in anger as he continues, “The overwhelming majority of native Hawaiian’s want a new constitution, one that restores the monarchy. From what I know of the Logos I could use it to give my people what they want. By the time I find it, it’s too late. The Newlands Resolution has annexed the Republic of Hawaii and created the Territory of Hawaii, against the express wishes of the overwhelming majority of the indigenous population; Hawaiian sovereignty has been transferred to the United States.”

“Why didn’t you just use the device to make them give Hawaii back?” I ask, a little confused at him saying it was too late.

“The device I had was one of the minor devices; the sheer number of people I’d have had to change the memories of to make the reality stable…”

“Minor device?”

“You don’t know much about what you’re in possession of, do you?”

“Only what the help files in it tell me,” I respond.

“Huh,” Danny huffs, “I wish it came with help files when I had one, and wasn’t the size of a small room.”

“There’s one the size of…”

“I doubt it is anymore; they change to suit the technology of the time…”

“They what?”

“This is becoming a far more in-depth discussion,” he says downing the last of his cocktail and pouring himself another, “The cliff-notes,

- there are five, allegedly each one is powered by a piece of the holy lance; there’s no proof that is true, and there is anecdotal evidence that Logos actually predates the crucifixion.
- two allow the user to alter/manipulate sentient life, affecting the reality of who and what the targets are, and what they know; the minor devices
- one allows the user to make future events fixed points to ensure that they occur, and alter sentient life like the others; one of the major devices
- one allows the user to amend/change past events, so that the outcome is different or that they never occurred, and alter sentient life like the others; the second major device
one allows the user all of the above functions, giving the user, effectively, complete control over the reality of the universe they are in; the Master LOGOS.”

“Wow.”

“Exactly,” he chuckles, “So, while changing myself, making me what I am today, I searched for the Master Logos, or even the major device that would allow me to alter the past; trying to find some way that I wouldn’t have failed my people. It became an obsession, one that only ended when I realised that in searching for this to restore the kingdom, I had failed my family; the last of them had died, without me there to guide and protect them as I should have been.

I used the Logos to make me what I now am, and gave myself a new purpose; and before that consumed me I locked the Logos device so that I could never use it again.”

“What purpose?”

“The world was greatly changed from when I became a guardian spirit; the ‘supernatural’ world now having to hide in the shadows. So, I decided to be its protector, its guardian, and try to ensure that no human would harm an innocent just because they are of the supernatural world.”

“How did you know that this is a Logos device?” I’m dying to know.

“It says so on the back, LOGOS,” he says pointing to the logo, ΛΟΓΟΣ, on the back, “That and the fact that you’re taller, your clothes don’t fit you, and…”

“Wait, what, how…”

“I can see through the perception filter,” he tells me, “It’s one of the things I changed about myself. I can always see when someone has changed themselves using any of the Logos devices. I also know about the Nogitsune; why would…”

“Decelerated aging, using shadows to travel…”

“Feeding off the pain, tragedy, strife, and chaos you cause others to have that longer life, and void walk ability.”

“No, the emotional vampirism isn’t… I haven’t caused anyone serious strife,” I argue in my defence, “I mean, sure, Scott has a little self-loathing going on, and Isaac has some embarrassment issues, but…”

“What did you do?” Danny’s voice is stern as he asks, and not the genial, friendly Danny I’m used to him being. So, I explain about Isaac’s deeply hidden desires that had been squashed by his father and bringing them to the surface, and I admit that it is partly so my Nogitsune side can feed of the negative emotions. And then I tell him about the changes I made to Scott.

“Why the hell would you do that to your best friend?” he bellows at me; and I don’t like it.

“Because I was pissed at him, because he wasn’t being much of a friend, let alone a best friend, and I wanted to get back at him, and…” I stop myself mid rant. I didn’t come here to argue with Danny, I came here for answers; and because I need his computer skills to set up what else I have planned for Scotty. “The pack was falling apart; Scott was becoming resentful of Isaac and Allison, and I couldn’t risk the chance that Allison would treat Isaac like she had Scott, or that
she’d be like her aunt. I had to protect them, and refocus their attention back within the pack. It’s 
not like I have caused them any harm. Isaac likes being a Little, and Scott has some kinky 
fantasies of what he wants the dogs to do to him that I didn’t put in his head. And Deaton says that 
it isn’t unknown for werewolves to have that kind of relationship with other canids, so…”

“Not unknown, but extremely, extraordinarily, fantastically rare. Is that where you came up 
with the idea?”

“No, I read a Supernatural fan fic,” I tell him, “On the AO3 website, It’s a Living by sdwbf. It’s 
also where I got the rest of the idea for Scotty, and I was going to ask for your help…”

“My help to humiliate and demean your friend?”

“What, no! I need your help to protect him. With your computer skills, you could set up the 
website to ensure that you could vet the people before they got to the actual content; that way we 
can control who finds the site to see the videos and that the credit card payments go through…”

“Videos?”

“Of Scott getting fucked by dogs,” I thought it was obvious I was talking about porn, “That way 
Scott won’t have to worry about college debt.”

“Where do you come up with…”

“It’s a Living.”

“I’ll stick to vanilla Destiel and Wincest, it’s safer,” his face has a look of disbelief, but I’m holding 
out hope as he hasn’t thrown me out; yet.

“So…” I ask.

“Have you made Scott want to make bestiality porn?” he asks.

“No. And I haven’t mentioned the idea to him yet either,” I reply, “There was no reason to get his 
hopes up about not having to worry financially about college before you agreed to help with the 
site. I don’t want to put him in danger of someone he knows, or the FBI, or my dad, or his dad 
who’s FBI, finding the site and seeing him all blissed out on doggy cock.”

“If Scott agrees without you forcing him, or using the Logos to make him agree, and if you 
promise that you will not cause harm to an innocent to feed your extended life or abilities; then I’ll 
help you.”

“I promise I will not harm any innocent person, and I will not force Scott into our doggy porn 
business,” I truthfully tell him.

“It’s your porn business,” Danny emphasises, “I’m just the paid tech support; if Scott asks me to 
help with the site, then I will.”

We spend another few minutes while I ask him about the locking functions the Logos device has. I 
know that it’s protected from anyone else using it, that’s what the username and password I 
initially created on it does, what I want to know is how to ensure no-one else changes my people. 

With that covered I prepare to leave.
“There’s one other thing,” I say as I’m about to leave, “Ethan and Aiden…”

“I know they are werewolves,” Danny answers.

“Yeah, and they’ve been hassling Scott to let them join his pack, but that’s not going to happen…”

“Because you don’t want them finding out you’ve made Scott only able to have sex with dogs?”

“No, I think they’ve already worked out that Scott has been fucked by dogs from his scent,” I smirk, before turning serious as I enlighten him, “It’s because they helped murder Erica and Boyd.

“What?” he’s clearly surprised, I can see that in his eyes.

“They were part of the alpha pack that came here; and they held Derek down with his arms up while alpha-bitch Kali lifted boyd up and dropped Boyd onto Derek’s claws, killing him. That alpha pack was also responsible for the Darach that committed all the murders around town; because to become members of that alpha pack they killed everyone who was part of their previous pack, including the Emissary. So, Erica and Boyd aren’t the only ones Ethan and Aiden have murdered.”

“I knew there was a dark druid performing the murders, but…”

“If you knew, why didn’t you do something to…”

“The local werewolf pack was investigating, there was no need for me to get involved and risk empowering the Nemeton.”

“It got powered up anyway,” I dig at him, “If you have any influence with the murder twins, get them to back off.” I leave before he replies.

When I get home, I apologise to my dad for being late; explaining that I had a chat with Scott after dropping Isaac off, and then detoured to see Danny on the way home as he was helping with the videos of Isaac that were posted on-line. Not that I actually thought to thank him for that while I was there; I need to remember and text him about that.

I head to my room; before settling down to sleep I open the Logos device and enter my password. Switching to the tab of people I’ve selected I make sure that they are all locked; my dad, Scott, Isaac, Mrs McCall, Archie, Deaton, Lydia, and Allison. I’m the only one that can see and change their profiles, including my own. Danny still has the locked icon, and I still can’t see his profile; the, however many hundred-year-old, lizard spirit is still a mystery to me.

Given my promise to Danny that I wouldn’t do anything to affect Scott’s chance of agreeing to my plan, it’s just as well that I ran ‘Scotty-04’ this morning. It’s unlikely to affect him agreeing to be a porn star, it’s mostly just notching him more into his puppy headspace; but it does tweak is
exhibitionist and nudist tendencies. I’m holding off on running the next program for Isaac to see what he does without my nudging him towards his own desires.

My dad, and Scott’s mom I’ve only boosted their health, and maybe gave Mrs McCall slightly perkier boobs; but I didn’t increase the size.

Lydia and Allison, I’ve only made them unlikely to notice anything related to the changes in Scott and Isaac.

I’m about to put the device down and go to sleep when I decide to search for Derek; the sourwolf’s profile pops up and I add the password to lock his profile too.

With everyone safe I close the device over, send Danny a quick text to thank him for looking out for Isaac by removing the videos from the internet, and switching off my light I settle down to sleep.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

∞

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

Next morning, I arrive at school, Scott and Isaac are waiting on me at the steps leading to the main doors; Scott looks anxious and Isaac is blushing.

“We need to talk,” Scott states as I walk up to them, “Privately,” he adds; looking around to make sure no-one is listening.

“Okay,” I shrug as I hoist my backpack onto my shoulder.

As I follow Scott and Isaac, I can see the nervous glances that dart between them; the restiveness in them seems almost too delicious to miss out on. I reach out and take Isaac’s hand, he starts a little, but doesn’t pull out of my grip and our fingers entwine. With my other hand, I reach out grasp the back of Scott’s neck, and with my thumb just behind his ear I rub gently; he’s soon relaxing into the touch, my puppy likes scritches behind his ear.

Neither of them seem to notice the glances and outright stares we get from the other students; especially when Scott leads us directly to one of the male student toilets. It’s empty when we walk in.

“So, what’s the problem?” I ask, levelling my gaze at Scott as I remove my hand from his neck, and let go of Isaac’s hand.

“What?” Scott blurts out, his eyes crinkling in confusion, “No, there’s no problem, I just wanted to make sure no-one would overhear us.” He rubs at the back of his neck, the tension that had left his stance returning.
“Okay,” I stretch out the word as I look between my two wolves, the look I give them questioning.

“I…” Scott starts, looking across at Isaac, who blushes and ducks his head. Scott takes a deep breath and then launches into his tale, “I walked in on Isaac when he was changing his diaper this morning. He… he was sucking on a pacifier, and I could see his crotch was shaved. I didn’t react very well,” he sounds upset with himself about it, and continues, “But I apologised, and he explained about being a Little, and so, I told him about me, and the dog thing,” he mumbles ‘the dog thing’ and I’m not sure if he’s referring to his puppy persona or his sexual attraction to dogs, “I just thought, well, since you’re helping Isaac and me, that you should know we know; about each other I mean, and that you’re helping us.”

“Okay, I think I followed that,” I say, asking him, “And what, exactly, did you tell him about ‘the dog thing’?”

“That… that I… I’ve been looking at puppy-play on-line, and I like the idea of it, and that I only have an orgasm when I have sex with dogs, and what Deaton said about me maybe having puppies.” He rushes his words out, his cheeks blazing and red with a mixture of guilt and embarrassment. I step closer to him and ruffle his hair, leaving my hand on the back of his neck again.

“It’s okay, puppy,” I tell him, “And I’ve said before you’ve got nothing to feel ashamed about for being yourself, just like Isaac has nothing to be ashamed of just because he sometimes wants or needs to be little. Okay?”

They both mutely nod their heads.

“Now, puppy, guard the door while I check Isaac’s diaper,” I command him, “And I’ve got something to tell you too” I add, leading Issy to the centre of the room so he can lay on the floor while I check his diaper is secure.

“Danny knows about you being fucked by dogs too,” I state as I lift Isaac’s legs to apply some cream to his ass.

“What?!” he shouts, I turn to see his face filled with fear and horror, “Did… did the twins tell him?”

“No. I did,” I state.

“Why would you do that?” he cries, sounding betrayed.

“Because I need his help,” I calmly explain, while rubbing some cream around Isaac’s hole, and refastening his diaper, “I figured that you’d want some financial security for you and the pack, and you’ll get that from selling any puppies you have, but you want to wait until after you’ve finished college. By then you’ll have your college loans to pay off. So, I thought one option would be porn, of you and the dogs, but, we’d need to make sure the site was secure; that no-one could get to it that was going to be a risk to you or the pack. For that we’d need Danny’s expertise.”

“You want me to make porn when I’m with a dog?” his face is scrunched up, and I know he’s resisting the idea.

“No. I just thought it was one way you could take some of the financial burden off your mom,” I slightly guilt him, “And get you through college without needing to worry about what debt you’d
have after,” I shrug, “I didn’t want to mention it to you if Danny wouldn’t help secure and run the
web site. He said he would, if it was something you really wanted to do. So, it gives you an
option…”

“I don’t know, it sounds kinda dangerous…” Scott contemplates, and I know he’s now seriously
considering it.

I finish fastening Isaac’s pants back up and pull him to his feet as I turn to Scott.

“Like I said, it gives you an option to make your finances more secure. You can think it over and
talk to Danny if you want to do it.”

He nods, biting at his bottom lip, and we leave the room heading to our classes.

I’m heading to the cafeteria for lunch when Ethan and Aiden jump me in the corridor. Ethan
pushes me up against the lockers lining the wall.

“Just what the fuck did you say to Danny?” he snarls in my ear. I need to get out of his grip, and I
feel the anger rise up inside me.

Everything goes still around me, and I zone in on the shadow along the edge of the lockers on the
floor; cast by the overhead lights. I slip from Ethan’s grasp as I fall towards the shadow. Ethan
seems frozen in place, like a statue, as does Aiden standing at his side; glancing around, no-one is
moving, everyone is caught in place. Suddenly, I feel like I’m underwater, there’s pressure at my
ears, but as I look around everything I see is in black and white; a blur of shades of grey. My
perspective changes, and I’m emerging from the shadow at the lockers on the other side of the
corridor; behind Ethan and Aiden. Everything starts to move again.

I rush at Ethan’s back, slamming him into the lockers; with Ethan pinned against the lockers I
-crash my elbow into Aiden’s face and he falls back as I connect with his nose, the sound of
-cracking bone and spurt of red erupting from it.

I swiftly punch Ethan in the kidneys, and pull him from the lockers, kicking his leg out from under
him so that he falls to the floor. I follow him, landing on my knees, with my arm across his chest.

Aiden moves to kick me in the face, but I grab his foot and shift him off-balance; he falls back,
-cracking his head on the floor. I return my attention to Ethan.

“What did I tell Danny?” I snarl at him, and love the scent of fear and pain pouring from him, and
his brother, “I told him the truth, I told him how you and your brother killed all of your pack to not
only become alphas, but members of an alpha pack. I told him how both of you were involved in
Erica’s death, and how you helped Kali kill Boyd,” I lean in close to his face, and looking into his
terrified eyes I whisper, “I told him how you are nothing but a pair of murdering monsters.”
I quickly stand, turn, and ignoring the stares from the other students, continue my way to the cafeteria. Not that I’m feeling hungry anymore; I feel rather sated from the little encounter. And I can’t stop grinning.

“Did you use the big boy toilets at all this morning, or just your diaper?” I ask Isaac as I’m removing the very wet diaper he’s wearing. Scott’s on guard dog duty at the toilet doors.

“Just my diaper,” Isaac softly replies, like he’s expecting me to be angry at him.

“That’s not a problem, my little angel, it’s what your diaper is for,” I smile at him and he blushing, but I know he’s happy as the corners of his mouth briefly tug upwards. Right now, I don’t need my little one or my puppy to feel bad about anything; I’ve fed too well on the twins.

I lift Isaac’s legs up onto my shoulders, and wipe around his bald crotch, balls, and asshole, before taking some of the diaper cream and thinly coating his skin. His breath hitches slightly as my finger slips over and around his hole. I smile down at him as I lift his butt and slide the fresh diaper under him, adding a booster pad before fastening the diaper over his half-hard cock.

I lower his legs, pull up his pants and refasten them before placing a kiss to his forehead, and getting us both back standing. I take his hand and lead him from the bathroom. He blushes as we walk into the corridor, his head ducked and a small smile on his lips. I throw my other arm over Scott’s shoulders and we head to our next classes; though we soon split up as we’re each in different classes for the rest of the afternoon.

“I’ll be at your house later,” Scott says after school as he jumps on his bike and heads to Deaton’s for his shift; Isaac and I get in my jeep and I drive to my house. Isaac is less talkative than usual.

“My dad’s working, so I’ll order some pizza for dinner,” I say, to fill the silence more than anything. “It should arrive about the same time as Scott; that okay?”

Isaac nods in reply. Something is wrong.

“Did I do something to upset you?” I ask, sitting at the opposite end of the couch from him, once we arrive.

He shakes his head.

“Isaac, something is clearly bothering you. What did I do?”

“Nothing,” he cowards in on himself. Now I’m getting worried.

“Are you angry with me?” I feel some trepidation as I ask, wondering if I’ve pushed too far, too soon, with the diaper changes at school and made him want to ignore his little self; like his father
“No,” he sounds shocked at the idea.

“No,” I steadily reply, wondering just what the problem is, and I know there is a problem, “I can tell something is worrying you; you’re not my happy little angel you were earlier."

The silence is heavy in the air.

“I heard people at school say you were in a fight with Ethan and Aiden,” he finally says.

“I was. Ethan attacked me, and I fought them off with my awesome ninja skills,” I smile at him. He looks unimpressed.

“What if they hurt you?!?” he screeches, “Scott or me should have been there to protect you. You’re not a wolf, and…”

“Issy,” I try to calm him, “It’s okay. Remember, Deaton is teaching me how to be our pack’s Emissary, so that I can help protect the pack; and myself. I managed to take them by surprise and get away from them. I’m fine.”

He seems less than convinced.

“See,” I say pulling up my shirt and showing my abs, “No bruises; they didn’t hurt me.”

“This time,” he huffs, “We should…”

“You can’t always be there, neither can Scott,” I counter, “We have different classes and live in different houses. You need to trust me to take care of myself when you aren’t around; otherwise, how can you trust me to take care of you? Now, come over here and cuddle up with me while we watch some TV until Scott or the pizza get here.”

He pounces on me from the other side of the couch, and snuggles into my side. But he seems only partly reassured. I’ll need to look for some way to resolve that later.

Scott was quiet when he arrived from his shift at Deaton’s.

He is quiet as he sits to my left at the dining room table and picks at the pizzas I’d ordered for our dinner. Isaac, sitting to my right drinks from his sippy cup and takes another slice of pizza. I’m effectively at the head of the table, trying to figure out what is wrong with my puppy, and trying not to grind my teeth in frustration.

“Normally you’d have wolfed down a whole pizza by now,” I complain at him, “You’ve barely eaten four slices; so, what’s up?”

“Ethan and Aiden turned up at Deaton’s,” Scott starts to explain, “They said you were a danger to everyone; that you were possessed by a demon or something and…” something he sees on my face when he turns to look at me causes him to stop talking.

“I am definitely not possessed,” I splutter and my heart must either stop or beat at a hundred miles per hour from the panic that starts rising.

“I know, I know,” Scott reassures me, “Deaton overheard them and he came out to confront them. He said that he has a charm set in the room when he’s training you, and it would have reacted to
whatever was possessing you if you were possessed. It hasn’t responded, so you’re not possessed.”

“Okay; glad we got that confirmed then,” I breathe a sigh of relief.

“I’m sorry,” Scott continues; confusing me.

“For what?” I ask, “It was the murder twins claiming I was some sort of demon.”

“Because I almost believed them,” he sobs, “I saw you fight them, I saw you teleport behind Ethan, and I saw how scared of you they were, and all I could think of was the Darach could teleport and…”

“I didn’t teleport,” I state, my brain scrambling to think of an explanation that doesn’t contain Nogitsune, “I’m not a dark druid, I found out about this ability called shadow walk and it was the first time I used it…”

“Shadow walk?” Isaac asks.

“Yeah, you step into one shadow and out of another,” I explain.

“Oh,” my wolves both respond.

“Did Deaton teach you about this Shadow Walk ability?” Scott asks.

“No,” I answer him, “I found out about it when researching stuff on my own.”

“I shouldn’t have doubted you,” Scott apologizes, “I know you’d never do anything to hurt the pack. I just…”

“It’s fine Scotty,” I reassure him, “I guess I’d have thought the same if I saw that.”

I am worried though. Why didn’t the perception filter stop him taking any notice of me using a Nogistune ability? I need to check that out later.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

∞

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

“Oh, there’s something I want to show you, before Isaac starts looking through the ABDL clothing,” I comment to Scott as we walk into my bedroom, “It’s something I found online, and I don’t know if it would work or not.”

“What?” Scott’s brow creases as he asks.

“You’ll see,” I retort.

I open up the web browser and go to the page, I have it bookmarked, and turn the screen towards Scott. Fido Cock Extender. A doggy-dick shaped cocksheath.
“What is it?” Scott asks.

“What does it look like?” I try to keep the sarcasm out of my voice, but from the bitch face Scott sends me I must have failed. “It’s to make a human cock look and feel like a dog cock. I was thinking we could get it and see if you can get off while being fucked by someone wearing it,” I tell him.

“Oh, then I won’t need to have sex with dogs,” his voice doesn’t hold the enthusiasm for the words that they should.

“Exactly,” I agree with him, “But I have no idea if it will work.”

“But who would I have sex with?” At his question, we both feel Isaac’s nervousness, and fear, of us looking to him fuck his alpha.

“I’ll do it,” I volunteer, “What are best friends for, if not to butt fuck a bro who needs it.”

“You will?” Scott practically yips with excitement.

“Yeah, I’ll be the first human male to tap that ass,” I joke with him, “They can deliver it in two days,” I tell him as I complete the order.

“Thanks, buddy,” he blushes; his eyes tracking back to the screen and the link to ‘Puppy Park’ on the website. I know he’s gonna want to check that out on his own later.

“So, Isaac,” I say turning my attention to my Little curly haired wolf, “Want to check out some of the clothes we can get you?” He nods in reply; the pacifier having found its way into his mouth since we came up to my room.

“They cost too much!” Isaac wails, around the pacifier still in his mouth, as he looks at the website while sitting on my lap, “You can’t spend that much on me.”

“We can’t afford to get a lot,” I agree with him, “But how about for now, you pick a t-shirt and a romper that you like. We can get jeans and shortalls later, when we’ve saved up for them; okay?” He picks out a t-shirt and romper that have the same design on them; the words ‘Padded Pup’. We then add a pack of Little Pawz printed diapers to the order.

“Okay, those should take a couple of days to arrive too,” I smile at him.

“They still cost too much,” he grumps.

“My Little Angel is worth it,” I tell him; he ducks his head, hiding his face against my shoulder as he blushes.

“Now that those are all ordered,” Scott interjects, “Should we look at what type of dog you’ll talk your dad into letting you get?”

“You mean, should we look at dog breeds again to see what kind you want to mount you and breed your ass?” I correct him.

“Well, the sheath thing might not work,” he whines, “So, we should have a back-up plan.” I don’t
think he sees it as a back-up plan.

“Fine, let’s settle on the bed and pick out a boyfriend for you,” I huff; not that I’m really upset, but there’s no reason for the puppy to know that.

I lay back against the headboard, with Isaac on one side of me and Scott on the other; both on their side, with their heads on my shoulder.

As we look through the pictures and details of the characteristics of the different breeds of dog, it isn’t long until Isaac is asleep; drooling on my shoulder. Scott doesn’t seem to notice, too engrossed in the pictures of dogs on my laptop.

Unsurprisingly the Belgian Tervuren features high on Scott’s radar.

“Missing Sarge already?” I ask him, “It’s only been a day.”

“I just think the breed of dog would fit well into the pack,” he replies, his face red and hot.

“And fucks you good too,” I tease him.

Most of the other dogs he looks at are of a similar size to the Tervuren; German Shepherd, Doberman Pinscher, Cane Corso, and Alaskan Malamute. Then there are a couple of larger dogs; Leonberger and Irish Wolfhound. I can easily imagine Scott under either one of these massive dogs getting his ass pounded.

Soon we are waking Isaac so that I can change his diaper, before he and Scott head home.

When I’m alone, I open the Logos device and begin searching to find out why Scott saw through the perception filter.

For the past three weeks Scott has not seen past the perception filter and noticed there’s anything different about me; like that I’m taller, actually have awesome sculpted abs, and my clothes don’t fit me. I use the ability to shadow walk once, to get out of the murder twins grasp and beat them in a fight, and he sees that.

Okay, so, half the brain-dead students walking down the corridor noticed me beat the twins in a fight, but that’s all they noticed. The shadow walking wasn’t even a blip on their radar, and it shouldn’t have been for Scott either. I expected the perception filter to have hidden it; like the changes to my looks and my clothes being too short and too tight.

But I should have read the small print.

Okay, so it’s in the same sized text as the rest of the details, but it’s the same kind of details you
get in small print; the ones that allow the insurance companies to wheedle out of paying out on your claim.

‘Certain creatures and individuals have senses, abilities, high-levels of perception or willpower, that increase the chance they will detect or see past the perception filter you project around you. Alpha werewolves, banshees, and druids, are among those that are known to have discerned the use of the perception filter previously.’

Isn’t that a kick where it hurts the most? The question is rhetorical. And why didn’t Danny tell me about this?

The perception filter was supposed to ensure that the people around me would not know I had enhanced myself and that I am now half-Nogitsune; and they just happen to be the very people that have a chance to see through the perception filter; an alpha werewolf, a banshee, and a druid.

Hell, Scott’s a ‘True Alpha’; gained his alpha status through his willpower.

I need to think before I react; I need to clear my head. I grab the keys to my jeep and shove the Logos and my phone in my pocket, and head out the door.

I drive aimlessly around town, staying clear of where I know the patrol cars will be; don’t want anyone reporting back to my dad that I’m out late on a school night. I’m driving down a quiet, deserted road on the outskirts of town when I hit what I at first think is an animal; only it’s not. As the hood of my jeep crumples under the force hitting it, I realise that my jeep is flipping over, and that pushing down on the hood are Ethan and Aiden; both wolfed out in their beta form, snarling at me through the windshield. As the jeep flies through air, upside down, I know they intend to kill me.

I don’t know how much force they hit me with, but my jeep somersaults as it travels off the ground. In the seconds before it lands I quickly think, grabbing my bag of supplies from Deaton’s out of the side pocket on the door I submerge myself in the shadows cast inside the jeep and emerge on the other side of the trees lining the road; just in time to see my jeep crash and burn.

The twins are edging their way towards the burning wreckage. With their backs to me I feel the rage rise from a dark place inside me. That jeep was, is, important to me. Roscoe was my baby, not just because it was mine and my means of transport, but because it was the one solid tangible connection I had to my mom; Roscoe used to belong to her. And they’ve destroyed it.

I reach into the bag and my hand falls on the pouch of mountain ash. I feel it push against me, repelling my hand from touching it. I push through without thinking and it burns as I grasp a handful. Swiftly sneaking up behind the murder duo I cast the ash in the air, willing it to form a circle around the twins.

They gasp in shock as they realise I am behind them and not in the burning wreck of my jeep.
Turning to rush at me they hit the barrier as it forms. I finally managed to work the mountain ash; the first time since I became half-Nogitsune.

“Woo-Hoo, it worked,” I hoop for joy, before turning to the twins and smiling at them darkly, “And now you pay for wrecking my jeep, and trying to kill me.”

Aiden still looks defiant, but there’s fear in his eyes, and I enjoy the look of fear on their faces; but I can’t feed through the barrier and the shadow walking and working the mountain ash have left me somewhat weakened and exhausted.

I walk towards the wreckage of my jeep; pulling my phone out from my jeans, I hit the number I need on speed dial.

“I need you, a couple of dickheads have totalled my jeep. Bring the Mustang, I’m gonna need to borrow it.”

“What? Are you…” Archie starts from the other end of the call.

“Look just get here, I’m sending you the location,” I tell him and hang up.

I look back across at the twins, sitting in the middle of the circle of ash, watching me intently. I smirk as the idea comes to me, and see them shift uneasily under my gaze. I dial another number.

“Danny,” I greet when he answers, “There’s a couple of asshole who just tried to kill me trapped out here. You might want to save them before some hunters find them.” I hang up before he says or asks anything more, and text him our location as I did Archie.

Then, taking the Logos from my other pocket, I start creating a couple of programs. Aiden and Ethan want the protection of being in Scott’s pack, well, now they are going to get it; but, on my terms.

Archie arrives in a truck, not the Mustang.

“What the fuck?” I explode at him, drawing his attention from the two guys sitting in the middle of a circle of ash in the middle of the road, “I said to bring the Mustang!”

“I thought I’d load the jeep on the truck and take it back to…”

“No,” I state, “I need to commit insurance fraud, and report it stolen to the sheriff’s department, so that they can find it and I can claim the insurance. It’s not like I can report what really happened.”

Well, I could tell my dad, but that would only get him worrying about how dangerous the supernatural world is.

“What happened?” Archie asks, eyeing the twins.

“Never mind,” I snap, making his gaze drop to the ground briefly, before it snaps to the headlights of the car pulling up. Danny alights from the car, slamming the door closed behind him.
“What did you do?” he scowls as he stalks between the twins and me.

“What are you asking?” I retort, not sure if he’s talking to the murder twins or me, “They attacked me and tried to kill me, I defended myself.”

“Danny, please,” Ethan pleads, “It’s not what it looks like, he’s…” he points at me.

“I know what he is,” Danny silences him, coldly adding, “But to my knowledge he hasn’t harmed or killed anyone. Can you say the same?” Ethan looks down in shame at Danny’s comment, but Aiden, he just looks at him defiantly.

“We did what he had to do to survive,” Aiden snarls.

“Really,” I can’t believe he’s trying to pull that one, “What you had to do to survive, really? You had to hold Derek down and use him as the weapon to kill Boyd? You had hunt down and kill every member of your pack, one by one, including your pack’s emissary, leaving your terrified alpha until last? You had to, did you?” I bark at them.

“Stiles,” Danny says warningly, his head jerking in Archie’s direction.

“Don’t worry about him, he won’t talk to anyone about what he hears,” I respond, turning to Archie adding, “Will you?”

“No, Sir,” he replies.

“See,” I smile at Danny, “You need to decide what you’re doing with these two. I’m sure after a good night’s sleep they’ll have a change of heart and attitude.”

“What did you do?” Danny arches his eyebrow as he questions me, and I see him wonder how I managed to create a mountain ash barrier; but he doesn’t ask, probably saving it for later when there are less people listening in.

“Nothing much,” I smirk, and walk towards Archie’s truck.

Danny breaks the ring of ash trapping the twins, and Aiden shifts to his wolf-y self and rushes at me. I hear, Danny, Ethan, and Archie, all shout some equivalent of ‘No’ at Aiden, but before any of them can react further I instinctively tap into my Spark.

My right hand shoots out, and I make a grasping motion and pull towards me. Aiden is pulled towards me setting him off balance, he trips over his own feet, but doesn’t fall; I have a hold of him. Next, I make a thrusting motion and Aiden flies back, past Danny, and over his brother crashing into a tree at the side of the road. The training with Deaton seems to be paying off, given how much I could control the element of Air; I just need to check my ability with the other elements.

I see, and smell, the fear emanating from the twins and Archie, though not Danny.

“Like I said,” I smile at Danny, “A good night’s sleep should adjust their attitude; enjoy,” Danny frowns at me, clearly aware I’ve used the Logos on the twins. I turn to Archie, “Now, let’s get to the sheriff’s station so I can report my jeep stolen; insurance fraud doesn’t commit itself. I’m driving,” I add; he looks too freaked out to be capable of keeping us on the road.
As I’m driving us back into town, Archie’s left leg keeps bouncing up and down as he has a mild freak out in the passenger seat. I reach over with my right hand and grab his knee.

“So, first time encountering the supernatural here in Beacon Hills, huh?”

“What was that? That guy had like claws and fangs. And how did you do, whatever it was, that you did?” he rambles off his questions as he stares at me, I take note of the fact that he hasn’t called me Sir or Master like he normally does; I briefly take my eyes off the road, and raise my eyebrow reproachfully. “Master,” he quickly adds before dropping his gaze to the dashboard.

“The twins are werewolves; omegas, which means they don’t have a pack,” I explain, “They don’t like me because they think I’m stopping them from being allowed into my pack,” he stills in fear beside me, “I’m not a werewolf, but I am being trained as the Emissary for the local pack; that’s like a druid protector and advisor. It’s how I could make the wind push Aiden around like that; controlling the air around him. They also don’t like that I told Danny, who was the boyfriend of the other twin, Ethan, that they were a pair of murderous assholes and were responsible for the death of a couple of friends of ours.”

He sits silently for the rest of the trip to the sheriff’s office.

“You okay?” I ask when I park the truck outside the station.

“Yeah,” he nods, unconvincingly, “Just a lot to take in; werewolves are real, you can do magic…”

“True, but now is not the time to have a freak-out,” I calmly state, “So,” I continue, “Ready to go in and lie to the deputies and my dad by telling them my jeep was stolen and you just happened by to help me out.”

Reporting my jeep stolen goes smoothly; mostly.

My dad smells a rat, and has Archie and I sit down in his office, where I get his judicious look and he waits until I tell him the truth; mostly.

I tell him that there was a supernatural attack, the jeep was totalled and is a burning wreck on the road to the southside of town leading to the freeway. I took care of the threat, with Danny’s help – I added that to lessen the worry in the look he was giving me – and then called Archie to borrow his car again until the insurance is sorted out and I can get a new jeep.

“Uh,” he gruffly huffs, and turning to Archie asks, “And just why would you lend my son your car?”

“Dad,” I yell, and quickly scramble for an answer, “Because he’s a nice guy he likes to provide
aftercare service to his important customers in hopes of repeat business.”

“I ask again,” my dad states, turning his attention back to Archie. “Why would you lend my son your car?”

“Because I have my truck, and I’ll need to sell my car; when the insurance claim is paid out he might buy it from me,” Archie replies.

I wait until we arrive at Archie’s place to ask.

“Why do you need to sell your car?”

“Valerie and I split up, after…”

“After she found you getting fucked by me,” I supply.

“Yes,” he whispers, not looking me in the eye, “And her family have decided not to continue as partners in the business. I can’t make the repayments on the loans or the lease. I need to find a new place to live by the end of the month, and find a job so I can pay the rent; or move back to Riverdale and work for my dad.”

“Pity,” I say, “You had the makings of an obedient slave. Hopefully you find something.” He looks like he wants to say something else, or ask something.

“I have obeyed you,” he says, blushing, “I haven’t come since you last… used me.”

“And? That was only a week ago.”

“Would you let me come again, please, Master?”

“Then we should get out of the truck, and you should get naked,” I tell him.

We head up to his apartment, passing the garage and office; both packed up and mostly empty now that the auto-repair shop is out of business. I follow him into the living room, it too is pretty much empty; a TV on the wall, a couch, and a wide coffee table set in front of the couch. He turns to walk into what I assume would be the bedroom.

“Here will do, strip,” I instruct him. He’s a little taken aback, maybe he was hoping for some tender love making, but that’s not what I want from him. With only a few seconds delay he strips, throwing his clothes on the couch; his cock is hard and leaking as he steps out of his boxers and drops them on top of the rest.

“No touching your cock,” I tell him as his hand moves to stroke the six-inch length, “Lay on your back across the table, head hanging off the end.”

As he moves to comply, I pick up his jeans and pull the belt from the hoops; dropping the jeans back on the couch. His eyes track the movement of the leather as I hold the belt in one hand,
grasping the buckle and wrapping the length around my palm.

“Spread your legs so they are either side of the table, keep your feet on the floor, and grab hold of the table legs with your hands,” I instruct him.

He looks like he wants to say something, maybe ask what I’m going to do with his belt, and I can smell his fear rising, enough for his cock to lose some of its firmness; one stern look and silently complies.

I kneel beside his head, open my fly and pull my own hard thirteen inches out, resting the tube of flesh across his face.

“Don’t move, don’t lick it, don’t do anything without my permission,” I warn him, “You can come when you want to, it won’t stop me doing what I want until I’m finished.”

With that said I lean over and start licking, nipping, biting, chewing, and generally enjoying myself teasing and torturing his pecs and nipples; with my tongue, lips and, especially, teeth. With my other hand, the one not holding his belt, I run my thumb around the corona of his dick. He’s soon solidly hard again and leaking over my fingers and dripping onto his abs.

“Open up and swallow my dick,” I tell him; his mouth opens wide, a large ‘O’, and I slide the head of my cock in, “Remember to breathe through your nose,” I remind him as I shove my length down his throat and, while with one hand I tease the head of his cock, I bring the small exposed length of the leather belt down on his balls.

“Keep breathing,” I repeat, as I tease his cockhead, thrust my cock in and out of his throat, and slap his balls with his leather belt.

He screams in pain around my cock in his mouth as I keep hitting his balls hard with the leather, but his cock never loses rigidity, nor does it stop leaking precum. His legs jerk and press into the side of the table as he tries to pull them together, his knuckles of his hands turning white with his grip tightening on the table legs. I keep striking his balls, hard, as I thrust in and out; my other hand lightly stroking on his cock and teasing the crown.

With another hard slap of the leather across his nuts he screams around the head of my cock in his mouth as he explodes his release over his abs and chest; the sense of power it gives, making me flood his mouth with my own.

“Nothing wrong with being a masochist and getting off on pain,” I tell him.

“I’m not… I wasn’t, not before I met you,” he counters.

“Well, you take pain beautifully,” I smile at his back, “And I enjoyed giving it to you, as much as you enjoyed taking it; judging by the load you shot.” The warm sated feeling filling me tells me I need to find some way to keep him.
“Come on,” I say after a few minutes, “Get the keys to the mustang and take me to the car.”

He gingerly rises from the ground; his come sticking to his skin, and my bite marks covering his chest. I don’t allow him to put any clothes on as he leads me to the car, but I think he expected that from our previous encounters.

“I have a proposition for you,” I say as we get to the red Mustang, “You’ll never hear from me again, except to pay for this car once I get the insurance money, unless you turn up at my school Friday at the end of last period. You bring with you, a black holy trainer v2, with the short length cage. If you do, then I will lock it on you and if you’ll be lucky I’ll take it off you twice a year, if you’re a very good and obedient slave, and play with your cock. The only other way you’ll come is from me stimulating your prostate; with my cock if your good. You will forever be my slave. Also, as you’ll be my slave, to keep you in Beacon Hills, I’ll talk to my dad about getting you the job as a maintenance worker at the station that’s available, and about getting you a room to rent.”

“I...”

“Ssh, think it over,” I tell him, placing my hand over his mouth to shut him up, “The choice is yours.”

I get in the car and drive home.

Chapter End Notes

Excerpt from Chapter-05 "Of Ethan and Aiden (Part-2)"

“Okay, so just what did you do to them?” Danny cross examines me next morning at school. Luckily, we are both sitting at the back of the class, and it isn’t one that any werewolves are in to overhear him.

“Who are we talking about?” I ask him; knowing full well he must be referring to the murder twins.

“Ethan and Aiden,” he hisses, “I left them sleeping on my couches in the living room last night, only to wake up to Ethan kissing my neck and Aiden, his straight brother, sucking my dick!”

“You’re welcome,” I smirk.

“Stiles!” he frowns; clearly Aiden needs to work on his sucking skills if Danny’s still unhappy after a blowjob, “They were both totally submissive to me, Aiden telling me how they had to repay me for helping them out, and telling me I could do whatever I wanted with them.”

“Like I said,” I smile at him, “You’re welcome.”

“This isn’t funny,” he growls under his breath at me, “There’s no way they stand a chance of survival without an alpha; not the way they were this morning.”

+------------------------------------------------+
As we’re heading to the lacrosse try-outs I can see my puppy is tense and on edge. “Relax, of course you’re still the team captain. You got your grades up just like coach told you, right?” I say to him.

“Yeah, but he never told me I was back on the team; he just said to show up for try-outs,” Scott replies.

“Never mind, we’ve got bigger things to deal with anyway,” I comment, “Like getting you laid before you explode. How are you this worked up already?” adding under my breath so only he can hear, “Sarge fucked you to orgasm only three days ago.”

“I can’t help it,” he hisses at me in exasperation, “I’m used to coming at least once a day, you know, since becoming a werewolf; and more around the full moon, especially on the full moon. Which is like a week away. Have you asked your dad yet?”

“About what?”

“About getting a dog,” he looks horror-struck at the thought I’d forgotten. “I was waiting to see if the toy would work, you know, so you didn’t need to…”

“Dude…” his face falls, and he looks crestfallen, “I… I just thought that we still would,” he mutedly says, “You know, your idea about the web site, and the dog-walking...”
“Okay, so just what did you do to them?” Danny cross examines me next morning at school. Luckily, we are both sitting at the back of the class, and it isn’t one that any werewolves are in to overhear him.

“Who are we talking about?” I ask him; knowing full well he must be referring to the murder twins.

“Ethan and Aiden,” he hisses, “I left them sleeping on my couches in the living room last night, only to wake up to Ethan kissing my neck and Aiden, his straight brother, sucking my dick!”

“You’re welcome,” I smirk.

“Stiles!” he frowns; clearly Aiden needs to work on his sucking skills if Danny’s still this unhappy after a blowjob, “They were both totally submissive to me, Aiden telling me how they had to repay me for helping them out, and telling me I could do whatever I wanted with them.”

“Like I said,” I smile at him, “You’re welcome.”

“This isn’t funny,” he growls under his breath at me, “There’s no way they stand a chance of survival without an alpha; not the way they were this morning.”

“And what do you want me to do?” I turn to him, “Change them back to the murdering psychos they were? Just, forgive and forget that they killed Erica and Boyd? Forget what they did to Derek, Scott, and Isaac? Forget how they used Lydia and you as part of Deucalion’s grand plan to find out who was closest to the True Alpha? Ignore that they tried to kill me...”

“No,” he interrupts my whispered rant, “But they don’t deserve to be so defenceless.”

“So, I ask again; just what do you want me to do?” I stress. I know what I plan to do.

“They need the protection of being in a pack, of having an alpha,” Danny explains, “Scott is still an alpha, despite what you’ve done to him, he has a pack and needs more betas in his pack. So, get them into Scott’s pack.”

“There will be conditions to that,” I state.

“Oh, I have no doubt you will have some conditions, but just remember your promise,” Danny practically snarls at me, “Don’t think I don’t realise this was your plan with them all along, you have quiet the sadistic streak; and I know it doesn’t all come from being part Nogitsune.”

“And don’t think I don’t keep my promises,” I smile back at him, “Or, that I don’t know you enjoyed being the meat in the twin sandwich; did you fuck them both, or just Aiden while you had him blow Ethan?”

“None of your business,” Danny glowers back at me.
By lunchtime Scott and Isaac have calmed down from the near hysterical rage that fired up Scott and the uncontrollable sobbing and fear that engulfed Isaac when I arrived in the Mustang and they found out about Aiden and Ethan attacking me the night before.

Though, as I change Isaac’s diaper in the boy’s toilets, he’s lying on the floor being even more quiet than usual; and a little sulky. Puppy is guarding the door outside, and is still tightly wound; like he’s ready to snap.

“Is my little angel still upset with me?” I ask, giving him my best impression of a ‘doe-eyes’ Pity Kitty, or ‘Puss n Boots’, as I apply the cream around his hole while my other hand pets his upper leg.

“Not upset with you,” he gasps in reply, “I’m scared they’ll hurt you,” he adds, with tears threatening to fall again.

“Hey, my golden boy,” I lower his legs and pull him up into a hug, “I told you, I made everything alright; they aren’t going to attack me again. And in class this morning Danny said they are very sorry and want to do anything to make it up to us and be allowed to join the pack.”

“I don’t trust them,” he huffs, with his head on my shoulder as I rub his back.

“I know, but we can meet them on neutral ground, like at Deaton’s, and see what they say. Then we can tell Scott if we think they should be allowed in, and as alpha he can decide.”

He seems a little more placated, despite still scowling, so I get him on his back again, and finish putting a fresh diaper on him. As I’m fastening the button on his jeans we both hear Scott snarling “No, I’m not interested” to someone outside.

Heading out, I have one of Isaac’s hands in mine, we see Allison trying to flirt with Scott. He looks ready to snap, his crooked jaw working overtime grinding his teeth.

“Hey Scotty; what’s up?” I ask throwing my free arm over his shoulder and planting a kiss on his cheek. He turns sharply to me, I continue, “You know I can’t wait for the weekend when I can get you naked in my bedroom again and fuck that tight ass of yours.”

“Wait, what?” Allison stammers.

“Well, you decided you didn’t want either of these hot studs, doesn’t mean I should let anyone else get them,” I reply before either Scott or Isaac get a chance, “Does it?”

“Both?” she asks; her shock and confusion self-evident.

“Yeah,” I half shrug, “Seems you hurt them enough to put them off girls.” Isaac seems to get with the program faster than Scott does as he leans in against me and puts his head on my shoulder. Scott catches up and turns to smile at me; I press my lips to his and run my tongue over them until his lips part slightly and I deepen the kiss.
“I… I never…” she fumes, before she marches off.

I pull back from the kiss with Scott.

“Anything?” I ask him.

“Sorry,” he replies.

“You’d have been rock hard if I was four-legged, furry, and had a tail,” I mock pout at him.

“You know the whole school is going to think we're in a relationship,” he ignores my jest.

“Well, we are,” I say, “Just not the one they will be thinking. And that has to be better than them knowing the real relationship and mocking Isaac, or you getting arrested for having sex with dogs.”

“Yeah, Stiles 'Stud' Stilinski; one boyfriend isn’t enough for him,” he smirks as we start to walk to our next class, my arm still around Scott’s shoulder, and his around my waist, with my other hand in Isaac’s.

“I heard what you were saying about the twins, when are we meeting them?” Scott asks as we stop outside his biology class.

“I’ll get Danny to set something up with them and Deaton,” I answer, “See if they can arrange something today.”

Isaac and I continue on, still hand in hand, to our calculus class.

As we’re heading to the lacrosse try-outs I can see my puppy is tense and on edge.

“Relax, of course you’re still the team captain. You got your grades up just like coach told you, right?” I say to him.

“Yeah, but he never told me I was back on the team; he just said to show up for try-outs,” Scott replies.

“Never mind, we’ve got bigger things to deal with anyway,” I comment, “Like getting you laid before you explode. How are you this worked up already?” adding under my breath so only he can hear, “Sarge fucked you to orgasm only three days ago.”

“I can’t help it,” he hisses at me in exasperation, “I’m used to coming at least once a day, you know, since becoming a werewolf; and more around the full moon, especially on the full moon. Which is like a week away. Have you asked your dad yet?”

“About what?”

“About getting a dog,” he looks horror-struck at the thought I’d forgotten.
“I was waiting to see if the toy would work, you know, so you didn’t need to…”

“Dude…” his face falls, and he looks crestfallen, “I… I just thought that we still would,” he mutedly says, “You know, your idea about the web site, and the dog-walking…”

“Oh,” I know he just wants to get some doggy cock in his mouth and ass again because he likes it, “Well, like I told you, you need to ask Danny to set up the web site; he wants to know that you want to be a porn star and it’s not down to me forcing you…”

“How would you force me?”

“Because puppy, you always go along with my ideas,” I smirk at him, “And the dog walking seems to need some sort of actual company set up; to cover insurance and things in case anything happens to the dogs while in our care. So, that may not be an option…”

“Oh,” he doesn’t hide his disappointment at that.

“Still,” I say as we walk out to the lacrosse field, “At least worrying about our status on the lacrosse team is not a problem we have.”

“It is now,” Scott growls looking over a new kid in the goal; catching every ball.

“Who the hell is that?” I wonder aloud.

“Nice Liam,” we hear Garret say from the field, “Looks like we may have our first ever freshman captain.”

“Let’s practice, so you can chase some balls around,” I tell the puppy.

“It’s not the same as fetch,” he pouts at me. It’s the first time he’s made a direct reference to puppy play; something we haven’t even done, yet.

“Later,” I smile at him; and he seems a little less tense than he was.

“So, Liam,” I say as we step up behind him as he’s getting dressed at his locker, “Want to explain what that was out there?”

“What do you mean?” he asks turning to look at us.


“I was in goal,” he innocently replies, looking confused.

“Yeah, but not a single shot got past you,” I press.

“Yeah, I was the goalie,” he retorts.

I signal my puppy to take over the questioning.

“You’re a freshman, right?” Scott asks.

“Yeah, I transferred from Devonford Prep,” Liam replies.
“Transferred?” Scott presses, and I notice he’s listening to the boy’s heartbeat.

“Yeah.”

“No, you got kicked out didn’t you,” Scott challenges him.

“Kicked out, transferred, what do you guys care, I came here to play lacrosse,” Liam rebuttals, “You guys could use some good players, right?”

“Okay,” I pick up the questioning, “How did you get so good? Were you always this good, or did it happen suddenly, like overnight? Have you ever been out in the middle of the woods on the night of a full moon...?”

“Stiles,” Scott snaps at me; I frown at him, and notice the strain in his stance.

“Look, I learned from my stepdad, he made team captain when he was a sophomore, like you,” Liam says to Scott, turning to me he adds, “And yeah, I guess I am just that good.” He picks up his jacket, his backpack and leaves.

“He wasn’t lying that time,” Scott informs me; all his frustration and tension having returned.

“Cocky little shit,” I scowl after the insulant pup, “Come on,” I turn to Scott, “We should pick up Isaac and head to Deaton’s. See what the murder twins have to say, and I can fill you and Isaac in on my idea before we get there.”

I’ll be checking Liam out on the Logos later.

Isaac shifts from where he was sitting on my knee as Danny, followed by the twins, walk into the office at Deaton’s; he stands beside the chair, and Scott is pacing at the other side of the room. I’m not sure how much I’ve convinced them to let the twins into the pack, even with my conditions attached. They both still don’t trust them; not from before, and not after their recent attacks on me.

“So?” Scott snarls at them; he does seem to be having some anger/control issues just now, and I wonder if it’s just sexual frustration or if the ‘going feral’ that Deaton mentioned is connected to sexual frustration.

“I know there is no reason for you to let us in your pack,” Aiden starts.

“No, I don’t trust you,” Isaac jumps in, “You tried to kill da... Stiles.”

“I…” Aiden starts again.

“But Stiles is the one that suggested we listen to you,” Scott interrupts him with a growl, “So, beg!” I don’t think I’d ever heard my puppy sound filled with rage; well, except for the time when he was losing control and trying to kill me when he was first bitten, or during his first full moon.
when I chained him to the radiator and gave him a dog bowl of water with his name written on it. This has possibilities; the anger and fear in the room was banquet I could enjoy.

Only I can’t, the emotions taste vile and I can’t feed on them; something is wrong. I put my confusion to the side for the moment and return my concentration to the situation in the room. I saw Danny smirk at me and mouth ‘You’re welcome’, and it strikes me he must have done something, but how? I have my profile locked in the Logos device.

Aiden starts begging.

“Please, I know we don’t deserve it, but please, take pity on us, on Ethan at least; he doesn’t deserve… he never wanted to be part of the alpha pack, I pressured him into it. I saw it as our only chance to be free of our pack, of our alpha. They were killers, they were the reason people see werewolves as monsters, and our alpha, he was the cruellest. We were the bitches of the pack, the bottom of the pack hierarchy and… we were the last to eat, whatever scraps were left, we had to take whatever abuse they threw at us. I… I just wanted to protect my brother…”

“That sounds more like making excuses to me; than begging like Scott told you to,” I snipe; Aiden’s gaze flicks to me before fliting back to Scott, and he continues.

“I know we don’t deserve the protection of your pack, but please, those we’ve hurt while in the alpha pack will kill us. I beg you to let us join your pack, with more betas in your pack you’ll be stronger, we’ll even be the bitches of your pack if that’s what you want; I know you’ll never be as cruel to us they were. We’ll do whatever you want, just please…”

“Say that again,” Scott growls at him, the alpha red bleeding into his eyes.

“We’ll do whatever you want,” Aiden slowly repeats; hope bleeding into his voice.

“We’ll do whatever you want,” Ethan parrots, when Scott looks at him.

“And what Stiles wants, and what Isaac wants,” Scott demands of them; they both nod their heads in agreement. “Say it!” Scott insists.

They both repeat, almost in sync, word for word; and I know my wolves can hear the truth of it as clearly as I can.

Scott looks to Isaac and me for agreement, before he turns back to the twins.

“Then this is the deal,” Scott informs them, “Danny here is going to be setting up a website for us, a porn site, it was going to be for videos of me, but now, you two will be stars too. As well as videos of brotherly love, you Aiden, will be making some of the same videos as me. So, do you accept, or are you getting out of my territory?” he asks them.

From the twitch in Scott’s composure I can tell he picked up on Deaton’s disapproval, but he ignores it; waiting for the twins’ answer.

They clearly know what kind of videos they’ll be staring in, and that Scott just inferred that Aiden will be sucking dog cock and getting fucked by dogs; just like Scott himself. Their wide eyes and
heavy swallowing indicates that.

“What happens to the money from this site?” Danny asks.

“The profit from my videos is to help pay for my college tuition,” Scott answers, “Any extra will be pack money, just like the profits from their videos. It will be to cover pack needs; including theirs.”

“It’s better than we had under our old pack,” Ethan says. He and his brother share a look, then bare their throats to Scott, “We accept; Alpha.”

Scott driven by some instinct, bites down on first Aiden’s, then Ethan’s, neck; barely breaking the skin, but it seems enough to claim them as his betas.

Danny leaves with the twins shortly after, and before I can corner him to ask what he meant by ‘You’re Welcome’. I have a training session with Deaton, so Scott and Isaac head home on the bus and I tell them I’ll see them later.

No sooner am I left alone with Deaton and he is throwing down a ring of mountain ash, and I’m trapped in the centre.

“What the hell?” I ask.

“I know my wards are working, and I know you haven’t set off any alarms, somehow, but I was watching you tonight,” the vet says from the where he’s standing in the shadows, “Ever since Scott said that you used shadow walk to escape from the first attack by the twins…”

“You are aware I threw down a mountain ash barrier to trap the twins when they attacked me last night,” I tell him.

“Yes, and I also saw how drastically their demeanour had changed today,” Deaton intones, “Nothing I have been teaching you would account for that.”

“And whatever you think I am now could?”

“No. A Nogitsune could not, but a Darach…”

“I am not a Darach, I have not turned to the dark side Obi-Wan…”

“Then break the barrier around you; you haven’t even tried to cross it. Why not?” he calmly asks, “And as you state you’re not a Darach, what about a Nogitsune?”

“I’m not a Kitsune of any kind,” I forcefully state.

“You still haven’t crossed the barrier,” Deaton says, “In fact, if I recall, for the last few weeks, since you started having issues with the creation of mountain ash barriers, you haven’t been the first to enter the clinic; I’ve had to raise the hatch, breaking the barrier, for Scott or Isaac who were
ahead of you."

“I created a barrier last night…”

“I’m aware.”

I feel the pressure on my molars from grinding my teeth. Have I mentioned before how I sometimes feel like punching the man? This is one of those times.

I reach out and feel the press of the barrier; it flares up and there is no way he misses it. It takes all my strength to push through, but I do.

“Nogitsune,” Deaton says, “You lied to me.”

“No, I didn’t,” I spit out, “I’m not possessed by a Nogitsune. I’m half-Nogitsune.”

“That’s not possible,” he retorts, “Once possessed, unless expelled, only the Nogitsune will remain after it assumes full control. We have to…”

“You said yourself, I’m not possessed; if I was, your detection system would have set the alarm bells ringing. Right?”

“But…”

“I guess I must have been possessed at some point and not aware of it, probably after the bath of ice,” I explain, but I don’t want to tell him everything, “But, now, I’m not. I seem to be a half-Nogitsune. I have the enhanced abilities like a werewolf does, and then there’s the longevity, healing, and shadow walking that are all powered by the emotional vampirism; though Danny seems to have done something to that.”

“In what way?” he asks. So, I explain about the feeding on negative emotions, and now not being able to and Danny’s cryptic message. All through my explanation he’s walking around mixing herbs and who knows what, because he is not telling me anything, and then he throws the mixture at me. It lands on my head, covering me. I shake it off with a cough, and try to get as much stuff out of my hair as possible.

“What the hell, doc?” I yell at him.

“Hmm, whatever your friend Danny did to merge the Nogitsune with you,” now I never said that Danny did that, but I’m not going to correct him, “Be thankful that he removed the feeding on the negative emotions. That would, as you would say, lead to the dark side.”

“Right, I already told you I…”

“I had to be sure that you were not a threat to the pack, and that you were not in some way responsible for the changes to…”

“I’d never hurt the pack,” I indignantly retort, “Scott is,” I stop myself from saying Scott’s my puppy and Isaac’s my baby boy, there’s no need for Deaton to know that, “My best friend, and Isaac; they are my pack and I will always protect them.”

“I know that is true for Stiles, but a Nogitsune would not have the same concern for their well-being. And I think you need to tell them that you are not entirely human anymore.”
“Maybe,” I huff, “Though not sure how inhuman I am anymore. Without being able to feed I’m not sure how the healing, and shadow walking will work; if they’ll still work.”

“From what I can tell,” the vet intones, “You still have the enhanced abilities, even if you can no-longer access the shadow walking and healing. You are still not entirely human. Now, shall we practice?”

“Sure doc,” I say; though I am feeling a little tired after breaking the barrier.

We practice my control of the elements, and I have pretty good control over all four; I am the last Airbender. Then he has me throw down a barrier, like I did to trap the twins.

I’m cautious opening the container of mountain ash. I push through the resistance I feel to take a handful. It burns like it did last night. I throw it to the ground, willing the barrier to form. It does, but it’s not as strong as it was last night.

“Let me see your hand,” Deaton is quickly demanding, and without thinking about it I turn the hand I held the ash in palm side up, “You are definitely not human; we should work on some other form of barriers so that you don’t suffer injury, or trap yourself.”

He cleans up my hand, using some solution to heal the burn.

“You should tell your pack,” he says as I leave.

The next morning while I’m checking Isaac’s diaper at school, he mentions that he feels itchy ‘down there’ and thinks he needs shaved again unless I have ‘the potion to take it all away for good’. I tell him I have, and that I’ll apply it to him when we have a sleepover at the weekend. He smiles beatifically and as I fasten his diaper I kiss him on the forehead.

“Thanks, Daddy,” he coos, then stills fearfully.

“Do you want me to be your daddy?” I ask, smiling at him; I noticed he almost referred to me as daddy at Deaton’s. He timidly nods his head. “I’d be very proud and happy to be your daddy,” I tell him, giving him a chaste kiss on the lips. His smile is even more radiant as we leave the room.

Outside, we find that Ethan and Aiden have joined Scott on guard duty; they both look wary, as if they expect one of us to rip their throats out. Danny is hovering near by, and I make a bee-line for him; telling the wolves I’ll see them at lunch.

“So, what did you do and how did you do it?” I ask when I catch up to him; he seemed to be walking slowly so that I could.

“Can you be more specific?” he asks with a smirk.
“Don’t get smart with me, spirit,” I snap at him.

“No, seriously,” he says, “I know I performed a ritual to remove the darkness from around your heart and sustain you with love, but I don’t know how successful the ritual was, or what the actual result would be; I assumed you would have used the Logos to block any changes being made to you, but this could have affected you anyway. I just don’t know exactly how.”

“You… you what?” I explode at him, “How could you do something without knowing what the result would be?!” from the look he gives me I think he thinks I’m being hypocritical, I think that’s unjustified so I ignore it and continue, “I can’t feed on emotions anymore, and that means I don’t have super healing, extralong life, and I can’t shadow walk!”

“Are you sure that’s what happened?” he asks, “I was expecting that it would make you more merciful, and therefore less likely to harm…”

“I already told you I have no intention of harming innocent people, and that includes Scott and Isaac. I’m not some sort of monster.”

“Less likely to harm Ethan, and his brother; they already seemed so broken when I picked them up,” he finishes, “So, the Logos just says you don’t have emotional vampirism anymore; that’s all?!”

“You’re still in love with him,” I state, picking up on his ‘less likely to harm Ethan’, with Aiden added as an afterthought. He glares at me.

“I can’t just switch my emotions around like I’m choosing what to have for lunch. Yes, I still have feelings for him; especially after finding out what they went through before they joined the alpha pack,” Danny professes, “So, the Logos?”

I hadn’t even thought to look at my profile on the device. Which Danny guesses when I suddenly extract it from my pocket.

“Son of a bitch,” Danny exclaims; I ignore him peering over my shoulder. The device registers the ritual as an attack that happened to me. I apparently couldn’t defend against it, but it registered the intent of ‘removing the darkness’ to be the emotional vampirism feeding on negative emotions, and as the emotional vampirism needs to feed on something it interpreted the ‘sustained by love’ as feeding off sex. It now shows me as being part human, part nogitsune, and part incubus. To feed off sex it specifies that it is the sexual pleasure of the partner that am sustained by, not my own.

“Well, I guess I should thank you,” I smile at him; it is how I thought the power would work in the first place, so I’m happy about it.

Isaac rides with me in the Mustang, while Scott follows on his bike; we’re heading to my house after school. They are both anxious to get there; well, Isaac is more than Scott. The packages have arrived.
I’m not so anxious, but not for the same reason that Scott is. Deaton’s words from the night before coming to my mind; ‘You should tell your pack’.

We take the packages up to my room; preferring to open them there in case my dad arrives home early.

Isaac tears into the package, his face filled with glee.

“Can I wear this now daddy?” he excitedly asks, holding up one of the ‘Padded Pup’ romper suits.

“How about we save these for the sleepover tomorrow,” I suggest, and he looks crestfallen; making me add, “And the potion I made for you, after you asked me to remove your hair, I apply it now instead of tomorrow. That way tomorrow night you’ll be all smooth like you want.”

“Promise?” he asks hopefully.

“Promise.”

Scott is less than impressed with the doggy cocksheath.

“It doesn’t feel real,” he says, biting at his bottom lip.

“Puppy, I think it will feel more real when it’s stretched around my hard cock,” I tell him. Making him now look crestfallen. I know it’s because he doesn’t really want this to work; he wants to keep on having sex with actual dogs.

“I get that you’re really not into this,” I pull him into a one-armed hug, and resting my head against the side of his, I suggest, “How about, even if this does work tomorrow, and you come when I’m fucking you, we just use it when you’re getting restless and we don’t have a dog handy to fuck you?”

“Stiles,” he gasps, his cheeks reddening, “I…”

“You don’t want to stop having sex with dogs, just like I said after your first night with Sarge,” I remind him, “I said you were going to want to do it again.”

“I’m so sick,” he mumbles, and I feel his self-loathing starting to rise. It makes me feel sick, and I need to make him stop.

“You’re not human,” I tell him, “Their rules don’t apply to this. Wolves and dogs mate, and you’re a wolf; there’s nothing wrong with you being with a dog.”

“Thanks, bro,” he half-sobs, as Isaac and I hug him.

“I’ll ask my dad tonight about getting a dog,” I state.

“Alpha’s going to get a boyfriend,” Isaac sing-songs as he relaxes and starts falling into his Little headspace. Scott ducks his head, blushing, as a small smile plays at the corners of his mouth.
In keeping my promise to Isaac, I fetch from under my bed the unlabelled jar I filled with a generic moisturiser, mixed with some cinnamon, orange oil, and liquorice. Getting Isaac to stand naked in the middle of the room, I put some thin surgical gloves on.

“I don’t want my hair falling out,” I say when he looks at the gloves with a little trepidation, and I start rubbing the cream and spices into his skin. “So, I want you to keep this on all night, only washing it off tomorrow morning, and tomorrow when you wake up, you’ll be all smooth from the neck down.”

“I smell like Christmas,” he smiles; referring to the cinnamon and orange scent.

“I’ve got something to tell you guys,” I waveringly say; once Isaac is dressed again, sitting beside me on the bed with Scott on my other side, “And Isaac, I need you to be big for this, can you do that just now?”

“Oh okay,” Isaac says a little warily, but I can see in his eyes that he’s not entirely out of his Little headspace.

“What is it?” Scott asks, his voice showing concern as he clearly picked up on something in my tone.

“I’m not human,” I haltingly state, “The twins were partially right, I…”

“What?!” they both shout in disbelief before I even finish.

“But they were also wrong,” I continue, “I was possessed, but I’m not now…”

I explain to them about the Nogitsune. How Deaton said that it could have been when we did the sacrifice that it got in. And I tell them about merging with it – but I don’t explain how or mention the Logos device – and how through that I gained the ability heal like they do, have similarly enhanced hearing and strength like they do, and how from that I can shadow walk, but that it was linked to my feeding on negative emotions. However, that was dangerous, that Deaton said that could lead me to the dark side. And then explain how Danny somehow managed to change that, and now I feed off sexual pleasure.

When I stop talking I can see them still processing what I’ve said. I hope my pheromones are enough to stop them from wondering how I managed to merge with the Nogitsune in the first place instead of it managing to take me over.

“Danny can do magic?” Scott asks, “Is he an Emissary too? Like Deaton?”

“Not exactly, I think I should leave it to Danny if he wants to explain what he is.”

“Are you like a succubus?” Isaac asks, a puzzled expression on his face.

“Sort of, only like the male version, an incubus, and only partly. I’m sort of part human, part nogitsune, and part incubus; now.”

“You should have told us before,” Scott firmly states, not looking happy.

“I know, but I was scared, and you were both dealing with your own changes,” I say.

“I know bro, but you’ve been helping us with those and dealing with this yourself, we should have
been helping you too,” he earnestly states, pulling me into a hug, “Now I know why you seemed so off at times; it was the nogitsune vampirism feeding making you act like that. Thankfully that’s gone.”

“Thanks, bro,” I say, not correcting him.

“You can feed on me, when you’re fucking me tomorrow,” he decisively states.

“Not sure that will work puppy,” I tell him, “For me to feed off the person they need to be enjoying the sex, and finding sexual pleasure in it. So…”

“Oh…”

“Don’t worry about it, I might have that covered,” I decide to close down the conversation.

They leave a little later, and I reheat some casserole for dinner in time for my dad getting home. While he’s still in a good mood from the meal, I raise the question of getting a dog, a rescue dog from a shelter, given how well Scott and I looked after Sarge.

He looks doubtful at first, but eventually agrees; stating that it is up to me to ensure that it’s looked after, fed, and exercised. And to pay for all veterinary bills.

Before settling down in bed, I run the program for Isaac to remove his body hair. I also tweak ‘Scotty-05’, to increase his acceptance of his sexual attraction to male dogs, before running it; I don’t want my puppy hating himself because of his biology or sexual attraction. Especially as it’s not something I can feed on anymore, and it’s something that I gave him. I then remember I was going to check Liam Dunbar out on the device. It shows him as just being a human teenage boy, fifteen years and ten months old; with some temper issues. He’s mostly straight, with the rare stray thought, and has an average sized dick.

Then I turn in for the night.

Friday morning when I arrive at school, Scott and Isaac are being flanked by the twins. And the pack looks less than cohesive; with Scott pensive, Isaac with a dopey grin, and Ethan and Aiden seemingly unsure if they are even wanted anywhere near their alpha.

We head inside the school, and to the toilets we normally use for me to check Isaac’s diaper.

“Ethan, Aiden, you stand guard and don’t let anyone else in,” Scott instructs the twin betas, while he strides inside; Isaac and I follow him.

“So, how’s my angel this morning,” I ask Isaac.

“Smooth and happy, Daddy,” he beams, throwing his arms around me and giving me a chaste kiss on the lips. Scott is pacing back and forth in front of the wash basins; clearly something on his
“Then I’m happy too,” I tell him, getting him settled on his back on the floor so I can check and fasten his diaper. His skin is perfectly smooth and hairless, like a baby’s, and he seems to be more sensitive. As I apply the cream around his hairless hole his cock firms up, full and straight; reaching to his navel. Not the half hard plumpness he usually has. He blushes at his reaction, but I ignore it, and try to direct it down into his diaper. It isn’t going to work.

“Do, um, do you want to go into one of the stalls and take care of it?” I ask him.

“No,” he shakes his head, “I want… I want daddy to take care of me,” he answers in a hushed voice. This isn’t something I expected. I knew that with some Littles there was a sexual relationship with their ‘Daddy’ or ‘Mommy’, but even then, their Little self isn’t usually sexual; they’re Little.

“Are you sure?” I ask, wanting to know that he wants this, and isn’t just offering because of our conversation last night; with him now knowing I can feed off sex.

“Yes daddy, please?” he pleads, and his heartbeat doesn’t waver. Scott disappears into one of the cubicles, giving us an illusion of privacy; even the wolves at the door will know what’s going on, hearing and smelling it.

“Okay,” I know we don’t have a lot of time before first bell, so, I sit behind him and have him lean back against my chest. Getting some more cream on my hand, I slowly stroke his length, as my other hand holds him around his smooth chest. I pick up the speed of my strokes as his hand grips my arm across his chest.

“Daddy, daddy, agh,” he chants as he pushes up into my strokes; I taste the pleasure he’s feeling and swallow it down as he erupts over my hand and his abs.

“Better get you cleaned up,” I smile down at him, kissing his lips and ignoring the bulge in my jeans.

“Thank you, daddy,” he smiles bashfully at me, then with some tiredness to his voice asks, “Did you…?” I realise he’s asking if I fed from his pleasure.

“Yes, thank you,” I reply as I clean him up and tuck his now deflating shaft into his diaper, “But given how tired you now seem, we shouldn’t do this again at school.”

Scott comes out of the cubicle, a little red faced and it makes me wonder.

“What?! No!” he denies, “Nothing happened…” he waves his hands in the direction of his crotch, “Down there.”

“Oh,” I shrug, “I just thought if something did there would be more chance of the toy working.”

“I wanted to talk to you, before tonight,” Scott says, and I briefly wonder if he doesn’t want to even try, but then he continues, “When I was showering this morning, I found something…”

“What?” I ask as I help Isaac up from the floor.

“I have… I have a vagina,” Scott turns crimson as he stammers over the words, “Just like the werewolf in the story from the bestiary that Deaton told us about.”
“Okay,” I say. I knew this was going to happen, I wrote the program for it, but I had added a condition that the change would only occur when Scott thought about having puppies.

“Dude, I don’t want to get pregnant,” he rushes out in panicked tones, “I want to finish high school and go to college; I want to become a vet…”

“Puppy, don’t worry,” I comfort him, pulling him into a hug, “We won’t let you get pregnant, not until you want to.”

“Promise?” he asks.

“Promise,” I kiss his forehead as I answer, “We should probably talk to Deaton.”

The rest of the school day is fairly uneventful.

Ethan, Aiden, and Danny sit with us at lunch. I’d mentioned to Scott earlier, in English when the teacher was going over some point, again, in ‘The Blue Mirror’, a class that the twins weren’t in, that I thought they could do with some reassurance from their alpha that they are in the pack, albeit as the pack omegas. And I notice Scott doing some, for him, subtle scenting of the two older wolves; something they both clearly crave, from their reactions.

Allison avoids us, given our previous encounter, and Lydia does too; with them both sitting at their own table, no doubt puzzled by the fact that Danny and the twins are sitting with us.

At the end of the day when we’re heading to the Mustang, I see Archie’s truck parked outside the school gates.

“Scott, you and Isaac head to Deaton’s on your bike. I’ll meet you guys there,” I instruct them.

“Why don’t we wait for you?” Isaac asks; his eyes fixed on Archie.

“Bro, are you having sex with that guy?” Scott blurts out, “Is that what you meant yesterday about ‘having it covered’?” Scott being this perceptive was not something I expected, and for some reason his words are upsetting Isaac.

“Puppy,” I hiss at him, “We’ll talk about it later. Go to Deaton’s, so he can check out your vagina,” which seems to deflate Scott’s excitement, “I’ll meet you there.”

As they head off, Isaac pouting on the back of Scott’s bike, I walk over to Archie.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

“Made your choice then?” I ask Archie as I walk up to his truck.

“Yes… yes, Master,” he stumbles over as he hands me a small cardboard box. Looking inside I see the cock cage I told him to buy.
“Then get in your truck and follow me,” I instruct him as I walk back to the Mustang.

I have him follow me to deserted back streets of the warehouse district. Across the street is Jungle, but it’s too early in the evening for anyone to be around here. I park in front of an empty alleyway, and get out of the car and walk into the dark shadowed side street. Archie parks behind the Mustang and follows.

I start a fire in trashcan, to give some light and some heat; it’s November and already getting dark and cold.

“Strip,” I command him. Sharply looking around, he’s quick to obey; soon standing naked and shivering in front of me, but his cock is hard.

“I’m never going to get this on you with it in that state, am I?” he looks unsure between his cock and the black plastic in my hand, “I guess I’ll need to fuck you first, give you one last orgasm before I lock your dicklet away.” His cock jumps at the idea.

“On your knees and get me hard,” he quickly falls to the ground, with his hands scrambling at my pants, and swiftly has my cock between his lips. His own leaking furiously to the ground beneath.

As my hands rest on the kneeling red-head’s hair, and my fingers curl in to grab hold, I again taste the pleasure rising from him. He loves the degradation of me using and talking to him like this. It makes me wonder if I would need to allow him an orgasm to feed from him sexually, or if his pleasure at my using him sexually would be enough. Something for me to test another time.

With my cock thrusting down his throat it’s time for me to move to the next stage.

“Up, and brace yourself against the fire escape over there,” I direct him. Once he’s leaning forward, his arms against the metal of the frame, and his ass sticking out back towards me, I take the packet of lube from my pocket and tear it open. Pouring it onto my fingers, I smear it over his puckered hole, and press inside.

“Oh,” he gasps and pushes back.

“Eager little slave boi, aren’t you?”

“For you, Master.”

“Can’t wait for me to be shoving thirteen hard inches into your boi pussy, can you?”

“No, Master, want… want you to use me. Please, Master.”

“Oh, that’s good,” I leer at him, not that he can see, as I line my cock up and push in hard.

Soon, the only sound above Archie’s moaning, is the slap, slap, of skin on skin as I pound into his willing ass.

“Please, s’good, please, Master,” he cries. I rake my hands up, from where I am holding his hips, to his chest, and his pleasure tastes so spicy sweet as I tweak and pinch his nipples. I feel myself getting close to coming.
“Come for me,” I instruct him, as I take his cock in hand and roughly stroke him as I begin to fill his ass.

He cries out as he shoots over the ground, his ass tightening its grip on my cock, and his body shudders with the aftershocks as I run my other hand over his chest and tease his nipples.

“There, all sealed away,” I state once I’ve cleaned us up and I lock the black cage around his cock, putting the keys into my pocket; both sets of keys. It’s a tight fit, but the ring around his cock and balls isn’t too tight; though the small cage is short, and pushes his cock back. “Still,” I smile up at him, “Christmas isn’t that far away, so you have that to look forward to as the next time you’ll see it.”

“Yes, Master,” he replies, looking dubious.

“I keep my promises,” I sternly state, “You keep me happy, and twice a year I’ll take this off and give you a chance to come…”

“Yes, Master, I know, I just…” he looks down and away from be before turning back to say, “I only have three weeks left to find a job and a place to stay…”

“I told you, I’ll talk to my dad about the job at the station, and about a place to stay,” I stand up and look him in the eyes, “You’re mine, my slave, my responsibility; I’ll help you find a job and a place to stay. All you have to do, is keep me happy.”

“Yes, Master,” he yawns, “Sorry, Master.” I guess my feeding off his orgasm has tired him out, much like Isaac earlier. Though feeding off Archie has left me more sated; maybe his masochism and the pleasure he gets from pain is more fulfilling to my Nogitsune/Incubus hybrid side.

“Go home, sleep; I’ll text you the details of the interview for the job at the station,” I call to him over my shoulder as I head back to the car. Time to get home and find out what upset my Little Issy, and to fuck my puppy.

Chapter End Notes

Excerpt from Chapter-06 - Of the Situation

Riding in my car, Isaac is quiet as we head to the house for our ‘sleepover’.
“Did I do something wrong?” I ask him, “I feel like you’re mad at me.”
“No,” he mumbles.
“Issy, I know something is bothering you, and I want to make it right. Please, Issy, tell me what I did wrong.” I plead with him as I pull into the driveway; my dad’s cruiser is already gone.
“Did you have sex with that man?” he asks, sounding very grown up, not at all like his Little self, and also, sounding very hurt.
“Yes,” I truthfully tell him, and watch as tear falls from the corner of his eye.  
“I… I was stupid, I thought you loved us, loved me,” his voice is hushed and broken.  
“I do love you,” I tell him, “You’re my golden boy, my little angel; I love you and I  
love my puppy, Scott.”  
“Wasn’t I good, is that why you went with that man?”  
“Issy, I loved what we did this morning, and I want to do it again, if you do,” he nods,  
his head moving tentatively; wary and waiting for me to let him down, “Archie is  
complicated. I’m complicated,” and I hear Scott’s bike pull to a stop beside us,  
“Maybe I should explain this inside.”

---

“So, dad,” I say as we’re having dinner, “Is the Maintenance Worker job still available  
at the station?”  
“You haven’t finished high school…” he attempts to be funny.  
“I was thinking more for Arch… Mr Andrews, the mechanic…”  
“Whose car you’re driving,” he interjects.  
“Yeah…”  
“Why?”  
“Well, you know he said about having to close down his business, and losing his  
home because of…”  
“Yes.”  
“I sort of told him I’d put in a word with you for him if the job was still available…”  
“He’d have to fill in an application and have an interview like anyone else,” he states,  
adding, “And you putting in a word for him won’t help.”  
“He’s a really good mechanic, you saw how he fixed my jeep…”  
“I did. I saw that he replaced the radio, and added a rear-view parking camera, and a  
completely new rebuilt engine that didn’t use the parts you bought on-line…”  
“Huh…” Okay, this isn’t going exactly how I planned; at all.  
“So, if he did all that work, with those parts, for what you could afford to pay, it’s no  
wonder he’s going out of business.” I see the scepticism in my dad’s look; the one that  
says he suspects something and expects me to confess.
I arrive at the clinic as Scott is pulling his pants back up.

“From my examination, you have developed a fully working vagina, cervix, uterus, ovaries, and uterine tubes. The good news is that everything looks to be well formed with no abnormalities,” Deaton is telling him, “Standard prescription birth control tends to be ineffective on werewolves; I would therefore recommend that you ensure your partners wear a condom, where possible,” and I don’t like his little dig at Scott’s doggy sex partners. He’s the one that made me aware of the fact that while extremely rare, werewolves that have sexual relations with canines is not something I made up, but is an actual known natural werewolf thing; he should not be judging Scotty like that, “Or abstinence to ensure there are no unwanted pregnancies.”

“So, doc,” I say, “Just to clarify, Scott could get pregnant from a human, werewolf, or any animal that belongs to the tribe Canini, but not the sub-family Caninae?”

“Huh?” Scott interjects, not following what I’m saying.

“It’s the scientific classification; there’s the Kingdom, Phylum, Class, Order, Suborder, Family, Sub Family, Tribe, Genus, and Species…” I begin explaining. I see Scott still looking perplexed, “Anyway, I’m assuming that a fox couldn’t get you pregnant; that it would need to be something closer to a wolf.”

“Oh,” he emotes, but I’m not sure he fully grasped what I was saying. He’s going to be a vet.

“Any male that is human, werewolf, or of the genus Canis; I don’t believe that cross genus within the same tribe would result in a viable foetus, let alone within the sub-family.” After a moment’s thought he continues, “It may be possible, but there is no evidence of a werewolf like Scott carrying such inter-genus offspring.”

“You okay?” I ask, turning to Scott.

“No? I mean, we knew this could happen; I just didn’t think it would happen this soon. I’m not ready to have kids, and now it could be puppies too; isn’t that a little weird?” he answers; looking a little dejected.
“It’s not exactly what I was expecting,” I honestly tell him. I mean, the program was supposed to wait until he was thinking of having kids; he doesn’t look like he’s ready for that, never mind the puppies. “Though, I suppose, your kids would be were-wolves, so maybe actually puppies aren’t that much of…” he looks a little sick at the thought and I quite mid-sentence. “We’ll just need to make sure you play safe,” I smirk at him, pulling him into a hug. “Come on, let’s go start our weekend.”

Riding in my car, Isaac is quiet as we head to the house for our ‘sleepover’.

“Did I do something wrong?” I ask him, “I feel like you’re mad at me.”

“No,” he mumbles.

“Issy, I can’t fix what’s upsetting you if I don’t understand what it is. I want to make it right. Please, Issy, tell me what I did wrong,” I plead with him as I pull into the driveway; my dad’s cruiser is already gone.

“Did you have sex with that man?” he asks, sounding very grown up, not at all like his Little self, and also, sounding very hurt.

“Yes,” I truthfully tell him, and watch as tear falls from the corner of his eye.

“I… I was stupid, I thought you loved us, loved me,” his voice is hushed and broken.

“I do love you,” I tell him, “You’re my golden boy, my little angel; I love you and I love my puppy, Scott.”

“But you don’t love me enough? Wasn’t I good, is that why you went with that man?”

“Issy, I loved what we did this morning, and I want to do it again, if you do,” he nods, his head moving tentatively; wary and waiting for me to let him down, “Archie is complicated. I’m complicated,” and I hear Scott’s bike pull to a stop beside us, “Maybe I should explain this inside.”

Scott immediately picked up that something was wrong, setting him back on edge. I finally get them both to settle down and sit on my bed, figuring my bedroom must be the best place to do this; surely being surrounded by my scent will help. I bring Scott up to speed on what the problem is; Isaac is upset that I had sex with Archie, and thinks that I don’t love him.

“So, like I was saying in the car. I do love you, both of you, for different reasons. Scott is my puppy, and while we haven’t done any actual puppy play, yet, I want to be his handler. You, Issy, are my little angel, that I love and adore; I love taking care of you and cuddling you; spending time with you makes my day so much brighter…”

“And what about him?” Isaac asks.

“Archie is someone I care about. He, I guess satisfies a side of me that… you guys know about BDSM, right,” there’s a tentative nod from both of them, “Well, I have this sadistic, dominant side, and Archie, he’s a masochistic submissive. We met when I was getting Roscoe fixed; things started, and then his girlfriend walked in when I was balls deep in his ass and spanking it.” It occurs to me as I’m telling them this that, at the time, I kinda revelled in the chaos and strife. It appealed to my darker side, and I could feed off the emotions. Now, I feel guilty about it, and I
want to make sure Archie is okay. “They broke up, her family is taking all the money back out of 
the business and he’s going to be jobless and homeless.” There’s silence from the pair of them; so, 
I continue.

“I’m going to ask my dad to give Archie an interview for the maintenance worker position at the 
estation, and if we can convert the junk room into a room for Archie to rent. And no, I’m not telling 
him about Archie being my slave.”

“He’s your slave?” Scott proclaims, wide-eyed in disbelief.

“Yeah, but let me be clear about this, when it comes to my priority, both of you are above Archie; 
you are more important to me than he is.”

“I think he should do videos for the web site too,” Isaac says with an evil glint in his eye, “If the 
pack’s porn site is having incest and bestiality, it might as well have BDSM too.”

“That’s a good idea,” I concur, wondering why I didn’t think of it myself. “Are we good?” I ask.

“Sorry, daddy,” Isaac says as he climbs onto my knee, his voice small.

“Don’t be,” I tell him, “I should have made sure you know how much you and puppy mean to me.”

“Does he know about us?” Scott asks.

“In what way?”

“In every way,” he states with a little exasperation.

“What he knows is that werewolves exist, because he saw Aiden shift and attack me; that was the 
night that Roscoe got destroyed and I trapped the twins with the mountain ash, and threw Aiden 
around with my mighty Air-bender skills. So, he knows I’m training to be an Emissary for a 
werewolf pack. He doesn’t know about you being werewolves, or about anything to do with your 
sex lives.”

“But if he becomes more involved with the pack,” Scott starts to worry.

“He’s my slave,” I reiterate, “He won’t say or do anything to make me unhappy; not if he wants to 
be allowed to come,” I pull the keys from my pocket, “I have his cock locked up, and he already 
knows I only plan to unlock it for his birthday or Christmas.”

Isaac smiles at that, and Scott looks scandalised.

“Now,” I ask, “Can we get some food and then start our weekend?” I turn and walk out the room, 
mumbling, “Though, if I ask dad to allow my slave to stay is there any chance he’ll change his 
mind about letting me get a dog…”

There’s a rapid pounding of feet on the floor chasing after me.

“Your dad said you could get a dog?” Scott yells as he runs down the stairs after me, “If it comes 
to a choice between a dog and your slave, you’ll dump your slave, right?”
We’re lounging on the couch, watching ‘The Dark Knight’ on DVD. The remnants of the six pizzas in the boxes on the coffee table.

Isaac is sitting in my lap; he’s changed, and is just wearing one of the ‘Little Pawz’ diapers and his ‘Padded Pup’ romper suit with the snaps along the crotch, his bare legs stretching over into Scott’s lap. His head is resting on my shoulder as he suckles from the bottle of warm milk I’m holding to his lips. I can tell he’s getting drowsy, and will soon be ready for a nap; despite Scott nervously patting his calf and stroking his bare feet.

“Are you anxious about us having sex?” I ask my puppy.

“I… a little, I guess,” he answers, “I mean, I’ve never been with a guy before; well, a human guy,” he adds, ducking his head.

“It’s not like I haven’t seen you naked and getting fucked…”

“But that was different,” he rushes out, “I mean, you weren’t the one I was having sex with; you were there more to look out for me and make sure I was okay.”

“And I’ll do the same this time,” I tell him.

“Do you think it will work?” he asks, “Using the… using the sheath.”

“Hopefully,” I reply, “I mean, we need some way for you to have an orgasm until we find a dog you like. We can check out some of the shelters tomorrow.”

“Still don’t know how we’re gonna get a dog from an animal shelter without it being neutered…” He’s been worried about this since reading that the sex drive of neutered animal is greatly reduced, and their interest in sex can all but disappear. And dogs mounting and humping after being neutered is not sexual, but displays of dominance. Scott’s alpha-ness wants to make sure any dog mounting him is for sex and not to dominate him.

“You leave that to me,” I grin at him, “A little magic will sort everything.”

“Oh,” he smiles, thinking I mean something I’ve learned from the lessons with Deaton; but, I plan to use the Logos device to get around the State law.

“Hey Little one,” I sing-song to Issy when I notice his eyes closing and the bottle empty, “You ready for a nap?”

“Your bed, Daddy,” he confirms.

I stand, lifting him up, and he wraps his arms and legs around me as I carry him up the stairs to my room.

“Where are we gonna… you know,” Scott asks, his brow furrowing as he follows me.

“My room, while Issy naps.”

“Stiles?!” my puppy yelps. I smirk to myself; knowing that despite his protest his increased exhibitionist streak rather likes the idea.
“So,” I turn towards Scott, after settling Issy under the covers with his pacifier between his lips, “You ready to be sexed up?”

“Kinda,” he replies, before elaborating, “I’m not entirely in the mood, you know…”

“You mean because there’s no doggy in the room?”

“Yeah,” he all but whispers, looking at his sneakers.

“Well,” I say stepping close to him, and starting to unbutton his shirt, “I may have something on my laptop to help you get in the mood,” I slip his shirt off and start to unbuckle the belt looped around his pants.

“Yeah?” he asks, toeing off his sneakers as I drop his pants and push down his boxers. I was expecting him to be wearing briefs and using one of the pads in case he leaked. The surprise must show on my face as he explains, “I put the butt plug in this morning; I thought it might, you know, make me a little more prepared. Your cock is huge, bro.”

“I could always fuck your pussy,” I suggest. He turns red at my comment.

“I don’t know, I mean, maybe, if I don’t come from you fucking my ass, but I don’t want to get pregnant; you know that…” he says standing there, now completely naked, and his cock completely limp. There isn’t even a hint of arousal in his scent.

“I do have condoms,” I reach over to my bedside table, and opening the drawer pull out a box of Trojan Magnum Bareskin. “But let’s see if the video on my laptop and butt sex do it for you first,” I suggestively wiggle my eyebrows.

“Video?” he asks, his own eyebrows reaching for his hairline.

I set my laptop on my bed, at the base, and have my puppy lean against the edge, on his knees on the floor; on the carpet that he was fucked by Sarge on. I start the video playing.

It isn’t great quality; grainy and jerky, but it’s clearly a teenage boy getting fucked by a dog. Scott clearly starts getting interested. His scent blossoming and his cock hardening as he watches.

“Fuck s’good,” Scott’s voice comes from the laptop’s speakers.

“That’s me?!” my puppy hoarsely croaks, “That’s me getting fucked by Sarge,” he realises, “When did… how did… you videoed me?”

“I thought you might want to see how hot you looked,” I tell him. His cock isn’t losing any firmness, and his scent is still filled with arousal. I push his legs a little further apart, and can see the plug sitting in his ass and the slick covering the hair of his taint. I brush my fingers over the slick wet hair and feel the flutter of his new pussy lips hidden by the dense dark hair. I slip my fingers inside while with my other hand I unbutton my jeans.

“Stiles?” my puppy questions.

“I thought you might want to see how hot you looked,” I tell him. His cock isn’t losing any firmness, and his scent is still filled with arousal. I push his legs a little further apart, and can see the plug sitting in his ass and the slick covering the hair of his taint. I brush my fingers over the slick wet hair and feel the flutter of his new pussy lips hidden by the dense dark hair. I slip my fingers inside while with my other hand I unbutton my jeans.

“Just getting some lube for my cock, to get the sheath on,” I grin at him.

Coating my hard length with his slick, I quickly strip and stretch the Fido Cocksheath over my hard
shaft.

“Ready?” I ask as I kneel between his legs, with his eyes still fixed on the laptop screen, as he watches himself getting fucked by the dog, he nods. I pull the plug from his ass, more of his slick gushes out, and I ease the tip of my sheath covered cock inside him.

“Fuck you’re still tight, Scotty,” I gasp at the heat engulfing me as I slide into him, “Wearing that plug all day and your ass is still gripping my cock so good.”

I start a slow and steady pace, to allow him to get used to my thick, thirteen-inch-long dick pushing into his puckered hole and rubbing over his sweet spot with every thrust.

“Harder, faster,” he gasps; so, at least I know he’s enjoying this on some level.

I speed up my thrusts to match those of Sarge; timing myself so that the fake knot at the base of the sheath pushes at his rim the same time as the real one in the video. Scott’s moaning, his cock is still hard, and both his ass and pussy are wet with slick. I’m getting close to coming as I push the fake knot into him at the same time he’s tied in the video.

“Scotty, I’m close,” I warn him, “I’m gonna come.”

“No, not yet,” he sobs, “I’m not, I can’t…”

“Fuck!” I shout. I can’t hold back and shoot into his ass. “Sorry, puppy, I couldn’t hold back,” I apologise as I collapse onto his back. “Do you want me to…?” I ask grasping his still hard cock, but it quickly deflates at my touch.

“Won’t work,” he huffs, “I’m still horny, but I can’t…”

“We’ll figure something out,” I tell him, “I mean, you were enjoying it, right?”

“Needing reassurance?” he smirks.

“No, I just…”

“I know, and yes, it felt good, but it just wasn’t…” he sounds frustrated; I wait while he searches for the right word, “Right.”

“We could still try with me…”

“We could, once you work on your stamina,” he snipes.

“Hey, my recovery time will be as good as yours,” I remind him.

“Yeah,” he sighs, sounding resigned, “But I don’t think it’ll make any difference; you’re just not my type.”

“You sure you don’t want to?”

“Yeah. No reflection on your skills, but I was more into what was happening on screen,” he shrugs, “Wanna put the plug back in, and just cuddle?”

“Okay puppy,” I pull out of his ass, and slip the butt plug back into him, “Let me go get some towels to clean up.”
Once we’re both cleaned up, we lie down beside the still sleeping Isaac; with me in the middle as usual. Scott and I are both still naked. He curls into my right side, while Isaac throws his arm over me from the left.

“You know,” Scott sighs, “I think I’m going to go feral due to a case of blue balls.”

“We’ll find you a boyfriend before the full moon, puppy,” I try to reassure him.

“Hopefully, and you need to think of a name to call me instead of just puppy,” he tells me, “And I’m not your puppy just now, I’m Scott,” he stubbornly states.

“Okay,” I reply, “But you’re always my puppy, even when you’re not in the headspace.”

“Yeah, I guess,” he confirms, snuggling into my side as we join Isaac in a nap.

Saturday morning, Scott, Isaac, and I head to some of the local animal shelters with my dad; as I’m not eighteen and can only adopt a dog with a parent there to sign the paperwork.

“So, why is Scott getting such a large say in which dog you adopt?” my dad asks, as Scott walks ahead of us, bypassing some younger dogs that my dad thinks I should be considering. “A puppy would be easier for you to train you know?”

“Werewolves, I need to get a dog that will get along with the pack,” I say through gritted teeth so the assistant, Carrie or Karen she said her name was, from the shelter showing us the dogs doesn’t overhear, “And Scott’s the alpha of the werewolf pack, so…” I give my dad the wide-eyed look trying to convey the reason should be obvious; I just don’t want him to guess that Scotty needs to get hot under the collar thinking about getting fucked by the dog.

“Should have known it would have something to do with werewolves,” my dad mumbles.

We progress through the shelter. As we walk along each corridor we pass the rows of housing on either side; each six feet wide and twelve feet long. Through the metal grill of the main door we can see a guillotine door half way back, through which the bedding can be seen. As we walk down the corridors there are several dogs that clearly catch Scott’s eye. An Australian Cattle Dog, a German Shepherd, a German Shepherd / Labrador Retriever Mix, a Great Dane / Labrador Retriever Mix, a Great Pyrenees, and a Siberian Husky. But I see the consternation in his look.

“What’s up Scotty?” I casually ask.

“What happens to the dogs that don’t find a home?” he quietly asks.

“Bro, you work at Deaton’s veterinary clinic; you’re studying to become a vet yourself,” I state, “What do you think happens?” I rhetorically ask.

“I don’t want all these dogs to be put to sleep,” he cries, “Just because we only pick one…”
“Scott,” I sharply interject, “We can only adopt one; we can afford to give one dog a good and loving home, not matter how much we’d like to save them all.”

“It’s unfortunate,” Carrie/Karen says, “But there are just too many animals that, for one reason or another, their families find they can no-longer take care of them. There are more than we can find new homes for, and we have limited space, which, together with the cost of treating, housing, and feeding them, means that after some time we have no choice but to euthanise…”

“How long?” Isaac interrupts her; I can feel the sadness rolling off him, so can the dogs. I step behind him and wrap my arms around him.

“Other shelters have different policies, here we try to not have to euthanise any healthy animal, but it can be necessary,” she evades the question, “Some animals that are brought into the shelter require medical treatment that they are unlikely to survive, some are in such a condition that they would have no quality of life…”

“How long?” I press her for an answer to Isaac’s question.

“For a healthy animal, we will keep them at the shelter until we find a home for them, or at least fourteen days; disposition of the animals after the fourteen days is based on the available space,” she answers under duress, “If we have new animals and need to make space for them.”

“How do you decide?” Scott wants to know.

“It… it depends how likely we think it is that we can find a suitable family for the pet,” she says biting her lip, and I realise that talking about this is upsetting her too, “So things like age, health issues, temperament, any special needs the animal may have… It’s not a decision we take lightly, it not something we want to do. But there are so many abandoned pets and stray animals, too many for this and every other shelter to be able to look after; more than we can find a home for.”

“Scotty, as upsetting as this is for everyone,” I’m sure he knows I’m including Debbie, she’s wearing a name tag, why did I think her name was Carrie, “We don’t have any way to adopt all of the animals here. What we can do, is find the dog that is right for us and adopt him.” He nods in agreement, but I know both he and Isaac are upset about the dogs being left behind; the ones that may not get adopted.

As we head through the door into the next section I make a note of the dogs I saw Scott take an interest in. We will need more dogs for the videos, and I send a quick text to Danny.

“This is the one,” I hear an excited yelp from Scott, and turn to see him on his knees in front of one of the metal doors; a white, grey, and tan coloured dog trying to lick his hand through the metal grill. “Stiles, this is definitely the dog for us.”

The dog is listed as Great Pyrenees / Siberian Husky / Wolf Hybrid. With less than five percent wolf; but we will still need an exotic pet license.

“Castiel is only eighteen months old,” Debbie beams as she informs us, “He’s only been with us a few days, and is still to get his shots and be neutered. The cost of adoption includes this, and the veterinary exam, we also microchip him and help arrange the licensing.”

We’re taken back through to the front desk, and my dad starts working through the paper work for
the adoption. Scott is practically bouncing on the spot, until he hears Debbie arranging with my
dad when Castiel will be able to come home with us.

“So, the vet will be able to complete his medical and surgery on Monday, and then hopefully the
license can be completed by Tuesday or Wednesday, but these can take longer,” she says, “We will
call once everything is sorted out and you can take Castiel home.”

We head back home with one sad puppy and an even sadder Little.

After a quick lunch, my dad heads to the station for his shift; leaving the three of us alone.

“So, Issy, you want to get changed and cuddle up to watch some cartoons? Or I got some
colouring books and crayons, or… we could play fetch with the puppy?” I suggest. Both Scott and
Isaac turn to face me.

“You still haven’t picked a name yet,” Scott sulks, from where he’s sitting on the floor in front of
the couch I’m sitting on with Isaac.

“I’ve been thinking on it, there are a few, and I was thinking you might want to choose your puppy
name?” I sort of ask and state.

“What names have you come up with?” my puppy’s curiosity is peaked.

“Well, Alphonso, because it’s like Alpha,” he scrunches his nose up at that one, I wasn’t really
keen on it myself, “Or, Captain, or Champ; sort of alluding to your alpha-ness,” I continue, he kind
of preens at ‘Champ’, “Then there was Sancho, or Scout, or Scooter; because they start with S, like
Scott,” he gets his goofy, happy, smile when I say ‘Scooter’, “But I also thought of Commander
Shepard; because Commander, as in leader and your our alpha, and Shepard…”

“Because you like playing Mass Effect and can’t wait for next year when Mass Effect 3 is
released,” Scott smirks as he interrupts me.

“Bad puppy,” I scold him, and he actually looks abashed at the reprimand, “That’s only partly it,” I
smile at him to soften the hurt, “But also because a shepherd looks after their flock, like an alpha
looks after their betas, and like in the breed of dog, German Shepherd. And I was thinking that my
puppy might be that breed; smart, courageous, and steady, and eager to please.”

“Me too!” Scott beams as he exclaims, turning to kneel and face me, “I was reading on a website
about puppy play and what breed of dog you were and I thought of myself as a German Shepherd.”

“Scooter is definitely a German Shepherd,” Isaac states, curling into my side. I slip my arm around
him as he rests his head on my shoulder.

“So, Scooter?” I ask Scott.

“Growff,” he barks in response, blushing at the newness of letting his puppy side out. I reach out
with my free hand and ruffle his hair, paying special attention to behind his ear where I know he likes scritches. He leans into the touch.

“So, I’ll go bring the stuff down to change Issy, and for Scooter to play fetch,” I state rising from the couch, “Then, once Issy is changed, I’ll get Scooter out of those human clothes; we don’t want them all scuffed from him running around in them.”

Scooter cocks his head to one side as he looks at me with his goofy grin.

I quickly head to my room, and swiftly run back down the stairs bringing the bag of toys for Scooter, which I place on the coffee table, and a diaper, the diaper cream, romper suit, and pacifier for Issy.

I strip Issy out of his big boy clothes, and get him to lay back on the couch as I kneel in front of him. Removing his wet diaper, I lift his legs over my shoulder and clean his baby smooth groin and bottom with some diaper wipes before patting him dry with towel. I place the clean diaper under him and gently rub some cream over his balls, groin, around his hole and along his ass crack. His cock rises to full mast.

“Do you want daddy to take care of that for you?” I ask him.

“Please daddy,” he gleefully replies.

With my other hand, I take some more cream onto my fingers, while one of the fingers on the hand I was applying the cream to his bottom with pushes at the furled ring seeking entrance. The finger slips in, and his mouth opens in a little ‘o’ before my other hand grasps around his shaft. My finger in his ass teases him as I search for his sweet spot, wanting to make him feel really good, as other hand slowly slides up and down; my thumb stroking over the crown.

“Oh, oh, daddy,” my little one gasps, his smooth legs gripping around the back of my neck.

I keep up the slow stroking of his cock as I stretch his hole enough to allow a second finger to slide in. His eyes widen as he pushes up into the hand around his erection, and then pushes back on the fingers scissoring in his ass.

“Daddy, please,” he pleads as I hit his pleasure button, “Please daddy, I need…”

“My little one need to make sticky white stuff?” I smile at him.

“I want to make sticky,” he moans, “I want to make sticky.”

His gasps and moans increase as I pick up the speed of my hand stroking him, and fingers hit his sweet spot, over and over. The pleasure rolling off him in waves as he reaches the cliff edge and pours his stickiness over my hand and his abs.

“My good little angel,” I smile down at him as I drink down the pleasure. I reach over for more wipes to clean him up again. He sleepily giggles as I wipe him clean, and clean my hand, before taping the diaper around his waist; his now deflating cock safely tucked inside. I pull the romper suit over him, and close the snaps around the crotch before kissing him chastely on the lips.

“Now,” I say turning to my patiently waiting puppy, “Time to get you out of those human clothes,
and let you have some puppy fun; eh, Scooter?”

“Rrowff,” he barks happily.

“Stand up on your hind legs,” I instruct my puppy.

Once he’s standing, I start to unbutton his shirt, and he slips out of his sneakers. I throw his shirt onto the couch, and grip the hem of his undershirt; pulling it up his torso and over his head. With it landing on top his shirt I unfasten his jeans and pull them down over his ass, taking his briefs, and the damp pad that is soaked with his slick, down. I put the pad in the bag with Issy’s wet diaper for the trash; his jeans and underwear joining the rest of his clothes on the couch. His socks quickly following.

“Okay, Scooter, down boy,” I say and he happily returns to all fours. “I’ll be right back,” I tell my Little one and puppy, as I pick up the bag for the trash and take it through to the kitchen and put it in the trashcan out back.

Returning to the living room, I see my sleepy Little one petting Scooter’s head; Scooter smiling and cocking his head into Issy’s touch. I open the other bag on the coffee table and bring out a couple of the toys I got form my puppy.

A red rubber ball, about two and a half inches in diameter, and length of twisted cotton and hemp rope with a knot in the middle and at each end; it’s about twelve inches long.

“So, ball or rope?” I ask, holding a toy in each hand.

“Grrowff,” Scooter barks, jumping at the hand with the ball. I pull my hand up out of his reach and throw the rope back on the table.

Sitting down beside Issy I throw the ball towards the dining room. Scooter chasing after it on all fours, and I wonder if we need to consider getting him some rubber pads for his knees and mitts for his front paws. He scrambles under the table for the ball, and grasps it in his mouth; bounding back to me and dropping it at my feet, looking up at me expectantly. I reach down and pick up the ball, throwing it towards the front door; Scooter races after it again.

I look over at Issy, and see my Little one is drifting off. I place his pacifier to his lips and he smiles as he leans forward taking it, before lying down; I shift him to the back of the couch and lay down in front of him. Scooter comes back with the ball and drops it on the floor for me to throw again. There’s not many places I can throw the ball from here. I lift my arm and fake throw it towards the front door again. Scooter darts in that direction, but quickly halts and turns to scowl at me; I lift my arm and fake throw it towards the front door again. Scooter darts in that direction, but quickly halts and turns to scowl at me; I throw the ball towards the dining room and he’s bounding after it.

After nearly an hour of playing, I think even Scooter is getting bored with the lack of places for me to throw the ball for him. He lies down on his back in front of the couch; I reach down and ruffle his hair, before my hand travels down to scratch his belly. He looks at me with his happy goofy grin.

“Had fun puppy?”

“Rrowff,” he happy barks.
“Let’s have a little nap, and then tidy up before my dad gets home,” I say with a yawn, my hand still rubbing his belly; happy that my puppy and Little angel are in better spirits than they were when we left the animal shelter.

Sunday morning I’m woken to the feeling of a tongue licking across my cheek; followed in quick succession by more licks. I turn to face Scott smiling down at me before he leans in and licks up over my lips and nose.

“Scooter,” I sleepily yawn; still not fully awake, but enough to realise my puppy would lick me, not Scott.

“Rrowff,” he quietly barks. Issy is still sleeping; curled into my left side, with his head on my shoulder and his nose pressed against my neck. He stirs at my slight movement, and Scooter’s bark.

“Is my puppy hungry?”

“Rrowff,” he bounces on the bed, dashing forward to lick my face again; waking Issy in the process.

“Tired, daddy,” Issy scowls at being woken.

“I know angel,” I rub his back to comfort him, “Unfortunately, I have an energetic puppy here, and Scooter wants food.”

“Rrowff,” Scooter happily barks, louder.

“Who’s forgotten that my dad isn’t working today and will hear him barking,” I remind him. Scooter’s smile quickly fades, and a fearful Scott looks towards my bedroom door.

“Scott,” I grab his attention, “It’s fine, listen for heartbeats in the house, how many people are here?”

He concentrates on his hearing, and I see Issy do the same.

“Three,” Scott says, “There’s only three.” His expression a mix of confusion, worry, and relief.

“So, my dad has probably gone to the store; we needed more milk, remember?” We used the last on a bottle for Issy before we settled down for the night, leaving a note for my dad that we were out of milk.

“Oh, yeah,” he smiles.

“So, we better get up, showered, and dressed, for Isaac, Scott, and me to have breakfast with him,” I tell them; neither of them look happy at that, “Who wants to go first?”

“I want daddy to wash me,” Issy says.

“Okay,” I reply, both of us in the shower at once will save some time, “But, Issy can’t make sticky
this morning, we won’t have time. He glumly nods in response.

Once the shower is at the right temperature, Isaac and I step in and I lather up his smooth body; covering him in soapy suds that slide away in the cascade of water from the showerhead. He smiles, open and childlike, as I run my shampoo covered hands through his hair.

“I love you daddy,” he says out of nowhere, and suddenly his smile is gone; replaced with sadness.

“I love you too, angel,” I tell him, and he knows it’s true; just not the same as he means. I should never have used the liquorice in the lotion. The spices I added to the lotion were supposed to create a potion for a ‘familial bond’. Only I misread the properties of liquorice; it’s a ‘faithful lover’, not ‘familial love’, that it should be used for. So, that one stupid mistake has changed Isaac feelings for me more than I intended. making the relationship he wants with his ‘daddy’ to be loving, sexual, and faithful; something he knows I can’t give him, not when my incubus side needs to feed of sexual pleasure.

“I know,” he quietly replies.

“I’ll always love and care for you,” I try to reassure him; he smiles, but it doesn’t have the radiance it did before.

“Come on,” I smile at him, “Let’s get dried and dressed, and let Scott get showered.” I take his hand and lead him out of the shower; wrapping him a large fluffy towel to dry him.

As I’m finishing fastening Isaac’s diaper, Scott comes back into the bedroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. He took a very quick shower. He flops down on the bed, the beginnings of a scowl on his face.

“What’s up, Scotty?” I enquire.

“I don’t want to be Scott, I want to be Scooter,” he sulks. He’s developing a greater affinity for his puppy headspace than the program I ran would have given him. I wonder if I tapped into something that was already there. I should have checked, like I did with Isaac’s little side, to ensure there wasn’t any unexpected results.

“I know, but…” I start to say.

“Scooter doesn’t have to deal with crazy alphas biting him, or lizard monsters being controlled and killing people, or alpha packs and dark druids; he doesn’t have to worry about passing grades, and making first line. Scooter gets to have fun, to not have to worry about anything; except maybe whether his handler will really throw the ball for him to fetch or just pretend. Scooter gets to lie around and have his belly rubbed and… it’s just so much easier than being in high school and being a werewolf having to deal with everything all the time,” he expounds.

“I know, I get that,” I sympathise with him, “But you don’t have to deal with high school, and being a werewolf all the time; sometimes, when things get too much to deal with and you need to, you can just be Scooter. Just like Isaac can be Little when he wants to.”

“Now?” Isaac asks, and Scott looks hopeful; just as we hear my dad’s cruiser pull into the drive.

“Unfortunately, as much as I want you to, not now; my dad isn’t working today,” I reply; resulting
in sadness all round.

After breakfast with my dad, where he clearly picks up on the mood from Scott and Isaac, despite my attempts to get them to laugh or even just smile, we watch ‘X-Men: First Class’. Shortly after the end of the movie, Scott and Isaac head home; still not entirely out of the funk they’d fallen into.

“So, dad,” I say as we’re having dinner, “Is the Maintenance Worker job still available at the station?”

“You haven’t finished high school…” he attempts to be funny.

“I was thinking more for Arch… Mr Andrews, the mechanic…”

“Whose car you’re driving,” he interjects.

“Yeah…”

“Why?”

“Well, you know he said about having to close down his business, and losing his home because of…”

“Yes.”

“I sort of told him I’d put in a word with you for him if the job was still available…”

“He’d have to fill in an application and have an interview like anyone else,” he states, adding, “And you putting in a word for him won’t help.”

“He’s a really good mechanic, you saw how he fixed my jeep…”

“I did. I saw that he replaced the radio, and added a rear-view parking camera, and a completely new rebuilt engine that didn’t use the parts you bought on-line…”

“Huh…” Okay, this isn’t going exactly how I planned; at all.

“So, if he did all that work, with those parts, for what you could afford to pay, it’s no wonder he’s going out of business.” I see the scepticism in my dad’s look; the one that says he suspects something and expects me to confess. I ignore it.

“Well, I hadn’t exactly paid for all the work he did on my jeep; yet,” which is sort of true, I mean I had given Archie exactly what I said I would if he fixed Roscoe and I was pleased with the condition I got my jeep back in. The implication that I would have been giving him anything more is not exactly accurate.

“Huh, just how were you going to be paying him?” suspicion dripping from every word my dad says.
“Regularly,” I state, letting my pheromones loose to get this conversation back on track, “But that’s kinda moot now, as I said he could get an interview for the job, and we’d help him get somewhere to live…”

“Why would we help him…?”

“Because I was thinking that he could rent out the spare room, cheaply, to help him get back on his feet until he can afford somewhere of his own, and you know,” I throw in at the end to derail whatever he’s suspecting, “That could cover the extra cost of the work he did.”

“Why would…”

“I know, you need time to think on it,” I say, starting to clear the dishes from the table.

“Stiles?!” my dad barks at me.

“So, no rush,” I ignore him, “And you can let me know tomorrow and I’ll tell him what your answer is.”

So, hoping that my pheromones have done some of the work for me, that night before going to bed, I run ‘Dad-02’; just to push his decision in the right direction.

Monday morning starts off great.

“You can tell Mr Andrews to pick up an application form from the station.  I am making no promises, he needs to apply and be interviewed like any other candidate for the job; and I am not agreeing to let him rent the spare room, even on a temporary basis, until I’ve checked him out,” dad informs me at breakfast.

I send a text to Archie as I get in my jeep to head to school.

Then I arrive at school.

Isaac is sulking.  Scott is just irritated at everything, and it seems to be rubbing off on the betas. Both twins are on edge, and especially wary of me. The only one whose mood doesn’t seem different or affected, is Danny.

Even after I check Isaac’s diaper and ensure it is securely fastened, like I normally do, his mood still hasn’t lifted.

Scott, though, is mumbling about the try-outs for the lacrosse team that are this afternoon, and I now know what is worrying him.  His place on the team, his position as captain; and Liam Dunbar.
We all split up to our separate classes; Danny and I in the same class.

“So, what’s up with the ex and his brother?” I ask him as we sit at the back of the class.

“What do you mean?” he whispers, side-eyeing me before looking around to make sure no-one is listening, as he replies.

“I mean as in they seem to be more on edge, and afraid of me than they were last week,” I clarify.

“Probably because of the list of six dogs you sent me a text about,” he smirks, confusing me further.

“Huh?”

“Aiden is anxious about the porno he and Scott will be making; the movies with the dogs, and he thinks you expect him to practice…”

“It’s not like I’m forcing them to make the videos,” I vehemently state, “They both chose to…”

“What choice did you give them,” Danny’s voice exhibiting incredulity at my statement, “You deliberately changed Ethan and Aiden, making them so submissive and unable to protect themselves outside of a pack that they would do anything to have the protection of being in Scott’s pack.”

“After what they did to the pack, and what they did to several other packs, they should think themselves lucky they got the chance of that protection. And they chose to take it. And given the advantage you’re taking of the changes I made to them you can get off your high horse; just how tight is Aiden’s ass when you fuck him?” He has the decency to blush.

“What about Scott and Isaac? Just what is your excuse for changing them?”

“You already know the answer to that question,” I snap at him, “I didn’t really change Isaac; I just made him more accepting of something he wanted. And it makes him happy. What’s so wrong about making him happy?” he doesn’t have an answer to that, not one he wants to give anyway, “And Scott… with the situation between him, Allison, and Isaac, I think his pack would have fallen apart. And yeah, it was a selfish reason I did what I did; he was my best friend, and he is again. But I haven’t caused any innocent any pain, tragedy, strife, or chaos. It’s hardly wrong for one canid to have sex with another; is it?”

“Yeah, so you said; but Scott’s happiness is built on bullshit and lies,” Danny firmly states before he asks, “Would he make you change his attraction to dogs if he could?”

“Why don’t you ask him? It’s not as if I’ve made Scott want to remain sexually attracted to male dogs, so, I’m fairly confident what his answer will be.” He looks at me a little disbelievingly, and I’m glad he’s not a werewolf; I’m sure Scott wouldn’t want me to change him, but there’s that little tiny bit, maybe a little bigger bit, of me that isn’t as sure. “And, also tell the twins that, while Aiden will be getting it on with one or more of the dogs when we’re making the videos, the reason for all six is because Scott was getting upset at the shelter at the thought of what would happen if no-one picked them; and I figured that I can make Scott’s gang-bang fantasy come true.”

“I think you should tell Ethan and Aiden about the dogs,” he replies, “You’re the one responsible; I just intend to be your Jiminy Cricket.”

“My conscious is fine, and,” I add, “Given you’re enjoying the benefits of my actions with ex and bro, if you think there is something wrong with what I’m doing, just what does that say about your
conscience?”

“That we’re both less human than we pretend to be,” he wanly smiles.

“You know I have no intention of hurting any of the wolves in the pack, including Ethan and Aiden,” I tell him, “I will protect everyone in the pack; even if that means changing them a little to keep them safely within the pack.”

“Define a little?” he asks.

Now I don’t have an answer.

“But he didn’t say I’m captain,” Scott whines at me when we’re trying out for the lacrosse team, “He just said I’m on the team.”

“You know, maybe he’s only good in goal, and is totally useless on the rest of the field,” I try to ease Scott’s anxiety about Liam.

Unfortunately, that doesn’t turn out to be the case; we watch as he scores shot after shot past the guy in goal. Scott scowls at him, his anger rising, at the thought of this freshman kid replacing him as captain. It doesn’t help when Scott misses shot after shot; not one getting into the goal.

“Dude, what is going on with you?” I loudly whisper at him as he strides away from the rest of the players.

“I’m having a really off day,” he growls.

“Off day? Scott, you are dying out there, I feel actual physical pain watching you.”

“I don’t see you making any shots?” he all but snarls.

“That’s because I’ve never been any good, and if I used my foxy agility and stamina now it would be suspicious,” I tell him, “You, you are the alpha.”

“Not on the field, I’m human on the field,” he glowers at me.

“Well, human you is kind of sucking at the moment,” I scowl back at him, “So, do you think there is any way you can use a tiny little bit of wolf power?” As Liam makes another shot, I see Scott turn to look, and the alpha red bleeds into his eyes, “A little bit Scott,” I remind him.

Coach, tells Scott and me to get the long sticks for two on one; so, we’re protecting the goal.

The first player against us, is Liam. Scott easily knocks the ball from Liam’s stick as he tries to get
past us. That seems to lighten Scott’s mood, and the next few players we also stop. Then it’s Liam’s turn for his second attempt.

We can see the determination in his eye. He seriously wants to get past us and score. I hear Scott growl and Liam starts his run towards us. I dash in front, but the kid manages to get around me. When I turn I see Scott flipping him over his shoulder, and Liam landing with a bone-crunching sound on the field; writhing in agony.

“Don’t move, don’t touch him,” Coach is screaming as he runs toward us.

“I’m okay, I’m okay, coach,” Liam lies, then screams as he tries to stand; Scott and I grab him, and put his arms around our shoulders to hold him up. “I think it’s my leg,” he declares.

“We should take him to the nurse,” I say to coach, and we slowly walk off the field; Liam hobbling between us.

We end up taking Liam to the hospital.

“Hi mom,” I hear Scott say as we’re checking Liam in. We finish the check-in procedure for Liam to be treated.

“Don’t worry Liam, we’ll take good care of you,” she tells him as she pushes the wheelchair he’s now sitting in; taking him to be examined.

“Alright, I gotta get going. I need to pick up Isaac,” I tell Scott.

“Sure, I want to stay and check on Liam,” Scott doesn’t look at me as he speaks, and I feel the regret pouring off him.

“This wasn’t your fault, you know that, right?” I stress.

“I don’t know,” he shakes his head.

“If you had used any wolf power, that kid wouldn’t be limping, he’d be crawling; back to the other half of his body,” I explain to him.

“If I hadn’t been so worried about being captain he would be hurt either,” he replies.

“You don’t know that,” I tell him, “Anybody could have made the tackle you did, in practice, in an actual game. Would you blame them for stopping him making the shot? And there’s nothing wrong with wanting something for yourself,” then I add, whispering, “Whether that’s getting fucked by Castiel, when we get him,” and I see him absorb that bit of information, “Being Scooter, or being lacrosse captain.” I turn and leave.
Isaac is naked on my bed. I’m just cleaning his ‘sticky’ from his abs and my hand, while he smiles sleepily from where he’s sprawled out.

I get the clean diaper under him, and fasten it. I lean over and press my lips against Isaac’s tummy and blow, reducing him to fits of giggles.

“No, daddy, tickles,” he laughs. At least one of my wolves is happy again; and I intend to keep him that way.

I pull his romper suit on him, and fasten the crotch snaps; put his pacifier between his lips and let him drift to sleep curled up beside me on the bed.

Then my phone rings.

“Scott?” I whisper, not wanting to disturb Isaac.

“Stiles, you gotta get to my house. Something happened at the hospital.”

Chapter End Notes

Excerpt from Chapter-07 -- Of the Situation (Part-2)

It’s getting late when I get home. My dad’s cruiser is in the driveway.

“Hey kiddo,” he greets me, “You do remember this is a school night, right?”

“Yeah, sorry, I was at Scott’s, he was a little rattled; from what happened at the hospital,” I explain, sort of.

“Yeah, I can imagine,” though the look he is giving me starts to concern me, “I’m going to have to get him to go over his version of what happened again, the specialist I had go over the scene says there were more people on the roof than just him and the Walcott kid.”

“Specialist?” I ask, knowing now why I was starting to worry; my voice definitely doesn’t squeak.

“Yeah, given all the supernatural related incidents I thought I should get a werewolf perspective on the scene; so, I asked Derek Hale to…”

“Derek’s… Derek Hale is back in town?”

“By the way,” my dad adds, “Andrews had his interview today. I had Parrish and Adams carry out the interview.”

“Great, when does he start?”

“Whoa, I didn’t say he got the job. There’s still a background check and…”

“He’s not applying to be an agent in the CIA…”
“There’s still due process, and checks need to be carried out, he’ll be working in the sheriff’s office; where there will be evidence, and witness statements, and…”
“Okay, I get it,” I concede.
“Good.”
From what Scott explained on the call I don’t have time to even get Isaac dressed in his big boy clothes. I’ve put his clothes and some supplies into a bag, and have that slung over my other shoulder as he grabs hold around my neck and his legs wrap around my waist. I’ve already called my dad and told him as much as Scott explained to me; that the dead guy on the pavement outside the hospital is a teenage cannibal and called himself a wendigo.

“No daddy, sleepy time,” he whines as I lift him up off my bed and try to get him into my car.

“I know angel, but Scott needs us to go to your house,” I try to explain.

“No, sleepy time in your bed, daddy,” he replies, still clearly in his little headspace.

“I know it should be, but…”

“No, daddy; your bed, smells right,” he whines.

“Okay, little one, we’ll take this,” I grab the t-shirt from the top of my laundry hamper, “So that you can sleep in your bed, and it will still smell like me,” I explain. He acquiesces, but is clearly not happy; his head falling onto my shoulder.

I grab my car keys, and head out the door, hoping no-one notices me carrying a teenage boy who’s wearing nothing but a diaper and a romper suit. Locking the door, I rush to my car and get Isaac strapped into the passenger seat, and pop one of his pacifiers into mouth.

“Here you go,” I say draping my dirty t-shirt over the headrest, “You lean back on that and take a nap, while I drive.”

When we arrive at the McCall-Lahey residence, Isaac is still dozing; with his nose in the crotch of a pair of my underwear that was apparently caught in the t-shirt I grabbed.

I park in the driveway, making sure the passenger door is closest to the porch. I see Scott lurking at the door.
“Grab the bag in the back seat,” I call to him as I lift Isaac from the car; his arms and legs wrapping around me again, and my t-shirt and briefs firmly held in his clenched hand.

“You didn’t get him dressed before you…” Scott starts in surprise.

“No, you said it was an emergency and to get here pronto,” I hiss at him, trying not to wake Isaac.

“Why’s he sniffing your underwear?”

“Scott, can I get him inside and settled on his bed, hopefully still sleeping because I don’t want a cranky little one while I’m dealing with your emergency that interrupted his little time,” I hiss, again, at him; making Isaac squirm in my arms, his arms and legs constricting around me as he moans in complaint. I frown at Scott, before marching inside and carrying Isaac to his bedroom; ignoring the fact that the twins seem to be standing guard in Scott’s room as I pass by.

With Isaac settled on his own bed, my t-shirt and underwear tightly held against his cheek, I head back into the hall, closing the door behind me.

“So,” I ask Scott in hushed tones, “What’s the emergency here and what does it have to do with the dead cannibal at the hospital?”

“Well, the wendigo, Sean Walcott…”

“Yeah, my dad says they were treating him as victim, his whole family was found murdered…”

“Yeah, well, he killed and was eating the deputy that was assigned to guard his room, my mom walked in on him and nearly became his next victim. I chased him off, and he ran towards where Liam was. He ended up on the roof with Liam and I had to fight him off, but Liam fell off the edge of the roof, he was barely holding on,” Scott is practically running one word into the next as he rushes out his explanation, “I tried to get to him, but Sean got hold of both my arms and was holding me back. Liam’s grip slipped, and he was going to fall to his death, all I could do was wolf out and bite into his arm to stop him falling…”

“You bit Liam? Where is he now?” I exclaim; interrupting his rambling.

“I had to do something, or he was going to fall to his death!” he defends himself, “And then Ethan and Aiden showed up and got Sean off me, it was only then I was able to pull Liam back up onto the roof. While the twins were fighting Sean, he slipped and fell over the edge…” he trails off.

“So, what did you do with Liam anyway?” I ask, dreading the answer, as I follow Scott into his room. Ethan is sitting on the bed, and Aiden standing by the door to Scott’s bathroom; and from beyond the doorway into the bathroom I hear the muffled sounds of someone trying to call for help.

I can’t believe that Scott has Liam lying in his bath, bound and gagged with duct tape. I move back into Scott’s bedroom and, as Ethan moves to stand beside his brother, I sit on the bed; Scott sits beside me.

“So, you bit him.”

“Yeah.”
“And you kidnapped him.”

“Yeah.”

“And you brought him here.”

“I panicked.”

“This isn’t going to end with us burying the pieces of his body out in the desert, is it?”

The sounds of sobbing and screaming from behind Liam’s makeshift gag increase in both occurrence and volume.

“Can I remind you, this is why I always come up with the plans,” I say to Scott, “Your plans suck.”

“I know, which is why I called you,” he replies, at least having the decency to look like a kicked puppy, “So, what do we do?”

“Aiden, Ethan, bring him out here and put him in the chair over there,” I tell the twins. They both move to fetch the bound boy from the bath tub. Once they have him sitting in the chair, I turn my attention to him.

“Liam, we’re going to take the tape of your mouth, if you scream it goes straight back on, if you talk quietly it stays off. Got it?” I inform him. He vigorously nods his understanding. I walk over to him and rip the tape from his mouth.

He groans from behind clenched teeth at the pain.

“Okay, so, you’ve seen a lot of confusing things tonight,” I begin explaining to him, “And, more confusing things are going to happen because of the confusing things that happened tonight; do you understand?”

“Not really,” Liam softly answers, shaking his head. I turn to Scott and he looks like a confused puppy.

“Maybe you should tell him,” I suggest to Scott.

“Tell me what?” Liam demands, clenching his fists hard enough to make his arms shake under the mass of tape keeping him bound and in the chair.

“Liam,” Scott starts earnestly, “What happened to you, what I did to you, which I had to do in order to save you… it’s gonna change you.”

“Unless it kills you,” I add.

The kid looks like he’s gonna cry, which immediately gets him Scott’s sympathy.

“Liam, it’s gonna be alright, you’re not gonna die…” Scott, kneels in front of him and comforts him.

“Probably not,” I add, kneeling beside Scott.

“Stop it,” Scott hiss at me.
“Okay, possibly not,” I amend.

“Would you just help me untie him?” Scott doesn’t exactly ask as he moves to start removing the duct tape Liam is bound with. I roll my eyes and help him.

We stand back having removed Liam from his tape bondage.

“Liam, are you okay?” Scott sincerely asks.

Liam rises from the chair, not looking up, shaking as if he’s crying. He turns away from us and picks up the chair, swinging it through the air at shoulder height, hitting both Scott and me. He makes a run for the door, but doesn’t get past the twins.

He swiftly turns around looking for another exit, and sees the window. He leaps towards it, and suddenly realises his leg is no longer hurting; it stops him in his tracks as he looks at it in wonder. The twins move to rush him and grab him. I hold my hand up, instructing them not to move. Liam is suddenly aware he stopped, and looks at us. As he jerks away from us and moves to run for the window, I tap into my spark and move the air around him; lifting him from the ground and pulling him back towards Scott’s bed.

“What the hell?!” he shouts, struggling in the air a foot off the floor, as he floats back and up over the bed. I turn him until he’s facing the ceiling and drop him onto the bed. He moves to sit up, or get off the bed, I’m not sure which.

“Stay,” I command him as I air-push him back down.

“How did you do that?” his voice quivers as he asks, staring at me.

“Magic,” Aiden, of all people, grins at him.

“You need to listen up Liam,” I firmly state, “Scott, explain it to him.”

“Liam,” he starts, biting at his bottom lip before continuing, “We’re brothers now.”

“What? We just met!” Liam shouts, “And you bit me.”

“The bite is a gift,” Scott continues. I want to smack him upside his head.

“No,” Scott sheepishly admits, “But…”

“You never asked for the bite, and neither did Liam,” I finish, “You fought being a werewolf all the way when you were first bit; remember?” I take over the explaining, “So, you’ve noticed that your leg doesn’t hurt anymore, right?” Liam nods, “That’s because the bite took, and you’re not going to die,” he looks relieved at that, “It also means that as you’re healing, you’re also changing. You’re a werewolf Liam…”

“What?!” he shouts.
“Will you quit shouting. I don’t want you to wake up Isaac,” I hiss at him. Turning to the twins I say, “Show him.” They shift to their hairy selves.

“Just like Scott looked when he bit you, right?” I prompt him. He jerkily nods in agreement; his heart rate beginning to race in fear as tears dampening his eyes.

“Liam?” Scott softly seeks his attention.

“What’s gonna happen to me?” Liam asks, his voice breaking in sobs.

“The same thing that happened to me,” Scott informs him.

“They can’t know about this, my mom, stepdad; I can’t do this to them again,” he cries.

“What do you mean again?” Scott and I both ask.

“I got kicked out of school, and I deserved it. The way they looked at me when they saw what I did to that car…”

“Liam, it’s okay,” Scott comforts him.

“They can’t see me like… like that,” Liam jerks his head in the direction of the still shifted twins. “My mom… and step-dad,” he sobs, “I can’t… I don’t want them to look at me like they did after they found out about the coach’s car, and I got kicked out of school. I can’t have them look at me like… like I’m a monster.”

“Liam, you’re not a monster,” Scott firmly corrects him, “You’re a werewolf; like me.”

“Well, you will be,” I correct Scott’s statement, “A werewolf that is. Once you shift on the full moon. But on the full moon you’re not going to be able to control yourself, not at first, so we’ll need to tie you up until you do; to make sure you don’t hurt anyone.”

“What?!” he wails. I get closer to him and let my ‘persuasiveness’ take over as I, with Scott and the twins help, explain to him about the effects of the full moon and needing to find an anchor and control.

Once he’s calmed down and it’s safe to let him up from the bed, we educate him on the basics of being a werewolf; healing, not having to worry about getting ill, how his strength, agility, eyesight, sense of smell, and hearing, will improve.

By then end he’s seeing the benefits of having been bitten.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

∞

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

It’s getting late when I get home. My dad’s cruiser is in the driveway.

“Hey kiddo,” he greets me, “You do remember this is a school night, right?”
“Yeah, sorry, I was at Scott’s, he was a little rattled; from what happened at the hospital,” I explain, sort of.

“Yeah, I can imagine,” though the look he is giving me starts to concern me, “I’m going to have to get him to go over his version of what happened again, the specialist I had go over the scene says there was more people on the roof than just him and the Walcott kid.”

“Specialist?” I ask, knowing now why I was starting to worry; my voice definitely doesn’t squeak.

“Yeah, given all the supernatural related incidents I thought I should get a werewolf perspective on the scene; so, I asked Derek Hale to…”

“Derek’s… Derek Hale is back in town?”

“Yes. So, Scott wouldn’t have happened to tell you exactly what happened on the roof at the hospital would he?”

“Well, not exactly, no…”

“Ah-huh.”

“Just that the wendigo, Sean, killed the deputy, attacked Mrs McCall, he chased it to the roof, there was a fight, the wendigo went over the edge and fell to his death.”

“Right,” from his voice and expression, I know he doesn’t believe me.

“I should probably head to bed, you know, school night and all.

“Night kiddo.”

“Night dad,” I run for the safety of my bedroom.

I’m in my bed, working on ‘Liam-01’, and not wondering when a broody sour wolf returned to Beacon Hills, when I hear my window slide open and a figure climbs into my room. Only it’s not the stalker wolf I thought it was; it’s Aiden.

“Shouldn’t you be home in bed taking Danny’s dick, or whatever?” I snort, locking the Logos as I put it down beside my phone on the bedside table.

“Ethan wanted some alone time with Danny,” he replies, “And, honestly, I think Danny would prefer that; I don’t think he knows what to do with me most of the time.”

“So, what are you doing here?” I see him swallow as I ask, his tongue nervously licking at his lips.

“I think you know what to do with me,” his eyes dart between the floor and me, “I mean, you made me the way I am now,” his eyes dart to the device and I know that he knows what it is.

“What do you know, about what I did to you, exactly?”

“I know you didn’t change our memories,” he starts, “Ethan and I both know what we used to be like. I used to be straight, I used to be dominant and have a sadistic streak. Now, I’m bi, submissive, and while Danny’s is the only cock I’ve sucked or had in my ass, I know that’s what I want; to be fucked, to be used, and for it to be rough. I want it fast and hard and big, I want to feel it afterwards, so maybe more on Ethan’s side than the one I used to be on. I want someone, I want
you, to take control of me, to use me, to feed off me as you fuck my throat, my ass, and make me come…”

“How did I change you?” He looks a little miffed at the question, his eyes narrowing as he looks at me.

“If there’s one use Deucalion had for us it that we pay attention; we notice things,” I assume the ‘we’ refers to him and his brother, “We see and hear details that people think we don’t. I saw you typing away on that device the night we attacked you in the jeep. It’s not your phone, but people would just assume it was, and that you were texting. And I knew about the Logos device, something that allows the person who has one change people, change the past or fix the future; Deucalion was obsessed with finding one. So, call it an educated guess, but I suspect that is the device you used. And we hear Scott, Isaac and you talking around school, even before we were accepted into the pack. So, we know you’re Scott’s handler, and Isaac’s daddy, and the mechanic’s master. But I figured, maybe, you would have a use for me along with your slave. I know you’re dominant, and have a sadistic streak; you made me submissive and a masochist, and if I’m not exactly what you want you can change me further.”

“You’d want me, to change you, in whatever way I want?” his words catch me by surprise and I need to check I heard him right.

“I want to secure our place in the pack, to ensure that Ethan is safe,” he specifies, “If you have a use for me then I know he is. I’ve seen how you are with Scott and Isaac, and even the mechanic,” that surprises me, I hadn’t thought anyone would have seen Archie and I together, “You care about them and protect them. So, being your submissive ain’t going to be a hardship for me, is it? I know that I’ll be safe, no matter how you use me.”

“And that’s what you want?” I need to confirm exactly what he’s asking for here, “To be my submissive, not my slave like Archie, the mechanic,” I add to clarify, “For me to use you how I want, and change you how I want?” I hear his heart racing and can smell the desire in his scent, but there is still an undercurrent of fear.

“Yes, please, slave, submissive, I don’t care,” he huskily pleads, “I know you could feed off me more than the mechanic; he’s human, I’m a werewolf, I won’t tire out on you as much. And I know you don’t like feeding off Isaac, because you don’t think that’s something you should do as his…” he rattles on; clearly insecure in his assertion that I would want to use him.

“Okay,” I interrupt his desperate plea, “You’re probably right, that I should expand my incubus feeding sources. So, how about I give you a trial period, and we see how things work out,” he grins ferally at my words and I command him to, “Strip.”

He tries to be alluring and suggestive; though he is nervous and eager to please. I smile and enjoy the show. He’s soon naked, and his cock hard; a firm six inches standing at forty-five degrees from his body, amongst a dark forest of hair

“Fold your clothes and pile them carefully,” I instruct him, “I don’t want them littering the floor; then kneel beside my bed.” I see the worry that’s he fucked up already and displeased me darken his face; his cock dips slightly as its rigidity falters.

Once he’s kneeling I sit on the edge of my bed; in front of him with my legs either side of him.

“Good boy,” I praise him, my hand cupping his cheek. I notice the smile he gains at the praise, and
the way his eyes track my cock as it starts to rise; reviving his own firmness. He licks his lips and moves forward, his mouth open and head ducking towards my hardened shaft. I grab hold of his hair and pull his head back; he whines at being denied his goal. “Na-ah,” I admonish him, “You were doing so well, but good submissive boys wait until their given permission to suck their Dom’s cock.”

“Sorry, Sir,” he drops his gaze to the space between us, “Please, may I suck your cock?”

“No,” he immediately looks even more disappointed, “You’re going to lie on my bed, and I’m going to fuck your throat.” He looks up at me with a hope spreading into a grin on his face.

Once I have him on his back on the bed I kneel beside his head and rest my balls on his eyes. I press my cock down over his nose and mouth.

“Lick the shaft,” I instruct him, “From the tip.”

His tongue stretches out, searching for the crown, but he can’t reach it; my length too long. He moves his head to try, but I hold him in place.

“Just do your best,” I tell him, “And maybe I’ll reward you with a proper taste.”

He licks along the length, as far as his tongue can reach. I slide forward, so his tongue covers more, then back, dragging my cock back and forth over his tongue before I slip the head between his lips. He sucks on the crown, rolling his tongue around the thick flesh. I pull back and his head follows; not wanting to lose the flesh filling his mouth.

I push forward, hitting the back of his throat, and pull back again. Holding his head, I thrust back and forth until I push forward and his throat bulges. I drive deeply into him, before pulling back until only the crown is in his mouth.

“Remember to breathe through your nose I tell him,” pushing forwards I fill his throat again. His hand moves to grab his own cock.

“No,” I slap his hand away, “You don’t touch that without my permission; ever,” and I drive my own shaft in and out of his throat, making him gag, as he leaks clear viscous over his abs and pubes.

“Breathe through your nose,” I remind him, “I know my cock is big, but that’s what you like about it; isn’t it?” he hums in agreement around my shaft, sending vibrations through me. “Keep that up and I’ll come down your throat instead of in your ass,” I warn him; feeling his desire and pleasure seep from his pores.

I thrust back and forth down his throat a few more times as he gets the hang of controlling his breathing and stops gagging on my cock; then I pull out and sit back, his spit dripping from my shaft as I look down into his shiny lust-blown eyes.

“Now I’m going to fuck your ass.”

“Please,” he hoarsely responds, his throat clearly sore from the pounding I gave it, but his cock still rigid and dripping over his stomach.
I get him on all fours, and slowly prep his ass; stretching him open and ensuring he’s sufficiently lubricated.

“Please, fuck me, Sir,” he begs, pushing back on my fingers; his cock still hard and dripping over my bed as it jerks untouched between his spread legs.

“Once you’re properly prepped,” I smack his ass with my other hand, which only serves to make his toes curl and his cock leak more, “You’re not like Scott, you don’t self-lubricate when you’re horny….”

“I could be, if you make me,” he gasps, “Then you could fuck me anytime, anywhere, and I’d be ready for you; wouldn’t need to waste time getting…” I cut off whatever he was about to say when I push the head of my cock past his ring of muscle and my thick length starts to slide into him; his eyes blown with lust, his cock rigid like steel, and a filthy, needy moan sounding from between his lips.

“Please, please, come in me, fill me until your come is leaking out of my hole and let me come,” he pleads like the cock slut he is as I fuck his tight hole with long languid strokes; pulling back until the head is tugging at his ring of muscle before slowly sliding, inch by inch, back into his warm embrace and my balls are resting against his. My hand is stroking a matching pace lightly over his cock.

I told him he was not allowed to come until I flooded his boy pussy with my own release, and I’m surprised he’s been able to hold off.

“No,” I tell him as I flip us over, so that I am on my back and he is straddling me as he now fucks himself on my cock, “You only get to come when you’re filled with my come.”

“Fuck,” he hisses as he bounces up and down on my hard shaft, “Never gonna want another cock in me, nothing is gonna feel as good as your cock Sir; it feels so good fucking me. I’ll never get enough of you hitting all the right spots…”

And fuck, his mouth is getting me so close. I grab his hips and start thrusting up into him as he slams back down on me; his hands grasping the headboard as I hold him steady and grind into him, filling his ass, and he shoots his load over my abs and chest. I feed off his pleasure, and it feels so good. As good as when I feed of Archie when I use him.

“You can lick that up,” I tell him. He grins down at me, like the cat that got the cream, and leans down, his tongue brushing broad strokes across my chest as he licks up his own seed; his ass still gripping my cock.

“I’d rather be swallowing your come,” he states between licks to my chest.

“Next time,” I inform him, which gets him grinning again as he continues his task.

I reach over to the drawer on the bedside table and reach in to fetch one of the unused butt plugs I got for Scott.

“Time to get off my cock,” I tell him, “Slowly. I don’t want you leaking over the bed.”

He sees the rubber plug in my hand and smirks as he slowly pulls himself up until just the crown of
my shaft is still in him.

“It’s not gonna feel as good as you do,” he fake pouts.

“Yeah, but neither will rolling over onto a wet patch ‘cause you leaked all my come over the bed,” I retort as slide the plug into him, “Now clean the rest of your spooge off me.” He smiles as he returns to his task.

“So,” I turn to him when we’re lying side by side once he’s finished cleaning us both up, “I run this program, and by tomorrow morning you’ll be leaking slick from your ass every time you’re turned on…”

“So, basically, I’ll be flooding my pants every time I think of that thick club between your legs and how it tasted in my mouth, and how good it felt fucking me in the ass.”

“And…” I ignore his attempt to get me horny, my incubus needs are too sated from feeding on him earlier, I don’t need to use him again; not that it stops my cock twitching in interest, or him smirking when he notices, “You won’t be able to come without my permission; though given the control you showed just now, do you really want me to program…”

“Yes, Sir,” he interrupts me, “I want you to have that control.”

“You do realise, I could order you to come in the middle of class, and you will get hard and shoot in your pants, a big messy stain over the front as you groan in pleasure; letting everyone around you know,” now it’s my turn to feel his cock twitch against my leg, “And any marks I put on you will heal like an alpha made them.”

“Fuck, yes Sir,” he leers.

“Fine,” I run ‘Aiden-02’, “I’m setting you a couple of tasks to complete before I fuck you again.”

“Sir?” he looks at me; puzzled and worried.

“One, you’re going to manscape that bush covering your cock, balls and crack; two, you’re going to write out your kink list, you know what that is?”

“Yeah; not that I wrote it down, but now that you made me a masochist, and slut for your cock, I’ll mostly just need to reverse what I liked before.”

“Not just my cock,” I correct him.

“After tonight, mostly just yours,” he leers at me.

I get the feeling he’s going to be more of a pushy bottom than obedient submissive; but then, when it comes to obedient subsmissives, I have Archie for that. Though I can always reprogram him if I want to; and I have his permission to do so.
In the morning, I wake to the feeling of a wet mouth sucking on my cock. I look down to see Aiden slurping on my morning wood.

“Didn’t I tell you that you had tasks to complete before I’d fuck you again?” I remind him. There’s a smacking sound as he pulls his lips from around the head of my shaft.

“Yeah,” he smirks, “But you didn’t say anything about me not being allowed to suck your cock, Sir.”

“As long as you realise you’re not getting to come,” I retort; the scent of his slick heavy in the air, despite the plug still in his ass, as I push his head back down on me.

I use him quickly; pushing up into his willing mouth, over and over again. His cock stands heavy and neglected between his legs. As I start to shoot I pull out of his mouth and my come coats his chin, neck, and chest.

“You can rub that into your skin,” I inform him, “So, everyone in the pack will know how I used you.”

“Yes, Sir,” he grins down at me; a bit of my come dripping from his chin onto my stomach.

“And you can lick that up,” which he promptly does, his grin only getting wider.

I have a shower while Aiden brushes his teeth using a finger and some toothpaste. He doesn’t shower; just rubbing my white stuff into his skin. He does, however, wash his hands afterwards. He keeps the butt plug in, so that he doesn’t leak slick into his underwear and pants; he can’t seem to stop smiling every time he mentions ‘his slick’. Once we’re dressed we head down to get breakfast. There’s a note from my dad letting me know he had to go in to work early, the FBI are getting involved in the Walcott case because they were of the family of serial killing cannibals, but that he’ll be here when I get home from school.

When I pull into the school car park, I can see Scott and Isaac’s confusion at Aiden being in the car with me. Their noses wrinkling as they sniff the air, as does Ethan who is standing beside Danny just behind them. We walk over to them, and I see Ethan turn to Danny, I presume tell him Aiden stinks of my come; given his eyebrows rise in shock.

Liam is hovering in the background, he clearly wants to come over and talk to us, but the only time he’s ever been seen with any of us is on the lacrosse field; when his friend Mason, looking puzzled as to why Liam is staring across at us, catches his arm, he heads in the other direction with him.

While I’m checking Isaac’s diaper in the toilets we can hear Scott and the twins talking outside the door.

“Dude, why are you walking so funny?” Scott whispers.

“Because I’ve spent the night sitting on the thick flagpole between Stiles’s legs that he calls a dick,” I can hear Aiden’s smirk as he replies, “And now I have butt plug in my ass keeping all his
“TMI bro,” Ethan sighs.

“Jealous?” Aiden responds, “Because believe me, you should be. He has some very tasty Kielbasa; big and fat, and long and a good, six inches around.”

“Did you just paraphrase Jackie Beat?” Danny asks, “How do you even know ‘Baby Got Front’?”

“I accidently listened to Ethan’s iPod once,” there’s a pause, and I wish I could see what’s happening, “Or twice,” shortly follows.

I finish taping up Isaac’s diaper, give him a quick hug and kiss on the lips before we head back through the door.

“Did you just compare my dick to a Polish sausage?” I sternly scowl at Aiden, he at least has the decency to fake looking shamefaced, “Well, just remember there’s no more Kielbasa for you, if you don’t do your homework.”

“Oh, I will,” he lasciviously grins. I shake my head as we head off to our classes.

The rest of the day is pretty much like every other school day. Except at lunch Liam is looking over, from the table he’s sitting at with his friend Mason, to the pack’s table as much as Lydia and Allison are from theirs; and his friend Mason is noticing, and giving our table curious looks of his own.

At the end of the day, after lacrosse practice, we’ve waited until everyone else has left, before the wolves take their shower; I thought it best, so that the other players don’t comment on Isaac’s lack of body hair and diaper, or Aiden’s ass being filled with a fat rubber plug. I’m fastening the tapes on Isaac’s diaper when I glance over and see Aiden bending over to pick up something from the floor; I take the opportunity to admire the sight of his plugged ass, when I hear the voice from the doorway.

“What is that in his ass? And why are you putting a diaper on Isaac?” Liam practically shouts.

“Liam,” Scott states the obvious, “What are you doing here?”

“I needed to talk to you,” the freshman states, his eyes roaming over Isaac’s smooth skin, “I think my senses are starting to change, and I’m having problems, like you said I would, but you still haven’t answered my question. What’s going on, with Aiden and Isaac?”

“Okay,” I state, turning to Liam, “Since you’re a part of this pack, you ought to know the truth,” I see Danny’s eyes widen as finishes dressing, and Scott and Isaac both look worried at what I might say next.

“Stiles?” Scott questions what I’m doing.

“To paraphrase the Buddha, ‘Three things cannot be long hidden: the sun, the moon, and the truth’; we should answer Liam’s question truthfully.” I take Isaac’s hand in mine and give it a squeeze to
reassure him. “Isaac is a Little and I’m his Daddy. Because he won’t be able to spend time with me at my house tonight, we were trying to give my boy some Little time here. Not exactly the best place, but the best I could do in the short time we have.”

“What’s a Little? And how are you Isaac’s dad?” Liam does an almost perfect impression of a confused puppy.

I can tell Isaac’s starting to feel on edge from Liam’s attention and questions; so, I sit on the bench beside Isaac and put my arm around him, pulling him close to me I start to explain to Liam about age play and that sometime Isaac doesn’t want to deal with being a teenager with the stresses of high school and life and wants to regress and be younger; like a toddler or kindergarten age. So, I’m his Daddy, his caregiver, and I keep him safe. And no, it doesn’t mean he can’t take care of himself; when he’s not in his Little headspace he’s just like every other teenager who’s a junior in high school.

“So, it’s like stress relief, I guess that makes sense,” Liam scrunches his face as he responds, clearly still trying to wrap his head around the concept; with some pheromone help.

“Yes and no, but I guess close enough for now,” I tell him.

“And I’m into puppy play,” Scott blurts out, blushing at his confession, “I sometimes get into my puppy headspace, like Isaac gets into his little headspace, and Stiles is my handler.”

“What, and like play fetch and stuff?” Liam asks with a note of interest; and I haven’t even run either of the programs I started to prepare for him.

“Yeah,” Scott bashfully replies, ducking his head, but with a smile on his lips at the memory of getting to let Scooter out to play.

“You seem interested in that,” Danny unexpectedly interject from the corner, “Is that something you want to explore?” Now it’s Liam’s turn to blush, biting at his bottom lip before he answers.

“Maybe, chasing a ball around as a puppy sounds more fun than letting all the problems get on top me until I explode at someone, or something,” he postulates, before tentatively asking, “And Aiden?”

“I’m a cock hungry slut who likes having my ass filled,” Aiden smirks at him, “Especially by Stiles’s massive…”

“Aiden!” I warn the beta.

“Sorry, Sir,” he feigns an apology.

“So, your problem with your senses?” I steer Liam back to his reason for being here.

“Oh, yeah,” he mumbles while getting his mind off Isaac’s diaper, Scott being a puppy, and Aiden getting his ass stuffed full of cock, “It’s just I couldn’t really concentrate in most my classes, every now and then the sounds around me were so much louder, and it was… I don’t know, just loud and when the bell rang I nearly doubled over in pain. Is it always like that?”

“It’s not so bad, once you learn to control it, but it’s going to get worse over the next couple of days until the full moon, and your first shift,” Scott tells him, and starts to explain what to expect, and the other wolves chime in with their mechanisms for controlling their senses.
When we’re leaving I give Scott a hug, and embrace Isaac before he climbs on the back of Scott’s bike; they head home for their dinner with Melissa.

I send Aiden home with Danny, telling him to work on his kink list. He pouts, but assures me he will; because he desperately wants me to fuck him again and tell him to come.

I give Liam a ride home. He’s quiet for the ride, until I park outside his house.

“So, you’re Isaac’s daddy, and Scott’s handler?” he croaks.

“Yeah,” I reply, “Though, when Scott’s in his puppy headspace, he’s my puppy Scooter.”

“Do… do you think if I was a puppy that it might help with my condition?”

“What condition?” I ask; not wanting to let him know that I know about his IED.

“I… I was diagnosed with IED, Intermittent Explosive Disorder,” he says, and then tells me about the incident that got him kicked out of Devenford Prep.

“It might,” I say knowing that after I’ve run ‘Liam-01’ on the Logos every time he feels under pressure and his anger starts acting out, he’s going to want to be a puppy to relieve the tension; and it will help. “Why not talk more to Scott about it,” I suggest.

“If… if I did want to try being a puppy would you be my handler too?”

“We could try that and see how it works for us,” I smile at him.

“Thanks,” he smiles back before getting out the car and heading up the drive to his house.

I drive home.

I close the door behind me as I walk into the house, and hear the sound of tk-tk-tk-tk-tk-tk heading toward me from the living room; I turn around to the sound only to be pressed up against the door as two paws land on my shoulder, and I’m staring into the bluest eyes any dog has ever had.

“Castiel? How did you get here?”

“I picked him up an hour ago from the shelter,” my dad answers, as I pet the wolf-dog and scratch behind his ears, like I do with Scooter; Castiel enjoys it as much as Scooter does. My dad continues, “I got a call this morning to say that everything was in order, and the license was approved, so, I picked him at the end of my shift.”

“Aw, who’s my good boy? Who’s my good boy? You are, yes you are,” I find myself saying to the dog in that overly syrupy sweet fake voice – certain, and I don’t intend to be one of them – pet owners use.

“Rrowff,” Castiel barks as he wags his tail approvingly.

“By the way,” my dad adds, “Andrews had his interview today. I had Parrish and Adams carry out
the interview.”

“Great, when does he start?”

“Whoa, I didn’t say he got the job. There’s still a background check and…”

“He’s not applying to be an agent in the CIA…”

“There’s still due process, and checks need to be carried out, he’ll be working in the sheriff’s office; where there will be evidence, and witness statements, and…”

“Oh, I get it,” I concede.

“Good.”

We have dinner, make small talk, and I admonish my dad for feeding the dog titbits from his plate. I take Castiel for a walk while my dad does the dishes. Dad’s sitting in his chair watching TV when I return.

“I’ll head to my room, do some homework and turn in for the night,” I tell him.

“Okay, kiddo, g’night.”

“Night,” I smile at him, “Castiel’s sleeping in my room. Come on boy,” I call after the dog and we both rush up to my room. I set the dog bed down beside my computer; however, Castiel is frantically sniffing and licking at the carpet at the foot of my bed, where Scott shot his load multiple times while being fucked by Sarge, his tail wagging furiously.

“Getting the scent of our pack’s alpha? Huh boy?” I say, “Well, don’t worry boy; tomorrow you’ll be able to show him who’s bitch he is.”

“Rrwoff,” Castiel barks back, before licking at the carpet again.

“So, this is where I give you all the knowledge to know how to understand us, and how to behave around pack and non-pack members,” I inform Castiel as I sit on my bed and start up Logos to run ‘Castiel-01’. He tilts his head and stares at me.

The program will raise his intelligence, give him full comprehension of the German language commands that Sarge knew, make him able to answer yes/no questions with a single bark for ‘yes’ or two barks for ‘no’. I’m also giving him knowledge that he will be Scott’s major sexual partner, essentially his mate, but that Scott will ‘lie down with other dogs’. But that he can take his pleasure from other members of the pack; he’ll have the knowledge that Liam will also be interested, and Aiden will participate when being filmed. And I’m also making him understand that when Scott, Liam, and Aiden are dressed they are not available for sex. The program will also undo the neutering that was performed at the shelter.

With ‘Castiel-01’ running, I tweak ‘Liam-01’ to raise his… let’s go with I’m aligning his interests with his alpha’s. Though I’m making it close to, it’s not as high as Scott’s; and, it’s also not exclusive like Scott’s where there needs to be some Canis Lupus genes. I had already created the program to raise Liam’s interest in his own sex, tipping it above his interest in females, and had made the changes to increase his pre-existing interest in puppy-play, not that he seemed aware of
it. He already will happily get strip at the drop of a hat, if he feels he can be naked. With the additional changes made, I start it running. For the physical change to his sex, to make him like his alpha, I create ‘Liam-02’; that program I’ll run to coincide with his first shift on the full moon.

With those programs running I also start ‘Derek-01’.

There’s no major changes to Derek that I’m making; just a small increase in his desire to be part of a pack; specifically, in being part of our pack. I mean, I think it will be good for him to be a beta in our pack, rather than an omega. He needs the family and support that a pack will give him. And it will be good for the pack too; Derek’s a born wolf, so, he’s been a wolf longer than any of the other betas, longer than even the alpha has; there is a lot he can teach them, if they are willing to learn.

I lock and close the Logos, laying it on my bedside table; noticing that Castiel is asleep I snap a picture of him with my phone and send a picture to Scott.

<Bro, look who’s sleeping at the foot of my bed>

<OMG, IM COMING OVER>

<NO! You can come over tomorrow after school>

<STILES! I want to spend some time with him, please?>

<Tomorrow Scotty>

<:(>

I ignore his sad face, and switch my phone off.

My head has barely hit the pillow after turning out the light when I hear my window slide open, and footsteps land on the floor. It’s quickly followed by the sound of sneakers being kicked off, and clothes removed and folded; I watch as the figure, silhouetted by the street light through the window, places them on the chair before he climbs along the bed and settles his naked body under the covers beside me.

“Aiden, shouldn’t you be home?” I ask him.

“Danny’s doesn’t feel like home,” he responds, “And I wanted to show you I’d trimmed by body hair like you told me to,” he adds, scrambling for another reason to be here with me.

“Sleep, you can show me in the morning.”

“Yes, Sir,” I feel him grin against my shoulder, his arm lying across my chest as he holds himself close to me.

Something wakes me. I look over at my clock and it’s showing a little after midnight.

“Alpha,” Aiden mumbles beside me.
I glance to the bottom of my bed where Castiel is sleeping; and Scott is leaning over him, his hand petting the dog’s head.

“Scott!” I harshly whisper, not wanting to wake my dad, “I told you, tomorrow.”

“I know, but I just wanted…”

“I know what you wanted, but until the… changes I’ve made take effect he won’t be that interested. He’ll be fine tomorrow.” I try to ignore Scott’s puppy eyes, “You’ve got a choice, either go home, or get undressed and into bed. Either…”

I don’t get time to finish before Scott is stripping, his clothes thrown on the floor, and jumping into bed with me and Aiden.

“At least Aiden folds his clothes and puts them on the chair, and doesn’t throw them all over the floor,” I grumble.

“Thank you, Sir,” Aiden smiles against my shoulder.

With Aiden curled up against one side and Scott against the other, each wrapping an arm around me and resting their heads on my shoulders, I once again drift off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Excerpt from Chapter-08 -- Of Liam and Derek

“Oh. My. God. You were serious?!” Liam shouts. I turn to see him staring down at Scott, and turn to see what he’s staring at. Scott clearly has a boner tenting his pants, and they are clearly wet with his slick. “You get horny for dogs?!” the young beta continues, “Do you really have sex with them? Is that part of your puppy play? I mean…”

“One question at time Liam, and there is no need to shout,” I reprimand the boy. “Sorry,” he bashfully apologizes, “But, seriously, what you said on the way over here was true? You have sex with dogs?”

“Rrowff,” Castiel barks in the affirmative; wagging his tail as he slinks towards Scott. “Castiel, Sitzen,” I bark at him. He sits looking disapprovingly at me.

“I told you. I only get turned on by dogs now, and I can’t have sex with humans; it doesn’t do anything for me,” Scott admits with clear embarrassment.

“Actually,” I inform him, “You get horny for other canids; so, dogs, wolves, coyotes, maybe even werewolves…”

“But you’re part fox and you fucked me and I couldn’t…”

“Foxes aren’t canids, they’re vulpes,” Danny corrects him. “Oh,” Scott thinks it over, “So, you think I might be able to have sex with another
I switch on the Logos to check on my wolves, and finish setting up the program for Liam’s first full moon. I notice that all the wolves, except for Isaac are more than happy to get naked; I’d increased Scott’s exhibitionism after all, as he displayed earlier tonight. And I’m happy that my little boy would rather be in his diaper than his birthday suit; I finish creating ‘Liam-02’ that I’ll run tomorrow.

I then review the status of Derek. I run ‘Derek-02’; that way I know he’ll be willing to listen to the proposition I have for him. As I’m about to close the device over, I notice it flashing a warning above the icon for me. Clicking on the warning, it states that there’s a conflict in my current genetic make-up and asks if I want to apply a manual fix or run the autofix. I’m too tired to start working on a manual fix, and I don’t want to leave any conflict in my DNA until morning, so I select the autofix and close over the device. I turn out the light and settle down to sleep.
I woke to the feel of Aiden’s hard cock pressed against my leg, and the scent of his and Scott’s arousal filling my bedroom; and the scent of their slick. Scott was biting the pillow, trying to muffle his moans in it. I looked over him and saw his naked ass sticking over the edge of the bed, with Castiel licking Scott’s slick from the source.

“Is he giving you a rim job, or is he eating out your pussy?” I ask Scott.

“Both,” he breathlessly answers; ducking his head and blushing.

“Remember my dad’s home,” I warn him, “So, keep the noise down, and no coming in the bed; if you’re going to shoot your load, get down on the carpet like you were last time.”

Scott slides out of the bed, quickly settling on all fours on the rug at the foot of the bed. Castiel’s nose never leaves the horny teenage werewolf’s ass or pussy; his tongue lapping at both, and his red cock hanging where it’s emerged from his sheath. The dog quickly jumps on Scott’s back, his cock searching for an entrance.

“Make sure he only fucks your ass,” I quietly tell him, “You don’t want him getting you pregnant; not yet, anyway.”

Scott, clearly caught in his sexual need, hazily reaches behind him and guides Castiel’s cock into his ass. The dog immediately starts to jackhammer into him, making Scott bite into his own arm to muffle the moan he lets loose as he pushes back to meet Castiel’s thrusts.

I feel Aiden still against me; he’s practically holding his breath as he watches, his eyes glued to the pounding the dog is giving Scott, and I feel his hard shaft leak over my leg. His ass is leaking slick over the bed sheets too.

“Enjoying the show?” I whisper at his ear.

“I…” he startles, his breath hiccupping as he pulls his eyes from our alpha being fucked by a dog and turns to face me, “I can tell he’s enjoying it, his scent is filled with his arousal at…”

“The pounding Castiel is giving him,” I supply.

“Yes,” Aiden replies breathlessly, “And…”

“And, what?” I push.

“I wonder… I mean I like getting fucked, especially a good hard pounding like Scott’s getting, and…”
“You wonder if you’ll enjoy getting fucked by a dog too.”

“Yes,” he whispers, his eyes drawn back by Scott’s needy moans of pleasure, “I’m not… attracted to dogs, I like dogs, but not like Scott does; but the fucking he’s getting from the dog… I know I’d like it if you fucked me like that.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll find out if a dog fucking you like that does it for you; once we start making the videos for the web site.”

“I know one thing,” he says, watching Castiel’s thrusts into Scott’s ass slow as his knot catches on the rim before they are locked together, “It’s making me desperate to get fucked by you, again.”

“And you know…”

“I’ve already done the manscaping,” he interrupts, throwing back the covers and stretching his body out to show me his handiwork. And I like what I see, his body hair trimmed all over to a quarter inch; it makes his hard, dripping cock look bigger. I drag my gaze back to his face to see him grinning up at me.

“You’ve still got your kink list to write up,” I remind him as my hand trails down his trimmed chest hair and treasure trail.

“I promise you’ll have it tomorrow, Sir,” he smiles.

“Well then, there will be more chance of me fucking you and of you getting to come before the weekend is over,” I tell him.

I look back across to Scott, and see him shooting his load over the carpet as Castiel fills him up; the dog locked inside him by his swollen knot.

“Was that good for you Scotty?”

“Fuck, s’good,” Scott gasps, his ass clenching around Castiel’s knot and his cock still dripping come on the carpet, with his dopey grin on his face he adds, “Bigger and better than Sarge.”

“Careful, you’re sounding like you’re as big a cock slut as Aiden,” I snort, as Aiden pouts. I ignore the fake pout, though it does make me smirk, and continue, “Once he pulls out, I’ll plug you, so you don’t drip his come all over the place, and we can get cleaned up and ready for school; hopefully before my dad comes knocking on my door.”

“I wasn’t expecting so many for breakfast,” my Dad states, pointedly scowling at me as we walk into the kitchen; he’s set places for all of us, and has cooked enough to feed two hungry wolves and us, “Until I heard the pounding of three sets of feet heading to the bathroom.

“Well, Aiden and Scott sort of turned up unexpectedly, and I thought it was too late to make them go home,” I explain.

“How late? And I don’t remember hearing the doorbell or the door last night,” he demands.

“Late, and the werewolves seem to mistake my window for a doggy door; something that Castiel definitely doesn’t do,” I answer.

“It was a school night. There will be no late nights on school nights; understood?”

“Yes Sir,” Aiden and Scott confirm.
Breakfast is rather quiet after that. Once we finish I take Castiel for a walk; Scott and Aiden get to clear the table and wash the dishes. Then we head to pick up Isaac and head to school.

Mrs McCall is as happy with Scott sneaking out to my house – on a school night, she emphasises like my dad did – just because I texted him about Castiel being there as my dad was about late-night visitors. Isaac doesn’t look so happy either.

“I’m working a double shift, so, I expect you to be home when I get home tonight,” Mrs McCall says as she heads to the door, “And I expect you to be here all night; got that?” she asks Scott.

“Absolutely,” Scott nods.

“Good,” his mom responds as she closes the door behind her; we hear the car door close and the sound of the engine as she drives off to work.

“Okay Scotty, be quick getting changed,” I tell him as he bolts up to his room. I turn to Isaac,

“I want to check your diaper here, before we head to school?” I ask him. He nods his head in answer, I take his hand and lead him up to his room.

“So, you okay little one?” I ask him as I undo the buckle on his belt, unfasten his pants, and pulling them down, I get lay him back on his bed.

“Uh-huh,” he mumbles as I open my back pack and pull out the diaper cream and a booster pad. I unfasten the tapes on his diaper, and open the jar of cream. His cock starts to harden instantly as he catches the scent from the open jar.

“And does that mean yes or no?” I ask as I take some cream on my fingers.

“Yes, daddy,” he replies less than convincingly. I raise an eyebrow at him, and he continues, sulkily, “Aiden was with you again.”

“Yes, he came to my house last night again…”

“Why?” my little one pouts; clearly upset at Aiden spending so much time with me.

“Because, he’s trying to be a good submissive wolf to his pack, and making himself available to me to use however I want,” I tell him, “That’s good, isn’t it?”

“I guess,” Isaac sulks.

“Now, let me take care of my little angel,” I smile at him as I start to rub the cream around his hole. His cock starts to regain the tumescence that it lost while he asked about Aiden.

“Daddy,” he gasps, looking up at me hopefully, my fingers brush over his fluttering anal lips, as if opening to welcome my fingers inside, “Please Daddy,” Isaac huffs, “Want to make sticky.”

“Okay, baby,” I softly promise as I push one finger past his rim; he shudders, his hips bucking up as my finger presses against his lovebud. One finger quickly becomes two, sliding back and forth over his sweet spot; his cock hard and leaking over his abs.

“Please Daddy, make me make sticky,” he pleads, and I wrap my free hand around his boyish tumescence and gently stroking him in time to the thrusts of my fingers in his ass. All too soon he’s
pushing up into my hand, his litany of, “Daddy, daddy, daddy,” rushing from his lips as his face scrunches up and grinds back onto my fingers and shoots his load. His head falls back onto the bed, and his body goes lax and his eyes close; a satisfied smile teasing at his mouth.

“My little angel feeling better now?” I ask him.

“Uh-huh,” he sighs. I lean over him and placing my mouth above his stomach I lean down and blow a raspberry; eliciting squeals of delight from him and shouts of, “No, daddy, tickles.”

I lift my head and smile down at him, some of his ‘white sticky’ coating my lips, and lean over to lightly kiss his lips.

“Let’s get you cleaned up; we need to get to school,” he loses his smile at the mention of school.

Aiden’s in the car with me, Scott and Isaac following on Scott’s bike, when something in the news item on the radio catches my attention.

“Wait? Who did they say has been murdered?” I ask Aiden.

“I wasn’t really listening,” Aiden replies, “I think some guy from South Dakota who sold stuff on eBay…”

“Hiram Abiff’s Tools?”

“I think so, is it important?”

“That’s where I bought the parts for my jeep,” I say, “The box of parts the Logos device came in.”

“And?”

“So, it’s just a coincidence; right?” I sort of state, not really sounding convinced.

“Right,” Aiden agrees; sounding equally convinced.

“Turn it up,” I instruct him, and he quickly complies.

“… the explosion that ripped through the building was initially thought to have been caused by a gas leak, and the body found in the wreckage to be the result of the explosion. However, forensic evidence has now shown that Mr Jack Secord, the owner of Hiram Abiff’s Tools, was killed before the explosion, and officials now believe the explosion was deliberately caused to hide the cause of death. There are unconfirmed reports that fatal wounds on the body look like the frenzied attack of a large predatory animal…”

“You think that Deucalion did this?” Aiden asks, turning down the radio.

“You said he was searching for a major Logos device,” I reply, “But the one I have is only a minor one.” At least I think it is, I don’t say aloud. “Besides,” I continue, “I don’t even know that Hiram’s was the source of the device, only that it was in the sealed box of parts that arrived. It might have been added by someone that works for the courier. It has to be a coincidence.”

“Sure.”

Neither of us seem to believe in coincidences; especially when they involve large predatory animals killing someone and then causing a gas explosion to try and hide the cause of death.

The school day goes by like every other, and the murder of Jack Secord, possibly by a werewolf
looking for a Logos device, is soon buried and forgotten under a ton of school work.

After school, the pack head to my house. Scott on his bike with Liam, Danny in his car with Ethan, Aiden and Isaac in my car with me. I know Scott hasn’t thought this through. He wants some more sexy time with Castiel, but does he really want to get naked and take some doggy D with so many of the pack around; in particular, his newly made and not yet shifted beta, Liam?

I’m not sure if Liam will be starting to think of dogs sexually, yet. I only ran the program to give him an interest in them last night, and he doesn’t know of Scott’s sexual attraction to them. This could go very wrong.

When we arrive, Scott is tackled to the floor by Castiel. The dog barrelling into him, jumping up so his front paws land on Scott’s shoulders causing him to topple backwards, Castiel immediately licking at his cheeks and mouth.

“Schlechte Hund! Platz!” I command the dog. He turns to look at me, before deciding to ignore me and he returns to nuzzling at Scott’s jaw.

“Platz!” I growl at him in anger, which he seems to recognise as he now backs off Scott and looks up at me with an imitation of Scott’s puppy dog eyes. I’m about to scold the dog and tell him he won’t get any treats when…

“Oh. My. God. You were serious?!” Liam shouts. I turn to see him staring down at Scott, and turn to see what he’s staring at. Scott clearly has a boner tenting his pants, and they are clearly wet with his slick.

“You get horny for dogs?! The young beta continues, “Do you really have sex with them? Is that part of your puppy play? I mean…”

“One question at a time Liam, and there is no need to shout,” I reprimand the boy.

“Sorry,” he bashfully apologises, “But, seriously, what you said on the way over here was true? You have sex with dogs?”

“Rowff,” Castiel barks in the affirmative; wagging his tail as he slinks towards Scott.

“Castiel, Sitzen,” I bark at him. He sits looking disapprovingly at me.

“I told you. I only get turned on by dogs now, and I can’t have sex with humans; it doesn’t do anything for me,” Scott admits with clear embarrassment.

“But you’re part fox and you fucked me and I couldn’t…”

“Foxes aren’t canids, they’re vulpes,” Danny corrects him.

“Oh,” Scott thinks it over, “So, you think I might be able to have sex with another werewolf as well as with Castiel?” I take note that he said, ‘as well as’ and not ‘instead of’.

“If you were attracted to them, it might be possible,” I surmise, “I mean, Deaton never said the other werewolves, that had relationships with dogs, were exclusively in relationships with the dogs; they could have been with other werewolves too. Deaton said that werewolves being part canid and
dogs being canids is why you’re attracted to them; just like wolves and dogs, both being the same genus.”

I feel a tugging at my sleeve, and turn to see Isaac pulling at it.

“What’s up little one?” I ask, seeing the sad look on his face.

“Daddy, my diaper’s leaking,” he sobs.

“Oh, baby, I’m sorry,” I apologies to him, noticing the damp patch on one of this pant legs, “I should have taken you up to change as soon as we got here. Come on,” I lift him into my arms and carry him to my room.

While I’m changing Isaac’s diaper, everyone makes their way up to the room. Castiel constantly sniffing around Scott’s ass and crotch.

“Are you really that desperate for another fuck from Castiel?” I exasperatedly ask.

“I told you, I get really horny around the full moon,” Scott whines.

“Fine, I suppose you should get used to an audience as you’re planning on having the porn career on the side,” Scott’s stripping as soon as ‘Fine’ leaves my lips, “Hey, Danny, why don’t you film it with your phone, you could use it as a test video for the web site.” Liam is hovering around, turning red and trying to hide his own boner. “Liam, sit and enjoy the show,” I tell him as I fasten the snaps on the crotch of Isaac’s romper suit.

Castiel is wagging his tail frantically, anxious for Scott to finish stripping and get down on all fours. Liam sits on the floor, beside the door, Danny is sitting in the chair at my desk, and Ethan is on the floor beside him. Aiden settles on the floor in front of the bedside cabinet.

As Scott falls to the floor, Castiel lapping at the slick running down his thighs, I settle on the bed, and, popping one of Isaac’s pacifiers into his mouth, I wrap an arm around my little one pulling him against me. All eyes are on Scott as he pushes back against Castiel’s muzzle nudging against his ass and tonguing at his balls; except mine. I’m watching everyone else’s reaction.

Isaac isn’t watching the dog fuck Scott. His eyes are closed as he rests against me, his head on my shoulder as he slowly falls asleep. Aiden is watching as the red tip of Castiel’s cock slides into Scott’s ass; Scott carefully covering his pussy with his hand to ensure the dog entered the hole that wouldn’t get him pregnant. I reach out with my free hand and ruffle Aiden’s hair, his sharply turns to look at me.

“Please,” he huskily asks.

“You can jack your cock,” I quietly tell him, and he fishes his hardness from his pants and begins to wank, “But, you are not allowed to come,” he slows the fist of his boner and is about to remove his hand when I instruct him, “But keep stroking.” He returns his hand to his task, though less enthusiastically.

Danny is filming the scene on his phone; the only one not sitting in one place as he moves around Scott and the dog. He doesn’t seem to be as affected by the sex happening in front of him as the werewolves are, but maybe that is a pack thing; the betas affected by the emotions of their alpha.
Ethan is watching Danny, as much as he is watching Scott get fucked. Seeing his brother stroking his dick, he gets his own hard cock out of his pants and slowly slides his fist back and forth along his length.

I see Liam palming his erection through his pants, his eyes avidly glued to the red cock thrusting in and out of Scott’s ass, Castiel’s paws wrapped around Scott’s waist as he jackhammers in and out.

“You know,” I call across to him, “You might as well join Ethan and Aiden, if your alpha getting fucked is having the same effect on you.” His eyes dart to Aiden and Ethan, and he notices their cocks in hand. He swallows, before he cautiously slips a hand into his pants and pulls his leaking cock out; biting at his bottom lip as he furiously fists his cock, matching the speed of the pounding the dog is giving Scott.

Liam and Ethan both shoot their loads over the carpet as Castiel’s knot catches on the rim of Scott’s asshole; locking the alpha and dog together and causing Scott to spray his own load beneath him. At the exact same moment, the window opposite the bed opens and Derek climbs into the room.

“What the…?!” the broody wolf exclaims, his magnificent eyebrows climbing almost to his hairline.

Isaac clings tightly to me, trying to hide behind me, and three betas jump from the floor; putting themselves between Scott, still hanging off Castiel’s knot, and Derek. They look less like they are protecting Scott and more that they are about to rape Derek; given that their cocks are still hanging out of their pants while hard and leaking all over the floor.

“Derek? What’s caused this unexpected visit?” I ask.

“Don’t you mean ‘Cousin Miguel’?” Danny snickers.

“I’m going to assume, as you knew about werewolves, that you knew who Derek was when he…”

“Was a wanted man, hiding in your bedroom half-naked…”

“He wasn’t half naked, except when he took his shirt off, but that’s because you pointed out his shirt was dirty and he was changing into one of mine, and this is totally so not the point,” I ramble, getting a little flustered for some reason.

“I should leave,” Derek mumbles, moving back towards the window.

“NO!” I exclaim, scrambling from the bed with Isaac wrapping his arms and legs tightly around my shoulders and waist as he hides his face in the crook of my neck; hiding from his former alpha.

“Why…” Derek starts as I rise from the bed with Isaac wrapping his arms and legs tightly around my shoulders and waist as he hides his face in the crook of my neck; hiding from his former alpha.

“You’ve been back in town for at least the last four days; probably longer, since my dad said you were his unofficial department expert for anything supernatural,” I scowl at him, “So, I think some catching up on both sides is called for, don’t you?” Now he’s the one doing the scowling.

“Why…”
“Because, you came here for a reason,” I flatly state, “And, you must have known the pack was in here before you climbed through my window.”

“I didn’t know you were all so… occupied,” he stammers.

“What happened to your wolfy-senses?”

“Nothing,” he scowls even more, before his features smooth out as he admits, “I didn’t use them to listen to or smell what was going on; I thought you’d be doing something typically teenage, like playing a video game or something.”

“Well, Castiel’s knot must be about to go down; so, I need to get Scott’s butt plug,” I state, “Hey, Issy, can Derek hold you while I take care of Scott?”

“No, Daddy, you hold me,” Isaac whines, shaking his head as he presses it firmly against my neck.

“Okay then, Derek,” I turn to the still shocked but trying to hide it behind his scowling expression werewolf, “Can you get the butt plug from among Scott’s clothes, wash it in the basin in the bathroom, and when Castiel decides to dismount and pull out of Scott’s ass, press the plug into the alpha’s come filled hole.” I sit back down on the bed, and Isaac straddles my lap, his arms still tightly holding on.

“Wouldn’t it be better for one of the pack to do that?” Derek asks as he stares at the pile of clothes dropped on the floor.

“No, I’d prefer that you do it if Issy isn’t going to let me,” I inform him; if Derek is going to fill the role I have planned for him in the pack, then he needs to be comfortable with their naked sexcapades. No time like the present to get started.

He stares at the clothes with the plug sitting on top of them for what seems like minutes before finally picking up the moulded lump of black rubber, and heading out the door and across the hall to the bathroom.

“Who’s he?” Liam asks while Derek is out of the room.

“He’s a werewolf, and was Isaac’s alpha for a while,” I answer adding, “And he can hear everything we’re saying.”

“Oh,” Liam blushes.

“Issy, are you upset that Derek is here?” I know something is bothering my little one; he’s far clingier than he’s been before.

“M’kay daddy,” he mumbles around his pacifier; still holding tightly on to me.

“Dude,” a breathless Scott exclaims, “What if he tells your dad about this?”

“He won’t,” I state, “We’ll tell Derek about you and our pack, he’s more likely to understand. He is born a werewolf, he was part of a large pack. I think it would be good for the pack to have him join.”

“You think he wants to?” Scott asks, “I mean, would he accept me as an alpha, after everything he’s seen tonight?” Castiel is standing ass to ass with Scott now, and Derek re-enters the room at the moment the dog pulls his cock out of Scott’s ass with a plop; his come dribbling from Scott’s well-fucked hole.

“Make sure that come doesn’t get in his pussy,” I instruct Derek; who quickly wipes the doggy
come back up towards his ass and slides the butt plug into place; sealing Castiel’s seed inside.

“You’re a breeder,” Derek intones, his eyes fixed on Scott’s upturned rear, and I realise he’s staring at his pussy, “A ‘lupul cu câinii’…”

“A what now?” I ask.

“It’s a rare werewolf I overheard my mom and uncle Peter talking… arguing about once. The words always stuck with me, Deaton should know more than I do; from what I remember it translates, roughly, as a ‘wolf that lays with dogs’.”

“Deaton only seemed to vaguely recall stories he remembers hearing about other werewolves like Scotty; he’s trying to find the source of them and verify if they are true or hunter tales,” I inform him, and then ask, “What was your mom and zombie wolf arguing about?”

“What I recall is…

“No Peter, we will not take advantage of her?” Talia stopped short of putting her alpha power into her words.

“But if she really is a breeder…”

“You will not use that derogatory term, do you understand?” she demanded of him.

“I’m sorry, but, you know how rare such wolves are, how most packs don’t even believe they exist anymore, and how much the pups of a ‘lupul cu câinii’ are sought after by those that know…”

“We are not asking for any of her pups in exchange for helping her,” Talia let her eyes flash red, warning her brother to drop the subject, “She is trapped here by the weather, she expected to be back with her pack before her pups were born. We will help her because it is the right thing to do, not for what you expect to gain for giving aid where it’s needed.”

“It was about twelve weeks later that I got my dog,” Derek’s tone turns wistful, “He was such a smart little thing; a Siberian Husky, with shiny black hair and blue eyes, and white paws. He never trusted Peter that’s for sure,” he laughs, Derek Hale actually laughs, “And Peter was never happy that my dog didn’t trust him.”

“What happened to him?” Scott asks.

“He died in the fire with everyone else,” the misty-eyed nostalgia quickly leaves him at the reminder of the fire.

“He was one of her pups, wasn’t he?” I ask.

“Yes,” he monosyllabically replies.

“Oh, Sourwolf is back with his one-word answers,” I quip, and he frowns at me; or maybe he’s just frowning. Isaac snickers against my neck. “So, how’s Cora?” I decide to change the topic of conversation and try to ease him back to the verbose wolf that crawled through my window.

“Fine.”

“Derek,” I sigh, I’d hold my head in my hands, except I’m holding Isaac; who’s still clinging to me as he has done since Derek arrived, “You can tell us more, that’s how conversations to catch up work; using words, more than one, to impart knowledge.”
“She’s staying with a pack in South America.” I think at least it’s more than one word, but I can’t help the snark.

“That well-known travelling werewolf pack that moves around from Argentina, to Chile, to Bolivia, to Peru, to…” I stop at his growl, “Fine, she’s happy living la vida loca in South America. So, have you heard what’s been happening with our pack?”

I let Scott tell him the events of the last few weeks, with Isaac carefully watching Derek’s every reaction; with even more scrutiny than I am. When Scott mentions Aiden and Ethan trying to kill me and that I defend myself with Nogitsune powers and magic that Deaton taught me, I notice Derek’s sideways glance in my direction and the crinkled worry in his eyes. And when Scott adds that I’m driving my slave’s car as the twins destroyed my jeep, Derek sharply turns to look in my direction; sadness creeping into his eyes.

“He’s my slave not my boyfriend,” I find myself telling him.

“Oh,” Scott exclaims, everyone turns to look at him, and he bashfully adds, “I just realised that joke I made is true now.” At our combined looks of confusion, he explains, “The joke I made about Stiles ‘Stud’ Stilinski, one boyfriend isn’t enough for him. Well, with you being part incubus, it makes that true. You need to feed off the sexual pleasure of whoever you’re having sex with, but if it was just one person they’d tire out, so…” he trails off.

“I get it Scotty,” I tell him, “Anyway, the twins are now part of the pack.”

“After trying to kill you?” Derek asks incredulously, warily watching Aiden and Ethan.

Scott explains about their pleading to be allowed to join, and Danny setting up the porn web site, and that he, the twins, and my slave, are going to be making videos to make the pack money. That leads him on to explaining about Danny casting something that made me part incubus, so that I fed off sex instead of strife and chaos. He brings Derek up to date telling him about the situation with the wendigo, biting Liam so he didn’t fall to his death, and me persuading my dad to let me get a dog.

“So, Scotty now has his doggy boyfriend, Castiel,” I add, and Castiel barks in agreement. “So, now you know everything about the kind of pack we are,” I say to Derek, “We’re a family, an unconventional one by human standards, but none of us are human.”

“Do you really want me to join?” telling us he did listen to the conversation when he was washing Scott’s butt plug, and there’s a twinge of worry in Derek’s voice.

“Yeah, of course we do,” Scott answers, “I was so busy fighting against being a werewolf that I’ve still got a lot to learn, about being a werewolf and even more about being an alpha, and…”

“I wasn’t exactly the best at being an alpha,” Derek interrupts him, “I’m not sure I’d be much help…”

“No, you weren’t the best example of an alpha, but,” I counter his argument, “You were never supposed to be an alpha, Laura was; the power nearly destroyed you, making you power hungry, like it did with Peter. The only reason you took the alpha power was to protect Scott, to ensure he wasn’t destroyed by it like Peter was; like you nearly were,” I see Derek’s surprise that I worked that one out, and Scott’s surprise at the truth of what happened those few months ago, “Your mom was great alpha though, wasn’t she?” Derek nods in confirmation, “So, you can give Scott on the job alpha training from her example.”
“I don’t…” Derek starts to say.

“Think about it, I need to try and get this little one back to his teenage headspace and dressed before my dad get home…”

“But I was supposed to get to be Scooter,” Scott whines, and Liam looks like he’s about to protest too.

“I know, but we don’t have time, and we need to find somewhere for the pack to meet up tomorrow for the full moon. It can’t be here, my dad isn’t working; and I don’t think you want to risk him catching you and Castiel, or risk Liam losing it and killing him during his first full moon. We need to find somewhere private and secure…”

“You could use the loft,” Derek offers, “I mean I’ll be there, but, it’s private and secure.”

“Cool,” Scott accepts.

Isaac, hasn’t said anything since refusing to let Derek hold him, and then denying that anything was troubling him. I know there is, and that it’s related to Derek. I’ll just need to wait until tomorrow and find out at school, when I change Issy’s diaper; then I can figure out how to fix it.

“So, have you decided about the Maintenance Worker job at the station yet?” I ask my dad over dinner; the wolves, and Danny, all headed home before dad finished work.

My dad glances at me over his plate of Baked Tofu and Vegetable Casserole with Quinoa; it’s not a friendly face I’m looking at.

“You know,” I say, smiling at the face of gloom, “I just wondered whether or… if we, I, should start clearing out the spare room, so that…”

“You’re asking me if I’m hiring Archie Andrews, and letting him live here, and you make me eat this? Shouldn’t you be trying to bribe me with steak, or a burger at least?”

“I’m not trying to bribe you?” I protest, “You said that he had to apply and go through the process normally, and you had your deputies interview him to make sure that he would only get the job if he was the best candidate; so, what would be the point of trying to bribe you with…” I stop talking at the deathly stare he’s sending me.

“There are a couple of candidates that I still have to interview; Andrews might get called back for second interview,” he sternly replies, he looks back down at his plate, “What’s the chances of swapping this for a burger and fries if I definitely give him a second interview?”

“Give him the job and the spare room and I’ll make you mom’s Salisbury Steak,” I say, before warning him, “But I have a lot of variations of this tofu casserole dish, there’s one that uses wild brown rice; it’s so healthy…”

“That’s coercion,” he scowls at me.

“What? How is ensuring you eat healthily, coercion. I’m being a good son and looking out for your well-being.” I smile at him.

After I’ve taken Castiel for his walk, I tell dad I’m heading to bed.
“Oh,” I say as I start towards my bedroom, “It’s a full moon tomorrow night, and I’m going to spend it with the pack at Derek Hale’s. I’ll take Castiel with me, and then drop him off here when I come home to get changed before heading to school Friday.”

“What? Why are you staying out late on a school night?”

“You don’t want a pack of werewolves spending the night here when there is a full-moon, do you?”

“No, I…”

“See, knew you’d agree,” I scamper to my room before he can finish his reply; Castiel on my heels. As I close my bedroom door behind us I hear my dad mutter that ‘…werewolves, they’re gonna be death of me; if my son doesn’t give kill me through malnutrition first’; as if I’m going to let that happen, and the tofu casserole was perfectly nutritionally balanced.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

∞

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

Castiel settles down on his dog bed near the door, and, after showering and brushing my teeth, I strip and get into bed. I pick up the Logos and my phone, deciding to call Archie and check how he’s getting on with the cock cage locked around his balls and dick. I select his number from the contacts and hit call; then wait, and wait for him to pick up.

“Master?” he questioningly answers after keeping me waiting.

“What took you so long?” I demand.

“I’m sorry Master, I didn’t have my phone beside me and…”

“Where was it?”

“On the table beside my bed…”

“And, where were you?”

“I was at the desk on my laptop…”

“Doing what?” I wonder if he was trying to find some way to remove the chastity device he’s locked in, wanting some way out of the deal he agreed to, but…

“I was talking with a… friend,” he hesitantly answers. I wait for him to explain, “Master?” he questions when I say nothing, “Master are you still there?”

“I am waiting for you to tell me the whole truth,” I seem to need to explain, “You think I can’t tell your hiding something just because we’re talking on the phone?”

“I… no Master, it is the truth, I was talking to a guy I met in this online BDSM community. I joined it after we first met; I was confused, still am a little, about how you make me feel and how I like it when you hurt me or tell me to do things, … that I like it when I know I’ve pleased you. I needed to find out why and, so, I started searching online and found this group and started talking to people on it. This one guy is in the Beacon County area, BHHound87, and he’s a switch and I started talking with him and we’ve become sort of friends. We’ve never met up in real life and I don’t even know his real name or what he looks like; I’ve never done anything except with you. And I was talking with him about being locked in chastity when you called…”
“Okay,” I hadn’t realised he’d taken such initiative to understand more about his submissive and masochistic needs. I think it could be good for him to get a broader perspective of BDSM; I should maybe join this group myself, and get Aiden to join too, but for now I need to get back to my point of calling, “So, I was calling to check on how you’re doing with your cock all locked up; are you okay, is there anything hurting or any problems?”

“I’m fine, Master,” I hear a laugh in his voice as he answers, “It was strange at first, and felt really tight when I… when my dick tried to get hard, but even though it’s been less than a week I sometimes forget I’m wearing it. Well, apart from the amount of precum I’m leaking. I don’t think I’ve ever leaked so much.”

“So, it’s not feeling too tight or cutting into you or anything?”

“No Master.”

“Fine, take a couple of pictures to send me so I can see for myself, and make sure there is something in the shot that lets me know you just took the picture,” I tell him, and I hear that little laugh again, “What’s so funny?”

“Nothing Master,” he replies, adding, “It’s just how worried you sound about me, I…”

“Of course I worry about you. You’re my slave, your well-being is as much my responsibility as yours, and I intend to make sure your being is well. I don’t want you accidently castrating yourself because the cock cage is cutting off your circulation. I know how much you enjoy me torturing your cock and balls.”

“It’s good to know you care, Master,” I can hear him smile, “I’ll send you the pictures now.”

“Good.”

“Master?”

“What?”

“BHHound87 wants to meet in real life tomorrow; should I meet him?”

“I…” I pause with a slight feeling of jealousy, and the thought that I need to know more about this BHHound87.

“It’s not a hook up, it’s… there’s a Master and slave night at Jungle, they have them the second Thursday of every month, and he thought I might want to meet and talk in person. I promise I won’t go if you tell me not to, I’m just… curious, to meet other people like me, and I know you’re too young to get into Jungle, so I couldn’t go with you and I don’t think I could go on my own…”

“I’ve been in Jungle,” I interrupt his rambling, “And… it’s the full moon tomorrow night so I need to be with the pack, but you can go. I want you to be careful, you don’t know anything about this guy, not really, talking online and meeting them in person is not the same. So, don’t give them your address, stay in public with them, no alcohol, keep an eye on your drink and don’t drink anything you haven’t seen poured. Text me when you meet him, text me when you get to Jungle, and text me when you get home, alone and safe. And tell me his name when find it out and I’ll see what I can find out about him; I’d rather know more about him before you meet him, but there’s not much I can do before tomorrow.”

“Yes Master,” I hear him smile again, “I’ll let him know I’ll meet him, get his name and text you, and I’ll send you the pictures of my locked cock.”
“Good, goodnight slave, and have fun tomorrow.”

“Goodnight, Master.”

I hang up.

I switch on the Logos to check on my wolves, and finish setting up the program for Liam’s first full moon. I notice that all the wolves, except for Isaac are more than happy to get naked; I’d increased Scott’s exhibitionism after all, as he displayed earlier tonight. And I’m happy that my little boy is happier in his diaper than his birthday suit; I finish creating ‘Liam-02’ that I’ll run tomorrow.

I then review the status of Derek. I run ‘Derek-02’; that way I know he’ll be more willing to listen to the proposition I have for him.

As I’m about to close the device over, I notice it flashing a warning above the icon for me. Clicking on the warning it states that there’s a conflict in my current genetic make-up and do I want to apply a manual fix for run the autofix. I’m too tired to start working on a manual fix, and I don’t want to leave any conflict in my DNA until morning, so I select the autofix and close over the device. I turn out the light and settle down to sleep.

I wake in the morning to a text from Archie with pictures attached showing his caged cock dripping precum. I don’t see any signs of damage, and in one picture his smiling face is clearly visible as he holds a copy of yesterday’s paper showing the date. So, I’m assuming he and his caged cock are fine. His text says that he’s meeting BHHound87 at the Peet’s Coffee around seven tonight, and then heading to Jungle around nine; they won’t be staying late as BHHound87 – I hope he gets the guy’s name soon – has work in the morning; so, he expects to be home by one.

I get out of bed, and sit naked at my computer checking my emails. I see one from Aiden, and opening it there is his completed kink list. He has grouped the activities, given a description, his experience and willingness rated as:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO</th>
<th>I will not do that item under any circumstance (a hard limit). There is nothing wrong with indicating 'no' on an item</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>I don’t want, or I have no desire, to do this activity, and don’t like doing it; ordinarily I would object to doing it, but I may agree to permit a known and trusted Dominant to do it if they really wanted it (a soft limit)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Will do this activity, but it has no special appeal for me, but wouldn’t object it if was asked of me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>I usually like doing this activity, on an infrequent / special occasion basis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>I like doing this activity and would like to experience it on a regular basis</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
This is a wild turn-on for you and you would like it as often as possible.

I ignore anything that is rated No or one and concentrate on the items rated two and above.

“I better not have been bitten by any fleas,” I grouch at Castiel as I scratch at an itch between my shoulders, before turning my attention back to Aiden’s kink list and start reading through it.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group</th>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Experience</th>
<th>Willingness</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>General</td>
<td>Ice</td>
<td>The use of ice in any fashion during sex, typically as a form of erotic foreplay.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General</td>
<td>Intelligent Partners</td>
<td>Exhibits a preference for partners that have particularly high levels of intelligence, wit, cunning and manipulation skills, often particularly related to dirty talking.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General</td>
<td>Kissing</td>
<td>Expresses an interest in kissing or being kissed by another character, typically denoting French kissing</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General</td>
<td>Leather</td>
<td>Refers to the use of leather in an RP, typically in a bondage situation, and typically refers to leather garments or equipment associated with male and female dominants, as well as harness gear.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General</td>
<td>Masturbation</td>
<td>The act of stimulating oneself sexually, usually utilizing physical contact from the hands or fingers to the genitals.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General</td>
<td>Photography/Videotaping</td>
<td>The act of visually recording a scene amongst participants, often as a form of humiliation, exhibitionist fetishism and/or blackmail/extortion.</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General</td>
<td>Sex Toys</td>
<td>Refers to the inclusion of penetrating sex toys in an RP, including but not limited to dildos, vibrators, anal eggs, anal beads, strap-ons etc.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General</td>
<td>Spanking</td>
<td>The act of striking the buttocks of another character, or being the recipient of such; often as a form of erotic foreplay or as punishment in a BDSM setting.</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General</td>
<td>Transformation</td>
<td>The act of causing the physical characteristics of a participant of an RP, possibly including one's self, by magical or chemical means, to change in a dramatic fashion; may refer to a myriad of different types of transformations, and connotes receiving sexual pleasure from the act of transformation itself.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General</td>
<td>Voyeurism/Exhibitionism</td>
<td>Refers to the derivation of sexual stimulation from either/or the action of watching, typically in secret, a person (or people) reveal themselves or do something otherwise explicit, or the act of revealing one's self and/or doing something otherwise explicit with the intent to be viewed</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anal Sex</td>
<td>Anal Sex (Receiving)</td>
<td>The act of being anally penetrated.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anal Sex</td>
<td>Double Penetration</td>
<td>The act of penetrating a single character with two objects, including but not limited to the penis, sex toys, fist etc., or receiving such.</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Description</td>
<td>Yes/No</td>
<td>Score</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>-------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Anal Sex</strong></td>
<td>Rimming (Giving)</td>
<td>The act of giving oral stimulation to a partner's anus, by the means of licking and/or penetrating the recipient's anus with the tongue.</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Anal Sex</strong></td>
<td>Rimming (Receiving)</td>
<td>The act of receiving oral stimulation to one's anus, by the means of licking and/or having one's anus penetrated by the tongue.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Kinky</strong></td>
<td>Multiple Orgasms</td>
<td>The act of cumming multiple times, sometimes in direct succession, or being the recipient of such actions.</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hardcore</strong></td>
<td>Cock Slapping</td>
<td>The act of using one's penis to slap one's partner and/or being slapped by a penis, usually in order to humiliate or debase a bottom prior to or during fellatio.</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hardcore</strong></td>
<td>Forced Incest</td>
<td>Engaging in an RP in which a character is being either raped or otherwise forced to have sex with a character whose is related to the original character, either by blood or marriage.</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hardcore</strong></td>
<td>Forced Nudity</td>
<td>The act of either forcing a character to be nude or being forced to be nude by another character; typically used in public situations.</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>---</td>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hardcore</strong></td>
<td>Orgasm Control/Denial</td>
<td>Refers to the dominant(s) being in control of when the submissive(s) achieve(s) orgasm, either by physical means or by command; typically involves domination and/or excessive teasing and edging; orgasm may be completely denied.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hardcore</strong></td>
<td>Sexual Pain</td>
<td>Refers to the inclusion of physical pain due to acts which are directly sexual; typically rough or excessive penetrations.</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Body preferences</strong></td>
<td>Magic Users</td>
<td>RPs involving characters that are capable of performing magical or supernatural feats that may or may not be sexual in nature; typically refers to transformation or mind control-related play.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cum-related</strong></td>
<td>Cum Marking</td>
<td>The act of cumming onto a bottom or submissive with the intent for the scent or sight of the cum to work as a proprietary mark, sometimes for extended or permanent periods of time, or receiving such actions.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cum-related</strong></td>
<td>Cum on Clothes</td>
<td>The act of ejaculating onto clothing or wearing clothing that has been ejaculated on, often in public and/or for extended periods of time.</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cum-related</strong></td>
<td>Swallowing Semen</td>
<td>The act of orally consuming semen, either directly or indirectly from a penis.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## Oral Sex

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Experience</th>
<th>Willingness</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oral Sex (Giving)</td>
<td>The act of performing fellatio or cunnilingus.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oral Sex (Receiving)</td>
<td>The act of receiving fellatio or cunnilingus.</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## BDSM & Related

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Experience</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Humiliation</td>
<td>Engaging in an RP in which one character will be embarrassed, typically extremely and/or frequently, in an attempt to elicit either a response of sexual gratification from the emotions correlating to humiliation, or merely as a form of psychological domination or punishment; typically a more intense form of degradation.</td>
<td>No</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leash &amp; Collar</td>
<td>Engaging in an RP in which a submissive or bottom will be adorned with a collar that will be attached to a leash.</td>
<td>No</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wax Play</td>
<td>The act of using wax, typically hot candle wax, as a form of sexual stimulation and/or torture, or receiving such actions.</td>
<td>No</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Themes and Scenery

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Experience</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Public/Exhibitionism</td>
<td>Engaging in an RP in which the setting is of a public nature; typically used in conjunction with exhibitionism and/or humiliation.</td>
<td>No</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Reading through Aiden’s list I wonder if any of these are only on this list because he thinks they’d stroke my ego; Intelligent Partners, Transformation, Magic Users.

The one that surprises me most, is transformations; it makes me wonder if he included it because he thinks I plan to transform him further, or if he wants me to. And there is one that he clearly only included because of the conditions to being allowed into the pack.
It occurs to me that, despite Aiden and his brother being available for the pleasure of the pack, the ‘trusted dominant’ he would do this for is not his alpha Scott, but me. I’m a little curious as to how he would have rated his willingness prior to seeing Scott being fucked by Castiel, not that it would make any difference; once Danny has everything set up he will be playing bitch to some dog for our porn site.

Pushing the thoughts aside I head to the bathroom to shower. Once dressed I feed Castiel, have a quick breakfast myself, then take him for a walk before heading to school.

As I park my car, I see the wolves and Danny waiting by the steps. As I walk towards them, I notice Isaac is looking less than happy, Scott is hyper, I had thought getting fucked twice yesterday would have calmed him at least a little, and Aiden looks pleased with himself; well, I plan to quickly wipe the smug expression from Aiden’s face.

We’re walking down the crowded corridor to my locker, and I see Liam watching us as usual with his friend Mason giving him that questioning look that has become his go to expression whenever Liam is watching the pack; but, in the crowd the important person watching us is Lydia.

I turn and walk into Aiden’s personal space; pressing my mouth up near his ear.

“Cum,” I whisper the command to him and grabbing hold of his head I kiss him on the mouth. He grabs hold of my shoulders and leans against me, into the kiss, as his body shudders through his orgasm. The crotch and leg of his pants darkening as his cum soaks through the material; his hips jerking and making it obvious that he’s shooting his load.

“Thank you, Sir,” he gasps when I take my tongue out of his mouth.

“I think the whole school enjoyed the show,” I inform him as I nip at his jaw. He finally notices the stares and giggling of the students around us, and drops his head to my shoulder as he rubs his cheek against mine.

“Can I go clean up my pants, while you’re checking Isaac’s diaper?” he asks.

“No, I think I’d enjoy knowing you’re walking around all day with your cum drying in your crotch and staining your pants.”

He smirks against my neck, and I feel his arousal rising again.

“Knew you were the man to treat me like I want,” he smiles.

“You’re a cocky boy,” I scowl at him.

“It’s why you like me,” he smirks, “And your cock…iness is only one of the reasons I like you.”

I turn and continue along the corridor, ignoring the gossiping around us; and the fact I didn’t wipe the smug smile from Aiden’s face, but instead put an even bigger smirk there. At least he’s blushing in embarrassment at the looks he’s getting because of the very visible cum stain seeping through his pants; and his humiliation is feeding his arousal, which in turn is feeding my incubus
side almost as much as his orgasm did.

We pick up what I need from my locker, and then head to the usual toilets for me to check Isaac’s diaper.

“So, angel,” I softly say as I’m wiping his cock and balls with the wet wipe, “Why the sad face? Is it anything to do with us spending the full moon at Derek’s place?” His eyes widen as he turns his face to look at me, and I know that his mood has everything to do with Derek. “What did Derek do, Angel?”

He quickly sits up, wrapping his arms around me and sobs against my chest.

“Please, I’m sorry,” my little one cries, and I don’t know what’s wrong, I don’t understand what he’s apologising for.

“Baby, you’ve done nothing wrong; you’re my little angel,” I try to comfort him, rubbing circles on his back as I kiss his forehead.

“Must have,” Isaac quietly sobs, “He threw me out, he told me to go; he said I was too much to take care of because Cora was there. I begged him to let me stay asked what I did wrong, and he said I was bad for not going when he said to; I must have been bad. I tried to be good, and I washed the sheets when I wet them so he wouldn’t find out. I didn’t think he knew, but he must have. That’s why he threw the glass at me, like my dad did when I had an accident and…”

“No,” I stop him, holding him tight and kissing his hair, “Now you listen to your daddy, little one; you did nothing wrong, you’re a good boy. Derek was bad, he should not have treated you like that, and I’m sure he knows that now. I’ll bet he wants to apologise to you,” I intend to make sure he does, “He was bad not you; understand?” He nods against me unconvincingly.

“I want you to tell me,” I encourage him.

“That’s right. He was a grumpy alpha and should have taken better care of you,” I reassure him, smiling at him as I get him to lie down so I can finish changing his diaper, he smiles back, and I lean down to kiss his belly and say, “Because you’re my angel,” I say before blowing raspberries against his skin, making him giggle.

“Daddy,” he squeals in delight; and I have my happy smiling angel back.

But I need to talk with Derek before tonight. When I’m alone heading to class I send him a text message. It’s short and to the point.

<Derek, we need to talk about Isaac. Stiles.>
scratching at the itch on my back; at my tailbone and between my shoulders.

I am more than happy when the end of the school day comes around and we are leaving.

Ethan is riding with Danny. Aiden and Isaac are with me; I drive to my house first to pick up Castiel. Scott waits around for Liam to ditch his friend Mason and double back to the street around from the school to get a ride from him.

I pull up outside Derek’s apartment block just as Scott and Liam are dismounting from Scott’s bike. Scott is more than happy to see Castiel, quickly kneeling beside him and petting him; happily letting the dog lick his face. Liam standing beside him, blushing furiously and trying to hide his boner. As we enter the building and get to the floor Derek’s is on, Castiel begins to growl as we hear the exited barking of several dogs coming from inside the loft.

“When did you get the dogs?” Scott asks as we open the door and walk into the loft. Immediately Castiel puts himself between Scott and the other dogs that start bounding towards him; halting their approach with snarl.

“Was Machst Du! Brouza Hund!” I scold him, “Play nice with the other dogs.”

“Ah,” Scott coddles the scowling dog, crouching down beside him and cuddling into his side, “No need to get jealous, you’re my number one dog.” Castiel licks Scott’s face enthusiastically, his tail wagging frantically. Everyone picks up on Scott’s arousal at the dog’s attention.


“They’re the dogs from the shelter,” Isaac announces, his gaze jumping between each of the six dogs, “The ones before you picked Castiel.”

“Stiles told me how you were worried about what would happen to them, and thought they may be useful for the website,” Danny adds, “He sent me their details.”

“Wow!” Scott excitedly leaps up and hugs Danny, “You saved the dogs.”

“Well, I think they are more the pack’s dogs,” Danny states.

“I thought you might be able to adopt one of them, maybe two at most. How did you manage to adopt all six?” I enquire.

“You have your abilities, and I have mine,” he cryptically avoids an informative answer, “Though, three of the dogs you told me about were adopted before I got to the shelter; so, I picked Clyde, Mason and Tyler as replacements. You will need to undo the neutering if you still plan to use them in the videos with Scott and Aiden for the website.” I feel Aiden’s tension as he stands beside me, and everyone can smell Scott’s excitement.

“I’ll deal with that later,” I tell them, as I ignore Castiel’s unhappy face. He knows damn well he doesn’t have a monopoly on Scott’s ass; I told him when I got him that he had to share.

Danny reintroduces Scott, and Isaac, to the six dogs.

Clyde, an Australian Kooiie who’s colouring is red merle with white paws.

Mason, a Cane Corso who is tan and black.

Dylan, a German Shepherd / Labrador Retriever mix who is brown and chocolate.
Duke, a black Great Dane / Labrador Retriever mix.

Tyler, a reddish-brown and black Leonberger.

And Cody a Siberian Husky with a white and grey coat.

While he’s doing that, and they are distracted, I take Derek out onto his balcony.

“I take it this is the talk you texted about,” Derek states, “And how did you get my number?”

“From my dad’s phone,” I tell him, “And, yeah.” He waits for me to get to the point, so I do, “Did you know Isaac was a little when he lived with you?”

“I’m assuming by ‘a little’ you mean him wearing diapers and dressing and acting younger than he is?” he asks.

“It’s more than age-play,” I seethe, “He needs the father-figure of his Daddy, a positive father-figure not the abuser his biological dad was. He needs their love and protection. He needs to feel safe enough to let the vulnerability of expressing his inner child out. It’s not pretend, it’s not age-play, it’s real.”

“No, I didn’t know,” he says, “Looking back, I can see there were signs. He was always washing his bed sheets, he liked cartoons…”

“He started feeling safe enough around you that he let his little side, something his dick of a dad tried to beat out of him, start to show. He started seeing you as his Daddy.”

“Oh…”

“Yeah, oh,” I snark, “And what did you do? He threw him out, you threw a glass at his head, like dick-dad, and threw him out of his home.”

Derek slumps against the wall, and I see the stricken look on his face; horror at the realisation of what his actions meant to Isaac.

“I was trying to protect him,” his voice sounds far away, weak and defeated, “I didn’t want him near me when…”

“You wouldn’t have hurt him,” I interrupt his self-blaming, “Just like you didn’t cause what happened to Erica or Boyd. That was Kali, Deucalion, and the twins. Just like you aren’t responsible for the fire. That was Kate.”

“But…”

“No. You are not responsible for other peoples’ actions Derek. You are responsible only for what you do.” He harrumphs, and I continue, “You were a lousy alpha; you made bad decisions for the best reasons. But you were never supposed to be an alpha; Laura was. That’s why you should ask Scott to let you in his pack. You need a pack, you need guidance, and correction when you make mistakes; like you made with Isaac.”

He doesn’t say anything. Just stands there looking at me.

“What do you know about domestic discipline?” I ask him; from the look he gives me I’m
assuming he has an idea of what I’m talking about, “Here,” I say taking out my phone and sending him a link, “Read this, it’s an article about a book some psychologist wrote, and we can talk about it tomorrow, after I get out of school; the book makes some pretty sound arguments. Tonight, there are teenage, and little, werewolves to look out for. And Liam to chain up.” From the thoughtful look on his face I know he’s going to read the article and the book, but I knew he would be open to the suggestion. I gave his natural beta instincts a nudge in the direction; once he reads the book they will take him the rest of the way.

I turn and head back inside. The werewolves are still playing with the dogs; though Castiel is making sure he’s getting most of Scott’s attention.

“So, who wants to get naked?” I ask.

The words have barely left my lips and Castiel is pulling at Scott’s pants.

“Hey, buddy,” Scott exclaims as his pants fall around his ankles.

“Rwroff,” Castiel barks at him; his tail wagging in anticipation.

“Well, I think we know what’s on his mind,” Aiden smirks; earning him a punch to his arm from Ethan.

“Castiel, Sitz,” I command. He looks over at me, then back up at Scott, before looking back at the determined look on my face before sitting with what can only be described as a pout. I ignore the pout and remind him, “You do not just pull Scott’s clothes off because you want to jump his bones. You wait for Scott to decide to get naked; he’s the alpha.” Castiel turns to Scott with a pleading look.

“Aw, buddy,” Scott crouches down to hug the dog, only for Castiel to pounce, placing his front paws on Scott’s shoulders and bathe Scott’s face with his tongue; slowly pushing him back until Scott is on his back underneath him.

All the wolves are naked, except for Isaac; he is in a diaper and his favourite romper suit. Even Derek got naked as the moon rose and a general restless began to grip them. Liam was, unsurprisingly, the most affected; he’s chained naked against the wall, snarling and fighting against the metal shackles.

Everyone else is watching Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows on the TV; after a dinner of several meat lover’s pizzas, and a veggie supreme.

I’m sitting on the couch; with Isaac on my knee, sucking on his pacifier. Derek is sitting beside me. Aiden is on the floor at my feet, rubbing his face against my leg. Danny is sitting on the chair, at my side, with Ethan on the floor at his feet; leaning back against Danny’s legs as he runs his fingers through Ethan’s hair. Scott is leaning over the coffee table getting pounded by Castiel.

The other dogs are lying in a group pile beside the doors leading out to the balcony.

The werewolves are all at least semi-hard, Scott and Aiden both more than semi, and it’s nothing to do with Harry Potter. It’s Scott’s arousal and the scent of both his and Aiden’s slick. I reach across and take Derek’s sizable cock in hand.

“Stiles,” he hisses at me as I grip his length firmly.
“I’m a sex demon,” I remind him, “Relax and enjoy.” I run my thumb over the slit, and down around the rim of the crown. Derek throws his head back and leaks over my hand. At my feet, Aiden grips a hold of my calves to stop himself touching his own cock; clearly not wanting to increase his arousal any further when he can’t cum without my express permission. Isaac curls himself even tighter against me, ignoring the sex happening around him; his face pressed against my neck.

I turn my attention back to Derek. As I jack his cock it’s like he’s using all his willpower to keep himself from touching me. Holding himself still with his hands gripping his knees, and his claws pressing into his skin. His balls and pubic hair are wet, and his shaft shiny and slick with precum; my hand glides up and down the length. Derek’s body shudders and soft whines and moans escape his lips, with every twist of my hand around his girth and tease of the slit and crown with my thumb. He has closed his eyes, squeezing them tightly shut, and a whispered litany of ‘Stiles, Stiles, Stiles’ falls from his lips.

The position is awkward, with Isaac in my lap and Derek sitting beside me on my left, I’m right-handed, but I don’t want to take my hand off Derek’s dick. I keep stroking the hot, hard, eight inches of thick werewolf meat. He pants and gasps, his claws dig into his knees as he harshly grasps them, his cock swelling in my hand as he shoots his load; it splashes up over his chest and face, the spurts lessening in ferocity until there’s a pool of werewolf cum in his lap and over my hand. I feel sated, like I wouldn’t need to feed for a week; I know I’m grinning like a loon.

Derek slowly opens his eyes and looks at me; his face an impassive mask, but I know he enjoyed the hand-job. I fed enough from his pleasure that I’m buzzing like I had twenty shots of espresso.

“I…” he stops himself then continues, “I should clean up, and get you something…” he flees from the seat beside me and runs up the stairs.

“Here; clean my hand, with your tongue. Lick it clean,” I hold my Derek-cum covered hand in front of Aiden. He looks me directly in the eye as he takes each finger in his mouth and sucks the cum off, before licking the rest of my hand in long strokes. “You already came today,” I remind him, “And I told you that if I got your kink list it would increase your chances of getting to come this weekend. So, no matter how horny you are or how horny you get me, you’re not getting off tonight.”

“Plea…” he starts to beg, before finishing, “Yes, sir.”

“Good boy,” I tell him, ruffling his hair with my just licked clean hand, before I shift Isaac slightly to my side and lean forward to kiss Aiden on the lips. At first, he seems startled by the kiss, but soon responds enthusiastically and is smiling, despite his neglected boner, when I pull back.

I notice Danny watching us, closely, as Ethan licks clean his softening dick. I turn to see Liam still thrashing in his chains, but now his eyes are closed, and the thrashing is because he’s jacking his little cock – did it look that small yesterday? – and has already made a large puddle of his cum on the floor. Scott is now lying on the floor, his face in Castiel’s crotch while he licks the dog’s balls and sucks on his cock; while Castiel’s snout is at his ass and his tongue busy bringing the alpha to another shuddering orgasm by licking out his pussy and working over his clit.

As Derek hasn’t returned I assume he’s having a minor, or major, freak out about letting a seventeen-year-old give him an orgasm. I need to go talk to him. But first I need to take care of Isaac.

“Hey Issy, you want a bottle?” He nods his head in reply. “Want to come with me into the kitchen while I heat it up for you?”
“Film scary, daddy,” he nods his head again.

“Okay, angel,” I say standing up and carrying him with me. I should have thought about his little self being too young to watch a PG-13.

I sit Issy on the countertop and light a ring on the stovetop while I fetch a saucepan and some milk from the refrigerator. As I turn back round I see Issy leaning in towards the light of the heating ring.

“Ah-ah, no Issy,” I say setting the milk and saucepan down to lift him back from the stove, “That’s hot, not for little boys to play with.”

“Hot, daddy,” he smiles at me.

“I’d agree with that,” I hear Aiden smirk behind me, “Anything a hot daddy needs help with?”

“You can heat the milk while I check his diaper,” I tell the naked wolf.

I carry Issy back into the living room and lay him on his back in the coffee table. Scott and Castiel are curled up together sleeping, and I can see Liam is also curled up in his chains asleep. The other dogs are still sleeping by the balcony.

“I set the six dogs to sleep right through until morning; I want to leave them home, and I thought they shouldn’t get any ideas from Castiel,” Danny says from the chair where he is sitting; watching the end of the movie, with Ethan in his lap. Looking at the clock I see it’s after nine o’clock and something bugs me; I know I’ve forgotten about something.

As Aiden comes out the kitchen carrying Issy’s bottle of warm milk I suddenly remember, and fish my phone from my pocket. I had turned it to silent, instead of vibrate, while we ate and watched the movie. I have two messages from Archie.

<7:05PM: BHHound87 has arrived at Peet’s Coffee, there might be a problem, Master>
<7:45PM: Everything is okay, Master>
<9:35PM: Master, at Jungle now>

I quickly text back, while Issy sits on my lap and suckles from his bottle.

<Sorry, slave, had phone turned to silent and missed your texts. Be safe, and obedient! Text me BHHound87’s name.>

“Hey angel,” I say to the sleepy little in my arms, “You want me to take you upstairs to find a bed for you, or you want to take a nap on the couch, while I go find Derek?” And have talk with him to find out why he’s hiding.

“Sleep here,” Issy responds, burying his face against the seat of the couch where I’d been sitting.

“Okay,” I say, “Aiden, keep an eye on him for me.”

“Yes sir,” Aiden smiles at me, and I catch Danny watching us again; Ethan curled naked against him.
“So, you’re hiding in your bedroom, in the dark,” I say to Derek; when I find him in his bedroom, with the light off, sitting on his bed, still naked. He doesn’t say anything; just sits there with his head in his hands, rubbing at his temples, while he looks at the carpet.

“Scott’s curled up asleep with Castiel. Liam is curled up asleep in his chains. I lost count of how many times they both got off. Issy is taking a nap on the couch, but I’d rather get him in a bed, he can sleep for hours after he’s had his warm milk. Danny and Ethan are sitting in the same chair; I think Ethan is starting to doze off. Lots of sex on the full moon seems to make a werewolf sleepy. Probably why Aiden is the only one looking like he’s full of energy, but then I’m not letting him shoot his load,” I word vomit into the silence.

“Stiles,” Derek starts, then stops.

“What?”

“I’m sorry, I… I should have stopped you, I shouldn’t have taken advantage of you like that, I…”

“Let an incubus feed off you by giving you a hand job until you shot your load,” I stop him, “Who took advantage of whom? You didn’t do anything Derek, I took hold of your cock, I jacked you off while I fed on your sexual pleasure. And believe me, if you could bear to touch me I’d love to do a whole lot more…”

“You’re a minor, you’re still in school, and you…”

“And I’m part sex-demon than needs to feed off the sexual pleasure of my partners,” I interrupt him, “Don’t forget that part.”

“But I’m older than you and it…”

“And so is Archie, he’s even older than you are, I’ve fucked him, more than once,” I hear the growl that escapes him, “And Aiden isn’t the seventeen-year-old high school student he pretends to be, you know…”

“I know,” he growls again, “But…”

“But what??”

“The age difference between you and me is nearly the same as it was between me and Kate!” Oh! We stand facing each other, neither of us blinking, and neither of us saying a word. The seconds tick by like long minutes before I speak.


“Stiles…”

“No,” I cut him off, “Are you trying to take advantage of me for information so that you can kill everyone I care about and love; my dad, my pack?”

“No…”

“No, are you pretending to care about me while you actually hate everything I am, and think I’m nothing more than an animal?”

“No…”
“No. You are nothing like Kate Argent. This is exactly the kind of reason I think you need a domestic discipline relationship. You need someone to take care of you, and give you a proper punishment for thinking so little of yourself. If we had an agreement worked out between us, I’d have you over my knee and would have given you a solid spanking for that.” His eyes bulge out of their sockets at my outburst. “But you still need to read the article I sent you; then we’ll talk about that. For now, I think we need some sleep. Is there a room I can put Issy in?”

“Across the hall,” Derek answers, “It was his room.”

“Good, I’ll sleep in here with you and Aiden,” I tell him. As his eyes widen and he’s about to protest I add, with a bit of pheromones in the air, “Just to sleep, I think you could do with some company and contact.”

I check if Danny wants a bed for him and Ethan, but he says he’s fine taking the couch; and they’ll keep a watch over Scott, Liam and the dogs. I make sure Issy is settled in his old room, with my shirt covering his pillow to help him sleep.

Then I strip and get into the centre of Derek’s bed, with Derek on one side and Aiden on the other. Aiden instantly curls in against me, his nose pressing against my neck and his hard cock pressed into my thigh. Derek is trying to keep his distance.

“You’ll fall off the edge of the bed.” I warn him, “Get yourself over here.” He slowly sidles towards me, and with a huff throws an arm over my abs, just below Aiden’s arm covering my chest. I smile as I fall into sleep.

I jerk awake at the screams from down stairs.

I’m lying on my stomach, Aiden and Derek jolting awake on either side of me; but neither of them moving out bed at the sound of panic from below. It’s then I feel the weight on my back, and I turn my head to…

“What the fucking hell?!” I shout, not scream, as I push myself up onto my knees and try to dislodge the bat-like whatever from my back. As I turn the wings knock the lamp from Derek’s bedside.

Derek and Aiden are up out of the bed.

“What is it?” Derek shouts at me; both he and Aiden scanning the room for the threat.

“It’s clinging to my back; can’t you see it?” I yell at them and make my way to the door.

I need to jump through the doorway side on, and I run for the spiral staircase, something wrapping around my legs, as Isaac comes out of his room.

“Daddy?” he calls, as I leap down the stairs.

“Someone get the thing off my back!” I shout.

“Stiles?!” Danny roars to get my attention, “You need to look in the mirror.” I’m confused, but turn and look.

“What the fuck?!”
“I think you need to drop the perception filter, so they can see,” Danny advises. I turn to look at him. To do that I’ll need to use the Logos device, but do I want them to see me like this. Though I know I’m going to need the device to figure out what has happened.

“Did you do this?” I seethe at the spirit.

“Not that I’m aware of,” Danny replies.

“What happened to me?” Liam sobs where he is still naked and chained to the wall. Everyone looks over at him and realises his distress; he has a vagina where his cock and calls were. That wasn’t part of the program I ran.

I make my decision.

“Aiden, get my phone and the Logos from my pants pocket,” I instruct the beta. He runs back up the stairs and is back quickly handing me the devices. I notice Danny looking surprised at him.

I quickly run a program to remove the perception filter from me. While it’s running I check out what went wrong with the program for Liam. Everybody is looking at me, waiting while I flick through the screens of the Logos; Danny, Aiden, and Ethan, expectantly, while Scott, Isaac, Derek, and Liam, look confused.

“What the fuck,” I’m not sure how to explain it to the beta wolf, “Seemingly, Liam is an Alpha Consort.” Nothing went wrong with the program; it was overridden by the supernatural.

“Those are rare, almost as rare as a lupul cu câinii,” Derek supplies.

“What has that to do with my missing cock?” Liam screeches.

“For a male beta becoming the consort of a male alpha, that is apparently normal,” I say; reading from the Logos. I look up at the startled faces of the pack all staring at me.

“Okay,” Scott says, “One, what the fuck is that device you’re holding? Two, how do you have horns, wings, and a tail?”

Chapter End Notes

**Excerpt from Chapter-09 -- Of Revelations**

“Screw his fucking wings,” Liam screams, pulling against the metal chains and cuffs holding him in place, “What the fuck happened to my junk? And what the fuck is a ‘consort to the alpha’?” his eyes shifting to golden amber as his panic start to dominate his emotions, and his lack of control allows his wolf and instincts to take over.

“Liam, you need to try and calm down,” I say to him, moving towards him slowly, like I am trying to calm a startled, frightened, animal. Unfortunately, my wings, that I am not used to having, knock into a lamp on a side table and it smashes on the floor, which only increases Liam’s rage induced shifting, and sends the dogs, except Castiel, scurrying and barking.

“Liam,” Scott shouts, flashing his red alpha eyes at him, “Remember what we talked about, having an anchor, concentrate on your anchor.” He catches Liam attention,
the dogs; the beta ducks his head, his shift receding, before he slumps to the floor. The dogs swiftly lie down, whining their apology.

“What happened to me?” Liam’s tears start to fall, “I thought… I thought I was gonna be like you,” he says as Scott wraps an arm around him.

~###~~###~~###~~###~~###~~###~~###~~###~~###~~###~

“So, that brings us up to date,” I finally say. I may have skipped over a few minor details, but nothing I have told them is untrue; it’s just not the whole truth.

“What the fuck, Stiles?!” Scott roars when I stop talking, his red eyes piercing in to me, “What gave you the right to mess with us like that?”
“Screw his fucking wings,” Liam screams, pulling against the metal chains and cuffs holding him in place, “What the fuck happened to my junk? And what the fuck is a ‘consort to the alpha’?” his eyes shifting to golden amber as his panic start to dominate his emotions, and his lack of control allows his wolf and instincts to take over.

“Liam, you need to try and calm down,” I say to him, moving towards him slowly, like I am trying to calm a startled, frightened, animal. Unfortunately, my wings, that I am not used to having, knock into a lamp on a side table and it smashes on the floor, which only increases Liam’s rage induced shifting, and sends the dogs, except Castiel, scurrying and barking.

“Liam,” Scott shouts, flashing his red alpha eyes at him, “Remember what we talked about, having an anchor, concentrate on your anchor.” He catches Liam attention, and the dogs; the beta ducks his head, his shift receding, before he slumps to the floor. The dogs swiftly lie down, whining their apology.

“What happened to me?” Liam’s tears start to fall, “I thought… I thought I was gonna be like you,” he says as Scott wraps an arm around him.

“Before you break any more of Derek’s furniture,” Danny turns to me, “If what happened to you is what I think happened, then you should be able to retract those wings back inside your body.”

“What the fuck?! How would they fit inside me? They are fucking huge!” I correct him. As I look from Danny, to Derek, and Aiden, and everyone, I realise, that apart from Isaac, in his diaper and sleep suit, we’re all standing around naked. Not that I’m sure how I could get dressed, with wings and a tail. The horns aren’t so much of a problem, except for people seeing them; what am I supposed to do? Wear a hat all day, in class, at dinner with my dad, getting groceries; sure, that will work, NOT.

“Stiles, what does the Logos device say about you?” he asks me; I look back at the Logos screen and click on my icon.

“Fuck! I’m sixty-five percent Incubus and only twenty-five percent human!” I exclaim, not screech, adding, “And ten percent Nogitsune.”

“About the wings?” Danny presses.

“They’re retractable, but how the…. I mean where would they go?” I inquire. The Logos device shows a short, animated clip of the wings shrinking and receding back into my body, over my shoulder blades. “Oh!”

“You realise,” Aiden says, leering at me with his cock hard against his stomach, leaking precum, and slick running down the inside of his thigh, “That the last six inches of your tail look like a hard,
“It… what?” I turn and look behind me, and he’s right. The tail is about a six or seven-inch circumference at the base of my spine, and tapers down to about half that, then flares up to around five-inch girth for the last six-inches; and the end looks like the head of a cock, only without the slit.

“The wings,” Danny reminds everyone, “How about you retract them?”

I follow the instructions on the Logos, and will the wings to retract. It’s slow at first, but after the first few inches have pulled back, the rest of the wings seem to shrink and slide into the pockets of skin over my shoulder blades rather quickly; and the slits that the wings disappear into heal over. The tail is not retractable.

I sit on the arm of the couch, my tail hanging over my leg. Aiden can’t seem to take his eyes off it. Neither can Derek apparently; everyone else is trying to avoid looking at it.

“So,” I begin, paying close attention to the Logos and not looking in anyone’s direction, “An Alpha Consort, is… created when a pack has no female members and is stable enough for the alpha to begin expanding his pack further; the last person that the alpha accepted into his pack will change on the next full moon to become their consort…”

“If Scott hadn’t bitten Liam to save his life, that would have been me,” Ethan interrupts me, “I would have become his consort.”

“I don’t see how we’re stable enough,” I inform them, “We’ve only just defeated the alpha pack that these two were members of, and the Darach, that the alpha pack created, who was responsible for all the sacrificial killings, and to do that we sacrificed ourselves…”

“And woke the Nematon,” Danny cuts in this time, “That’s why…”

“The supernatural thinks the pack is stable enough and safe enough for Scott to start having cubs with another werewolf because we woke the Nematon?” I ask, hiding none the incredulity I feel.

“No exactly,” Danny explains, “You, the pack Emissary and Protector, were a spark; a powerful one. And you were part of the sacrifice that woke the Nematon…”

“Which Deaton said would give us a ‘darkness around our hearts’…” I begin.

“Yes,” Danny continues, “Which for you was the Nogitsune that was trying to possess you, until you intervened, and for Scott was his fear of his alpha power consuming him, like it did Peter, and his obsession with Allison; his anchor that he lost. Again, until you intervened.”


I sit, staring at the Logos, trying to think how to answer.

“Stiles?” Scott presses; a growling edge to his voice. I guess I’ve been silent too long.

“He did what he had to do,” Aiden challenges his alpha; only to back down when Scott turns his attention to him.

“So, let’s start at the beginning,” I say, “A long, long time ago, in…”

“Stiles!” Scott and Danny interrupt.
“Fine,” I acquiesce, “Five weeks ago, the parts to fix my jeep arrived. In the box I found this,” I hold up the Logos device. “I knew it had nothing to do with the jeep, but I thought it was some sort of game console, like a Nintendo DS or PlayStation Portable. I started it up, and created a login. It seemed like a character creation screen. A very, very detailed character creation screen. I didn’t even think about how like me the character was when I started picking options, changing things. When I started the ‘game’ running, it seemed like nothing was happening. My dad called me to dinner, and after that I was tired, I went to bed and slept forgetting about the ‘game’. When I woke up in the morning I found I was the character. My height, weight, everything I had done to the ‘character’ had happened to me; including the removal of the Nogitsune possession by having merged it, so I was half Nogitsune.”

“Stiles!” Scott roars at me.

“Just let me finish,” I demand. Scott falls silent, and I continue.

I rush through explaining how I read the help files on the Logos and thought I knew what I was doing when I searched for a mechanic to fix Roscoe for me. I then changed the targeted mechanic to make him more agreeable to helping me. Explaining that the changes went further than I had intended, and that was how Archie ended up being enslaved to me.

Scott and Derek start to question me, ‘What was I thinking?’, but I tell them to shut up and let me finish. I explain that I read more of the files on the Logos, and thought I saw a way to help Scott get over Allison, and stop fighting with his beta and pulling his pack apart. That I slowly decreased is interest in her, and channelled that interest in to others of his own kind.

“That’s how I became attracted to dogs? Because you tried to make me more interested in werewolves than humans?” Scott assumes. I don’t correct him and just carry on.

Explaining that my Nogitsune side liked what had happened to Scott, and enjoyed feeding off his emotional turmoil. When Danny changed that, and made me part incubus, Scott was happier with his new interests and I didn’t want to mess that up.

I then tell them about Isaac. How I found his interest in ABDL, that he was a Little and repressing it, I don’t explain his reasons for repressing his Little side; they are his and if he wants to explain he can. I tell them how I knew it was making him hold back from really letting people know him, and I wanted him to be able to be himself and be happy.

I explain that with the twins, it was purely out of vengeance for what they did as part of the alpha pack. That I deliberately made them more submissive and changed Aiden’s sexuality.

That with Derek, I saw he missed being part of a pack, and I made him consider becoming part of Scott’s.

And with Liam, I tried to ensure that he’d be like his alpha, only that hadn’t worked at all. The supernatural had other plans for him, and as there was a conflict, the Logos device allowed the natural changes to happen and didn’t apply any of the changes I had intended.

“So, that brings us up to date,” I finally say. I may have skipped over a few minor details, but nothing I have told them is untrue; it’s just not the whole truth.

“What the fuck, Stiles?!” Scott roars when I stop talking, his red eyes piercing in to me, “What gave you the right to mess with us like that?”
“Really, Scott?” I say standing up from where I was sitting, I drop the Logos on the couch behind me, “I should have stood by while my best friend continued to make himself miserable and tear apart his pack?” and ignore me I don’t say, “I should have let Isaac continue to think his little side would mean no-one would love him and take care of him like he deserved? I should have let Aiden and Ethan go unpunished for their part in killing Erica and Boyd? For trying to kill me?”

“No, but…”

“I will do whatever it takes to protect those I care about. Do I have regrets? Sure, if I could undo ruining Archie’s life I would, but that isn’t an option; so, I’ll take care of him and make sure he has the life he needs to make him happy and satisfied.” Scott stares at me; saying nothing. The red has left his eyes, so I continue, “You remember how you were after you and Allison broke up? How you felt when you found out about her and Isaac? You remember how unhappy you were and how you fought with Isaac? How you threw him into a wall? If I could change things back, would you want me to? Or are you happier now?”

“I’m happy daddy,” Isaac pipes up.

“Me too,” Aiden smirks, “I even asked for more changes to be made to me.”


“Because I wanted him to,” Aiden shrugs.

“I’m happy with the changes too,” Ethan says, “It gave me a second chance with Danny.”

Scott looks shocked at what the others are saying and looks to Derek for support, but I can see him thinking everything over. I hope the fact we are in a closed room with my pheromones filling the place since last night is helping; if I still have that ability, I should have checked.

“Stiles,” Derek looks directly at me, “I already had a desire to be part of a pack, to have the kind of connection with other werewolves that I had before the fire. I don’t think you made any kind of change to me; despite what you tried to do.”

“You still shouldn’t have changed us, at all,” Scott insists, “You might have had the best intentions, and things may have worked out for the best; but you didn’t know what you were doing with that machine; you got lucky. I can forgive you, this time, the pack is stronger and happier like we are. But promise me you won’t use that device to make any more changes to us.”

“But…” Aiden tries to protest.

“Any of us,” Scott insists.

“I’ve promised Danny that I won’t use the device to cause harm to any innocent,” I tell him, “And I stand by that. But if someone comes after our pack and I can use this to protect us, I will.”

“What about me?” Liam shouts, “Could you use it to give me my dick and my balls back? And could someone unchain me?”

Derek let’s Liam out of his shackles, and Scott sticks close to his naked consort.

“Stiles could change everything,” Danny says. Everyone turns to look at him, and we see he’s
holding the Logos, staring at the screen.

“How? What?” I ask, “It’s only a minor Logos, not one of the two major ones.”

“You clearly haven’t looked at all the functionality, and concentrated on the minor functions,” Danny states, “And it’s not a major Logos either. With this device, whoever has it can change the past and they can set the future; this is the Master Logos.”

My brain finally gets past the fact that I have apparently had the Master Logos all this time and didn’t know it, I must have somehow skipped the help files that held that bit of information, and I catch up to Danny’s words, ‘whoever has it’. I thought with the username and password only I could use it. But Danny is clearly reading through everyone’s profile.

“And, currently, that would be you,” I state, not keeping the irritation out of my tone.

“Don’t worry,” Danny states, “I can use the device to look at people, who and what they are, and their past and future; but, apparently, I cannot use it to change anything.”

“But you said…” I start.

“I know, it should allow whoever has it to set up their own profile and use it; that’s how they are all supposed to work. This one, somehow, is locked so that only Mieczysław,” he flawlessly pronounces my name, “Stilinski can use it. I’d have to kill you to…” he doesn’t get to finish his sentence before both Aiden and Derek have moved in front of me and have shifted; both growling at him. “I have no intention of harming him, I know how important he is to you.” That makes me wonder who he’s referring to, and just what has he read on the device that I have, again, overlooked.

“So, it’s not working like it’s supposed to?” I ask.

“Yes, and no,” Danny gives a very Deaton answer.

“Meaning?” I press.

“It will work like it’s supposed to, for you. Anyone else can only view the world through it; you alone control reality through it.”

“So, what you’re saying is that I’m not a sexy demon; I’m a sex god.” For some reason everyone groans at my joke; except Aiden who smirks.

“I wouldn’t use those words,” Danny replies, “And the fact that everyone else who accesses it has read only privileges, is not how it should work.”

“You said that he can turn back time,” Scott pipes up, “What happens if he does that, and makes it so he doesn’t use the device?” Thanks Scotty. That is something I don’t really want to do. “I mean… wouldn’t that reset everyone.”

“Yes,” Danny says.

“But how can we be sure that the pack would be as strong as it is? And I though you didn’t want me changing anyone with it?”

“You can use a fast track view to show what will happen to people in the alternate timeline before you set it in motion,” Danny answers.
“I thought you only had a minor Logos before, how do you know so much about this one?”

“I’ve had more than a hundred years to research them.”

Danny shows me how to set up the changes in history, and to fix the point in time so that I won’t use the device; at all. We then select to follow me, Scott, Isaac, Lydia, Allison, Danny, Derek, Aiden, and Ethan.

It isn’t pretty.

We watch as I suffer through night terrors, hallucinations that I can’t distinguish from reality, insomnia… everything that seem to be the onset of frontotemporal dementia; only it’s the Nogitsune slowly taking over.

We watch me create chaos time after time. Helping convicted murder William Barrow. Setting up a trap so a crossbow will shoot Coach. Making it seem that there’s a bomb on one of the school buses, when it is actually at the sheriff’s office, on my dad’s desk, and I blow up the station, killing and maiming dozens. Twisting a sword in Scott’s gut and feeding off his pain. Kidnapping Lydia. Taking control of the Oni that are trying to kill Nogitsune me, and when they are fighting for me, we watch as they kill Allison and she dies in Scott’s arms; showing how he was still obsessed with her, which breaks Isaac’s heart. Then they kill Aiden, and Lydia doesn’t even get to say goodbye to him.

Scott manages to save me, and kill the Nogitsune. But at what cost?

Allison and Aiden are dead, along with those at the station when I blew it up. Isaac leaves. Ethan and Danny split up, and Ethan leaves.

“We’re not changing anything!” Scott states, wiping a tear from my cheek, “Things are better as they are. Allison and Aiden are still alive, all those people at the station. It wasn’t you Stiles,” he emphatically states. “It was the Nogitsune, not you. I’m glad you never had to live through that,” he pulls me into a hug, his hand running up through my hair, forgetting that we all still naked; my tail snakes around his waist and pulls him tighter against me. My smile hidden against his neck.

“Are you sure you aren’t part elf too?” he asks, pulling his hand from my hair, “Your ears are like Legolas’s.”

“No, it definitely doesn’t mention elf,” I answer in reply, checking the Logos.

“It will be from his demon side,” Danny says, “The Incubus side.”

“We should talk with Deaton,” Derek states, “See if he knows anything about this Logos, and why it would have changed so that only Stiles can use it.”

“Yeah, fine,” Liam bites out, “But, in the meantime, can he use it to give me my dick back? To make me like Scott, so I have my dick as well as a vagina?” he mumbles the last part.

“We should find out more about it, before Stiles uses it,” Scott states.

“You should also consider that we watched the effect the changes had on the lives of eight people,” Danny says, “But every little change ripples out, and other people are affected; the people at school with the prank about the bomb, the families of the people at the station with the real bomb, the people that witnessed Coach being shot by the arrow; we never watched what happened to them. Think about how Stiles use of the Logos affected not only Archie’s life, but his girlfriend, his family, and his girlfriend’s family.”
“Shit!” I exclaim, “Archie, he was supposed to text me about his night out with his friend, and that he got home safe. Where’s my phone?” I glance around and spot it on a table. I grab my phone from the table and check my messages.

“You know we’ve got less than an hour to get to school,” Ethan states.

“Fuck! How am I going to go to school with horns and a dildo-tail? What if my wings pop out? I need to switch the perception filter back on.”

“You need to get clothes that actually fit you,” Danny says, “Everyone here will see through the perception filter now, because we all know what you really look like…”

“Hot as fuck,” Aiden smirks

“…but it should still work to hide your horns, tail, and wings from everyone who hasn’t seen the real you,” Danny finishes.

“And I think I need to add prehensile tail to my kink list,” Aiden adds.

Derek loans me a shirt and pair of pants, which he cuts a hole in the back for my tail. The shirt fits me better than my own, though the pants are about an inch too short.

While Derek, and for some reason Danny, were picking out the shirt and pants and fixing them for my tail, I read through the messages on my phone. There were messages from Archie telling me he got home safely. And that his friend, BHHound87, was Jordan Parrish; who was one of the guys that interviewed him for the job at the station. My brow must crease as I think ‘Uh?’ before I suddenly remember, my dad told me he had his deputies carry out the interview; one of them being Deputy Parrish. And then the message that says Jordan wants to meet with me; well, Archie’s Master, so me. Shit!

I don’t have time to worry about it now, so I put it to the back of my mind as we all rush to get dressed and head home to change for school; and for me to drop Castiel off back home. The other dogs are staying at Derek’s; for now. The loft is not the best place, and ideally, they all need outdoor space. I need to persuade him to rebuild the Hale house; and I know what we need in the rebuilt house.

I get to school with no time to check Isaac’s diaper like I do every morning, and promise him we will after lunch.

Walking down the corridor, I’m left wondering if anyone is seeing my horns, ears, or tail. The perception filter must be holding up, as no-one freaks out; they just all stare at us, the pack, and we hear them gossiping about who is fucking who. We all split up and head to our classes.

When lunch finally rolls around I’m heading down the empty corridor towards the block where the toilets are that Isaac should be meeting me when I’m thrown against the wall by an overpowering scream.

As I move to stand up I’m pinned to the wall by the piercing pain of an arrow shooting through my shoulder and firmly lodging itself in the wall behind me. Lydia and Allison both stalk towards me.

“What are you?” Lydia grinds out, “What have you done with Stiles, and what did you do to the
“What did you do to Scott and Isaac?” Allison demands; her crossbow reloaded and pointed at my head.

“I made them happy,” I reply to her, “And Ethan and Aiden too, not that you seem too concerned with them.” Turning to Lydia, I add, “And I am Stiles. I can only assume you’ve now seen through the perception filter to make me look human.”

Allison glances at Lydia, and I’m assuming that she still sees me without the pointed ears, horns and tail.

“Stiles is human, you are not. What are you?” Lydia presses, stepping closer to me.

I don’t like their attempt to intimidate me; I don’t like being the victim, again; reminds me too much of being in Gerard’s basement. The sound of Aiden’s voice calling my name distracts their attention from me; I use the opportunity to tap into my spark and call a gust of air strong enough to throw Lydia and Allison backwards; Allison pulling on the trigger of the crossbow sending the bolt flying. I just manage to duck down so that it misses me, and I push forward so the one in my shoulder is pulled through and left in the wall. I hear the clatter of feet, more than just Aiden, rushing down the corridor as I hold Lydia and Allison against the wall.

“Stop, what’s going on?” Scott’s voice rings out as he screeches to a halt, “Stiles, you’re bleeding.”

“Being shot full of arrows will do that,” I deadpan.

“Why?” Scott turns and asks his ex-girlfriend; confusion all over his face.

“That is not Stiles,” Lydia forcefully states, “It’s some sort of demon…”

“No, it’s Stiles,” Scott calmly replies, “He’s an incubus now…”


“He’s changed you,” Lydia argues, “He…”

“We know what he’s done,” Scott cuts off her argument.

“So, we can make him change you back,” Allison joins the conversation. I stay quiet and let Scott and Aiden carry on.

“No.” Scott firmly rejects her.

“But, how can you not want to be turned back to normal?” the huntress asks.

“Because things are better the way they are, for everyone,” the alpha states.

“True,” Aiden agrees, “Definitely better for me; if it wasn’t for Stiles changing things I’d be dead.”

“Dead?” Lydia enquires.

“And he’s not the only one,” Scott adds; so not being subtle as he looks at Allison.

“How?” Lydia pushes for details.

“Let’s just say that it’s connected to the darkness around our hearts from the sacrifice, and it’s now
not going to be a problem,” I answer, leaving Scott open-mouthed from whatever he was about divulge.

“Yeah,” he adds.

“Then why can’t you undo the changes to Scott, Isaac, Aiden, and Ethan, and whomever else you’ve changed, now that the problem no-longer exists?” she continues to push.

“It’s not that simple,” I reply.

“And we told him not to,” Aiden adds.

“My decision,” Scott states.

“Really?” Lydia doesn’t really ask, “Your decision? He didn’t influence your decision at all?”

“No, he didn’t!” Scott doesn’t hold back the growl that creeps into his voice; clearly not happy with her insinuation.

“And everyone is happy with…”

“YES,” he snaps at her.

“We all are, we all agreed before that we were better off with things the way they are,” Aiden adds, “Before our Alpha decided that Stiles was not to undo the changes he’d made.

I slump against the wall; feeling a little lightheaded.

“Why isn’t he healing?” I hear Aiden’s panicked voice.

“What was on that arrow?” Scott is growling at Allison.

“It’s coated with iron…”

“Aiden, go get Danny, we need to know how to get Stiles healing,” Scott commands his beta, adding, “I’ll get him into the showers to wash out the iron.”

“Scotty, I can probably get myself to the showers,” I say pushing myself up and nearly falling over, before my alpha wolf grabs hold of me, “Or probably not; who knew iron would be my kryptonite.”

Scott needs to put some alpha power behind his command to Aiden to get him to move, and then he half carries me to the locker-room, which is thankfully empty as he starts to strip me.

“Desperate to get me naked?” I tease him.

“Very funny,” he unhappily berates me, “You know you’re the wrong species.” A look of confusion crosses his face,” But…” he says taking a deep breath of my scent, “You smell right.”

“I smell like a dog?” I ask.

“Wolf,” Scott growls as he holds my upright under the water.
“How?”

“I don’t know, maybe because you wore Derek’s shirt and pants, but it doesn’t smell like him; it’s you, but wolf-y,” he says as he absently washes at the wound from Allison’s arrow, “Do you think it’s because you’re more incubus now, and it’s making me see you as doggy enough to… you know?”

“Enjoy sex with?” I enquire; as he washes the iron from the wound I am feeling less light-headed, but I definitely feel weak; and hungry.

“Yeah,” Scott breathes against my neck as I feel his hard cock press against my thigh.

“Danny says that we need to have sex with Stiles; so he can feed, and his healing should kick in,” Liam’s voice can be heard from the doorway to the showers, “So, as Stiles won’t be able to feed from you, I’m…” we both turn to look in Liam’s direction and see him standing there, naked, and covering his recently formed vagina, “I just don’t want to end up pregnant, so…”

“So, Scotty, you and your consort wanna get freaky with me?” I see Liam visibly swallow at my words, but I can smell the desire clearly from them both.

“Come,” Scott hold a hand out to Liam, “Help me heal him.”

Liam nervously walks toward us, eventually taking Scott’s hand, and the alpha pulls him against us and kisses his beta; nibbling along his neck and jaw before taking his lips. Liam whimpers at the attention, pressing himself against Scott’s side.

I feel Scott’s hardness rub against my thigh, and I feel the pleasure flow from them to me. My own cock responding to their arousal. As Scott continues to press kisses to Liam’s cheek, jaw, and neck, I lean forward and take Liam’s mouth in a kiss of my own.

As Scott continues to press kisses to Liam’s cheek, jaw, and neck, I lean forward and take Liam’s mouth in a kiss of my own. I see flashes of images in my mind as I feel him press is sex against my other leg; scenes of Scott fucking his ass on Scott’s bed, of Castiel fucking him on my bedroom floor, of his friend Mason and him making out on – what I presume is – Liam’s bed.

I direct Liam’s mouth to Scott’s neck as I take Scott’s mouth in a kiss and my mind is filled with new images; of Scott and Castiel lying on my bedroom floor with Scott taking the dog’s cock down his throat, of Scott fucking into Liam’s pussy as Castiel fucks and knots Scott’s ass.

The final image gives me an idea of what the three of us could be doing now.

“If you guys are ready, I think I have an idea to move this along,” I softly say to them, “You know, before Coach or someone walks in on us.”

I turn the water off, and direct them back to one of the benches in the locker-room. We swiftly dry most of the water from our bodies; neither Scott nor I lose our erections. I fetch the small bottle of lube I have in my backpack.

“Liam, how about you lie on your back in the middle of the bench,” I direct him, “And Scott, on your knees and get your tongue in his pussy, make him feel real good.”

Scott’s grin towards Liam is feral as he drops to his knees and begins to lap at the wetness around Liam’s sex. Liam gasps as he feels his alpha’s tongue slide inside his new hole.

I uncap the bottle of lube and wet my fingers to begin working Scott’s ass open.

“Get that fucking big cock in my ass,” Scott hisses at me after I’ve been fingering him for a few
minutes.

“I want to make sure you’re relaxed enough to…”

“Castiel doesn’t bother if I’m my ass is loose, he just fucks me,” Scott complains at me, “I can take it, I’m a werewolf, I’ll heal, and…I like it rough; God how I love it when his knot is pulling at me and feel like he’s gonna tear my ass apart. Now fuck me.” I’ve never heard Scotty voice what he likes about sex with dogs. I wonder what’s changed to make him so vocal.

I line the head of my cock up with his puckered entrance and slowly push in. He moans into Liam’s pussy, making his clit vibrate and pulling a gasping ‘fuck’ from Liam’s lips as he pushes his sex against Scott’s mouth.

After a couple of careful thrusts back and forth, I begin to jackhammer into Scott’s ass like I have seen the dogs do with him, and he is quickly moaning as his lips close around trapping Liam’s clit in the wet heat of his mouth and his tongue is brushing teasing circles over the sensitive nub.

Liam is mewling in desperate want, his hips bucking up and his teeth biting into his arm to muffle the noises coming from him.

With one hand on Liam’s leg, and another around Scott’s hard dick, I feed from their pleasure as Scott shoots over the locker-room floor and Liam squirts over Scott’s mouth and chin. My own release is soon filling Scott’s well fucked ass.

Scott leans forward and kisses Liam; his blushing beta with shining eyes and a grin splitting his face. He then rises up and sits back, leaning against my chest and turns to kiss me. He moans as he settles down on my still hard cock in his ass, a grin spread across his face.

“Happy?” I ask them both.

“Yeah,” Liam smiles, a yawn escaping from him.

“Very,” Scott replies, “I can do more videos for the website than just the ones with the dogs. I can have sex with werewolves, and you. We could do puppy play, Scooter is a good boy and gets his handlers bone,” he smirks.

“I wanna be a puppy,” Liam yawns.

“Come on guys,” I try to rouse them as they grin sleepily, “I think we need a cold shower to wake you up; we still have classes, and we’ve missed lunch.”

“Hmm,” Scott hums as he traces a finger over my shoulder, “Your wounds healed, and no scar.”

And I’m not feeling hungry any more either.

I’m not sure how well Scott and Liam get through the rest of their classes; with just a cold shower to wake them up, and a granola bar to cover their missed lunch. As we are leaving a sleepy Scott and Liam shyly smile at each other as we all head to Deaton’s. Liam, as he climbs on the back of Scott’s bike, not noticing the look of confusion on his friend Mason’s face.

Aiden and Issac ride with me, and Ethan is with Danny; as usual.
When we arrive, Derek is already there.

“I’m glad you wanted to meet today, I have information on the source of the stories about werewolves and canids mating,” Deaton says as he ushers us into the examination room.

“What have you found out, Doc?” I ask as he closes the door.

“Despite there being written accounts of werewolves, or man-wolf transformations, going back into the second century BCE, the first written accounts of werewolf and canid relations doesn’t occur until the fifteenth century CE; in the early fourteen thirties, during the Valais witch trials. Unlike later witch trials where most of the victims were women, in the Valais trials the majority were male; and some were, at least accused of being, werewolves. The Canis Lupus the ‘witch’ had relations with was believed to be the Devil transformed into a large black animal.”

Unusually for Deaton there is no need to prompt him for more detail, as he readily continues.

“The three accounts that I previously told you and Scott about appear to come from separate pack bestiaries; one from a pack in late eighteenth century Chambéry in France, one from a pack in mid nineteenth century Oregon, and the final one from early twentieth century Nova Scotia.” He continues, “From what Derek has told me of his recollections of his pack’s only encounter with a lupul cu câinii, I surmise that previously packs did not record the details of such wolves within their number to protect them, especially given the links with Devil worship from the Valais trials; the werewolf was highly valued within the pack as they brought status to the pack within the werewolf communities, who would seek their pups from such unions to help guard the pack. There are even fewer documented references of their sexual congresses; what we do have suggests that some are able to enjoy sexual relations with other werewolves and not just with full Canis species, but that they always had to maintain sexual relations with dogs or wolves.”

“Just like me,” Scott says. Deaton doesn’t react to Scott’s statement.

“Among the few other references we have found,” the Doc continues, “There are none of an alpha being cu câinii.”

“There’s never been another alpha, that has…” Scott starts to ask.

“There’s no documented record of it that we know of,” Deaton informs him, “We therefore do not know what will be the result of you giving the bite to another; we can’t be certain what will be passed to your beta.”

“I think I know,” Liam whispers, when all eyes turn to him, he blushes before elaborating, “Since getting the bite, I may have started having a stray thought or two about… you know, what it would be like to… oh my god, do I have to spell it out; to have sex with a dog.” He folds his arms across his chest and his contemplation turns to the floor.

“And how do you feel about that?” Deaton asks him.

“Just another sexual curiosity to add to my existing curiosity about guys,” he mumbles.

“Are you really okay with it?” Scott asks him. Liam looks up at his alpha.

“Are you?” he asks him.

“I am now,” Scott replies, “It freaked me out at first, but I don’t know, knowing that it’s something that naturally happens with some werewolves, makes it easier to accept; and the sex is pretty awesome,” he adds with a smirk.
“Then I guess I’ll be okay with it too,” Liam smiles at him.

“Which brings us to the second reason for you all being here,” Deaton states.

“Me,” I reply.

“You,” he solemnly intones.

“So, let’s see what you really look like,” Deaton states as he throws a handful of white and grey powder in the air. It falls in a circle around me, and begins to move around me, spinning faster as it rises from the ground like a veil covering me; there’s a ‘pop’ sound and the dust lands all over me, making me cough.

“What the fuck was that?” I splutter.

“Mountain ash and salt,” Deaton replies, “Now I can see through your perception filter. Horns, pointed ears, and a tail; other than that, you look mostly as you did.”

“There’s also the wings,” I inform him.

“Wings?”

“I don’t want to rip this,” I say taking off Derek’s shirt; I will the wings to emerge, and roar in pain as they rip and tear through the skin on my back and enlarge to their full size. “FUCK, that hurt!” I shout, feeling the trickle of blood down my back.

So, I, we – given the pack chip in with bits of information, give Deaton the edited version of what I told everyone at Derek’s loft.

“In the beginning was the Word… Through him all things were made; without him nothing was made that has been made. In him was life, and that life was the light of men,” Deaton intones.

“What now?” I ask.

“I thought they were legend,” Deaton continues as if I never spoke, “An actual Logos device, the Word of God; it looks so small.”

“The Master Logos,” Danny informs him, “And I think the Logos predates the Abrahamic God.”

“Yes, yes,” Deaton responds, almost as if flustered, “In Stoic philosophy the logos is the active reason pervading and animating the universe. It was conceived of as material, and identified with Nature. The Stoics also referred to ‘logos spermatikos’, the seminal logos, or the law of generation in the universe…”

“All most enlightening,” Danny interrupts him, “But in this instance Stiles is wielding the Master Logos, the power to rewrite and control all reality, and it is locked solely to him; while he is alive no-one else can use the device. That isn’t how it should work.”

I feel as if I am missing something in Danny’s words, but I can’t put my finger on it.

“Ah, I’ve had a theory regarding your powers since the sacrifice, and if I’m right, it may explain why. May I have look at your details in the device?” Deaton asks. I switch the device to my character and call up the screen. Deaton and the pack all crowd in around me to try and view the screen.

There listed is the breakdown of my, essentially, DNA. Incubus sixty-six percent, human twenty-
four percent, and nogitsune ten percent; well, give or take a decimal point or two. And on each tab, a list of the related powers and abilities I now have.

From my Incubus side I have the ability to ‘Feed on Sexual Pleasure’, which now will also sustain me, so I no-longer need to eat, but also still fuels other powers; like lust empowerment and sex magic.

“Whoa! You can kill someone with sex?!” Scott’s eyes fall on one of the sub-powers listed.

“And change their gender, sexual orientation, fertility…” Aiden starts to read off the list.

“Okay.” I cut him off. It also says I can manipulate their passion, pleasure, and orgasm.

There is also Sexual Inducement; which now lists my pheromone abilities as sub-powers. And enhanced strength now comes from my incubus and not the nogitsune; as does my healing and immortality, powered from my feeding off the sexual pleasure of my sex partners. There is also Sexual Sight, which I think must be what happened with Scott and Liam earlier; where I can mind read people’s sexual fantasies, and history. And Sexual Instinct, which means I know how to please someone beyond their wildest dreams.

Also as part of Sex Magic, it lists spell casting.

“How is sex magic spell casting different from my human spark spell casting?” I ask.

“It isn’t,” Danny answers, “It’s just powered differently; and if you combined the power of both, it would boost what you could achieve.”

Everything listed under Human is part of my Spark; spell casting, elemental control, mountain ash manipulation, and shadow walk. The last two surprise me. All of my spark powers are stated as being powered by my link to the Nemeton.

“You must be careful with the shadow walking,” Deaton states, “I believe that has moved from your Nogitsune abilities to your spark as it is related to the Darach teleport ability. The mountain ash I think relates to the increase in incubus and decrease in Nogitsune. The mountain ash is less effective as a barrier against demons; salt and iron are more effective.”

The Nogitsune now just lists enhanced hearing, sight, and sense of smell.

“The Nemeton is the key,” Deaton says, “This I believe is tying the Logos to Stiles. Nemeta are sacred spaces, powered by the ley lines that intersect at them. The one in Beacon Hills is particularly powerful. And as they are connected to nature, as I believe the logos are, Stiles connection to the Nemeton has connected the logos to him.”

All very interesting, but…

“So, I’m tied to the Nemeton, the logos device is tied to me, and no-one else can use it while I’m alive, and because I’m an incubus I’m immortal; so, no-one but me can ever use it,” I reiterate.

“Unless they kill you,” Danny says; causing Aiden to send me a sharp look that everyone catches.

“What?” Derek demands, noticing the hole in his shirt that wasn’t there when he loaned it to me.

“Nothing,” I shrug, “Probably.”

Which leads to me and Aiden telling them about the news story on the radio and the connection,
possibly, to how I came by the Logos and that we think it is Deucalion killing his way through the customers of Hiram Abiff’s Tools to get his hands on the Logos.

“You can perform the Praesidium sigillum Dei,” Danny states, “And if you do it at the Nemeton, using your Sex Magic, it…”

“That could be too dangerous,” Deaton interrupts, “And he could not perform that ritual now; he would need to wait for the Wolf Moon as he is Emissary of a werewolf pack.”

“Praesi… what now?” I ask.

“It’s a protection rite,” Danny answers, “It will protect you, your pack, and your lands; particularly if your pack is involved in the sex magic…”

“You mean orgy,” I correct him.

“Orgy, to power your sex magic, at the strongest source of your spark power,” he adds; as at least some of my spark power is still inherent.

“Until then we will just need to be careful,” I say.

“I think you should tell your dad,” Scott says.

“I don’t want him to know about the Logos, and have him worry about a psycho werewolf on a murder spree…”

“About you being an incubus and needing to feed off sex,” Scott cuts in, “That way there will be an explanation of why one or more of us is sleeping with you without him needing to know it’s also to protect you from psycho werewolves out to kill you.”

“Yeah,” agrees Isaac, Aiden, and Derek.

“I’m a demon, mostly a demon, and I have magic, I don’t need protecting,” I start to protest, but at their combined ‘who do you think you’re fooling’ glare I concede, “I’ll think about it.”

I drive Isaac to the McCall’s, while Scott takes Liam home; Aiden and Ethan go home with Danny.

When we arrive at the McCall’s, Scott’s mom isn’t home from work yet. I follow Isaac in.

“You want me to check your diaper?” I ask him, “I never got a chance at school.”

“Because of Allison and Lydia trying to kill you,” he quietly replies, “Do you want to?” he asks.

“I always want to take care of you,” I tell him, pulling him into a hug that he quickly returns, “You’re my angel boy.” I feel him smile against my neck.

He wraps his legs around my waist and I carry him up to his bedroom.

I take a very wet diaper off him, and, as has become usual when I clean him and apply the diaper cream, he becomes hard and asks me to ‘make his sticky’. I feed from his sexual release, and clean him up; once he’s in a clean diaper I cuddle with him on the bed while he sucks on his paci.
“I’ll stay with you until Scott, or Mrs McCall gets home,” I tell him.

“I wuv oo daddy,” he says around his pacifier.

“Love you too, angel,” I tell him, and kiss his forehead.

Scott arrives home before his mom does, and I give Isaac a kiss on the cheek; he stirs slightly waking with a pout.

“See you tomorrow, angel,” I tell him, “My dad’s working, and you can spend as much of the day little as you want.”

“And Scooter time?” Scott asks.

“Sure,” I smile, making him smile too, and I give him a kiss on the cheek as I leave.

As I sit in the car I call Archie; still parked outside Scott's house.

“I’m coming over to talk,” I inform him when he answers.

“Master, Jordan is here,” he lets me know.

“Okay, I’ll be there in thirty minutes,” I say and hang up.

I quickly start the Logos and search for Deputy Jordan Parrish. What I find is interesting; and something I can make use of without making any changes to him through the device.

To make it to Archie’s Auto Shop in time I am going to have to either drive fast, like over the limit fast, or see if I can shadow walk a whole vehicle with me inside it. I don’t think I want to try that tonight; not something I want to do for the first time and end up crashing the car. What I will try is pushing the perception filter; see if I can make sure I’m not spotted by any patrol cars while taking the direct road, which keeping in the limit should take about forty-five minutes. It’s not how I set the perception filter to work; I just hope that I can push my magic to make it act like an invisibility cloak.

I don’t know if the perception filter idea worked, but I didn’t get pulled over by any of my dad’s deputies, when I pull into parking lot out front of Archie’s twenty-eight minutes later.

I see Archie’s truck and one of the Beacon Hills patrol cars already parked. I pull up beside the patrol car and park. Switching off the engine I get out, walk up to the door for the apartment above the auto shop, and knock.

“Master,” Archie greets me with a smile as he answers the door; barefoot, in a pair of loose fitting jeans and a polo shirt. I see movement over his shoulder as Parrish stands up from the seat he was sitting in, can of coke in hand.

“Stiles?!” he must have recognised my voice.

“Hey, Jordan,” I greet him, “You just finished your shift?”

“Yeah,” he stammers, “You… you’re Archie’s Master?”

“For the last five weeks, yep,” I say popping the ‘p’, “And I really hope my dad gives him that job you interviewed him for, so I can keep him.”

“Stiles… that… you’re a minor; Archie could go to jail,” Parrish starts to have a meltdown, “My
god, if your dad found out about this he’d…”

“How is my dad going to find out?” I ask, walking over to him, “You’re not going to tell him.”

“I… I don’t…” before he finishes his sentence I take his hand holding the coke and take the can, still holding his hand – I hope the sexual sight works through just touch and I don’t need to kiss him, not yet anyway – I take a drink from the can as the images flash through my mind.

“No, you’re not; not when you’ve had fantasies of kneeling before me, of me stripping you out of your uniform and bending you over your desk to fuck your mouth or ass.”

“What?” his cheeks flush, and his eyes widen

“You think I have seen the lingering looks, when you couldn’t turn away in time,” I smirk at him.

“Stiles, I don’t know what you think you’ve seen, but…”

“Jordan, how long has it been since you found someone you could submit to? Someone you wanted to submit to?”

“That isn’t any of your business,” he swallows heavily.

“I mean between keeping your kinks a secret at the station, along with hiding the fact that you’re a hellhound, that must be tiring; you must be desperate for someone to be able to give control to.”

“Hell… what?”

“Hellhound; the username on the BDSM site, BHHound87, makes more sense now.”

“Hellhound?” he repeats, “You expect me to believe…” It becomes clear he has no idea about the supernatural, or what he is.

“Hey, I thought you knew, but maybe it was your subconscious; you’re not the only supernatural creature in Beacon Hills,” I tell him, “There’s a whole pack of werewolves, and I’m…”

“Stiles,” he yanks his hand from mine and strides to the door, “You need to stop. This fantasy about werewolves and hellhounds, and your relationship with Archie.” He walks through the door.

“Okay, I need to do this the extreme way,” I say; hoping that I’m not wrong about what will kickstart his Hellhound-ness. I should have overloaded him with pheromones, but I’m not sure they work the same way anymore.

I rush out after him, leaving Archie looking confused and scared in the apartment. I see him nearing his car and tap into my spark to call a gust of wind strong enough to blow him into the middle of the empty forecourt.

“Stiles?” Parrish back away from me. I uncap the jerrycan and stalk towards him, with a wall of wind at his back so he can’t walk or run. I call the gas from the can like water and it snakes around him and lands on his clothes. I hope he has a spare uniform at home.

“Stiles, please don’t do this,” he begs, and I can smell his fear under the confusion and gasoline.

“The supernatural is real; werewolves are real, and you are a hellhound,” I inform him, “And
shortly, you will realise it.”

I call a flame to my hand and his eyes widen further in fear and bewilderment, as he tries to make sense of what is happening. I throw the flame at his gas soaked clothes and he screams as he becomes a living torch; held immobile by the elemental forces under my control.

Archie comes running out of the apartment with a fire extinguisher. Tears streaming down his face that is filled with disbelief at what I’m doing.

“No!” I command him as he points the nozzle at Parrish.

“But you’re killing him!” he shouts at me.

“No, I’m not. He’s a hellhound, they can’t burn to death,” I tell him, “Look at him. Is his skin peeling? Is his hair on fire? Or is it just his clothes?”

I’m so busy looking at Archie that I miss Parrish’s eyes shifting, and the rest of him shifting too. My concentration on the elements has dropped and the first I realise that anything is out of my control is when Parrish’s fist connects with my face.

I stumble backwards and trip over my tail, falling to the ground. Naked Parrish is soon on top of me, his fist flying at my face; and landing blows more than I want. I push him off me and he lands into the back of Archie’s pick-up. I rush towards him and grabbing him I turn him around and hold him, so he sees his reflection in the wing mirror,

“You are a hellhound,” I repeat for what feels like the millionth time. Only now he can see his eyes blazing orange and his mouth full of fangs. His feature morph back to human.

“What?” he stares at his reflection, realising that he’s unmarked from the flames; only his clothes are gone.

We’re sitting back up in the apartment. I dropped my perception filter, like I did with the pack, so that they could see my tail, ears, and horns. I told them I wasn’t bring out the wings as it was fucking painful.

To make Parrish feel less self-conscious I have Archie naked at my feet; my tail slowly fucking his ass as I play with rows of clothespins across his chest, and his cock is plump and pressing against the confines of the cage its locked in. I need to feed to replenish what I used to heal myself from the fight with Parrish.

“So, I’m a hellhound,” a shell-shocked looking Parrish says from the chair across from me, “And werewolves are real. And you’re an incubus, and need to feed on sexual pleasure.”

“Yes, which is why…”

“Is the sheriff an incubus too? Does he know about…”

“No, and sort of,” I cut off his questions, “He is human, like Archie, only not submissive, not masochist, and not my slave. He knows about the supernatural, but not that I’m an incubus and need to have sex, lots of sex. At least he doesn’t know yet, I have been thinking of telling him.”

“And you want to feed off me?”

“It’s better if I feed when having sex with other supernaturals,” I tell him, “They are more resilient…”
“Not exactly selling it,” he interrupts, with a worried glance at Archie, who has clearly reached subspace; but I know he also has a problem with me being a ‘minor’, despite his fantasies and attraction to me.

“I mean, the more often I need to feed from one person, the more it drains them physically. It’s better if there is more time between each… feeding. It can be more often with supernatural beings like you and the werewolves, because of your enhanced stamina, strength, and healing.”

“So, you have sex with these werewolves too?”

“Some of them, but the kind of sex I really like...” I run my fingers over the clothespins hanging from Archie’s skin, eliciting a delicious moan from his lips, and a dribble of clear viscous from his trapped cock; I can’t help but smile at the sight, sound, and smell of him. “There’s only one of the wolves that likes anything close to this kind of pleasure.”

I see Parrish watching Archie, closely, with definite want in his eyes, his cock is half hard, and the way he licks his lips; but there are other things on his mind along with his desire to be in Archie’s place, like the fact he just found out he isn’t human.

“So, what kind of supernatural monster am I? What is a hellhound?”

“You,” I sternly state, “Are not a monster. Just because you’re not human doesn’t make you a monster. Believe me, I’ve seen more than enough humans do inhumane things to other people, and enough non-humans doing what is right, protecting and helping other people, to know that. As to what a hellhound is, I haven’t read a lot,” I tell him, I haven’t really read anything, “Other than they are guardians. I’ll research more, and we can catch up tomorrow, once you finish your shift at the station.”

“My shift, how can I…”

“Just like you did every other day,” I state, “You’ll be fine. Now, I think I’ve milked most of the cum out this slave,” I say looking down at the puddle under Archie, “Other than they are guardians. I’ll research more, and we can catch up tomorrow, once you finish your shift at the station.”

“Master,” he gasps, his toes curling and his mouth open.

“Such a good slave,” I tell him, and rip the final row from his skin; I rub at his chest as I kiss his mouth, and feed on his pleasurable pain. “I might even let you cum for Thanksgiving. Now, let’s get you cleaned up, and tucked up in bed,” I say looking down at the puddle under Archie, “Other than they are guardians. I’ll research more, and we can catch up tomorrow, once you finish your shift at the station.”

I draw a bath for Archie, and – as I want to wash my tail - me, and while I’m taking care of Archie in the bath, cuddling him from behind as he leans against my chest, Parrish uses the shower to wash the ash of his incinerated uniform from his body.

I see the occasional look from Parrish at my crotch as I’m drying myself and Archie, but I don’t comment on it; for now. And once I have my slave tucked up in bed, with some snacks and bottles of water, I leave Parrish to take care of his emotional needs as I head home to tell my dad that I’m
As I pull into the driveway I see my dad’s cruiser, so I park on the street; so that I don’t block him. I decide the best way to do this is to be direct. On the Logos I run the short program to drop the perception filter and walk up to the house; judging from the previous times I’ve now run it, by the time I close the door behind me it should have completed.

As soon as I close the door Castiel is leaping up to greet me, sniffing at my neck and licking at my face.

“Hey, boy,” I whisper to him, “I doubt there’s any of Scott’s scent left on me, but he plans to visit tomorrow.”

“Rrwoff,” he happily barks at the news.

“Stiles?” I hear my dad call from the back of the house.

“Hey, dad,” I reply.

“Hey kiddo, I was getting worried,” I hear his voice getting louder, “Where have you… what the… Stiles?!” I turn to face the shocked and disbelieving expression on my dad’s face. “What… what happened to you?” he haltingly asks. I take a step towards him and he steps back.

“Dad?” I plead, “It is me,” I say, running a hand between my horns and over my hair.

“Are you sure? I don’t remember you leaving the house with a tail and horns.”

“Long story,” I respond, “Starting with the short version, I played around with something I didn’t fully understand…”

“Stiles! Why would… I assume it was something supernatural?”

“Yeah, and now, I’m an incubus.”

“Just for once couldn’t you…?” I look at him trying to convey ‘sorry’, “No, I suppose you couldn’t. I take it the werewolves know about this?”

“Yeah, and we talked to Deaton,” I say, we’re now sitting in the living room, my tail swaying at the side of the couch.

“Can he fix you?”

“He never said it was ‘fixable’, so, I assume not,” I say, not that want it undone anyway, and let’s be honest, if I wanted to I’d be on the Logos undoing it now. “But, this isn’t something that just happened, it started a few weeks back, and the incubus has been getting more prominent, and the features are just the latest…”

“How are you… everyone will…”

“No, no,” I try to calm his worry, “I have a perception filter, I dropped it, so you would see the real… the new me. When I put the filter back up only those that know what I look like will see the tail and horns, and the wings…”
“Wings?!”

“Yeah, there hidden inside, and I don’t want to get them out; it’s painful and bloody.”

“So…” he says looking a bit grey.

“Yeah,” I sigh, “The main thing you need to know, I need to have sex. I feed off it. I can still eat, but it’s more for pleasure; it won’t sustain me.”

“But having sex will?”

“Yeah.”

“You’re only seventeen for god’s sake…”

“I know, I know, but…”

“This is why Scott and the other wolves have been sneaking into your room at night,” he states; putting together the fact I said it had started a few weeks back and that I feed off sex.

“So, don’t be surprised if you see more of them,” I smile at him.

“I don’t like this, kiddo,” he looks at me grimly, “Is there no way to…”

“No,” I state, “I made this happen,” well, Danny did too, but let’s keep this simple for the old man, “I need to live with the consequences. And to do that I need to feed off sex.”

“Who?” he asks. So, I explain the whole spiel I already went through with Parrish.

“Now, how about a steak for dinner,” I say, trying to cheer him up.

“I think I need a drink,” he grumbles.

“I’ll make the steaks anyway.”

“I thought you said you feed by having sex?”

“But I can still enjoy eating food,” I say making my way to the kitchen, my tail hanging behind me, “No way I’m giving up curly fries.”

I hear Castiel rushing behind me, and turn just in time to see him jump and snap at my tail.

“Bite my tail and I’ll bite yours back, harder,” I warn him; he crouches down and whimpers in apology.

“I think I need two drinks,” my dad comments, looking at the end of my tail. All I can do is shrug.

After a quiet dinner, I left my dad to wrap his head around my new physiological status. And I hid the whisky bottle after he poured his second glass.

Lying on my bed with the Logos in hand, I’ve restored the perception filter, my window slides
open and Derek climbs in.

“I waited until your dad was asleep,” he says, his eyes falling to the device in hand.

“Hey Sourwolf,” I respond, “Just deciding what to do about Allison and Lydia.” He raises his eyebrows at me. “I can’t ignore them, they are a threat, to me and the pack.”

“What do you plan to do?”

“I told Scott I would use this to protect the pack,” I say defending my actions before I’ve even done anything, “So, I need to make them not interested in the pack. When I moved Scott’s interests from Allison, I didn’t alter hers. She was interested in Isaac at the time, until his bedwetting started, and she’s only refocused on Scott now. So, I need to change that and hope she moves on. Lydia, is more concerned about what I’ve done to her friend Danny, which is nothing as he locked himself from being changed when he had one of these. I need to get her focus off me and back on to him, and hope he can talk her round.”

“Sounds like a plan,” the wolf says, sitting at the edge of my bed. “And if it doesn’t work?”

“Then I’ll need to do something more,” I reply. He nods, contemplatively. “So, read your homework?” I ask, changing the topic of conversation.

It takes Derek a moment to realise what I mean.

“I’ve read about the… stuff…” he blushes.

“Stuff?”

“About Domestic Discipline,” he hisses angrily, turning redder.

“Derek,” I warn him, and I’m pleasantly surprised when he looks contrite.

“It said it is the practice between two consenting life partners…” he continues after a moment.

“Yes, consent is important.”

“Life Partners, Stiles,” he emphasises, and I wait for him to continue. When it’s clear I’m not going to speak he does. “That means something to a werewolf, I’m not sure you…”

“I know what it means, Derek.” I gently state, “And I mean that. Given my position, being mostly incubus and all, things would need to be a little more unconventional.”

“And a Domestic Discipline relationship would be conventional?” he side-eyes me.

“As I said, ‘more’ unconventional,” I state.

“You’re too young Stiles,” he sighs, longing in his voice, “I can’t ask you to commit the rest of your life to… I don’t deserve…”

“You didn’t ask,” I remind him, “I did. And this is one of those behaviours you have that needs correcting.” He turns sharply to look at me.

“Why?” he asks, and I’m not sure what the question is. I wait until he elaborates, “Why me?”

“You have wolf-y senses, you don’t really need me to answer that,” I smile at him.
“I thought… when you were with Aiden, I thought that he was your mate,” he chokes on the words as he says them.

“I care for Aiden, a lot… maybe I am starting to love him, but he needs something different from me, and I get something different from him than I want between us. Sure, there are similarities, he’s the submissive partner and I’m the dominant one; but that’s where the similarities end. We’re a pack, a family, and I’m the head of household. But we don’t strictly adhere to the normal domestic discipline structure.”

“How do we fit into it?”

“We really have two hierarchies. The wolf one; Scott’s the alpha, you are all his betas with you as his second, and I’m the Emissary and advisor. That works for dealing with whatever supernatural or werewolf pack related business we have. Then, there’s fact that Scott and Liam are puppies and need some puppy headspace time and I’m their handler. Isaac is a little and needs his daddy, and maybe papa,” I pointedly state, “To take care of him and let him be little. Aiden is a bratty bottom that wants to be dominated and used. And you, you need someone to give you a safe, loving, healthy relationship, in a controlled environment. Someone who will not take your bullshit and let you continue behaviours that are detrimental to your well-being, and will reinforce your positive actions.”

“And where do Danny and Ethan fit into this? And your slave?” he asks.

“Danny and Ethan fit into the first hierarchy; they are their own partnership, and I don’t intend to get involved unless asked. Archie is my slave, there’s no partnership in it. He’s a masochist and a submissive and he needs the control I exercise over him. With you, and Aiden, it’s different; we’ll agree the rules you obey and what punishments are on the table. Archie doesn’t get that; I make the rules.”

“How will you, being head of house, work with the rest of the pack?”

“Slightly differently with each of them. It needs to be, with you we’re life partners, with Aiden I’m his Dom, and maybe life partner, with Isaac I’m his daddy, and maybe he’ll see you as his papa. With Scott and Liam, their sometimes in their puppy head space and I’m their handler. Each relationship in the family is different, so my role as head of house is different. The common element is that I take the necessary measures to achieve a healthy relationship dynamic, to create a healthy home environment and to protect all members of the family from dangerous or detrimental outcomes; for the greater good of the entire family.” He looks at me, and I can’t quite read his expression, but I can smell the desire. “Isn’t that worth trying for?” I ask him.

“Okay,” he whispers, “How do we…”

“Tomorrow we work out the details, tonight, you can get naked and join me in bed. I need sleep.”

“Room in that bed for me?” we hear Aiden say from the window.

“Have you been listening into our private conversation?” I demand.

“Yeah, and it sounds good to me, where do I sign up,” he smiles as he strips out of his clothes.

“We’ll discuss your behaviours in the morning,” I say as the wolves climb in bed, settling on either side of me.

I smile to myself as I feel the pack coming together in just the way I want them.
I wake to the sound of panting from left. My eyes blink open and I’m staring at Derek Hale, raised on his elbow, looking over to my left. I turn and see Aiden pushing his ass back on my tail, his cock hard and dripping between his legs.

“You’re fucking yourself on my tail?” I hiss, “When I’m not even awake?”

“Fuck, please,” Aiden begs for release, “I need to cum…”

“To be fair,” Derek says, “Your tail started fucking him.”

“Huh?” I stare at him, he just shrugs.

“Maybe you need to feed, and your body is reacting to that,” Derek adds.

“So, what, my tail has a mind of its own and if I’m feeling peckish it starts fucking the nearest person for me to feed on? Because there’s no way that could cause more problems.” My tail doesn’t stop fucking in and out of Aiden’s ass, and through the direct connection I can feel his pleasure rippling along the length it.

“You might need to feed more,” Derek continues, postulating, “To make sure you can control your tail.” Which makes me think.

“Well, then maybe,” I smile at him, “I should feed from both of you now,” I lean towards him and push him flat onto his back, he doesn’t put up much resistance, “So we can test your theory.” His cock is half hard as I lean down and lick along the inside of his thigh, and, moving towards his balls, I suck first one and then the other of the hairy orbs into my mouth.

“Fuck, Stiles,” Derek cries, his cock thickening as it stretches, rigid, along his abs.

“Guys,” I say, rubbing a hand over Liam and Scott’s exposed bellies, “We need Scott and Liam back in the room.” The smiles falter from both their faces. “The hellhound will be here soon, and I don’t want to overwhelm him with most of the pack here. Plus, my dad is only expecting Scott and Isaac here for a sleepover. So…” I trail off.

“Don’t worry,” Danny says as they’re heading out the door, “We’ll get the young puppy home safely.” Liam ducks his head, hiding his smile, but not his blush at Danny’s words. “And we’ll head over to Derek’s loft in the morning to start.”

“Start what?” Derek asks.

“Filming the first of the videos for the web site,” I say, “Aiden, Ethan, practice your lines, Danny has the script. Oh, and Danny, you better give Derek his copy, so he can practice his lines.”

“My lines?” Derek asks.

“For the video you will be doing with Scott; don’t worry, there’s not many. Scott’s video will mostly be him and Castiel.”
I wake to the sound of panting from left. My eyes blink open and I’m staring at Derek Hale, raised on his elbow, looking over to my left. I turn and see Aiden pushing his ass back on my tail, his cock hard and dripping between his legs.

“You’re fucking yourself on my tail?” I hiss, “When I’m not even awake?”

“Fuck, please,” Aiden begs for release, “I need to cum…”

“To be fair,” Derek says, “Your tail started fucking him.”

“Huh?” I stare at him, he just shrugs.

“Maybe you need to feed, and your body is reacting to that,” Derek adds.

“So, what, my tail has a mind of its own and if I’m feeling peckish it starts fucking the nearest person for me to feed on? Because there’s no way that could cause more problems.” My tail doesn’t stop thrusting in and out of Aiden’s ass, and through the direct connection I can feel his pleasure rippling along the length it.

“You might need to feed more,” Derek continues, postulating, “To make sure you can control your tail.” Which makes me think.

“Well, then maybe,” I smile at him, “I should feed from both of you now,” I lean towards him and push him flat onto his back, he doesn’t put up much resistance, “So we can test your theory.” His cock is half hard as I lean down and lick along the inside of his thigh, and, moving towards his balls, I suck first one and then the other of the hairy orbs into my mouth.

“Fuck, Stiles,” Derek cries, his cock thickening as it stretches, rigid, along his abs.

With my face still in Derek’s crotch as I lick, suck, and pull on his balls, and my tail still fucking in and out of Aiden’s ass, I reach over to the drawer in the bedside table and quickly rummage around until I grab the bottle of lube.

“Lie down beside Derek,” I instruct Aiden.

“Please, Sir,” he whimpers demandingly as he quickly complies, “Please, I need to cum.”

“Not yet,” I promise him, taking my mouth off Derek’s balls, to suck at the crown of Aiden’s
dribbling rigid shaft, while I palm the length of Derek’s own hardness; keeping them both from noticing as I prepare myself.

Derek’s eyes focus on me as I raise myself up over him, and sink down on his length. I rise up and allow gravity to take me back down, his cock filling me. His face a mix of disbelief and wonderous joy as I ride him. Aiden is too lost in his own joyous torment as my tail continues to plunder his ass, and his cock is rigid as steel and red with the need to cum.

“Fuck me Sourwolf.” His hands grab my hips and he grinds up into me as soon as the words leave my lips.

“Aiden, get your lips around my cock,” I tell him, and he takes the large mushroom head into his mouth; his lips and tongue working the sensitive spots.

The room is filled with sounds of flesh slapping on flesh, wet and needy, and the panting and moan of men – wolves – chasing after their release. The scent of my pheromones fills the air, and the pleasure my two wolves enjoy is sating any hunger or need of my own. Aiden’s balls drawn up tight against him with his desperation to cum; Derek’s could be in a similarly tightly drawn state, but they are hidden under my ass.

“Cum for me,” I say, brushing a hand through Aiden’s sweat damp hair, and before he can get his mouth off my cock he’s spraying his release over me, Derek, and himself.

“Thank you, thank you,” he cries as his seed coats us, my tail never stopping it’s thrusting into his ass.

The scent of Aiden’s cum covering us seems to spur Derek on and he grabs my hips tighter and tries to bury his cock deeper into my ass. As his head tips back with his release I pull off his cock, and his cum splashes against my taint, ass, cock and balls. I grab his cock and keep jacking the firm length, pulling more shuddering aftershocks of pleasure from him.

With both wolves drowsy with pleasure I take my own cock in hand and finish myself off, ensuring that I coat them both in my emissions. As I drag my hands through the amalgamation of cum, and paint their bodies with the mixture, I hear the soft purr of contentment from my blue-eyed wolves; both clearly satisfied with the marking of our territory.

We’re lying in a tangle of limbs, our skin tacky with sweat and drying cum, and Derek and Aiden snuffling at my neck, when my phone beeps. I look across and see a text from Liam, another beep and there is one from Scott. I pick up the phone and check the messages.

<IM SORRY> from Liam

<Scott> <Liam told Mason EVERYTHING we’re ALL coming over NOW> from Scott.

I text back to Scott.

<Who is ALL?>

And send a text to Liam.

<We’ll fix it. Whatever.>

<Just the pack> comes back from Scott.

<Thx> is Liam’s short reply.
“Okay boys, pack emergency,” I tell my bed-mates, “I’m going for a shower, can you guys brush your teeth, get dressed, feed my dog, and let him out to the backyard before Scott,” Castiel lets out a happy bark, “Gets here.”

“Shouldn’t we shower too?” Derek asks, “They’ll pick up the scent of…” he trails off as he sees my smile, “You want them to smell you on us.”

“Marking what’s mine,” I grin as I head for the bathroom.

After my shower, I check in with Archie to find out how he’s doing this morning after the scene last night; as I’m ending the call I hear my dog’s excited barking. I finish drying my tail, and pulling on some clothes I head downstairs to find Scott lying on his back on the floor of the living room, with Castiel on top of him licking his face; both, werewolf and dog, getting rather excited.

“Okay, you two, calm down,” I sternly say, “We have a pack issue to talk about.”

Liam is sitting on couch, looking shell-shocked. Isaac is sitting beside him. Danny is on Liam’s other side with Ethan sitting on his knee, wrinkling his nose as sniffs in Derek and Aiden direction; they are standing against the wall behind my dad’s armchair. I take a seat in my dad’s armchair.

“So,” I say turning to Liam, “What happened, exactly?”

“Mason walked in on him…” Scott starts talking.

“Scott,” I interrupt, “Liam can explain. Then we can talk about what we should do.” I watch Liam’s and Scott’s eyes track to where I lay the Logos on the arm of the chair.

“I was… doing what I always do every morning,” Liam starts with a blush, “Only, you know… doing with my fingers what Scott did with his tongue yesterday…”

“When he licked your pussy and clit to orgasm in the locker room,” I press.

“Yeah,” Liam blushes a little redder.

Okay, go on,” I direct him.

“Well, I guess I got a little too into it, I didn’t even hear him come in. I was… at that point when I heard him shout. He’d seen everything, or the lack of everything that used to be there, and wanted to know what had happened to me, and… I’m sorry, I didn’t know what to do, I couldn’t think of something to explain it, and I told him everything. About being bitten, about being a werewolf, and about being my alpha’s consort, and…”

“And?”

“He got excited…”

“Excited? Like…” I wiggle my eyebrows.

“No,” Liam rushes out, but I sense he wishes his friend had, “He just started throwing all these questions at me, and I panicked. I mean, we’re supposed to not tell anyone and…”
“It’s okay,” I say, “What we need to decide is, what is it safe for him to know about the pack?”

“Huh?” Scott looks up at me from where he’s spooning Castiel, his hand very close to the dog’s unsheathed red cock.

“Yeah,” I frown at him, “Like would it be safe for him to know Liam’s alpha has sex with dogs, and we’re going to be videoing it and showing it to paying customers on the web; as an example. There’s a lot about us that most humans aren’t going to accept, even if they get past the not human part of us.”

“Like our puppy play,” Liam says, even though he hasn’t gotten to be a puppy yet, “Or the pack’s porn web site, or Isaac being little, or…”

“Exactly,” I halt his litany of all the reasons humans would have to ostracise us, “So…”

“You could make him less likely to hate me… us,” Liam interjects, worried about losing his best friend, “I mean… couldn’t you,” he adds, looking at the Logos.

“What is it that you’re worried he’ll hate you for?” I ask, “I mean, you said he was excited about you being a werewolf.”

“Yeah, but he doesn’t know about the puppy play, or the sex with dogs, not that I’ve actually done either yet, but that like… I want to…” Liam falls silent with his admission.

“You want to have sex with dogs?” Scott asks him.

“I guess I take after my alpha,” he quietly replies.

“I’m sorry,” Scott rises to his knees in front of Liam, “I didn’t know I’d change you like that when I bit you.”

“Everybody in the pack is okay with it, right?” Liam shrugs, “I mean, like Stiles said, we’re not human, we’re part wolf, the same as dogs are, so…”

“Exactly,” I say, “Nobody in here is human, most of you are part wolf, so what two, or more, part wolf’s do together is nobody else’s business; unless they want to pay our fees to see the videos.”

“One cu câinii in a pack is extremely rare,” Derek says from behind me, “Two is unheard of.”

“As Deaton said,” Danny adds, “There’s never been a record of an Alpha being one before, maybe everyone Scott gives the bite to would become lupul cu câinii.”

“So, back to the issue of Mason,” I say, “What do you think we should do Scott?”

“Please,” Liam begs, “I don’t want to lose my best friend. I want him to be able to accept the new me; even though I’m still hoping Stiles can give me back my junk.”

“What would you want to do if it was me and you?” I ask Scott, and he scowls as he turns my question and Liam’s pleading over in his mind.

“All you’ll do is make him accept how we are as a pack, and know that he can’t discuss it outside the pack, right?” Scott asks looking unhappy about his decision.

“I’ll make sure he understands that what happens in the pack stays in the pack,” I confirm, “And that he accepts what the pack is like and is happy to be part of the pack.”
“Okay,” Scott says, “This one time. And can you use it,” he nods at the Logos, “To give Liam his junk back?”

“Maybe that’s something I should look at with Liam in private,” I say, “But, before I take Liam away from prying wolf ears,” I look meaningfully at all the wolves, before settling my sights on Isaac, “Issy, do you need me to check your diaper?”

“No,” he shakes his head.

“Okay, but if you need your diaper changed, just ask, okay angel?”

“Okay, Daddy,” he smiles at me, before asking in the littlest voice he’s ever used, “Can mes watch Thundercats?”

“Sure,” I say, turning to Derek. “There’s a DVD I got by the TV, can you put it on for him.”

I take Liam up to my room for our private discussion.

Liam’s nose wrinkles as we enter my room; the stale smell of sweat and sex, and my pheromones, still filling it from earlier.

“Sorry,” I weakly smile at him, “I forgot to open a window this morning, and we don’t want to open one now, and risk people overhearing.”

“That’s okay,” Liam replies as I sit with my back against the headboard, and pat the space on the bed beside me. He sits, and looks towards me hopefully.

“So,” I start up the Logos, and switch to his character, “This is you,” the naked picture of him appears, and the open tab lists:

Name: Dunbar, Liam
Species: Werewolf
Subspecies: Beta (Alpha’s Consort)
Forms: Human, Beta, Full shift (Not yet attained)

“What’s full shift?” Liam asks.

“Full wolf,” I smile at him.

“I’ll be able to turn fully into a wolf? Is that because of being the alpha’s consort and both of us being this cu canine?” he mispronounces.

“Lupul cu câinii,” I correct, “No, it seems to be something to do with the Hale werewolf bloodline,” I explain, “Derek, Scott, and Isaac all have that listed too, but Aiden and Ethan don’t. But, we’re here to talk about your vagina, and that is connected to you being the alpha’s consort. So, first question,” I place and arm around him and slide my hand up his waist so that it is just under his shirt, resting against his bare skin, “Is that something you want to be, the alpha’s consort? Do you want to carry Scott’s cubs one day?”
“It’s been a day, I haven’t had time to think about it,” he says, but I see images of desires flash across his thoughts, and I recall the ones from yesterday.

“I know,” I sympathise, “And it is a lot to deal with, and it’s not something we even thought was possible when we talked to you after Scott bit you; it isn’t what I thought your changes were going to be like. I wished I’d known so we could have been prepared.” And that I could have taken it into account in the programming I did.

“What are the chances of being Scott’s consort and getting my dick back?” he asks; which doesn’t surprise me given his wolf induced fantasy of being bred and his belly round and filled with a litter of Scott’s cubs.

“Okay, let’s have a look at the options;” I say, keying in the scenarios for the Logos to highlight any conflicts.

“So, I have two options,” Liam sullenly flops back against my chest after we’ve been looking at the chances of me using the Logos to give him his dick back for more than an hour, “Stay dickless or not be Scott’s consort. And if I have these parts, I’m going to have periods, and if I get pregnant I’m going to make breast milk, and…”

“How about,” I gently say, stroking his hair to try and calm his rising anxiety, “We don’t make any decisions right now, and you take the time to consider what is most important to you, being like your alpha and having both your cock and your pussy, or being your alpha’s consort, or having everything like it was before the full moon. You haven’t really had the time to think about it; the whole being a pussy-boi for Scott to impregnate is a really big deal,” I press, knowing what new fantasies are floating around in his head, “You need to make sure it’s what you want.”

“This thing said that anyone could get me pregnant,” Liam says, “Not just Scott, but any male; werewolf, dog, human, incubus…”

“Yes,” I say, “Which is different from Scott, for him it is only the dogs and werewolves that could impregnate him; though I think he could get a human pregnant if he wanted to. Also, he’s going to have to deal with his periods and lactating too.”

“But he has less chance of getting pregnant because he still has his junk and it works,” Liam quietly states, “That’s why it won’t let me have the consort bond with him and have mine, because as the consort it says I need to be highly fertile; to ensure conception.” He air-quotes the last three words.

“You need to take time to consider what you want Liam,” I tell him, “We can go down and tell them you’re considering your options, and once you’ve made your decision, I’ll use the Logos to make the change you want; if any.” I ruffle his hair, “You need to know whether you want to have this,” and I rub my hand under his shirt and over his flat abs, “Filled with Scott’s cubs, when you and he are ready to be parents.” His eyes stay where my hand is resting on his stomach.

“Those thoughts I’m having don’t mean anything,” he says, “I know you can read peoples’ minds, when they think about sex stuff.”

“I know,” I agree with him, “Which is why you need to have time to work out if that is what you want.”

“To be my alpha’s baby mommy,” he whispers.

“Go tell Scott you’re considering the options we have,” I tell him, “While I set this up to make Mason not freak out about this pack’s relationships and sex lives.”
“He’s gay,” Liam says, and I realise he’s referring to his fantasy about making out with Mason.

“You’re still a guy,” I tell him, he looks at me questioningly, “And I can make him look past the fact you have a pussy where your cock used to be if you want.”

“Scott wouldn’t…”

“Our alpha said I could make changes so that he accepts what the pack is like and is happy to be part of it,” I remind him, “So, accepting that you are a guy without a dick falls into that; don’t you agree?”

He nods with a sly smile. I smile back.

As Liam heads back down stairs to the rest of the pack, I set up a short program to make the necessary changes to Mason. While that is checking for conflicts I search on my laptop for details on Hellhounds. I want to have the information ready when Parrish arrives to find out exactly what he is and what he is capable of.

And right now, I don’t want him to know about the Logos. So, I Google for Hellhounds, looking for details that match what is listed against him in the Logos.

When I head back down to the living room, Danny and Ethan are in my dad’s chair. There’s no sign of Scott, Liam, or Castiel. But the surprise is Isaac in his onesie, sleeping with his head resting on Derek’s shoulder while he sits in Derek’s lap, with his bare feet in Aiden’s lap. There’s a college football game playing on the TV; I assume it was switched to the game when Issy fell asleep.

“He let Derek change him, and feed him a bottle, because he ‘smells like daddy’,” Danny smirks at me. Derek and Aiden both turn to look at me; the movement waking Isaac.

“Daddy,” he cries; his arms stretching out towards me.

“Hey angel,” I smile as I lift him from Derek’s lap, his legs wrapping around my waist as he rests his head on my shoulder. “Did you have a nice nap on Derek and Aiden?” I ask, kissing his cheek.

“Mmmm-hmmm,” he nods, “They smell like you.”

“I’m sure they do,” I smile. A whimper and whine can be heard from the dining room, and I think I know what Scott and Liam are up to. “Hey angel, can you sit in Derek’s lap again while I go check that the puppies aren’t getting themselves in trouble.” He nods, but doesn’t look happy about it. I hand him back to Derek and head through to the other room.

Clothes are thrown haphazardly across the chairs. Liam is lying on his back, with Castiel licking out his pussy. Scott has his head under Castiel, sucking greedily on the dog’s cock as Castiel humps away at his face. I watch as Liam’s hips buck up, his hands curling into fists and his toes curling in as his body shudders through an orgasm that has his eyes rolling back and he squirts over Castiel’s snout. Scott’s hands leave his own throbbing cock as he brings them to Castiel’s knot that is rapidly forming; he grasps around the knot to stop it entering his mouth as copious amounts of watery doggy cum flow down his chin as he tries to keep swallowing the torrent that is filling his mouth.
“Enjoying yourselves?” I announce my presence.

Scott takes his mouth off Castiel’s cock, and the dog continues to spurt cum over his face, neck, and chest, as the alpha turns to look at me.

“Rrowff,” Castiel confirms as he removes himself from between the two werewolves and goes to lie down and clean his own cock; leaving Liam very sated and Scott very needy.

“I was going to ask if you guys wanted some puppy time, but maybe you need a nap now?” I tease them.

“Can we?” Liam sighs, “I mean I’d like to try finding my puppy side.”

“Rrowff,” Scooter barks from where he’s now standing on all fours; Castiel’s cum still dripping from his chin. Liam copies Scooter, getting into the same stance.

“Rrowff,” he experimentally barks, “Rrowff,” with more confidence the second time. He moves closer to Scooter, sniffing at the doggy cum on his face and neck before tentatively sticking his tongue out and lightly licking at Scooter’s cheek.

Soon both puppies are licking at each other’s faces with happy smiles.

I leave the two licking and snuffling at each other and go fetch the ball and rope toys I bought for Scooter previously.

When I return they’ve moved into the living room and are snapping their teeth at each other playfully. I throw the rope toy down between them and Scooter grabs one end, dashing around the couch and quickly being chased by Liam. It occurs to me we need to name Liam’s puppy side; I have a name in mind, but I’ll wait until he decides to remain as a consort before suggesting it to him.

I sit between Derek and Aiden on the couch, while the pups chase each other around, and play tug-of-war with the rope toy. I realise that the TV is no-longer showing the football game, and is switched back to Thundercats.

“Game finished?” I asked.

“No,” is the terse reply from Derek.

“Thundercats, dada,” is the response from Issy, and I look to my right where he’s sitting in Derek’s lap, his thumb in his mouth, and…

“DEREK, why is he sucking his thumb when he has a perfectly good pacifier he could be using?” I admonish, holding out my arms towards my angel boy. Issy slides into my lap and pulling his thumb from his mouth I ask, Derek, “Can you fetch his paci please?”

Derek looks a little abashed at the reprimand, but moves to pick-up the paci from the coffee table where it’s sitting and hands it to me as he sits back down.

“Here you go angel,” I say to Issy, placing the rubber teat between his lips, and he quickly begins to suckle on it; his fingers tangling in my shirt, his head resting on my shoulder, and his eyes never leaving the cartoon.

We’re finishing up the pizza and most of the pack are getting ready to leave. Scooter and Liam are still naked and lounging at my feet; lying flat on their backs and licking each other’s face clean.
They stayed in their puppy head space and ate from a plate on the floor.

Liam likes scritches behind his ear and tummy rubs as much as Scooter does. The boy is grinning widely, from ear to ear, after his afternoon of puppy play.

Issy is sitting in Derek’s lap, suckling down the last of his bottle of warm milk, his eyes drooping as they usually do after he’s taken a bottle. I’m going to need to put him down for a nap soon.

“Guys,” I say, rubbing a hand over Liam and Scott’s exposed bellies, “We need Scott and Liam back in the room.” The smiles falter on their faces, replaced with looks of confusion. “The hellhound will be here soon, and I don’t want to overwhelm him with most of the pack here. Plus, my dad is only expecting Scott and Isaac here for a sleepover. So…” I trail off, and soon the puppies are two naked werewolves again.

“Don’t worry,” Danny says as they’re heading out the door, “We’ll get the young puppy home safely.” Liam ducks his head, hiding his smile, but not his blush at Danny’s words. “And we’ll head over to Derek’s loft in the morning to start.”

“Start what?” Derek asks.

“Filming the first of the videos for the web site,” I say, “Aiden, Ethan, practice your lines, Danny has the script. Oh, and Danny, you better give Derek his copy, so he can practice his lines.”

“My lines?” Derek asks.

“For the video you will be doing with Scott; don’t worry, there’s not many. Scott’s video will mostly be him and Castiel.”

I’m sitting on the couch. Scott is lying across it, with his head in my lap; he’s leaning over the edge, his hand petting Castiel who’s lying at my feet. Issy is napping on my bed upstairs. ‘smells like you dada, and Derek, and... pack’ he smiled as he snuggled in under the covers; though I’m certain that ‘pack’ meant Aiden, and from the frown as he said it he was only partially happy about his scent being there.

“Liam seemed a lot calmer when he left than he was when you guys got here,” I say. Scott turns to lie on his back and look up at me, a smile playing at his lips.

“Yeah, letting his puppy out helped a lot,” he grins.

“And getting his pussy licked out by Castiel probably helped too,” I smirk, “Have fun with another puppy to play with?”

“It was awesome,” Scott beams, “We need to do that again.”

“Pity I can’t just take you to the local dog park and play fetch with you both,” I say, “If only people wouldn’t see you as human,” then my brain starts thinking, “I wonder if I could do something with magic to...”

“You can’t use the Logos to make everyone not notice we’re human puppies,” Scott protests.
“Not the Logos, my actual magic,” I say, “I don’t know, let me do what I do best, and research it.” Maybe there will be a way.

The topic is interrupted by the knock at the door. Deputy Parrish has arrived.

“Scott?!” Parrish startles as I show him into the living room; Scott looks up from where he’s petting Castiel behind the ears.

“Yeah, I thought it might help to have another supernatural around when we talked,” I explain, “And so, I thought the alpha of the werewolf pack would…”

“Alpha? Is that like the leader?” Parrish face is a picture of confusion as he tries to reconcile those thoughts, “Are all the werewolves like in high school?”

“No,” Scott says, flashing his red eyes and beta face to him, “Not all of them. Just most of my pack; my second Derek, he isn’t…”

“Derek?” Parrish interrupts, his eyes wide at Scott’s wolfed out appearance, and the mention of Derek, “Derek Hale? The consultant guy that your dad hired?” he asks looking at me.

“Yes, the one and the same,” I reply, “So, sit down,” I direct him to the side of the couch furthest from the door, and Scott moves to take my dad’s chair; Castiel moving to sit beside him, putting himself between Scott and Parrish.

I sit beside Parrish, my tail draped over my left leg and the tip hanging between my legs. Parrish’s eyes follow the swinging of my tail.

“So, you want to know what it means to be a hellhound,” I state, bring his attention back to my face. I smile at him.

“Yeah,” he says, “This is so weird. I still think this a dream.”

“I know that feeling,” Scott says, drawing the hellhound’s attention to him, “When I was bitten I didn’t know what was happening. It was Stiles that figured it out and helped me.”

“And taking of help,” I say, “It might help if you get naked,” I flatly state.

“What?! Stiles I can’t…” he flusters, standing up.

“I’m not suggesting for sexy times,” I say, “We can work that out later, I mean during this it may be good to get you to try some powers out, and we don’t want you burning up another uniform, do we?”

“I… guess, but… what if your dad walks in and I’m naked, what’s he going to think?” Parrish panics.

“That you’re part of Stiles’s incubus harem,” Scott postulates.

“Scott,” I hiss at the alpha, “I said we’d talk about that later. I mean,” I look at Parrish, “It’s not like I don’t know some of your fantasies about me. I am an incubus after all.” Parrish blushes, “Now come on, get out of your uniform, before my dad does walk in on us.”

As Parrish strips, after a burst of my pheromones, I pull out the folder of printouts covering what I found on the internet, and run through the basics of what I know about hellhounds; specifically, what I know from the Logos about him. Enhanced Durability, Regenerative Healing, Enhanced
Hearing, Enhanced Smell, Night Vision, Enhanced Speed, Enhanced Stamina, and Enhanced Strength.

“Are you sure about that?” he asks as he stands there in all his naked glory.

“You remember when we fought in the parking lot at Archie’s place?” I ask him, “Think about how fast you were and how hard you hit me? Anyway, like me, hellhounds are vulnerable to salt and iron.”

“Salt and iron?” he asks.

“Yeah, those can break through your enhanced durability and cause actual damage that, even with your regenerative abilities, takes longer to heal,” I smile at him, “Welcome to the supernatural world.”

“What… what sort of monster am I?” he asks, and I can see my pheromones are more heavily affecting him, he sways a bit as he stands there.

“Hey, steady,” I take hold of his arm to support him, “Why don’t you just kneel here,” I guide him to his knees in front of me, and take a seat back on the couch. “And I told you, you’re not a monster, you’re a hellhound. A guardian and protector.”

“Guardian and protector of what?” his eyes look a little glassy, his head bowing as he kneels.

“Of the supernatural,” I recite what I memorised from the Logos, “Hellhounds are loyal, and answer only to the demons they serve; they cannot be swayed or bargained with.”

“But I don’t answer to a demon…”?

“But you want to, remember,” I tell him, “You’ve had fantasies of answering to one before you even knew what you were.”

“You,” he whispers; my tail strokes down and along his arm, and curls around his ass.

“Exactly,” I smile, my fingers carding through his hair, “And you can serve me and obey me in all the ways you want and need to; can’t you?”

“Sti… Sir,” his body lights with flame.

“Fuck, Stiles, what did you do to him?” Scott cries out.

“Scotty,” I hiss; concentrating on Parrish’s flames, trying to control them and ensure they don’t set anything on fire.

“Jordan,” I softly say, “Who do you answer to?”

“I… don’t…” he stammers

“Who do you answer to?” I press.

“You Sir,” he complies.

“That’s right,” I smile, “I’m the demon you answer to, and you obey me, and protect me and all those important to me. In return, I make sure all your needs are met.”

“Yes, Sir,” he says, leaning into my touch, and his cock rising in interest.
“You need to control your fire, my hellhound,” I tell him, “Concentrate on it, bring it into yourself.” The flames licking around his skin begin to recede, “That’s it, good boy,” I praise him as he slowly controls his fire, and the more I praise him, the more his cock stiffens, until it is flat against his abs.

Scott is still scowling in my direction.

“Now, hands behind your head,” I instruct him, his brings his hands to the back of his neck, and interlocks his fingers, “Good boy. Now you say kneeling there, while Scotty and I go have a private chat in the next room. I’ll be back in a moment, and we’ll finish discussing what you are.”

“Your hellhound, Sir,” he responds.

“Good boy.”

“Stiles, what the fuck did you do to him?” Scott hisses at me when we’re in the dining room.

“Well, apparently, I claimed him as my hellhound,” I reply, “He reacted to me more than I expected,” I confess; it was a lot easier than I expected to get him to submit.

“What?”

“In the Logos,” I flip open the device and show him the information on Hellhounds, “It makes them sound like they are a bit like a Kanima; in that they seek a Master. Only for a hellhound it’s not like a Master/slave relationship. It’s more of a Master/pet; they become like a guard dog-plus to the demon they serve.”

“Guard dog plus?” Scott parrots, his face creased in confusion.

“Like the demon’s guardian, plus they also serve the demon. How they serve depends on the demon.”

“And you’re a sex demon.”

“Yeah, but from what Parrish and Archie said yesterday, Parrish was always into Dom/sub play. He’s a switch, who hasn’t gotten to sub in a while; so, maybe he really needed to get into his sub headspace, and his hellhound side instincts kicked in.”

“So…”

“So, now I need to seal the bond…”

“Shouldn’t he have a say in that?” Scott protests.

“Hellhounds can be commanded by any demon,” I tell him, “Do you think any other demon would give him a choice, and do you really want some other demon using him against us?”

“Well, no…”

“So, isn’t it better that I seal the deal, and claim him? That way he has the protection of having a demon he answers to, and we have his protection.”

“I guess…” he sounds less than convinced.

“Besides, I’ve see his fantasies of what he wants me to do to him,” I smirk.
Jordan is still naked and kneeling on the living room floor, his hands held tightly at the back of his neck. My hands are fisted in his hair as I pound my cock down his throat; my tail wrapped around his hard cock slowly stroking another orgasm from him.

“Cum,” I command him as I unload into his mouth a second time; his release spraying over my tail.

“STILES!” my dad’s voice roars from the doorway; I pull my cock from Parrish’s throat and splatter some of my cum over his face. Scott scrambles from the floor where he was petting Castiel. So much for having a werewolf to listen out for the sheriff’s cruiser arriving in the driveway.

“Why is one of my Deputies kneeling naked on my living room floor with you… doing what you’re doing?!” my dad growls out from behind his clenched teeth. Jordan appears to take his stance and tone as threat, before my dad has even finished asking the question my hellhound’s eyes are burning orange, he’s snarling through his fangs, and his flames are reignited.

“What have you done to my deputy?” my dad asks, his voice accusatory and mixed with shock. It makes Parrish frown, and I think the situation is rousing him from subspace. “And for the love of God, can you cover yourselves up?!” he shouts, turning from us, running his hand up through his hair and down over his face; I can smell the anger, confusion, and worry roiling off him.

“Hellfire off,” I sharply command Parrish as I roughly grab him by the hair, his flames no-longer feel hot to my touch, and I pull his head back, “My dad is not a threat.” The mix of pain and dominance pushing him back into his subspace. His flames and fangs recede, and his eyes return to their human colour. “Scott, take Jordan up to the bathroom to clean up.”

As Parrish follows Scott upstairs, followed by Castiel, I tuck myself back in my pants and decide how to respond to my dad.

“I really didn’t intend for you to see that,” I say.

“What am I supposed to do?” my dad asks, “It’s not like I can un-see it.” He wipes his face with the palm of his hand, again, “When you told me about… how you’ve changed and… everything, I thought you meant with werewolves, from school, that were the same age as you. Parrish is twenty-four, he’s….”

“Seven years older,” I say, “Well, less really; as I’m eighteen in five months…”

“What Parrish did is a felony. It’s statutory rape. I should arrest him and…”

“He didn’t do anything,” I defend him, “I did. I’m the incubus. He’s just the poor hellhound that ran into a demon…”

“What does that even mean? You’re my son, you’re supposed to be human, you were human. It’s like the there’s this whole other world that’s taken my son away and replaced him with someone I don’t even recognise…”

“I’m still me, dad,” his words hurt and I can’t keep the pain from my voice as I try to explain to him, “I’m just, well, I always had magic apparently, but…”

“But you’re a demon.”

“Yeah. Mostly.”
So, I explain about hellhounds, and their relationship with demons, and how as I’m, mostly, a demon, Jordan’s hellhound is instinctively submissive to me.

“I didn’t think when you said more than one, you were including my deputy,” my dad finally says. He’s slumped in his chair. “I didn’t even know he wasn’t human…”

“To be fair, neither did he until yesterday,” I say, “When I set him on fire to prove he…”

“You what?!”

“Well, I knew he was a hellhound, and he didn’t believe the supernatural was real, so I had to do something… and I didn’t know about the whole demon Master hellhound pet thing at that point…”

“Stiles,” my dad breaks my train of thought, “What kind of supernatural is Mr Andrews?”

“Archie is human,” I reply.

“So, you’re not… feeding off him?”

“I…”

“I thought so,” he holds his head in his hands, “Jesus Christ, kiddo, I can’t…” he stands from his chair and walks towards the dining room.

“Dad?” I take a step towards him, he holds his hand up, palm facing me, telling me to stop where I am; to not move any closer. “Can’t what, dad?”

“You’re seventeen. You should be worrying about your grades and what college you’ll get into; not… You’re a minor. I shouldn’t be worrying about walking in on you having sex with men that are ten years older than you, and Archie Andrews is ten years older than you. My deputy, that I have seen more of than I wanted to, I should fire and charge with felony…”

“But you won’t,” I state.

“I…” he strides to the front door, “I’m going to get something to eat, when I get back, you better be the only one here…”

“Scott and Isaac…”

“Have their own beds at Melissa’s house.” He picks up the keys to his cruiser and the door slams closed behind him. As the sound of the engine starts, Scott, Isaac, and Jordan come down the stairs.

“Am I going to lose my job?” Jordan stands at the end of the couch looking lost, “Am I going to jail?”

“No,” Scott says, “Stiles’s dad will calm down; he’s just in shock.”

“Don’t worry.” I tell him, pulling him into a hug, he hugs back, breathing in my scent, “Everything will be fine in the morning. But, right now. I need you to get dressed, and I want you to spend the night with Archie; he can look after you like you did for him.”
“I can look after myself,” he says, I pull back and look him in the eye, “But I’ll go to Archie’s.”

“Good. I’m texting him to expect you, and telling him I want picture confirmation that you get there safely. Also, this is the stuff I printed out about hellhounds; the green highlighted bits are what I think are real and apply to you,” I tell him handing him a couple of dozen A4 sheets with paragraphs marked in green highlighter.

With Jordan on his way, I turn to Scott and Isaac.

“Your dad just needs time,” Scott tries to convince himself.

“The whole point of me telling him that I am an Incubus was so I didn’t have to keep lying to him,” I say, “He wasn’t this weirded out by werewolves; once he accepted they were real. I didn’t think he would take me not being human anymore so hard.”

“To be fair,” Isaac says, “It sounds more like your dad has an issue with you having sex with older men, and not with Scott and me.”

“Or at least, pack that are our age,” Scott adds.

“Scotty, you and Isaac are the only pack our age,” I remind him, “Danny is hundreds of years old; Aiden and Ethan may be pretending to be our age, but like Derek they are in their twenties. So, most of the guys I’m having sex with are in their twenties. And if I don’t…”

“You die,” Isaac softly voices.

“Or worse,” I tell them, “I lose control and can’t stop myself forcing someone to have sex with me, and I feed off them to the point where I kill them.”

“What are you gonna do?” Scott asks.

“I have to make him see reason,” and the three of us know I mean using the Logos.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦#$

“So, the FBI agents kept me busy yesterday; I didn’t get to see you at all as you were in bed by the time I got home,” my dad says next morning over breakfast. I must look confused, given that isn’t happened and I didn’t change his memories with the Logos, as he continues, “God only knows what I might have walked in on otherwise.” So, he plans to ignore what happened.

I programmed the Logos to have him able to reconcile that I am still me, even if I am more demon than human, and that as an incubus I need to feed of other peoples’ sexual pleasure. I just didn’t specify how he’d reconcile and accept it.

“Yeah, the pack was all here, and we spent the day chilling out,” I say.

“Good, good,” he says, before continuing, “Because the last thing I want to do is catch my son involved in anything illegal, with anyone. So, absolutely nothing that I would have to arrest anyone for is to happen under my roof. Understand?”

“Absolutely,” I hug him, “And don’t worry, I will not get caught doing anything illegal.”
“Couldn’t you have just left it at ‘absolutely’?” he groans.


“Love you too, kiddo,” he holds me tight, “I just need time to get used to… the changes.”

On the way to Derek’s I call Parrish. I give him the address for Derek’s loft and tell him to meet me there, and to bring Archie. When I arrive, I see Scott’s bike and Danny’s SUV are already parked. Getting Castiel out the back of the car, I conclude that Archie’s Mustang GT is no longer suitable to my needs. I need something less sporty, something similar to the vehicle that Danny drives, to transport the dogs; hopefully the insurance money from the jeep will come through soon.

Walking into the loft, the pack are all present.

“Grrowff, rrowff,” Castiel growls at the sight of Scott and Liam rolling around on floor with the other dogs and immediately sets himself between Scott and the Leonberger Scott’s petting.

“What happened?” Isaac asks, “With your dad?” All the pack turn, waiting on my answer.

“I’ll explain once Parrish and Archie get here,” I tell them. There’s surprise among the werewolves that I’ve invited them to a pack meeting, but I explain that what we’ll be talking about affects them too; and remind them that Danny and I aren’t werewolves either, but we are pack.

When Parrish and Archie arrive, Parrish looks pale; his eyes dull and surrounded by dark lines and patches.

“He hasn’t slept well, Master,” Archie says, “He was worrying, about what might be happening to you, if…”

“Everything is fine,” I say, grasping Parrish by the back of the neck, “My dad isn’t arresting you, you aren’t going to be fired, and he’s trying to get his head around the fact that I’m not human. I just have to ensure that he doesn’t know, well, obviously he’s gonna know I’m having sex, but he doesn’t want to know I’m having sex; plausible deniability.” I see some confused faces among the pack, so I tell them about the conversation I had with my dad that morning.

“So, as long as your dad doesn’t ‘know’,” he makes air-quotes, “You’re having sex, he doesn’t mind?” Scott furrows his brow as he asks.

“I wouldn’t say he doesn’t mind, so much as grudgingly accepts that I need to have sex to live,” I correct him, “A fact that he is finding difficult to accept, at least for the next five months until I’m eighteen.”

“So…” Scott bites his lip, “What does that mean exactly, for like sleepovers and stuff?”

“And by ‘sleepovers and stuff’ you mean awesome sexy-times at Casa-Stilinski,” I translate, “It means, no fucking except inside my bedroom with the door firmly shut and the curtains closed; and even then, only when my dad is not home.”

“Do you think he heard us yesterday morning?” Aiden asks, “When you were fucking me with your tail, and riding Derek’s cock, before covering us in your…”

“No, he had already left for work,” I state, “Now, it’s about time introductions were made. Jordan Parrish and Archie Andrews,” I indicate each as I say their name, “This is the werewolf pack; Scott is the alpha, Derek is a beta and his second, Isaac, Aiden, and Ethan are also his betas. Danny like me isn’t a werewolf…”
“I’m complicated,” smiles Danny, “But basically, I’m a guardian spirit.” Which is as much as even I know about him.

“You’re like Stiles,” Parrish says, “But not an incubus.”

“What?!” I splutter, looking between Parrish and Danny.

“I… I don’t know how, but I just know he’s a demon, but different to you,” Parrish explains. I focus my attention on Danny, and slowly I feel it; and then I see his eyes fill with black.

“You’re a fucking demon!” I exclaim, “Your eyes a black.”

“So are yours,” Danny retorts, “And I never said I wasn’t. The werewolves would have known if I lied about what I am, and everything I said was true. I’m a spirit…”

“Demon,” I add, “And what do you mean my eyes are black?”

“I mean your eyes look like mine do right now,” I’ll need to check the Logos later, my eyes didn’t change colour before, “And, as I was saying, I’m a spirit and a guardian of the supernatural from the mundane world,” Danny finishes.

“And…?” I push for more details.

“When my attempt to protect my people failed, I gave myself the purpose of protecting the supernatural world. As part of that I made some changes to what I was; I was a spirit, so like you did,” he nods in my direction before addressing the pack again, “I merged some other elements into my DNA. That resulted in me becoming Spirit Demon, but, as I had magic, I also included elements of Nether Demon. The physical form I walk around in is a construct of what I used to look like. As a spirit I have no physical form, and I’m not bound to any single form; I just happen to like this one.”

“What’s not to like,” I say without thinking, Derek and both twins growl; I ignore them and continue, “So, your magic covers what exactly?”

“It’s mostly minor stuff; except for the rituals, like the one I used to change your Emotional Vampirism – so that you didn’t feed of strife, chaos, and pain – and the technomancy.”

“Technomancy,” it suddenly occurs to me, “That’s how you have those amazing hacker skills, and how you are setting up the protection around the pack’s porn web site.”

“Porn web site?” Parrish balks.

~####################~

“Yes,” I say, “Scott decided that the pack would make porn videos for a web site, so that the pack would have some money to pay for things like college, and Danny is setting up the site to ensure that the pack is protected.”

“Both through magic and regular firewalls,” Danny starts explaining, “I’ve built and configured the content and application servers and their mirrors…”

“Huh?” almost everyone is lost.

“I just need to know where you want the hardware installed,” Danny continues, “You need a room that I can have a dedicated 1Gbps line installed to…”
“Wouldn’t you just be using one of those web hosting services?” I ask, only for Danny to look aghast at the suggestion.

“No, not for the level of protection your site needs,” Danny says, “Do you think Ash used a web hosting service? No, to protect Dean and Sam he would have set things up on his own servers and…”

“I thought you stuck to reading vanilla Wincest and Destiel,” I counter.

“I do, but I looked for the story you got the idea for the web site from, just to see if it mentioned how they would set up the service; it didn’t, so, I improvised,” he states, “But, to set up the non-technology protection I need to know where the hardware is going to be permanently set up and connected, then I can perform the ritual to add the magical protection, in addition to the software programs that will screen and check every hit before they get to the content; and bounce the ones we don’t want getting access.”

“Okay…” I say.

“I was thinking of rebuilding the house,” Derek says, “For the pack to use, we could have a room there for Danny to set up the computer…”

“But it will take months to get the planning permissions, the site cleared, the plans drawn up, the…” Scott whines.

“You leave that to Derek and me,” I tell him.

“The next thing is we will need to have new videos to update on the site on a regular basis. For the site going live we’re gonna want to have maybe a solo of each ‘model’, and then a couple of each category; so, Aiden and Ethan incest, maybe one of Scott and one of Aiden in the bestiality ones…”

“And one each of Archie and Parrish in the BDSM ones,” I add.

“What?” Parrish exclaims, his eyebrows imitating Derek’s as they search for his hairline, “You want me to make porn? I’d lose my job if…”

“You won’t lose your job,” I try to calm him, “The server is going to be more secure than the CIA or Pentagon’s. And you will either be topping Archie, or submitting to me. Everyone involved in making videos for the site will be safe.”

“With you we have a problem,” Danny says indicating me, “We will have to carefully shoot scenes with you, so that your tail, horns, and ears aren’t in the shot.”

“And the supernaturals will need to have contacts to make sure there is no glare from their eyes,” I remind them all.

“When does this underage porn business start?” Parrish asks, not sounding happy.

“Of those involved in the porn videos, only Scott and I are underage,” I states, “And only for a few months.”

“Bestiality and incest are still illegal,” he continues.

“In this state,” I counter, “But that’s why Danny oversees securing and protecting the site.”
“Aren’t I going to make any videos for the site?” Liam asks.

“You’re fifteen,” I state.

“That’s not fair,” he cries, “I’d be old enough if this was Germany, or Iceland, or…”

“But it’s not,” I interrupt, wondering why he’s so aware of the age of consent laws in other countries, “In any state, the youngest age of consent is sixteen…”

“But I’m sixteen in a couple of months. I could make videos with the dogs, like Scott will, and I could make videos with Scott,” he pleads, “I should be able to help the pack make money.”

“He should be allowed to,” Scott intervenes on Liam’s behalf, making the young wolf smile, “Once he’s sixteen.”

“We can discuss it again,” I concede, “Once you’re sixteen, but the legal age for being allowed to make adult films is eighteen. I checked.”

“But you and Scott aren’t eighteen,” Liam retorts.

“But we’re a lot closer to it than you are,” I respond, “Now, time is ticking, and we want to try and film two short videos today. Both have a couple of set up scenes, and then the main event. So, let’s get started.”

“Who’s in these videos?” Parrish asks.

“One of them is Ethan, Aiden, and me,” I state, “The other is Derek, Scott, and Castiel.”

“Rrowff,” Castiel confirms; his tail wagging happily.

“But you and Archie can help Danny with the equipment and videoing,” I smile at him.

~####################~

Several hours later, everyone is sitting around Derek’s living room eating pizza; except Scott who’s lazing on the floor eating pizza, naked, with Castiel curled up beside him. Aiden and Ethan are also both naked. I’m the only ‘performer’ that actually bothered to get dressed after the shooting of the videos finished. Aiden is sitting on the floor beside me, Archie is beside him; and Ethan is sitting between Danny’s legs while Danny works his magic, probably literally, editing the videos into something for the web site. I’m sure from the way that Archie keeps biting at his bottom lip and frowning he has a question on his mind.

“What’s up slave?” his head jerks up in my direction, and he quickly chews on the bite of pizza in his mouth.

“Master?”

“Something is bothering you,” I say, “And don’t lie, I can tell, as can all the werewolves, and Parrish once he gets the hang of his abilities. So, what’s on your mind?”

“I… I was just wondering if I’d be allowed to cum when making the videos, or if you would keep me locked in the cock cage,” he blushes as he asks.

“Sometimes,” I reply.
“It’s a rough cut,” Danny says as I look across at his laptop screen, “I still need to clean up the sound and work on some of the transitions; I have apps on my computer at home for that.

Ethan is kneeling in front of a door, his phone in hand as he videos what is happening inside the room; we can hear gasps and ‘yeah, take it bitch’, ‘please, harder Sir’ from the other side of the door. Ethan smirks as the scene fades to black.

The scene opens with Ethan in a bedroom, sitting at a laptop; he has a video paused, ready to play. His twin enters the room.

“So, what’s so important I had to see it now?” he asks, “You know I need to study to pass this exam, or dad’s going to tan my ass.”

“I know, that’s why he got you that tutor,” Ethan says, “I just don’t think that dad realised he was teaching you sex-ed.” He starts the video playing.

We see Aiden bending over the end of a bed, the camera pans down his back to the large thick cock sliding in and out of his ass.

“Yeah, take it bitch,” the voice says.

“Please, harder Sir,” Aiden gasps, the cock fucking him relentlessly, the sound of slap, slap, slap of skin on skin as the man slams against Aiden’s ass with every thrust before pulling out and shooting over Aiden’s gaping hole; his cum running down over his taint and dripping onto the bed below.

Aiden rushes to the computer, but Ethan closes over the screen and quickly stands in front of the desk, blocking his brother’s chance of grabbing it.

“Don’t be stupid, Max,” Ethan says, “It’s not the only copy.”

“Charlie, please, you can’t… if dad saw that he’d…”

“Well, he’d make sure ‘Sir’, sorry, I mean Mr O’Brien, was charged with statutory rape, so, he’d lose his job, and,” Ethan smirks, “And then, more than likely you’d have the choice of living on the streets or going to that ‘special’ camp.”

“Charlie, please, you can’t,” Aiden pleads.

“Max, don’t worry,” Ethan’s smile is predatory, “Dad won’t see the video, if you just do something for me.”

“What do you want?”

“For starters, get naked,” Ethan grins, “Then get on your knees.”

“Charlie?!” Aiden looks shocked, “You can’t…”

“Do it!”

At Ethan’s sharp command, Aiden quickly strips, faltering only when he gets to his boxer shorts.
“I said naked,” Ethan reminds him. Aiden pushes them down, and stepping out of them he kicks them beside the rest of his clothes before falling to his knees.

“Now, brother,” Ethan steps towards him, pulling down the zipper on his jeans, “Let’s put your mouth to good use, and watch the teeth.” He pulls his hard cock out of his fly and thrusts it towards Aiden’s mouth. Aiden opens his mouth, Ethan’s cock sliding inside.

Ethan’s fingers tangle in his brother’s hair as he thrusts his hips back and forth, fucking Aiden’s face.

“O’Brien taught you well, big brother,” Ethan gasps between thrusts, “You suck cock like a pro.” His thrusts become faster, and drool slides down Aiden’s chin. Ethan looks down and sees Aiden’s hand wrapped around his own hard cock, sliding along his length.

“Enjoying having your brother’s cock in your mouth bitch?” he teases Aiden, pushing him backward, causing him to sprawl on his back on the floor, “On the bed, on your hands and knees; I plan to finish in your well used hole.”

Aiden scrambles onto all fours on the bed. Ethan walks up behind him, with an uncapped bottle of lube in hand. Pouring some over the crack of Aiden’s ass, he slides his fingers up, gathering the viscous liquid, and pushes at the puckered opening. His fingers slide in.

“O’Brien’s piece of meat has loosened you up,” Ethan comments, “Just how long has he been fucking you?” Aiden doesn’t answer, merely ducks his head as if trying to hide. “What is it Max? Not able to think while your hole gets played with?”

Aiden whimpers as Ethan thrusts four fingers into him, before pulling them out and shoving the length of his hard cock in to the hilt.

The scene fades, returning to Aiden on his back on the bed, his legs thrown over Ethan’s shoulders. Ethan is now naked and thrusting into his brother while he jacks Aiden’s cock, rubbing his thumb over the sensitive head with each upward stroke. He pulls completely out and slams back into Aiden’s ass again and again; Aiden cries out with each punishing thrust into his gaping hole, and shoots his load over both his brother and himself.

Ethan let’s go of Aiden’s cock and grabbing hold of his legs begins to jackhammer into his ass, chasing his own release. As he nears his climax he pulls out of Aiden’s ass and furiously fists his cock to completion, spraying his cum over his brother before collapsing on the bed beside him.

Looking down on the brothers, lying side by side, Aiden turns to look at Ethan.

“So,” Aiden tentatively says, “You won’t let dad see that video of me and Dylan?”

Ethan turns to smirk at his brother.

“No,” he says, “As long as that mouth and ass are available whenever I want.”

The screen fades to black.

“Not bad,” I say.

“Yeah,” Aiden leans his head back to smirk at me, “That’s why – after fucking me earlier, twice so that the camera angles were right – you’re hard in your pants.”

“Says the man with his hard-on on display,” I quip.
“What can I say,” he smirks, “Seeing you fuck me on screen reminds me how good it felt.”

“Any way,” Danny interrupts, “I can have the finished version ready tomorrow, and I can shoot the ‘Max’ and ‘Charlie’ solos during the week. Do you want to see the Scott and Castiel rough cut?”

“Yeah,” shouts Scott, as Castiel barks, ‘Rrwoff,” in agreement.

~########################################~

Scott is standing against the corner of a building, at the entrance to an alleyway, one leg lifted and his foot against the wall at knee height, and his arms crossed over his chest. He’s wearing low-ride, skin-tight denim jeans and a white sleeveless open neck shirt that stops above his belly-button; the treasure trail of hair from his belly-button disappearing into his jeans.

He spots a man, Derek, watching him from across the road; not much older than Scott is, his beard short and scruffy. He’s wearing a grey Henley, dark pants, and black hiking boots.

Scott unfold his arms and smiles invitingly to the guy. Derek crosses the road and walks up to him.

“Hey,” Scott smiles as he greets him, “I’ve seen you around here a few times; you’ve never come over to talk to me before. Looking for some fun?”

“Depends,” Derek says, “What will it cost me?”

“Straight to the point,” Scott grins at him, “How much fun are you looking to have?”

“One whole day,” Derek replies.

“Two fifty an hour,” Scott replies, a look on his face suggesting he’s asking for more than he normally makes.

“How about we call it three thousand and I throw in meals, a hot shower, and a warm comfortable bed for the night,” Derek counters. Scott is clearly considering it, from the stains on his clothes that we now get to notice, and the dirt under his nails, it’s clear he’s been sleeping rough for a while, maybe hasn’t had a decent meal either. “I swear, I’m not going to hurt you.”

“Not even a little spanking?” Scott jests flirtingly.

“Maybe a little,” Derek smiles back, his smile completely disarming Scott, “My cars around the corner.”

“I’m Martin,” Derek says as they start to walk towards a black Camaro.

“Tyler,” Scott says as the scene fades to black.

“Hey, dude,” Scott says coming out of a bathroom, a short towel wrapped around his waist, barely covering his ass, and his hair damp, “Where’s my clothes?”

“I put them in the washer,” Derek says, walking in shot from the other side of the camera; he’s still wearing the same clothes as before, “And don’t call me dude; it’s Martin.”

“Sorry,” Scott apologies, “I just…”

“It’s fine, come on, I made us some food.”

“Am I to eat just wearing this?” Scott indicates the towel.
“It’ll make getting to what follows easier; won’t it, Tyler?” Derek smiles at him, before turning and leading the way back along the corridor.

“I guess,” Scott smiles back as he follows him.

The scene fades to black.

They are sitting side by side at a table, clearly having finished eating from the empty plates in front of them; each drinking and leaving their bottle empty.

“I’m not used to drinking,” Scott slurs.

“I can tell,” Derek grins at him, “You’ve only had the one.”

“Man, I’m so…” Scott slumps against Derek, who catches the bottle in his hand before it falls, and wraps an arm around him, holding him steady.

“Tyler?” Derek’s expression changes when there is no reply; moving from the benevolent smile to something far more predatory.

He picks up the unconscious boy and removes the towel, leaving him naked, lowering him gently to the floor. He then removes the plates and bottles from the table, emptying Tyler’s unfinished beer down the drain and rinsing out the bottle carefully. We see a small brown bottle, on a shelf by the sink, marked ‘Laudanum’. Derek turns and, looking through the doorway, wolfishly smiles down at the still sleeping naked boy.

The scene fades to black.

Scott shakes his head, waking to find himself looking down at the grey concrete floor. His hands are locked in leather paw mitts, and chained to the legs of the bench he’s lying on. The bench is covered in leather, and his chest is lying on the bench. Looking over his shoulder he sees his ass is raised slightly above his shoulders from the incline of the bench. His feet are on the concrete floor and his ankles are chained to the legs at the other end of the bench. However, his cock and balls are hanging free as the leather covered bench he’s lying on goes no further than his midriff; and the height of the bench puts him in a sort of crouched position, with his elbows and knees bent.

“So, Ty, you’re awake,” Derek says entering the windowless room.

“Dude, what the fuck?!” Scott starts to say only to feel a stinging electrical jolt zap his neck.

“I told you before, don’t call me that,” Derek says, “But that’s what the shock collar is for, to help you learn while I train you.”

“Train me?! Aargh,” Scott is shocked again.

Derek walks behind him and lifts a jar, half-filled with what looks like off-white cream, from inside a cabinet. Opening the jar, he takes some of the white, oily, semi-solid substance on two of his fingers and presses them against Scott’s asshole, pushing the white cream into him he works his fingers back and forth as he coats Scott’s inner walls with the stuff.

“Nnggh,” Scott grunts as he tries to stop himself pushing back on the fingers.

“See, I knew you’d make a good bitch,” Derek smiles, palming Scott’s half-hard dick in his hand, sliding his hand along the length, “Your clit’s getting hard just thinking about getting your boi-pussy fucking.”
“You didn’t have to drug me for that,” Scott complains, only to be zapped again.

“Good bitches don’t talk back to their handlers,” Derek says, “Now, you wait here while I go get your stud for today.” His words make Scott frown, wondering what he means by ‘get your stud’, and ‘for today’.

One of his questions is soon answered as he hears the click-click-click of claws on the floor and Derek comes back into the room with Castiel.

“No, no, no. Martin, please, you can’t be serious… aargh, fuck! Aargh,” Scott shouts and screams as he’s again shocked through the collar for his pleading.

“I told you Ty, you need to be a good bitch,” Derek says. Castiel whines, and Derek adds, “See, you’re upsetting Misha; isn’t he Misha?” Derek asks looking at the dog.

“Rrwoff,” Castiel barks in agreement.

“Now, I’ll leave you two to get acquainted,” Derek smirks at Scott, “And don’t worry bitch, he’ll soon be taking care of your empty hole.”

Derek turns and leaves the room. Scott pulls at the chains uselessly, they hold him firmly in position. We see the dog sniffing at his ass, before it’s tongue licks along his taint and flicks at his hole. The licking becomes more insistent, and we clearly see the dog’s excitement rise with eagerness, the tip of its red cock peeking out from the sheath; just as we see Scott’s cock rise and point towards the end of the bench he’s chained to.

“No, no, this can’t be happening,” Scott wails as the dog jumps on his back, his front legs, gripping him tightly as he thrusts trying to find his entrance. The dog’s cock slides into his ass, and he begins to rapidly fuck the bound boy. Scott’s cock remains rigid as the dog jackhammers into him. The screen is filled with the close-up from underneath, showing Scott’s hole stretched around the dog cock fucking him, and Scott’s balls pulling up tight as the dog’s knot tugs at him with every thrust in and out. As the dog ties to him Scott shoots his load over the end of the bench and it puddles on the floor beneath him.

Castiel fucks Scott two more times, and Scott paints the side of the bench each time the dog’s knot fills his ass. We hear him moaning in pleasure as the dog thrusts into him and shout ‘fuck yeah’ when he’s being knotted the final time.

He’s left sweating and exhausted as the scene fades to black.

“See, I knew you’d take to being a bitch,” Derek says as he clips a leash to the collar around Scott’s neck. As he releases the lock chaining the ankle cuffs to the bench he continues, “There’s still a lot of training ahead…”

“Martin, why… aargh,” Scott bites back the rest of the question as the collar shocks him again.

“See,” Derek says, “Still training required, but I think from what we all just watched,” he points to cameras around the room, Scott’s eyes widen as he notices them, “Even you can’t deny how much you enjoyed your stud taking you thoroughly.”

When his wrists are finally unchained, Scott moves to stand only to stumble back down on to all fours as he’s shocked again.

“No, bitches stay on all fours,” Derek admonished him, “So their studs can take them when they want. Don’t worry, you’ll learn.” He leads him out of the room and along a corridor, the cement
scraping at his knees. Scott hears the barking of several dogs, and he pulls back against the leash.

“Don’t worry,” Derek turns to him and says, “They’re all locked up in their kennels, you’re not going to be bred again tonight.”

He’s taken through the door, then we see him being locked into his own ‘kennel’, a bowl of water against one wall, and a bowl with scraps of meat and potatoes in it. A large dog bed on a pallet on the floor; and against the opposite wall a trough with hole, above it a faucet with a lever tap.

“When you need to do your business, you can push the tap to flush it away,” Derek is telling him, “And I’ll clean you up every morning. I look after my dogs and their bitches, you can be sure of that. We’ll start your training properly tomorrow, and introduce you to one of your other studs,” he says closing over the metal bar door and locking it.

As he walks away, Scott wearily collapses on the dog bed, pulling his legs up to his chest; his eyes open and fearful.

The scene fades to black.

“Damn Scotty, you can act?!” I state once the video has ended, “That was great, I really thought you were scared there.”

“Really,” Scott preens under the praise, “You didn’t think I was too hammy?”

“No,” I tell him, “That was really good. You too Derek; you gave me goose bumps with how sinister you were when Scott was pretending to fall asleep.”

“I kinda liked the bench thing, and the doggy bed at the end, but I hated the shock collar,” he says.

“Do I have to be called Martin?” Derek asks, “And why can’t we pick our own porn names?”

“I’ve already set up the profile pages for the site,” Danny says, “I was gonna make you a Tyler too, but decided against having two models with the same name; and none of you get to pick your names for the same reason I didn’t let Stiles pick the names.”

“I had great names picked out for everyone,” I protest.

“We’re not giving them porn names where there named after their first pet and street they lived on,” Danny exclaims, “We’re going for names that sound real.”

“Are we all getting fake names for the site?” Parrish asks.

“Yes, with full backgrounds that will lead anyone that tries to trace you down a fake trail so that you’re better protected,” Danny tells him, “You’re Ryan, and Archie is James. We’ll do the solo scenes over the next week; I can easily record Charlie’s and Max’s scenes, but we’ll need to arrange time to tape Tyler, Martin, Ryan, and James’ solo scenes.”

The rest of the pack have left, and I’m alone with Derek in the loft; well, Castiel is here too.

“So, to have the house ready in time for Thanksgiving…” I start to say.
“How can we have the house ready in less than two weeks?” Derek interrupts. I hold up the Logos.

“Danny said I can change history with this, remember?” I state, “So, while doing something major would have repercussions we don’t want to risk, making changes so that you started the process of having the house rebuilt months ago is gonna solve our problems, right?”

“Sounds reasonable, but…” Derek agrees.

“So, let’s start,” I pull him down to sit on the couch beside me, “We’d want the building code inspection to be happening sometime in the next week; so, if we work back from that…”

“There’s finishing the flooring and the exteriors, the mechanical trims and bathroom fixtures, hard-surface flooring and countertops, interior trim, completion of drywall and interior textures, insulation, completion of plumbing, electrical and ductwork for heating, ventilation, and air-conditioning, there’s rough framing, preparation of the site and foundations, getting the permits to build, getting the architectural drawings for the layout of the house…” he rhymes off; telling me he knows more about building houses than I do, or thought he did.

“And out-buildings,” I add.

“Out-buildings?” Derek frowns at me.

“For the kennels,” I say, Castiel growls, “You know for the dogs, other than Castiel, and the layout of the house has to meet our needs. We’ll need a den for the pack to hang out in, as well as a formal living/reception room for when guests come over. And we’ll need a kitchen-diner, and a formal dining room. We’ll also need to make sure that only pack can get into the basement,” when the frown returns I explain, “Where we’ll set up the set rooms for the porn to be filmed, and we can have the dungeon in there for Archie and Jordan, and the server and computers for Danny to do whatever it is he needs to do.”

“Oh.”

“And we’ll need a nursery for Issy, a bedroom/kennel for Castiel, Scott and Liam,” Castiel barks his happiness at that, “And maybe three guest bedrooms, one of which would be for Danny and Ethan; and our bedroom should be next to the nursery.”

“Our bedroom?”

“Of course, where else are you, me, and Aiden gonna sleep,” I say, “And when I say sleep I mean after we’ve fucked each other’s brains out. I think the three guest rooms should be on the opposite side of the house to the nursery, kennel, and our room. And each room should have its own bathroom, and we can have a full bathroom in the basement; for cleaning up after shooting, and maybe have a bedroom down there for relaxing after a shoot.”

“You’ve given this a lot of thought,” Derek says.

“I always knew we’d need a pack house someday,” I look at him, “And, given Isaac’s, Scott’s and Liam’s dynamics, I figure their rooms should meet those needs. We need the space to do the videos for the web site, and we need a kennel big enough to allow for the pups when Scott and Liam start having them; that may be a few years away, but we might as well build it now.”

“Okay,” Derek agrees, “How do we start?”

“With us meeting with the architect,” I say, and start the changes on the Logos.
Once we’ve finished the house is near completion, with the cabling and internet connections for Danny’s servers; the house and security are fully automated on a separate connection from Danny’s for the web site. The over the top security and dedicated internet line are explained as being required for the Hale Stud Services business that will be run from the house; Derek’s business is also the official reason for the kennels and dogs.

The house is over three levels. The basement for the porn business. The first floor for living room, the kitchen and dining room, the pack’s den and kitchen diner. The second floor has a central lounge area and library/study, it then has the three guest bedrooms on one side of them, and on the other side is Derek, Aiden, and my bedroom with Isaac’s nursey and Scott and Liam’s kennel on either side of it.

The house is all but complete; the final building code inspection is due to take place in the next week.

“We’ve rebuilt my home,” Derek says.

“And you’ll live there with your new family,” I smile at him, “Hey, maybe we could have a pack Thanksgiving there?”

“Will your dad be okay with you doing that?”

“I’ll work on him,” I say, “To make sure he doesn’t shoot anybody; like Archie, or Jordan, or you. If I promise him lots of turkey and ham, and no tofu, he should be fine.”

Derek doesn’t look convinced, but hopeful.

∞

When I drive Castiel and myself home, there are two cars in the driveway. Walking into the house I find my dad sitting in his chair, with a very nervous looking Jordan on the couch.

“Jordan? I wasn’t expecting you here?” I say; keeping my voice neutral.

“No?” my dad asks, “Because my deputy here didn’t seem to be expecting me to arrive home when he was waiting outside for you.”

“Why?” I ask, and as my dad looks confused I assume my confusion must be self-evident.

“Honestly,” Jordan says, “I don’t know. I felt I needed to be here, well, where you were; I thought you’d be here and I came here. I don’t know why.”

I can tell he’s stressed out, and that isn’t the whole story; I guess he doesn’t want to talk about it in front of my dad.

“Why don’t you and I go to my room…”

“Stiles?!” my dad growls.

“Talk,” I emphasis, “About what is stressing you out; I’m guessing it’s hellhound related, and something to do with our connection.”
“Dinner will be ready in thirty minutes,” my dad says, “I made a pot roast, with actual meat.” It’s the closest thing to giving me consent to take Jordan to my room that he’s gonna give, and I ignore the snide comment about the ‘actual meat’. I drag Jordan up the stairs, and close my bedroom door behind us. Castiel stayed with my dad; probably hoping to get some of the pot roast.

~############################~

“So?” I say to Jordan, pulling him down to sit on the bed beside me. He looks a little uncomfortable being on my bed.

“I…” he looks around the room, and at the door.

“Come on, this should be easier,” I say, “My dad isn’t gonna walk in and see my dick down your throat,” he blushes at the reminder.

“How does this bond between us work exactly?” he asks, “You… claimed me, does that make me your slave? Like Archie is?”

“I know you have your submissive side, but do you feel as submissive as you’ve seen Archie is?” I ask.

“I… no,” he answers, “But, I feel an instinct to obey you, and protect you.”

“That’s why you were waiting?” I half-ask.

“I… something is coming,” he says, his face filled with confusion, “I don’t know what, and I don’t… I just know it’s dangerous.” The only thing I can think is that it’s Deucalion, and he’s coming for the Logos; which Jordan doesn’t know about.

“Oh, I say tentatively, “Well, this is Beacon Hills; we’ve had nothing but dangerous things coming here for the last few months; and Deaton did say that powering up the Nemeton would attract the supernatural here. So, I guess ‘something wicked this way comes’ is to be expected.” My words don’t seem to assuage the hellhound’s disquiet.

“Stiles,” he grumbles, “That doesn’t make me feel any less concerned. I’m supposed to protect you.”

“And we will protect each other, and the pack; from whatever is coming,” I tell him. He still looks unconvinced.

“Every instinct is telling me I need to stay with you,” he quietly says; we both know that isn’t possible.

“I have school, and you have work,” I say, “I don’t think my dad, your boss, would be happy with you bunking off.”

“No,” he all but whines. I need to find a compromise that will allow my hellhound to satisfy his instincts, and not alarm my dad.

“How about I talk to my dad,” I say, “Explain to him that you’re adjusting to your instincts to protect me, and ask him to let you sleep on the couch downstairs,” he growls at the distance separating him from me, and stops as he catches the sound coming from his throat, “He’s unlikely to accept you sleeping in my bed,” I say; making him blush, “You think that will help you get some control of your instincts?”
He nods, though I sense some uncertainty.

We head back downstairs.

“So, dad,” I say walking into the kitchen where he’s dishing up the dinner, Jordan is trailing behind me, “Jordan is having some issues controlling his instincts, you know with him being my hellhound and needing to protect me, so, any chance you’ll let him stay for dinner, and maybe say, let him sleep here tonight; just so he’s close enough to protect me from whatever monster might…”

“Set another place at the table,” he grumbles in reply, “And I better not hear anything that doesn’t sound like sleeping.”

“You won’t,” I promise him, and decide not to mention that I had thought Jordan would sleep on the couch; Jordan doesn’t mention it either.

Dinner is a bit awkward, until I steer the conversation onto the Walcott case, which gets both my dad and Jordan talking about how much the FBI aren’t helping solve anything and are being a pain in the ass and seem more concerned with a case out of state.

After dinner I walk Castiel, and Jordan reluctantly stays at home with my dad helping with the dishes. When I get home, we head to my room and he settles at the edge of my bed, still wearing his boxers and undershirt, trying to keep a distance between us.

I’m naked.

“You’ll end up falling out of the bed,” I tell him, “And I don’t need to feed; I already fucked Aiden twice today. You were there, you saw…” I get a flash of the thought that runs through his head, and I’m glad he’s turned away from me and doesn’t see the smile I have.

“You can come a little closer.”

He edges towards me, but keeps his body turned away; and a space between us. I fall asleep.

∞

In the morning I wake to find Jordan has an arm wrapped around my chest, a leg thrown over mine, and his head on my shoulder with his nose pressed against my neck; kinda like the wolves do. I can feel his morning wood pressing against my thigh through his boxers.

My tail slides beneath his undershirt and up his spine, his eyes blink awake, and he smiles at me before he wakes fully and realises where he is and the position we’re in, and that his hard-on is pressed against me. He jerks away from me and nearly falls out of bed; except that my tail wraps around him and stops him falling.

“You’re not the only one sporting morning wood you know,” I tell him, which only makes him blush; I can feel the heat radiating from him.

“I… I’m sorry,” he stammers.

“For what?” I snicker, “It’s not like you did anything wrong.”

“But…”

“My dad said he didn’t want to know…”
“And you said no sex when he was here,” Jordan reminds me, “And I… I’m still a deputy and you’re still seventeen; being an incubus doesn’t change that.”

“As a deputy it’s your duty to protect and serve,” I smirk at him, “And I know how you want to serve me.” He ducks his head, clearly ill at ease with my words reminding him of his own desires. I cup is his chin in my hand and raise his head to look at me, telling him, “There is nothing wrong with your fantasies.”

“What kind of lawman am I if I’m fantasising about committing statutory rape, and allowing statutory rape and bestiality to be committed,” he complains.

“There are mitigating factors regarding those,” I say, “They are internal to the pack, everyone involved is willing, and everyone involved, in the bestiality and underage, is not human. Scott is a werewolf, a canid, Casitel is a dog, a canid; it’s not really a human having sex with a dog, it’s two canids having sex,” I explain, “And as for underage, you heard Liam complaining that I wasn’t letting him make porn videos for the web site. It’s not like those of us who are underage are being forced to do this; well technically if I don’t I die or worse,” at his confused expression I quickly explain what worse is, “So, really, as my hellhound, and as part of the pack, you are protecting and serving the people of Beacon Hills by having sex with me; as well as protecting and serving me, and the pack.”

I see him mull over my words, and I lean in close to him; I can see he thinks I’m going to kiss his lips, and he’s preparing himself to allow me to, but I switch position at the last minute and bring my mouth close to his ear.

“If you’re worried about anyone recognising you in the videos, you can wear a mask if it makes you more comfortable,” I tell him, “But right now we need to get out of bed, get washed, get dressed, and get breakfast or you’ll be late for work, and I’ll be late for school.” I kiss his cheek as I dive out of bed and head to the bathroom.

~########################~

Breakfast is less strained than dinner was the night before. My dad seemingly having more acceptance of his deputy being my faithful hellhound; or being better at hiding his discomfort.

After walking Castiel I head to school; Jordan still looks worried that something is going to happen and he’s not going to be there to protect me, but I tell him that the pack will be there, and that I’ll text him when I get there.

I should be annoyed that he, and the rest of the pack, seem to think I need protecting; I’m an immortal Incubus with magic. Okay, so, maybe I had some trouble with Lydia and Allison, but really, that was just luck on their part that there was iron in the arrow that Allison shot me with. Otherwise I would have totally had that situation under control. And it will be now.

The pack is waiting for me when I arrive; including Liam.

“What do I do about Mason?” Liam word vomits as soon as I walk up to them.

“Tell him he can meet your pack after lacrosse practice,” I say, “Once the rest of the players have left the locker room. The rest of you okay with that?” I ask them.

“Yeah,” they nod their heads in agreement.

The rest of the school day goes by as normal; except there is no interest in the pack from Allison and Lydia.
“What did you do?” whispers Scott during lunch.

“I just made them less interested in any of us,” I say, “And made Allison realise that we’re not in breach of her code; we’re not harming or threatening anyone, so she doesn’t have to protect anyone from us. Or me.”

“I got a text from Derek,” Danny says, “That I can install the server in the rebuilt house. I take it was built with Logos help?”

“It was a safe use of the changing history ability. We just made it that Derek started the process of having the house built sooner; and it has rooms for each of the pack, a kennel for the dogs, a place for staging the videos, and a room for you to put the computers you need. It has the 1Gbps line you asked for too.”

“I’ll talk with Derek after school,” he says, “And arrange when I can set everything up.”

We head off to our afternoon classes.

~#################################

I convinced the coach to let the pack that are on the lacrosse team stay on the field for a few more practice shots while the rest of the team headed in to shower, change and head home. When we head into the locker room the last of the rest of the lacrosse team are leaving.

I use the logos to switch off the perception filter around me, before Mason shows up. Most of the pack are stripped to their underwear, getting ready to have a shower, when he does. There are clothes hanging on the pegs between the benches where I’m standing when he comes in; so, he doesn’t really see me. I walk around the other side of the benches, letting my wings out, and I’m standing behind him as he looks at the rest of the pack.

“This is all just mind-blowing,” he says as he looks around the rest of the pack, “All of you are werewolves? Like Liam?”

“Not all of us,” I say. He turns to face me, and the joyous excitement on his face changes to shock as he takes a step back from me and closer to the werewolves.

“You’re a… I don’t even know what you are,” he stumbles.

“I’m a demon,” I say, “Specifically, I’m an Incubus,” my tail flicks from side to side as I stretch my wings before folding them back into my body. His eyes settle on my tail, his brow furrowing.

“Is that… is that your cock?” he asks; his voice rising to a screech.

“No,” I growl at him, “That’s my tail.”

“But he can still fuck you with it,” Aiden snickers.

“I know someone who won’t be,” I warn Aiden.

“So,” Mason drawls as he turns back to the rest of the pack, “The rest of you are like Liam?”

“No,” Scott answers, “Isaac, Aiden, and Ethan are beta werewolves, like Liam, I’m the alpha,” he flashes his alpha eyes at him, “But only Liam is an alpha consort.”

“And him?” Mason nods towards Danny.
“He’s…” I start to say as Danny replies, “I’m a demon, like Stiles…”

“You’re an Incubus too?” Mason excitedly asks.

“No,” both Danny and I reply; me slightly more forcefully.

“No,” Danny repeats, “Stiles is a physical demon, I’m a spirit demon.”

“Who doesn’t let us know just what he’s capable of,” I whisper next to Mason’s ear, making him shiver slightly as he turns to face me, “I on the other hand, I’m all about sex,” I place a hand on his shoulder, “So, tell me Mason, just what do you truly desire?”

While everyone else is showered and dressed; Scott, Liam, and Mason are naked and still fucking on the shower room floor. Liam is on his back with his fingers teasing his clit, and Scott’s cock down his throat, while Mason’s cock is thrusting into his ass.

They’ve cum twice already. First time around Liam was standing, while Mason fucked him from behind and Scott ate out his pussy. Second time, Mason was eating out Liam, while Scott fucked Liam’s ass.

“Guys,” I call to them, “You wanna finish up in there? We need to get out of here before Coach comes back to lock up.” I hear them all coming again.

“Okay,” Liam calls back, as he and Scott jump under the showerheads to clean up.

“I just need a minute,” Mason gasps, out of breath, grinning as he lies down on the floor.

Chapter End Notes

Excerpts from Chapter-11 -- Of the Pack’s Porn Career

Arriving at the loft the pack turn to face me in an almost synchronised move; Derek, Aiden, and Jordan scowling the most.

“Jordan senses you’re in danger!” Derek, Aiden, and Scott simultaneously exclaim, while Jordan asks, “Who’s Deucalion?”

I look between all the yelling faces, my thoughts scrambling around for an answer. “What?!” Danny smirks at me, “You think they wouldn’t talk to each other? They were bound to talk about any threat to you.”

“You’re important to us,” Scott says, “We’re gonna make sure you’re safe…”

“I was trying not to give you anything more to worry about,” I blurt out.

Derek and Aiden both growl at me, while Scott and Isaac both give me sad puppy eyes. Liam, Ethan, and Archie don’t seem to know where to look. Danny is sitting in a chair, his laptop on his lap while he types away on the keyboard. Jordan is staring at me, his arms folded over his chest and his brow creased in a frown; I know he wants to say something but isn’t comfortable just saying it.

“Jordan, why don’t you just say what’s on your mind,” I tell him; his brow creases more as he purses his lips, then his eyes meet mine.

“I’m supposed to protect you,” Jordan calmly states, “How can I do that if you keep important information from me?”
Danny clicks on Scott’s solo.

The video starts with Scott sitting on the couch in his shirt and pants, smiling at the camera as his bare feet rub against the plush carpet underneath.

“So, Tyler, you seem happy and relaxed,” we hear Danny’s voice off camera.

“Sure,” Scott beams at the camera, “I’m getting paid for getting naked and jacking off; is there a better way to help save up money for college?”

“So, you’re in high school, a junior?” Danny asks, “What are you planning on studying when you go to college?”

“I wanna become a vet,” Scott smiles, “You know, treat sick animals and help them.”


“Who wouldn’t be?” Scott smirks, before adding with a wistful expression, “Animals are true to their instincts; if an animal likes you, it likes you. It’s not pretending. They are emotionally true.”

“You’re so sweet,” Scott ducks his head and blushes at the words, looking up at the camera. “Why don’t we get started,” Danny continues, “How about you stand and take your shirt off.”

Scott stands, slowly unbuttoning the shirt, and shucking it off his shoulders; he throws the shirt over to the nearby armchair and stands with his arms at his sides, looking slightly awkward. We can see the treasure trail of dark hair trailing down from his belly button and disappearing into the top of his cargo pants. The dusting of hair on forearms, and the black bands of his tattoo around his left bicep.
This chapter is unbeta'd and all mistakes are my own.

The week following Mason’s introduction to the pack was busy.

There was the sign off on the house after the building code inspection, and Isaac, Scott, and Liam getting to pick the wallpaper and paint colours for their bedrooms; and they were also getting some say in the furniture for them after I told them my ideas. Which left them all a little excited; Isaac about having a nursery, a space to be little, and Scott and Liam about having a kennel.

Derek and I were agreeing on the decorating and furnishing of the other rooms; at least there were very few of my suggestions that he outright vetoed. And while he complained that ‘the kitchen is gonna look like something out of Star Trek’ he still agreed to the appliances and worktops that I selected. I mean who wouldn’t want a fridge-freezer or oven that can connect to your wi-fi and be controlled from your phone. And okay, so the dishwasher, washing machine, kettle, and coffee machine are all connected too, but that’s all to the pack’s advantage; the coffee will be freshly brewed when we arrive. If everyone remembers to keep the pot cleaned out, and the water tank and coffee hopper filled.

Danny was overseeing the installation of the servers and the set-up of the internet connections. Officially they were to control the automated systems in the house, the security systems, and for running ‘Hale Stud Services’ from; not that a lot would be happening with ‘Hale Stud Services’. The contractors thought the systems were over spec’d for what was needed, but they were happy enough to be paid for the components and installation.

He kept nagging me to decide on a name for the website, so, in the cafeteria one lunchtime while the pack – excluding Derek, Jordan, and Archie, obviously – were sitting around the table eating I told him.

“Okay, the name for site should be Mischief Videos, and the link to get into the site should be worded ‘I solemnly swear that I am up to no good’, and to leave the site, ‘Mischief Managed’.”

“Are you really sure that’s what you want?” Danny frowns at me.

“JK will sue the fuck out of us!” Scott worriedly exclaims.

“The only way Rowling or her lawyers ever find the site will be if they pass the security checks,” Danny assures him, “In which case suing the pack will be the last thing they want.”

As none of the wolves has a better idea for the name of the site, Danny grumbling accepted my choice.
During the week he was also filming the sites stars’ solo scenes; Ethan (Charlie), Aiden (Max), Scott (Tyler), Derek (Martin), and Jordan (Ryan). I decided that Archie (James) wouldn’t get a solo scene; his first scene will be with Jordan.

Archie did get some good news towards the end of the week; he received a letter from the Sheriff’s Department offering him the job as a Maintenance Worker at the station. However, with my dad’s unease about my sex life, I had Archie move into to Jordan’s spare room; that way my slave and my hellhound are under one roof.

It will also give me a way to exercise greater control over Archie, and Jordan, than I could with Archie living with me under my dad’s roof; and eagle-eyed scrutiny. Archie moved into Jordan’s yesterday, and I’ve given Archie orders that when he’s in Jordan’s flat he is always to be naked, and to obey Jordan; except where that order would contradict any of mine. Jordan is under orders to ensure that every morning he gives Archie a spanking, thirty hard swats on each cheek, unless I have instructed him not to. They both seem happy enough with the arrangement, and my dad is happy that Archie won’t be moving into our spare room. My hellhound, however, still has this look that makes me think he’s about to run around like the robot shouting ‘Danger, Will Robinson!’; though more likely ‘Danger, Stiles Stilinski!’.

He wanted to tell my dad, and the pack, about his feeling of danger regarding me. I vetoed that telling him that until we had something more concrete to go on I didn’t want to worry anyone else. I didn’t tell him about ‘Hiram Abiff’s Tools’ or Deucalion; with the rest of the pack already concerned about that I didn’t want to add to Jordan’s worry or to add to the rest of the pack’s worries over my hellhound’s danger vibes.

But it’s the weekend, Saturday morning, and I need to get out of bed, shower, dress, maybe grab a pop-tart, feed Castiel and take him for a walk, and then head to Derek’s loft where the rest of the pack should be heading.

Danny is going to show us the draft Mischief Videos website, and the solo videos, before he sets it up on the servers at the pack house.

Arriving at the loft the pack turn to face me in an almost synchronised move; Derek, Aiden, and Jordan scowling the most.

“Jordan senses you’re in danger!” Derek, Aiden, and Scott simultaneously exclaim, while Jordan asks, “Who’s Deucalion?”

I look between all the yelling faces, my thoughts scrambling around for an answer.

“What?!” Danny smirks at me, “You think they wouldn’t talk to each other? They were bound to talk about any threat to you.”

“You’re important to us,” Scott says, “We’re gonna make sure you’re safe…”

“I was trying not to give you anything more to worry about,” I blurt out.

Derek and Aiden both growl at me, while Scott and Isaac both give me sad puppy eyes. Liam,
Ethan, and Archie don’t seem to know where to look. Danny is sitting in a chair, his laptop on his lap while he types away on the keyboard. Jordan is staring at me, his arms folded over his chest and his brow creased in a frown; I know he wants to say something but isn’t comfortable just saying it.

“Jordan, why don’t you just say what’s on your mind,” I tell him; his brow creases more as he purses his lips, then his eyes meet mine.

“I’m supposed to protect you,” Jordan calmly states, “How can I do that if you keep important information from me?”

“I didn’t think it was important,” I explain, “I know there is a possibility that Deucalion might be after the device that was in the box of jeep parts that came from Hiram Abiff’s Tools, but,” I continue, “As the werewolves all know that and as Deucalion is a werewolf, if he comes back to Beacon Hills they would most likely be able to pick up on his scent or something and warn us, so… I didn’t want to add to your worry by telling you about it, you already sensed there was some possible threat, and I didn’t want to tell the pack about you sensing a threat as they already knew about Deucalion.”

“Except, that if I had known about this I could have told you, and the pack, that Hiram Abiff’s Tools is the case the FBI Agents are talking about at the station,” he states.

“Oh,” I say when he pauses.

“They whisper a lot behind closed doors where they think no-one can hear them,” he continues, “So, I know there’s been other related deaths similar to Secord’s; made to look like fire was the cause of death, but the animal claw or teeth marks are out of place. They are trying to control the details of the other deaths that are released so they don’t appear connected.”

“Oh.”

“Six of the business’s customers, and their families, have been killed. All with a similar MO to Secord’s death. And the killer is heading west.”

“Heading west?” I repeat.

“Towards us,” Jordan clarifies, looking meaningfully at me as he adds, “The FBI have a list of the Secord’s customers.”

“A complete list?” I ask, exclaiming, “Oh,” when he nods.

“I heard them talk about how they gained a warrant to have a copy of the server backups for Hiram Abiff’s Tools from eBay,” he says, “They have a complete history of all the customers. The customer deaths appear to be in chronological order of the customers’ last transaction; in that the last five killed had bought something from Secord after the last time the first customer killed had.”

“Huh?” nearly everyone else emotes.

“They are assuming that since the last five customers to be killed all bought something after the first customer killed, the likely targets of the killer will all be someone who bought something after the first customer victim,” Danny explains; not that I needed it explained.

“So, am I a likely target?” I ask, “Am I on the FBI’s most wanted list?”

“Probably should be,” Derek snarks, and has the decency to look abashed when I scowl at him.
“I don’t know,” Jordan replies, “I haven’t heard them mention any names.”

“Seriously?” Danny quizzes when I turn and look at him.

“What?” I bluster, throwing my hands in the air.

“You want me to hack into the FBI’s files, search for the records of the case, and see if you are listed as a potential target of the killer,” Danny states.

“Well, now that you mention it, you would be the best placed demon in the room to do that,” I smile at him, then tease him, “That wouldn’t be difficult for you, would it?”

“I’ll have the info for you by Monday,” he says, “Now, are we reviewing the draft Mischief site?”

“Absolutely,” I confirm.

~####################~

Danny connects his laptop to the fifty-five-inch flat-screen that is now hanging on the loft’s wall, while we arrange ourselves on the couch and chairs.

I sit on the couch, Derek on one side of me and Jordan on the other, with Aiden and Archie sitting at our feet; Aiden between Derek and me, and Archie between Jordan and me.

Scott is on the two-seater with Isaac beside him, and Liam sitting at his feet.

Danny is on the chair, computer on his lap, and Ethan at his feet.

The website appears on the TV screen.

There’s a white border to a black screen. In the top left corner of the border, along the top to the centre of the page, and down the left side to half way is a black geometric design reminiscent of the art-deco style. This is repeated in red in the bottom right corner of the border.

In the centre top of the black page, in white lettering, is ‘Mischief Videos’; the font sticking with the art-deco style. Fluttering in the centre of the black screen is an unfurled white scroll and as if being hand-written on the scroll the words appear in black… ‘I solemnly swear that I am up to no good…’; followed by ‘Username’ and ‘Password’, each with a box under them and the cursor blinking in ‘Username’. Underneath the password box is the red button ‘Enter’.

Behind the scroll is a montage of blurry images hinting at what lies within; just barely visible flashes of naked skin, fur, and leather.

“I’ll add the links to register or preview later,” Danny says, “Preview will just get them stills, no video; they will need to register and pay for video.” He clicks on ‘Enter’ and the screen whites-out. The corner borders remain, and the white lettering screen title ‘Mischief Video’ turns to black; underneath this is now menu with the options ‘Models’, ‘Videos’, ‘Account’, and ‘Mischief Managed’.

“Manage Account will let them change username, password, and show them when their subscription runs out,” Danny states, “Manage Payments will be where they enter the credit card details they pay with, and they can then choose to pay for each individual scene they watch, sign up for a four-week subscription that will let them watch anything posted to the site for twenty-eight days, or sign up for a subscription that automatically renews every twenty-eight days; subject to the payment completing. They can also cancel the auto-renew on the subscription. Payment History shows them everything they have paid for. Delete Account is self-evident.”

“How much are we charging them?” Scott asks.

“I was thinking that we’d charge twenty-seven dollars ninety-nine for the four-week subscription,” I say, “And three dollars fifty-nine for each time they watch an individual scene, if they haven’t subscribed, and more for the Online Now webcam. Full videos, will depend on how many scenes. I think our videos will be between one and five; so, three fifty-nine, six ninety-nine, nine ninety-nine, twelve ninety-nine, and fifteen ninety-nine.”

“What’s to stop them downloading the videos and not coming back and having to pay to watch them again?” Liam asks.

“My security,” Danny says, “The videos will only be watchable from the website; if they try to download any video or still picture, the file they get will be corrupted and they will get a warning message ‘advising’ them not to do that again.”

“How often will we need to keep updating the site, or doing the Online Now?” Scott asks.

“To keep people registered and paying the subscriptions, I think you want at least two videos, with five or six scenes between them, a month, and On-line now, streaming for around two hours, every week,” Danny replies, “Otherwise it isn’t worth them paying the subscription rate.”

“Okay, let’s check out more of the site layout,” I say; Danny moves the cursor over ‘Mischief Managed’, the text box appears saying ‘Sign-Out’.

“Just so the members know what ‘Mischief Managed’ means,” Danny smiles at me.

“So, let’s see the models,” I smirk back at him; he clicks on the link, and page loads with a picture of each of them, their ‘name’ underneath their picture.

They appear in a grid; three by three. First is shirtless Derek, leaning against the wall and scowling at the camera; underneath is the name ‘Brewer, Martin’.

“I listed them surname first so that when listed alphabetically, the twins would be listed next to each other,” Danny explains before I even ask the question.

Derek is followed by Ethan (Carver, Charlie), and Aiden (Carver, Max). On the next row is Archie (Fitzgerald, James), Jordan (Kelley, Ryan), and then no picture (O’Brien, Dylan).

“There’s no picture of you,” Danny states, “Unless you just want me to use your thirteen-inch cock, it is all that will be seen of you anyway; at least for now.”

“Sure, later we can take a snap of me lying on Derek’s bed with my cock resting on my abs,” I enjoy the rise in arousal that surrounds me at my reply, “That way we can hide my tail and my horns won’t be in shot.”

The final row has just Scott (Posey, Tyler) on his own.
“How come there’s no Castiel?” Scott asks, with Castiel whining his agreement.

“I kept the pic of him beside the video cast list,” Danny says, “I didn’t think you’d want all the dogs listed as models…”

“Not all the dogs,” Scott says, “But Castiel should be, and maybe some of the others if we use them often.”

“Okay, now that’s agreed, how about we watch Scott… I mean Tyler’s solo?” I smile at Scott and Danny. Danny clicks on Scott’s picture and we’re taken to Tyler’s bio page.

It has the picture of him again, and then a list of stats:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age: 17</th>
<th>Waist: 30 inches</th>
<th>Height: 5ft 9 inches</th>
<th>Weight: 159lbs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eyes: Brown</td>
<td>Cock(cut): 6.5 inches</td>
<td>Hair: Black</td>
<td>Role: Versatile</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“You’re putting his real age?” I exclaim, sharply turning my attention from the screen to Danny, “I thought we were faking the model bios, like completely?

“We could,” Danny says, “But, given most of what the site will be streaming is illegal anyway, I thought keeping some real details will make it easier for them when they are live streaming to stay in character of their ‘model’ persona.”

“It’s still a no Liam,” I say cutting off the argument I saw coming from him.

“But…” he starts to push being allowed to take part in the porn; again.

“No.” I turn my attention back to the screen and the web site.

After Tyler’s stats there is a list of scenes that he’s in. Currently only two are listed; ‘Introducing Tyler’, and ‘Bitch Training Pt1’; under Bitch Training it lists, ‘Full Video’, ‘Scene-1’, and ‘Scene-2’. The length of the videos and prices to stream them are listed, and there are some stills from the scenes shown next to them. From Scott’s solo there is one of him sitting on a couch, in a shirt and pants, his feet bare; another of him sitting on the same couch, naked, his head thrown back and a hand wrapped around his hard cock. From his shoot with Derek and Castiel there is one of Scott dressed and standing against the wall; the other is part of the scene where he’s naked and strapped to the breeding bench, with Castiel on his back.

Scott’s Intro scene is twenty minutes long, the full Bitch Training video is forty-two minutes, the scenes are twenty and twenty-two minutes each.

Danny clicks on Scott’s solo.

~############################~

The video starts with Scott sitting on the couch in his shirt and pants, smiling at the camera as his bare feet rub against the plush carpet underneath.

“So, Tyler, you seem happy and relaxed,” we hear Danny’s voice off camera.
“Sure,” Scott beams at the camera, “I’m getting paid for getting naked and jacking off; is there a better way to help save up money for college?”

“So, you’re in high school, a junior?” Danny asks, Scott vigorously nods his agreement, “What are you planning on studying when you go to college?”

“I wanna become a vet,” Scott smiles, “You know, treat sick animals and help them.”


“Who wouldn’t be?” Scott smirks, before adding with a wistful expression, “Animals are true to their instincts; if an animal likes you, it likes you. It’s not pretending. They are emotionally true.”

“You’re so sweet,” Scott ducks his head and blushes at the words, looking up at the camera through his eyelashes with a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. “It’s not pretending. They are emotionally true.”

“Nice tattoo,” we hear Danny’s voice complement him. Scott lifts his arm and we see the D^b musical note.

“It’s a D flat, the first note of my favourite Blink182 song,” Scott smiles dropping his arm back down, “Dick Lips.”

“Hey, we saw some definition there, you wanna flex those biceps for us again,” Danny encourages; Scott flexes his muscles and grins at the camera. “Now, turn around, slowly, and let us get a good look at you.” Scott unhurriedly turns on the spot, keeping his arms flexed and his biceps showing off their definition.

“Now,” Danny says, and Scott turns back to face the camera again, “How about you drop those pants.

“You know I’m not wearing any underwear,” Scott flashes a smile to the camera.

“How about you drop those pants.

“Anxious to get naked and show us what you’ve got, huh,” Danny’s voice teases. Scott grins mischievously; his pants fall to the floor, revealing his hardening cock rising from the tamed bush of dark hair. He picks up his pants and throws them on top of his shirt.

“Turn around for us,” Danny commands. Scott turns on the spot, showing his round and firm ass. The camera pans down, showing us the hair covering his legs before travelling back up his body to his rising erection.

“Someone’s ready for some attention,” Danny comments.

“Always,” Scott smirks down the lens.

“Why don’t you get comfortable.”

Scott sit his naked butt down on the couch, spreading his legs slightly and his cock smacking against his abs. He reaches over and grabs a bottle of lube that’s appeared on a side table; flicks it
open and pours a copious amount over the length of his cock, from the base up over the crown.

“Hmm, cold,” he grins, “I should have warmed it up on my hands first,” and he pours some onto his right hand before closing the lid and dropping the bottle beside him. He rubs his hands together and slides his fingers down his hard flesh; smearing the lube into his skin, moaning as his fingers slide over the head of his cock.

His fingers close around his erection and glide down the firm flesh, his eyes flickering closed, his mouth falling open as his hand pumps up and down in long slow steady strokes.

With one hand sliding up and down his shaft, his other hand cups his balls; his fingers pressing against his taint. His eyes fall open, and he looks to something off camera before gasping, pressing firmly beneath his balls and thrusting up into his hand.

“Fuck,” he curses as he reigns in his enthusiasm, slowing his strokes as his other hand grasps around his balls and pulls them down. He moans; his eyes half-lidded as he bites at his bottom lip.

The camera zooms in to a close-up of his face, looking down on him from above. It pans down his body, travelling from his mouth down his chest to his abs, slick with precum and his fingers teasing around the crown, his thumb sliding over the slit before his fist slides down his length. With the focus on his cock, his hands sliding up and down the length, we hear his wanton moans as his hips jerk, thrusting up as more clear fluid leaks from opening. Tracking around his body, the camera pulls back and until we see his whole body; his toes curling into the carpet, his head thrown back as he shoots thick white ropes of semen over his abs, chest, and hitting his chin.

He draws his fingers through the cum coating his body; gathering some on his fingertips, he lifts his fingers to his lips and sucks them inside, licking them clean.

“Was it good for you?” he cheekily smirks at the camera.

“Very,” Danny answers for everyone.

The thick scent of arousal in the room is clear to all the supernaturals. I look across to Scott, and see Liam is now sitting in his lap. Scott has his hand inside Liam’s pants; Liam’s face is red, and his eyes glazed with lust, as Scott’s fingers slide against his crotch. It occurs to me that Liam hasn’t come back to me about me using the Logos to get his dick back; and from the way he’s clinging to Scott, maybe he’s decided not to.

“So, I trimmed Scott’s bush back; not to remove his pubic hair, just to tidy it up a bit,” Danny says, “I did that with all of them; except Aiden as his body hair is already shorn back to stubble, almost.”

“It’s how Stiles wants me,” Aiden grins at him.

“And we faked some of the scenes,” Danny continues, “It wasn’t really solo.”

“It couldn’t be,” Scott exclaims, “I can’t cum without a dog, or another werewolf, involved to get me off.”

“Which is why I shot around the fact that Liam was there, sucking your dick, or balls, or making out with you, or that you were eating out his pussy.”

“And why you’re playing with his clit now?” I ask.

“I think everyone is horny right now,” Scott counters as he glowers at me.
“True,” I smile, “And the video was hot.” Scott grins at the praise as Liam gasps and presses himself against his alpha as his orgasm shudders through him. Scott draws the beta tightly to him, kissing Liam’s forehead.

“So, who’s next?” I ask.

~###################################################################~

Ethan, Aiden, and Derek’s solo videos all follow a similar format; though in Aiden’s we see him fuck himself on a nine-inch dildo as he jacks himself to completion. Jordan’s is the only one that really surprises me.

“So, what made you decide to make a porn video Ryan?” Danny asks him.

“My Dom told me to,” Jordan replies, barely looking at the camera; his cheeks pink with embarrassment.

“Wait?!” I say, Danny pauses the video. Turning to Jordan I state, “I thought you were gonna wear a mask, you know, to protect your identity.”

“I was,” he replies, “I mean, I thought about it, and none of the rest of the pack are, so, I didn’t; besides, if Danny’s security is as good as you and he think it is, I don’t need to worry about anyone we don’t want to see me getting to the videos anyway.”

“True,” I smile at him, “With Danny’s demon technomage skills only those who won’t be a threat and can pay will get to see our videos.” Danny restarts the video playing.

“Your Dom told you to?” we hear Danny asking on screen.

“Yeah,” Jordan looks up at the camera, “Dylan, he… he’s my Dom.”

“He’s one of our other models,” Jordan nods, “And he’s younger than you,” Jordan nods again. “Dylan knows that everyone who films for this site has to consent; we don’t allow coercion.”

“I’m not being forced; I choose to participate,” Jordan confirms, “As does James; in as far as he can. He’s my Dom’s slave; they have a consensual total power exchange.”

“I kept messing up the names,” Jordan is saying beside me, “We had to film that seven or eight times.”

When my attention focuses back on the video Jordan has taken off his shirt, revealing his hot toned smooth chest and abs, and is flexing for the camera; showing off his biceps.

“Okay, and now it’s time to lose the pants,” Danny says.

Jordan unbuttons the pants and pulls down the zipper; we see flashes of his boxer shorts as the pants slide down his legs and he steps out of them and folds them before placing them beside his folded shirt.

“And the boxers.”

His hands move to his hips and slide the boxers down until they fall to his ankles, revealing his still soft cock.
“Why don’t you get comfortable on the couch and start whenever you’re ready.”

Jordan sits and reaches over to the bottle of lube, pouring some onto his hand. He leans back on the couch and begins gentle strokes along his cock; trying to encourage an erection.

“Tell us about something your Dom has done with you that you enjoyed?”

“Huh?” Jordan questions, his strokes stalling on his mostly flaccid length.

“Just something that you think back on at times?”

“Um, I guess when I was kneeling in front of him and he was fucking my mouth…”

“Dylan has quite the length on him, did you take all thirteen inches down your throat?”

“Um, not a first, I gagged a little, and…” the camera keeps his whole upper body in shot. We see him lick his lips and the definite stirrings of firming in his crotch, “He grabbed my hair and thrust his cock into my mouth,” his breathing is little more laboured, “His grip on my hair was just the right side of painful, and he took control, used my mouth and throat to masturbate; I was just a toy for him to use. He pushed and pulled my head back and forth, his grip in my hair tight as his cock forced its way down my throat until… fuck… I’m gonna cum…”

“His cock forced its way down your throat until what?”

“Uh… until he came,” Jordan’s hand is a blur of motion up and down his cock, “He came, pulling me off his cock, and he shot his load on my face and in my hair,” the words hiccupped as rushes to the finish, “And he told me to cum…”

“Like now?” Danny asks.

“Now… fuck!” Jordan throws his head back, his body tensing and his legs spasm as volley after volley of cum fires over his chest, hitting his throat, and trailing down as smaller splatters land around his belly button.

“That was hot!” I exclaim.

“I was so nervous,” Jordan stammers, “I had performance anxiety, until I forgot I was being videoed; when I started talking about that time when your dad walked in on us, and…”

“It was great, apart from the reminder of dad walking in on us, but seeing you shoot that load…”

“That was so hot,” Liam supplies.

“So,” Danny interrupts, “I should have everything installed at the house tomorrow. I guess we can shoot the scene with Ryan, James, and you,” he says looking at me, “Out there, before Thanksgiving?”

“Yeah, we should probably shoot that Tuesday,” I say, “Your schedules work for that?” I ask Jordan and Archie. They both nod in agreement. “Okay then, after school on Tuesday.”

“When are we gonna get to see the house?” Scott asks.

“Desperate to see your rooms?” Derek teases.

“Yeah!” Scott confirms.
“How about we head up there tomorrow?”

Everyone seems enthusiastic about that.

Sunday morning, I wake up with Aiden on one side of me and Derek on the other. We’re in, what I consider, our bed. A four-poster California King; the bedframe, head and base board, the four posts, and the canopy are made of solid wood. Oak. It’s stained a dark brown colour; Jacobean. The four posts have Celtic knots carved into them, winding around as they make their way from the top to the bottom. The head and base board have the Hale family Triskelion inlaid in ‘Golden Oak’.

The bed is solid, heavy, and big. The posts are a sturdy twenty-four inches in circumference; more than enough to hold up the heavy wooden canopy. Or to chain a werewolf to.

Right now, neither of my bed mates are chained up; they are both naked and snuggled up to me as we lie under the covers. Maybe they are tired out from last night, but after watching all those solo porn scenes for the website I was – definitely – in the mood for some sexy times; so, we came to the house – the rest of the pack will be here later this morning anyway – and christened the bed. I had Derek on all fours in the middle of the bed with Aiden kneeling in front of him. While Derek was sucking on Aiden’s cock, I fooled Derek’s ass. As I shot a load into Derek, and Derek covered the bed clothes beneath him, I didn’t allow Aiden to cum. I then had them change places, and Aiden was on all fours while he blew Derek, and I fooled Aiden’s ass. I gave Aiden permission to cum only when Derek shot his second load all over his face; so, while I fooled him, Aiden worked extra hard for the facial from Derek. We all shot our loads. Derek marginally ahead of Aiden, who swiftly shot his load with the first drops of Derek’s landing on his face; and the sight of Aiden getting covered in Derek’s load sent me over the edge.

“Hey,” I shout, slapping Aiden on the butt and waking both werewolves up, “How about the both of you shower first, and no fooling around in the shower, while I check my phone. We want to be washed and dressed before the rest of the pack get here.”

When they head to our bathroom, I check for messages on my phone. The only one is from Danny. It’s five words; you are on the list.

So, Deucalion will eventually get back to Beacon Hills. He’s not just a threat to me, but to the pack. The only way I see to protect us, is to use the Logos. It’s not like I’m breaking my word to Scott; I told him I’d do whatever it took to protect the pack.

I pick up the Logos and start a search for Deucalion, there are more Deucalion’s than I thought in the country; I refine the search for werewolves. There are none.

I widen the search to the whole of the earth. There’s one werewolf named Deucalion. I select him. The image displayed is definitely the Deucalion I’m looking for; except he’s in Tibet and has been since shortly after he left Beacon Hills. If he’s in Tibet, he can’t be the killer and isn’t the threat headed to town.
“Shit!” I exclaim.

“What?!” Derek growls, coming out of the bathroom with just a towel wrapped around his waist, and water droplets clinging to his hairy chest and… “Stiles!” rumbles, his dick hard and tenting the towel… and the beep from the Logos focuses my attention back on the problem.

“Deucalion is in Tibet,” I blurt out, deciding there is no point in not telling them, and focusing on the problem will distract me from what I could be doing with Derek’s dick.

“How can he be?!” naked Aiden asks from behind Derek. Just how am I supposed to not think about sex when they stand in front of me all naked, wet and sexy…

“Because someone else is coming after Stiles,” Derek growls, “It was never Deucalion searching for the device and killing those people.”

“Okay,” I say, stalling Aiden’s whine and Derek’s growl as their worry increases. Knowing that Deucalion was the threat was less worrying than not knowing who the threat is apparently. “So, you two start breakfast for the pack, while I get showered and dressed, then when they all get here we can discuss the fact we don’t know who the serial killer is.”

They both glare at me as I disappear into the bathroom.

~########################################################~

When I finish showering they have left the bedroom, and I dress and head down to a packed kitchen; everyone, except Archie who’s working, is around the table stuffing their faces with bacon, sausage, egg, hash browns, and pancakes.

“We called them and said there was problem,” Derek informs me.

“It’s not a problem, yet,” I state.

“It is when you’re on the FBI list, and we don’t know who is after the Logos,” Danny says, “They could already be in Beacon Hills.”

“We don’t know they are after the Logos,” I remind them, “We assumed they were when we thought it was Deucalion. We don’t know what they are after.”

“But the Logos came in the package from the store that was the site of the first attack and murder,” Scott adds, “And we know it is powerful.”

“And a powerful artefact is something that people would be after,” Derek adds.

“Fine,” I grudgingly agree, “But there is nothing we can do about it…”

“Yes, there is,” my Hellhound disagrees. I scowl at him, but he continues, “We can make sure you are never alone. We keep you alive and no one else can use the device; even if they manage to take it from you.”

“That’s settled,” Scott states, “We’ll work out a rota later.” The pack accedes to their alpha’s declaration and turn their attention back to the food.

“Not that I have a problem with your decision,” I say, earning me a glare from all the werewolves, “I mean, I want to stay alive. It’s just that you seem to have forgotten I’m no-longer a hundred and
forty-seven pounds of pale skin and fragile bone. Sarcasm is not my only defence, and I don’t need bodyguards.” Scott growls at me, red bleeding into his eyes as he stalks towards me, so I quickly add, “But I’m not opposed to having back-up.”

“Good,” he states, the scowl of anger leaving his face with just the sharp edge of concern, “Because Scooter doesn’t want to lose his handler, and Issy wants his daddy to stay around. I love you bro, and… and I don’t want to lose my best friend.”

“Love you too, Alpha of mine,” I say, pulling him into a hug.

“And don’t forget it, just because you’re head of house…”

“Huh?!” I splutter. I hadn’t mentioned anything about the domestic discipline stuff to Scott. It wasn’t something I needed to talk to him about as my relationship to him is different.

“What you think I don’t know about you and Derek, and Aiden?” he rhetorically asks, “Besides, Derek left his phone lying around and I saw his notes about what he would consider punishable behaviours. And that made Aiden’s comment to him that I overheard make more sense,” at my blank look Scott continues, “When Aiden said he wondered if you would spank him for any of those as well as Derek.”

I look over at Derek and Aiden; Derek’s red with embarrassment, while Aiden is grinning like a Cheshire cat.

“Yeah, well, I’ve added to that list,” I say, ignoring Derek’s whine of embarrassment, “And there’s no point using spanking as a punishment for Aiden…”

“He’d enjoy it too much,” Ethan laughingly finishes my sentence for me.

“So, just what do you know about our relationship?” I ask Scott, “Besides that I punish them for doing things that are harmful to their, physical and emotional, well-being.”

Now it’s Scott’s turn to blush.

“I was curious,” he says, “So I Googled it. From what I read, you’re basically like their Dom, and they’re your subs; but it said it was more about putting the relationship first.” Scott has his scrunched up confused puppy face.

“There are similarities,” I start to explain then decide it would be too complex to try and explain the differences, so, I say, “Just like any good DS relationship, there has to be consent, communication, and consistency. Maybe the easiest way to think of it would be as a BDSM-lite kinda relationship.”

“Except with me,” Aiden jumps in, “I’m definitely Stiles’s bratty sub; whereas Derek’s definitely Stiles’s life partner.”

“You’re our partner too,” Derek quickly states to Aiden. Making Aiden smile more warmly and genuinely than his usually cheeky grin.

“You’re our partner too,” Derek quickly states to Aiden. Making Aiden smile more warmly and genuinely than his usually cheeky grin.

“Yes,” I concur, adding, “And we’re still discussing the terms of our relationship; domestic discipline based for Derek and me, and BDSM based for Aiden and me.”

“But you’re kinda like the head of household for all of us,” Scott says, turning everyone’s attention to him and making him sound unsure as he continued, “I mean, like you’re mine and Liam’s handler when we’re in our puppy space, you’re Issy’s daddy, you’re Archie’s Master, and Jordan’s
your guard/pet hellhound. We’re all, I think the phrase was ‘taken in hand’ by you; not just Derek and Aiden.”

“I suppose so…” I respond; knowing that it is exactly how it is, and how I want it.

“It’s different for each of us,” Scott continues, “But you take charge when we need you to; looking out for us and protecting us.”

“You know I’m always going to do whatever I need to protect the pack,” I remind him, “I love you guys.”

“So, even though you’re head of household, and protect us, doesn’t mean we don’t get to protect you too,” Scott says, taking his comments back to the previous part of the conversation; before we were hugging.

“Okay, I get it,” I concede.

“Good, now let’s finish this breakfast before it gets colder,” Derek states, “Then we can show everyone around the house.”

~############################~

When everyone is finished eating the breakfast, which is when there is no food left on the table, and the dishwasher is loaded, we show the pack around the house.

We head out of the kitchen/diner to the pack den. The room has a dark wood floor, and dark brown leather-effect wallpaper. There’s a TV with a play-station and XBOX connected to it. There are two large comfy sofas and a couple of beanbag chairs in the room.

“The rooms all have LAN ports at the sockets, so the TV, and consoles are wired to the internet,” I beam.

Next, we head through the door that takes us into the study; the same dark wood flooring continues from the den. The room is decorated lighter than the den. There’s a computer desk along one wall, and a couple of computers set up. Against the opposite wall there’s a large sofa and a bookshelf filled with books.

“So, we can research or study for school,” I say before leading them back out to the den and through the door leading to the front entry hall.

“Through there,” I say pointing to the sliding double-doors, “Is the living room, and off that is the dining room where we’ll have thanksgiving with the parents,” I say leading them to the large staircase leading up to the second floor.

~############################~

The hallway at the top of the stairs has an archway about half-way down on the left, and a single door a little further down on the right. The flooring upstairs is carpeted rather than the wood
flooring downstairs.

“Down here,” I say leading them down to the door, “Is the main bathroom,” I say opening the door and showing them the tiled flooring and walls; and the clawfoot tub, big enough for two, the shower stall, big enough for two or three, and the toilet, bidet, and washbasin.

“So, down here,” I say leading them back along to archway, “Are the bedrooms. On that side,” I point to the three doors on the left, “Are the guest bedrooms, they’re all pretty much the same; full double beds in the room and a half-bath. And on this side, are the pack bedrooms,” I lead them through a hidden doorway in the wall.

“So, up those stairs at the end of the hall are two bedrooms in the attic space, each with a queen sized bed but a shared bathroom for Danny, Ethan, Jordan, and Archie. And this room is for Scott, Liam, and Castiel,” I open the door and let Scott and Liam through first, with Castiel slipping in between everyone else’s legs.

“It’s like a large doggy bed!” Scott exclaims, pointing to the large double bed against the far wall. Across the floor are scattered a range of dog toys; balls, squeaky chew toys, and knotted rope. Against the other wall is what looks like a shower stall tray with no enclosure around it, a bidet, and a half-height bath tub. All in the same room.

“Where’s the toilet? And why is there no separate bathroom?” Scott frowns.

“Well, the toilet had to be dog friendly,” I explain, “So, Castiel could use it too. The thing that looks like it should be a shower is your toilet, with a pedal to flush everything away once you’re finished.” Castiel demonstrates. “See, and you and Liam can use the bidet afterwards, and the small tub is so you can climb into it more easily if you’re in your puppy headspace and want a bath.”

“It’s totally designed around our puppy selves,” Liam grins, making Scott grin too.

“Next,” I lead them to larger middle bedroom, “Is, Derek’s, Aiden’s, and my room.”

“Holy fuck?!” Liam exclaims, “Look at the size of that bed!”

“Well, three of us sleep in it,” I defend, “So we need a bigger bed than the other rooms.”

“This is nearly as big as the main bathroom,” Scott shouts from the attached full bathroom, “And why are there two basins?”

“So that more than one of us can use them at the same time,” I answer, “There are three of us in this room.”

“Sometimes maybe more, if Stiles needs more juice,” Aiden jests, “If you know what I mean.” Derek growls at him while I scowl. The brat just smirks.

“That you’re looking to get a spanking,” Ethan smiles at his brother.

“Ha,” I snort, “He should know he’s going the wrong way about it; he’s closer to getting a punishment than something he wants.”

“I was only joking around,” Aiden whines. I merely raise my eyebrow at him questioningly.

“So,” I say turning my attention back to everyone else, “Last bedroom before we head to the basement.” Isaac practically runs ahead of me out the door, knowing that the next room is his bedroom.
We’ve decorated the room exactly as Isaac talked about; a sky-blue carpet, the wallpaper has balloons on strings floating upwards, and the ceiling is painted white, and we have a night light that projects the stars and galaxies onto it. But when I walk into the room Isaac in standing in the centre of it crying.

“Angel, what’s wrong?” I rush to comfort him.

“Too much,” he hiccups as he buries his face against my neck and I wrap my arms around him.

“But I thought you’d like how we decorated your room,” I say, confused by his reaction, “Isn’t it what you wanted.”

“But… but the bed and the furniture,” he wails.

“Don’t you like the bed?” I ask, “It’s like the one we saw in the Diaper Party pictures on that web site, and I thought…”

“But it’s too expensive,” he cries, “You shouldn’t spend that much on me…”

“Issy, you’re my little angel, and I wanted to give you the room you deserve,” I tell him, I’m certain part of the problem is just that he hasn’t gotten to let his little self out much over the last week and his emotions are running high, “And the custom-made crib and changing table were cheaper than you think.”

Isaac turns his head to look at them. They are solid oak. The changing table is the width of a single bed and about half the length; he can lie on his back and his legs will hang over the side, or rest on the shoulders of whomever is changing him. The top is padded and covered in rubber. There are shelves built into the table with diapers, wipes and jars of cream. The crib is the size of a small double, with a bi-fold gate along the right-side. The other three sides are solid; to keep your little safely inside the crib.

“They were delivered unfinished, and Derek and I stained the wood and assembled them. Don’t worry, they won’t fall apart; I had Derek bounce up and down on them to check they were solid.” That gets a chuckle out of Isaac.

“Thank you,” he sniffles, and then turns to Derek and hugs him too, softly whispering, “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, little one,” Derek smiles against his cheek.

“So,” I get Issy’s attention, “I think someone should have a diaper change while Derek shows the rest of the pack the upstairs bedrooms.

As the others follow Derek out of the room, I lift Isaac in my arms and he instinctively wraps his legs around my waist.

“Come on little one,” I smile at him, carrying him over to the changing table, “Let’s get you cleaned up and changed.”

He smiles at me as I sit him down on the table and is a little startled when I take his shirt and under shirt off him, before laying him on his back and removing his sneakers and jeans too.

“A very wet diaper,” I say, opening the diaper and swiftly depositing it in the diaper pail; leaving Isaac naked as he lies there with his ankles resting on my shoulders. “Let’s get you cleaned up,” I bend down to the shelves and pick up the wipes, quickly cleaning over his bald cock and balls,
before wiping between his cheeks. As always, he blushes and begins to harden.

“See, my angel is feeling better already with the dirty diaper off,” I smile at him as I pick up the diaper cream. He spreads his legs a little wider as I apply the cream between his cheeks, running my fingers over his hole. Putting the jar of cream back on the shelf, I pick up a diaper and a couple of booster pads. Fastening the tapes on the diaper, the two pads make for a thicker diaper around his ass and between his legs than he’s used to.

“Now, stay there,” I tell him as I walk over to the closet and pick out a onesie; it’s white with an array of colourful cartoon baby safari animals over it and press stud fastenings around the crotch. “Come on, let’s sit you up while we get this on you,” I say returning to my little one. Isaac sits and raises his arms as I slide the onesie over his head, his hands appearing through the ends of the short sleeves. I pull the garment down his body, and he lies back down as I reach under him and press the studs together, closing the onesie. His diaper making a bulge and pressing visibly out from the leg openings.

“Let’s get your jeans and shirt back on,” I say to him. He sits up and lets me finish dressing him. As he stands up, he blushes as he notices the how visible the diaper is under his tight jeans thanks to the extra padding. I hold a pacifier out for him, which he gladly takes and pops between his lips.

“Time to find the others now you’re all cleaned up,” I say taking his hand and leading him back out to the corridor, his stance a little wider as he toddles after me. The rest of the pack are just coming down the stairs, “I guess it’s time to show you all the basement,” I smile.

We head back down to the stairs to the lobby, and then I lead them behind a partition wall that hides the stairs to the basement. We head down the spiral stair case, to the corridor below.

I lead them along the corridor and point to the door on the left.

“Behind this door is the server room,” I tell them, “The entire house is connected into this room. Either through the LAN ports or WiFi. This room,” I open the door and walking in point to the across to where there is a desk and monitors set up, “Is where the computer is set-up for Danny; to manage the website and work on the videos.”

“I can do that from my laptop, through the WiFi,” Danny says, “But, the set-up in here is a more suitable.” He points to the full-tower pc sitting in a cage under the computer desk. There are three monitors on the desk, in front of the keyboard and mouse. Against the far wall there is a metal and glass cabinet.

“In there,” I point to the cabinet, “Is the main system that runs the network, security, and computer systems for the house.”

“Four rack-mountable dual-Xeon servers with…” Danny starts to elaborate, his eyes lighting up and a grin spreading across his face as he looks at the set-up.

“Yeah, yeah,” I interrupt, “I don’t think they want to get the low-down on the technical specs that probably don’t mean anything to someone who isn’t a demon technomage.” Danny frowns at me,
but he shuts up about the computer systems.

“The security cameras around the house are also connected into the room,” I say.

“And recorded onto the server hard drives,” Danny adds, “I can access the system from the pc.”

I lead them around the other rooms in the basement.

“This is for relaxing after filming,” I say, showing them the room next the computer room. There is a large king-sized bed against one wall and in one corner there is a tub big enough for two.

Heading back to the hall we head around the corner and I lead them down the other side of the basement.

“These rooms will be used for filming,” I show them into mostly empty rooms, “Dressed for the scene being filmed; bedroom, classroom, dungeon, whatever. And this,” I open the sliding doors at the end of the corridor, “Is the warehouse; the furniture and props for those rooms are stored here.” There are beds of different sizes, classroom desks and chalkboards, bookshelves, and other mundane furnishings. And there are stocks, an A-frame, a St Andrews Cross, a breeding bench, cages… The room is more than half the basement area.

“Whoa,” Scott exclaims, his eyes falling on the BDSM furniture.

“Those will be used for the scenes with Archie and Jordan,” Aiden turns to face me, “And some of yours too,” I assure him, making him grin lasciviously.

“Can we get another one of these for the bedroom?” Scott asks, his hand petting the breeding bench as Castiel sniffs all over the leather covered device.

“For the bedroom?” I tease him, “Why would you want a breeding bench in your bedroom?”

“Stiles?!” his whine turning to a growl the moment he notices my smirk.

“Don’t worry, you’ll be strapped down on it and fucked by a couple dogs for your next video,” I say, Castiel growls at the thought, “You’ll be one of the dogs Cas, and you can choose the other dog that will breed Scott’s ass,” I add, ceasing his snarl; turning my attention back to Scott I state, “And we can buy a breeding bench for your room if you really want one.”

“Cool,” Scott beamed, his face splitting into his goofy lop-sided grin.

“Now, if we head back out to the far end of the of the corridor, Derek can lead us around the outside of the house,” I insist.

A cacophony hits us as Derek opens the door and we step out into the ground and see the dogs behind the wire fencing of the outside runs we’re facing; on spotting us they begin running and jumping around as they bark. Castiel darts off towards them.

“I opened the doggy doors to the run when I came out to feed and water them earlier,” Derek
informs us.

The kennel building extends away from the house for about twice the length of the actual house; within the run there is no separation, allowing the dogs to socialise and play together; each has a doggy door leading back into their own individual housing within the building.

“Hey!” Scott shouts, “There are two new dogs!”

We can see there are eight dogs running around; not just the six that Danny saved from the pound.

“As this is actually going to trade as a breeding kennel and stud service, I got Lars,” Derek says indicating the blond German Shepherd that Castiel is sniffing through the fencing, “And Miles,” he points towards the darkest black, American Pitt Bull to possibly exist. It’s standing off to one side, observing Castiel’s interaction with the other dogs, and it looks like it was covered in Vantablack™, with only the piercing blue of its eyes reflecting any light. “The stables can house twelve dogs comfortably, and currently there are only the eight,” Derek continues.

We walk in to the building and can see through the clear partitioning between each dog house. There are small holes perforating the panels between each of the houses, and along the front panel and door; allowing a constant flow of air. On the front panel a laminated sheet is stuck, containing the dog’s name, breed, and other details.

“The doggy doors are controlled from here,” Derek indicates a panel on the wall, “Each one can be opened independently, or they can all be opened at once.” Currently eight of the doors are open, and the last four are closed.

There’s comfortable bedding in each house, and bowls for food and water.

“Do they all go back to their own room?” Liam asks, “Or do you need to separate them?”

“They’ve only been here a couple of days,” Derek says, “So far all I need to do is flash my eyes and growl and they go through the right doors going back inside. Even if I take them for a run in the woods, they keep together and stay beside me.”

He shows us around the office and then the breeding room.

“This will be for collecting the semen to be used in artificial insemination, or for actual breeding if that’s what the customer wants.”

Heading back outside, we head into the run to allow Scott and Liam some time to pet the dogs. The other wolves pet and stroke them too, but it’s Scott and Liam that are scenting them the most.

“He is sooooo cute!” Liam exclaims rubbing his cheek against Lars, as the dog bounces around him, licking his face and neck, “I’ve never seen a German Shephard this colour before.”

Miles has stalked towards Scott as he plays with Cody, the Siberian Husky, and sniffs cautiously at him; being wary of Castiel’s attention to what he’s doing.

“Hey, boy,” Scott smiles turning to the black dog, which whines and drops its body to the ground with his head resting between his outstretched front paws, “What’s wrong?!” Scott asks stroking the dog’s head. Castiel trots over to them, chasing Cody off to play with the others, while he sniffs around Miles and tries to dispel the worry emanating from Scott.

“I think you’ve proved my hunch,” Derek cryptically answers Scott’s question.
“Are you taking lessons from Deaton on how answer a question without answering the question?” I ask. He briefly scowls before continuing.

“At the shelter where I picked Miles up, they said he was a difficult dog and had been aggressive with everyone since he was found wandering around Folsom Lake; they tried to warn me against taking him as they thought they might need to put him to sleep because of his disposition,” Derek’s scowl returns and deepens as he recalls the conversation, “But as soon as he caught my scent his growling stopped and he was nothing but friendly with me. I was sure he’d been with a werewolf pack, and there was only one reason he’d not be with them now.”


“I don’t know what pack,” Derek huffs at me, “But the shelter is in Roseville.”

“That’s about a two-hour drive east of here,” Danny comments, “The only pack I’ve heard of around Folsom Lake is…”

“Alpha Finch’s pack,” Derek finishes, I can practically see the light bulb shine above his head, the dog turns to Derek and barks at the mention of the name before he whines again. Derek continues, “She and my mom where friends, I don’t really know her or any of her pack.”

“We should try to get in touch,” Scott attests, making the dog whine again. His whining at the mention of Alpha Finch and her pack is giving me an uneasy feeling.

“What was Alpha Finch’s first name?” I demand, fishing the Logos from my pocket.

“I… I can’t remember,” Derek starts as I stare at him, “Mel… I think, I don’t remember Stiles it’s been years since…”

“Melanie Marcus Finch,” I say, looking at the only alpha werewolf the Logos lists for the area, “Alpha of the Primal Pack,” I say somewhat questioningly, “Deceased.”

“What?” Derek’s mouth doesn’t close, his whole face questioning. All the pack are looking at me with shock and fear.

“All of them,” I say flicking through the listed members of Alpha Finch’s pack. “They were all killed…” Miles growls as I speak, “One of the pack was lupul cu câinii…” Miles whines, his most pitiful whine yet.

“That’s why he’s been tracking Scott and Liam since he caught their scent,” Derek states, “He recognises them as the same as his lover.”

“And he’s pining for her?” I ponder.

“Their bond would be strong,” Derek explains, “The feelings between the canid and the lupul run very deep. When one loses the other they feel the grief profoundly.”

When I look back over at the dog, Scott is hugging him tightly and Castiel is pressed against them both; licking first Miles and then Scott.

“We should check if Deaton knows anything about what happened with the pack,” Derek continues.

“Yeah,” I concur, “Let’s head back up to the house.”
I lead the pack, and the dogs as they are apparently coming too, up the slope from the kennels to the garden at the back of the house. The reaction to the pool and hot tub somewhat muted as everyone is still thinking about the Alpha Finch’s pack. There’s not much reaction as I lead everyone in through the gym leading back to the den room either.

The pack park themselves in the den, channel surfing on the TV. Scott is lying on the floor with his back against one of the sofas, Castiel across his legs and Miles at his side with his head on Scott’s stomach. Liam is beside him, with Lars lying across him. Danny is on the sofa with Ethan sitting on his lap. I’m on the other sofa with Aiden and Jordan at my feet, Derek at my side and Isaac on my lap.

The other dogs are lying scattered around the room.

We finally settle on a marathon re-run of Battlestar Galactica, the one with Edward James Olmos as Adama; not the one with Lorne Greene.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

Atlantic City

周一 after school we, as in all the pack – except Jordan and Archie – and Mason, head to Deaton’s clinic. He’s expecting us. Scott called ahead and mentioned that we think Alpha Finch and her pack are dead.

“How did you find out about the Primal Pack?” Deaton enquires as we walk into the examination room.

“One of the dogs that Derek has for the stud services,” I explain, telling him about the dog coming for a shelter in Roseville, that it seemed to react better with werewolves than humans, and what I found on Logos when Derek remembered Alpha Finch coming for the area the dog was found.

“The Primal Pack were a very peaceful pack,” Deaton starts.

“Were?” I press.

“They have been slaughtered,” the druid confirms, “Including their emissary, and their pregnant lupul cu câinii…”

“Miles’s lover was carrying his puppies?!” Scott whines.

“Yes, though we don’t think the hunters knew she was lupul,” Deaton advises, “We believe they don’t know about werewolf-canid relationships.”

“We?” I ask.

“The Emissary Council,” he replies, “The Primal Pack was known to be peaceful. They kept their interactions with humans to a minimum and were known locally as being some form of new age commune that grew their own organic vegetables; they would sell excess produce in the local farmers’ market. There was no reason for any hunters to attack them; not within the code. So, the Council contacted the Hunters. From the information they exchanged, the Hunters believe the attack was carried out by a rogue Hunter cell; lead by a Tamora Monroe.”
“Wait!” I interrupt the uncharacteristic flow of information from Deaton, “One, Emissary Council? Two, if this Monroe person is a rogue hunter why haven’t the hunters ‘dealt’ with them? And three, Emissary Council?!”

“The Emissary Council and the Hunter Council, both report into the Council of Thirteen,” Deaton adds, “As do other supernatural councils, but that is not important now…”

Not important, is he serious?!

“Maybe Monroe is the threat that your hellhound feels,” Aiden speculates, before I can correct Deaton on what’s important.

“Maybe,” I concede, “But…”

“Monroe is a threat,” Deaton offers, interrupting me getting back to the important matter of the councils, “She has managed to evade every hunter sent to stop her and her group. There have been several werewolf killings across the country attributed to her group. In all cases the werewolf had not harmed any human; their deaths go against the hunter code.”

“And she’s the only hunter to break their code,” I scoff before turning back to Deaton and demanding, “But these councils, just how many are there and what do they have to do with everything?”

“Hmm,” Deaton huffs, “A brief summary,” he allows, “The Council of Thirteen is the arbiter between the supernatural races; where there is disputes between groups, such as in this case between the Emissaries, Werewolves, and Hunters, the matter is taken to the Thirteen for resolution. Each race has their own Council to deal with internal matters; Emissary Council, Hunter Authority, Werewolf Senate, Magister College, Parliament of the Evanuris, Camarilla, Abyssal Court…”

“What?!” I splutter at the non-stop litany.

“Needless to say, there are several,” Deaton continues, “And they each have representation on the Council of Thirteen. And as I said, this is not important currently. The important matters are, Monroe, and whomever is after the Logos.”

“So,” Scott deliberates, “We have a rogue hunter that has a group following them and they are killing innocent werewolves…”

“Why don’t I just use the Logos,” I say, turning everyone’s attention to me, “I mean, I have the Master Logos, it can set future events to happen, Monroe and her group are a threat not just to us, but to lots of innocent werewolves. So, why don’t I just make sure that the next hunter group after her actually manages to deal with her and her group.”

“I…” Scott begins, but doesn’t have an argument against my plan.

“All I need to know is who is after her, and I can fix the point of them meeting and ensure they succeed in dealing with her,” I state.

“You don’t want any of the councils finding out you have a Logos device, let alone the Master Logos,” Deaton intones, “But I will try to find out the information you need.”

We leave Deaton’s with a plan to deal with one threat. And I have something that I need to research. The Council of Thirteen.
At school the next day the pack is a little shocked at my appearance.

“What happened to your tail, and horns, and…” Scotty starts a little too loudly.

“Tell the world why don’t ya,” I scold him, “Wanna dial it down a notch, or ten.”

“Sorry,” he looks abashed, “It’s just, I got used to seeing… you, you know.”

“I didn’t think you’d be able to reapply the perception filter to us,” Danny comments looking inquisitive.

“I didn’t,” I state, “This even works on camera, so, you won’t need to scramble the school’s security cameras in the halls every time I pass one, and I can help out more in the videos.”

“How?” he asks looking at me through his phone’s camera.

“I figured that werewolves have more than one form; human, beta, alpha, and some full wolf. So, why shouldn’t I…”

“You used the Logos to change yourself again; didn’t you?” Scott guesses, with a tone and edge to his scent that suggests worry.

“Yes, but, I moved some powers around so that the demon side of me didn’t get any stronger, and the human side of me didn’t get any weaker,” I state, not telling them that the Nogitsune side got a tiny little bit more power out of the power swapping. “And,” I add, “I get a way to hide without needing to power the perception filter for everyone else.”

“So, instead of the constant low drain of the perception filter, switching between your true form and this is a one-time cost per switch?” Danny postulates.

“Exactly,” I confirm.

“But your tail used to tease me under the table in the cafeteria at lunchtime,” Aiden whines.

“Now you’ll need to wait until we’re home in bed,” I tell him. It doesn’t stop him pouting.

After school the pack, including Mason, heads over to pack house. While Danny, Jordan, Archie, and I work on ‘Ryan’ and ‘James’ scene, everyone else will be doing their homework.

Arriving at the house I have a repeat of the reaction at school to my less horny self from Derek, Jordan, and Archie. Now that we’re in private, I show the whole pack that I can switch my appearance between – what Scott has labelled – my human self and my demon self.

“I missed you today,” I hear Aiden say, and can feel him stroking my tail before I even turn to see it wrapping around his arm as his free hand slides over the tip.

“I’d say do you wanna be alone with it, but that’s not really possible,” I frown at him, “Doubly so as I am heading down to the basement with Danny, Jordan, and Archie. You and Ethan can help Derek with the dogs, while Scott catches up on his Biology homework, and Isaac his English Lit,
and Liam and Mason their… what homework do you have?”

“None,” Liam smiles, “Can we come and…”

“Help Derek clean out the kennels,” I smile back, turning to Jordan and Archie I say, “Come on you two, we have some sexy times to have in front of the camera.” I twirl the keys to Archie’s cock cage on my finger as I head to the door and I see Archie’s eyes zoom in on them; and I know he’s both dreading and loving what’s about to happen to him.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

∞
◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

“So, I think we start with a naked Archie kneeling in front of the couch. Jordan sitting on the couch and you interviewing them,” I say to Danny.

“I know the script,” Danny says as we enter the basement room, already set up to look like a generic hotel room; sofa, double bed, chair, tables, lamp. “The plan is still to keep you mostly out of shot and tease the viewer with your presence; like we did with twins’ video.”

Archie strips out of his clothes and folds them, leaving them neatly in a pile on the floor. Jordan sits on the couch. I can tell that they are both nervous, but that should ease once they get into the scene. Archie kneels in front of Jordan, they are both facing the camera.

“Let’s begin,” I say from behind Danny, he starts the camera rolling.

“So, guys, why don’t you introduce yourselves,” Danny amiably says once the camera is recording.

“Hi, I’m Ryan,” Jordan says, waving to the camera.

“And I’m James,” Archie says, glancing at the camera before returning his gaze to the floor.

“Ryan, we shot your solo a few days ago.”

“Yeah.”

“And James, Ryan mentioned you in his solo.” Archie nods his head as Danny continues, “He told us that his Dom is your Master; that you have a total power exchange relationship with Dylan.”

“Yes,” Archie replies, looking off camera to me.

“Dylan isn’t quite eighteen yet, and both of you are in your twenties,” Danny states, “How did you both come to be the submissive partners in a relationship with him.”

“Because he’s dominant and we’re submissive,” Jordan frowns at Danny.

“But today you are going to tie James up and edge him,” Danny points out.

“And if he does a good job, he gets to jack off,” I comment from off camera; both Jordan and Archie look at me, “Though that good job requires that he ruins James’ orgasm.”

“Yes Sir,” Jordan replies.
“Is it something that you’re looking forward to James?” Danny asks Archie. It takes Archie a few seconds to reply.

“It’s how my Master wants me to be used."

“We should get started,” Danny states.

Archie is sitting in a straight-backed dining chair as Jordan finishes looping the rope around his ankle and tying it to the leg of the chair. Archie is bound by lengths of red rope, criss-crossing over his arms and legs in an array of diamonds holding him to the chairs back, arms and legs, from his shoulders down, leaving him immobile. Only his head, torso and groin are not bound to the chair. He strains against his bonds, the rope biting against his skin as he tests the range of movement his bondage allows. His cock is straining against the confines of his small black cock cage.

“I guess it’s time for me to let your cock out from its prison for the first time since you agreed to become my slave,” I say, walking into shot. Danny keeps the camera fixed on Archie’s plastic enclosed groin as my fingers slide over the hard, smooth, enclosure, teasing the filled balls as I unlock the device.

“And,” I grin as I slide the cage from his hardening shaft; quickly removing the ring from around his cock and balls, “As I know what a masochist you are, I have a little something to help you chase your orgasm.”

Dangling on a length of leather thong hanging over my fingers, I hold a pair of crocodile nipple clamps between Archie’s face and the camera. My slave’s cock hardens at the sight of the metal teeth about to torture his tits. Jordan licks his lips with his eyes fixed on them too.

“If you’re a good boy, I’ll use them on you sometime too,” I promise him as I move to stand behind my bound slave.

“Yes Sir,” Jordan swallows as his eye meet mine.

I pinch, tease and pull on Archie’s nub before closing the teeth of the clamps over them. He cries out as the pain, the chair creaking as the rope is pulled by the tension in his body at the shock of the bite of the teeth on his nipples. But his cock doesn’t soften; instead it begins to leak, precum dribbling down his shaft.

“This is what’s in store for you today,” I tell him, “Ryan wants to cum, and to be allowed to do that he has to make you suffer beautifully,” Archie whimpers at my words, his cock losing none of its rigidity. I lean close to Archie’s ear and whisper, loud enough for the camera to pick up, “And I know we are all going to enjoy your pain. The question is will it be enough for you that Ryan misjudges and makes you cum, or will he control you enough that your orgasm is ruined, and he’s allowed to enjoy his.”

I walk back out of shot, the camera lingering on Archie bound to the chair, his nipples painfully clamped, and his cock hard and dripping.

Jordan, still fully clothed, walks behind the seated bound slave and picks up the bottle of lube. Kneeling in front of Archie, he pours some of the clear viscous liquid onto his hand before he grasps the slave’s shaft; his hand slowly gliding along the length from base to tip and back.

His strokes are long, slow, and firm; making Archie’s breathing a series of gasps as he strains against the rope trying to push his cock up into the hand wrapped around it. Jordan’s pace of
stroking increase, causing the bound slave to whimper as he nears release, only for Jordan’s hand to pull away, leaving him without the friction needed to reach his goal.

Archie gasps, and the chair jerks with the force of his attempt to thrust into the gripping hand that is no longer there.

“Take off your shirt Ryan,” I command him from off camera. He turns to look at where I’m seated on the bed, before standing. Unbuttoning the shirt, he shirks it from his shoulders, the camera panning up his body from bulge in his pants, up over his sculpted abs to his defined pecs as the shirt falls. He throws the shirt to the pile of Archie’s folded clothes.

Jordan returns his attention to Archie, lifting the bottle of lube, he applies more to his hand; the slave whimpering as Jordan kneels before him again. Archie can’t retreat as Jordan’s hand caresses his hairy balls, and his fingers slide along his taint to tease his rosebud. His gasps and whimpers telling us the progress Jordan’s searching lube coated digits are making. The slave’s head is thrown back, the clamps on his tits jerking with the movement, as Jordan’s mouth engulfs the head of his cock, and Archie makes a futile attempt to thrust up into the heat, but Jordan is the one with control over what happens to his leaking engorged member. The stuttered whimpers and gasps falling my slave’s mouth as Jordan’s tongue swirls around the head of his cock and teases him until suddenly the mouth and fingers are gone, and he’s left frustrated; dangling on the edge he cannot cross.

“I think it’s time to lose the pants,” I demand of Jordan. His shoes, socks and pants join the pile of clothes in the corner and he’s left standing in boxer-briefs; the front pushed out with a visible wet patch from his own leaking erection.

Jordan teases Archie, over and over, bringing him close to the point of orgasm and stopping just before he reaches the point of no return. His hand sliding along the slave’s dick with expert strokes, his thumb caressing the head of his cock forcing more precum to drip from the slit, and the heat of his mouth briefly surrounding shaft. Over, and over again he edges the bound slave.

“So, slave,” my hands glide up Archie’s sides as I croon into his ear, “You look good like this, you always look good when I use you; in whatever way I use you.” I release the clamp from his left nipple, squeeze the nub as he hisses in pain at the returning blood flow. I lean in and take the nipple in my mouth, licking, sucking and pulling it between my teeth. I repeat the task with his right nipple, and turn to Jordan, “Time to finish this, and see who truly gets to cum.”

Jordan watches Archie’s reactions intently as his hand corkscrews up and down the bound slave’s cock, watches the curl of his toes, the flutter of his eyes and the tensing of his muscles, and his hand quickly releases its grip as he back away.

Archie mews as the sensations taking him closer to release are lost, and the orgasm denied him, but it’s too late, the time spent edging him, bringing him so close again and again, his cum dribbles from the end of his turgid cock; his balls emptying, but depriving him of the pleasure. The slave hangs in his bondage, his head dropped forward as his tears streak down his cheek, and Jordan turns to face me; his cock still rigid and wet with expectation.
“Kneel,” he kneels in front of me, “Remain on your knees and lie back on the floor,” when he complies I continue, “Look at him while you stroke your own cock.”

His eyes turn back to Archie as he takes himself in hand. His grip knowing, and his movements attuned to his own needs. His breath begins to hitch as he closes in on his reward. My own strokes speeding to ensure I finish shortly after he does.

His release shoots up his chest, spurts landing across his pecs and tapering down to his abs. His eyes dart from Archie to me, standing over him, as my own orgasm lands across his cheek, down his neck, chest, abs, and finally on his cock and balls.

When I finish, I walk over to Archie. Grabbing his hair, I pull his head up.

“You look so good slave,” I tell him as I stroke his cheek, “And you were good, very good. I enjoyed using you very much.”

I stand and grab his chin, pushing my spent cock into his mouth; his eyes widen, and he begins to swallow as I piss down his throat. As the flow tapers off, I pull out of his mouth, the last spurts splashing on his face and down his chest.

“And fade to black,” Danny says as the door to the room flies open.

“Stiles, you gotta come quick,” Aiden says, “Somethings happened with Liam in the kennels; Scott and Derek are heading there now.”

“Jordan, untie Archie and I want to find both of you in the aftercare room when I get back.”

“We’ll film the after-scene chat with these two tomorrow,” Danny confirms.

I tuck my deflating cock back in my pants and follow Aiden to the kennels.

“What’s happened?” I ask as we run along the corridor and out the door into the grounds.

“I don’t know,” Aiden replies, “Mason came running in and said that Liam was in trouble in the kennels.”

We run to the kennels to see Liam, naked and on all fours, with the black and tan Cane Corso named Mason, on his back. Scott has wolfed-out and his eyes are red as he growls at the dog. Mason, the dog, is whimpering.

“Scott, don’t,” I call out, “If he’s knotted Liam forcing him to pull out will only injure both the dog and Liam; you don’t want that.”

“But…” Scott starts to protest through his fangs.

“He’s knotted my pussy,” Liam bawls, verging on panic, “He isn’t in my ass, he fucked my pussy and I’m gonna be pregnant with his puppies. This wasn’t supposed to happen!”

Well fuck.
Excerpts from Chapter-12 -- Of Protecting the Pack

Next morning, I wake to a sleepy little drooling over my shoulder; he had a bad dream during the night and had to sleep with his daddy and papa to be safe. I don’t think there was a bad dream, I think he just wanted to make sure he could sleep with Derek and me when he needed to.
I didn’t need to make Aiden leave the bed, as he wasn’t here last night. Only Scott, Isaac, Derek and me, stayed at the house; tonight, the whole pack will be here.

Isaac is lying completely on top of me, his legs spread either side of mine, his arms spread out and one hand grasping in Derek’s hair, his head on my shoulder with his face turned into my neck. So, as he’s drooling, he’s lost his paci in the bed somewhere during the night.
I bring my hand not trapped under Derek’s torso up and rub along Isaac’s back, over his padded pup t-shirt, with the snap closure over the crotch, that he slept in.
“Daddy,” comes the muffled and yawned response.
“Hey angel,” I smile at his confused, barely woken face, “Let me check your diaper.” I roll us over, pulling my hand out from under a grumbling Derek, to have Isaac lying on his back on Aiden’s side of the bed. Unfastening the snaps around his crotch I pull the t-shirt up, exposing the thick diaper; the design of printed stars has faded, so I already know the diaper is wet. I pull at the front of the diaper and put my hand down against Isaac’s damp skin.
“Someone needs their diapee changed,” I sing-song, “Come on, I’ll change you before we have breakfast, and then I’ll give you a bath, another fresh diaper, and get you dressed before everyone arrives.” I pull him up towards me and his arms wrap around my neck, the metal snaps on the unclosed flap of the t-shirt hitting against my skin as I carry him to his room.

I quickly take the lubricant and first prep Jordan’s ass; getting my fingers in as deep as possible, the weighted chain jangling between them and pulling on their tortured nipples, as I scissor my fingers and stretch and open his hole.
As I pull fingers from Jordan’s ass they know the process is about to be repeated on Archie. With both their ass holes now opened I retrieve the final toys from the box. Two eight-inch dildoes.
“Okay,” I tell them, “You are now both going to fuck yourselves on these until you cum. Neither of you is allowed to stop until you have both cum. Understood?”
“Yes Master.” “Yes Sir.” They breathlessly reply, their cocks still hard and wet with precum.
“Okay, try to calm down and tell us how this happened,” I try to ask calmly and not seethe at the naked boy, “What were you doing out here naked on all fours to start with?”

“Fuck, he’s still coming in me,” Liam whines, “How long is he gonna be in me?”

“Dude, it can take a while,” Scott informs him, “When Castiel fucks me he can be filling my ass with his cum for like up to thirty minutes before his knot goes down.”

“Shit,” Liam cusses.

“Liam, back to why you were out here naked on all fours anyway?” I remind him; the naked werewolf groans, I think more from the pleasure of the dog cock filling him than embarrassment, and briefly looks between Scott and Lars.

“I… I wanted to try sucking a dog, I haven’t really had sex with a dog, I mean the only time was with Scott and Castiel, when Scott was sucking Castiel while he licked me,” Liam babbles, “And I thought Lars would be okay with me, and Mason came out with me and was gonna fuck my ass while I sucked Lars cock…”

“Oh…” I say, realisation dawning, “So, Mason D wasn’t supposed to be fucking you at all, it was Mason H.”

“I wasn’t sure I was ready for getting my ass knotted,” Liam glares at me as if it was obvious what he meant, “Castiel licking me ’til I cum is different to me sucking a dog off, and I wanted to try that first; see if I was as into it as I thought.”

“But while he was sucking on Lars,” Mason adds to the explanation, “The other Mason jumped on his back before I could get my pants off.”

“Are you?” Scott asks hopefully.

“HE was really getting into sucking on that dog’s dick,” Mason H supplies.

“And I’m fairly certain he likes getting fucked by doggy dick too,” I add.
“Yeah,” Liam moans, “But I wasn’t planning on having puppies yet. Castiel always seems to go for your ass when he fucks you,” he comments to Scott.

“Castiel is special,” I remind him, “Remember, I increased his intelligence above a normal dog’s, like Mason D, or Lars.”

“Don’t worry about that just now,” Scott tries to comfort his consort.

“You might not even have caught,” I say as Mason D’s knot and cock slip from Liam’s pussy, “So, you might not be pregnant.”

“But what if…” Liam worries.

“We’ll work it out,” I assure him, “School lets out early tomorrow, since it’s the day before Thanksgiving. So, we’ll get together here and work out the options, and what you want to do,” I promise the scared teen; reassuringly placing my hand on the back of his neck, like I do with Scott.

“Okay,” he relaxes a little, worry still visible around his eyes.

“Scott, can you and Danny make sure everyone gets home? I’ve got a subby hellhound and human slave that need some aftercare before I leave.”

“Sure,” Scott smiles, adding as he puts an arm around Liam, “Come on, let’s get you cleaned up.”

I head back into the house, picking up a gift I have for Archie before heading to the aftercare room.

Entering the room, I see Jordan and Archie cuddled together naked on the bed. I smile as I realise that I can still smell the cum I coated on Jordan’s skin, and my piss on Archie; meaning neither of them has cleaned my scent from their bodies.

“Is everything okay?” Jordan asks turning to me.

“Yeah, nothing to worry about,” I tell them, laying the small package on the table beside the bed, “Liam got his pussy knotted and might have a litter of pups.” At Jordan’s raised eyebrows I add, “We’re gonna talk about it tomorrow; Scott, Liam, and I; and work out what Liam wants to do. If he is.”

I climb onto the bed, settling myself against the headboard; hellhound pet on one side of me and my slave on the other. I wrap an arm around each of them and pull them close against me.

“So, how are you two feeling after that awesome scene we filmed?” I ask, adding, “You were both so good, made me very proud and horny.”

“I’m good Master,” Archie timidly says, laying his head against my shoulder. I place a kiss to his forehead.

“My obedient slave,” I whisper, “Makes me so happy you enjoyed being used like that.” I feel him
smile and relax against my body. “And what about you?” I turn to Jordan, “How are you feeling?”

“I’m… I’m fine,” he falteringly says.

“Jordan, you’re my hellhound, and I can tell something is bothering you,” I tell him, fixing him with an imploring look, “That bothers me; I want to fix whatever is wrong, and I can’t do that if you don’t tell me.”

Jordan ducks his head, and I can tell he’s more upset that he’s disappointed me.

“I’m sorry Sir,” he begins, “It’s just… after the scene, I started thinking about you being a minor and me being the sheriff’s, your father’s, deputy, and… I like submitting to you, I like you shooting your load on me, and that every supernatural or animal that can smell it knows I’m yours, but…”

“The rest doesn’t matter,” I reassure him, “You know we’re not human, and here is our safe haven to be ourselves and let that human mask slip. You’re my hellhound…”

“And you’re my demon Master,” he intones, a calmness as my pheromones wash away the last part of his resistance to a more sexual relationship between us; hopefully for good.

I lean across and kiss him, fully on the lips; he doesn’t pull away, but opens his mouth as my tongue pushes past his lips. I pull him into a tighter hug, until he is resting his head on my shoulder; a mirror of my slave on my other side.

“I’m going to run us a bath,” I state a short while later, “Then we’re going to soak in the tub for a while…”

“It’s only big enough for two,” Jordan frowns.

“I’ll be at one end, you’ll be at the other,” I tell him, my hands rubbing up and down both their backs, “And Archie will sit on my lap.”

“So, before I lock Archie’s cock back up,” I casually mention while we’re relaxing in the bath, surrounded by the steam rising from the water and Archie leaning back against my chest, his legs draped either side of Jordan, whose legs are tangled up in mine as he rests against the other end of the tub, “We’re going to shave every inch of him from the neck down.”

“Yes Master,” my slave says, turning his head to look at me. I notice his cock start to stir and rise; the idea clearly appealing to him.

“And you are going to help him remain smooth and hairless,” I command Jordan.

“Yes Sir,” he says to me.

Getting both slave and sub standing in the tub, I fetch the razors and shaving gel; passing a razor and can to Jordan we both lather Archie’s body up and begin shaving every hair below his neck from his body. The razors cut through the foam on arms, legs, crotch, and chest, the hair being sluiced away as we take a soaked sponge to his skin. With only his ass left to be shaved I bend him over and have him hold his cheeks apart as I liberally coat his hole with the foam and drag a razor carefully over the puckered skin. Finally, I am rinsing the last of the shaving foam from my slave’s body; leaving his skin smooth and the only hair on his head. His cock is rigid.

“Well, we’ll need to take care of that before I lock you in your cock cage,” I say.
“Master?” he asks hopefully.

“I have just the ice pack to take care of it,” I smile.

With slave’s arousal curtailed, I retrieve the package from the table.

“So, I got you a present,” I tell him, “Something I think you’ll like as much as I will.” I open the box to reveal a stainless-steel cock cage. I take out the one and three-quarter inch ring, “See how shiny it is, I think this will look better against your hairless crotch than the black.” I slide his balls and cock through the metal, and his cock plumps at my handling of him. The cage part of the device is one and a quarter inch of solid metal tube, with a half-inch dome of criss-crossing bars at the end. I quickly slide the cage over his cock before it stiffens further; the locking unit fitting into the ring, allowing me to slide in the brass integrated lock and turn the key.

“There,” I smile, standing up and fetching my keys from the jeans pocket. I attach the cock cage key to the keyring, “Looks so much better than the black. What do say?”

“Thank you Master,” Archie’s eyes are fixed on his new metal jewellery.

“And given the control I have over your orgasms, it’s only right that I also take control over my hellhound’s too,” I say.

“What?” Jordan croaks.

“From now on, you will call me and ask permission to jack off,” I tell him, “I might say yes, I might say no, but I will know if you jack off without permission.”

He looks at me, and I wait for his response.

“Yes Sir,” he complies. I smile at him.

“You can, if you want to, fuck Archie’s mouth or ass to have an orgasm instead of asking me to let you masturbate,” I say, “But only if you are at the station when you fuck him, not when you’re at home or here. If you’ve called me and I said no, then you can still fuck him instead; even if you’re at home. Understood?” I ask them.

“Yes Sir,” “Yes Master.”

“Good, now let’s take a nap before I head home,” I say settling myself in the middle of the bed, my hellhound and slave crawling up beside me, “I need to be home before my dad,” I remind them.

Next day after school, while Scott and Liam, head to the pack house. Isaac and I head to mine, so I can change Isaac’s diaper and pick up Castiel.

Walking through the front door I find a letter from the insurance company; I finally have the cheque for the jeep. If I sell Archie’s car and truck, between the money from that and the insurance
money, we should be able to get a car for Archie and the SUV I want. That will need to wait until after the holiday.

I pet Castiel and fill his bowl, so he can eat while I take Isaac to my room.

“Excited to finally get to sleep in your cot at the house?” I ask him as I pull the wet diaper from under his bum.

“Hmm-mm, daddy,” he nods as he mumbles around his paci, “If I has a bad dream you’ll be next door and I can sleep with you and papa.”

“Sure you can,” I smile at him, “We’ll just kick Aiden out of the bed to sleep on the floor.”

“He can sleep in my room,” Isaac beams up at me. I don’t have an answer to that, instead I lean over and blow a raspberry on his tummy making him giggle and squeal, “Daddy, tickles.”

“Come on, little one,” I say as I finish fastening his diaper and pulling up his pants, “Let’s get Castiel and head out to the house.” I lift him into my arms, his legs wrapping around my waist, and chastely kiss his lips before carrying him out the room.

We arrive at the house and I pull the seat forward to let Castiel out of the car. The dog rushes towards the house. Isaac lifts his arms up and makes grabby hands gestures, letting me know he wants carried. I lift him up and head to the house to find the others.

We find everyone in the kitchen; and by everyone, I mean, Derek, Scott, Liam, Mason H, and Deaton. More than I was expecting.

“So…” I drawl, setting Isaac down on one of the tall stools at the breakfast bar.

Liam is sitting nervously at the table glass of juice in hand; Mason H is sitting beside him. Scott rises from his seat and is getting down on one knee to greet Castiel, ruffling his fur and getting sloppy kisses as the dog licks at and in his mouth, which he happily accepts. Deaton turns to look at me.

“Deaton just got here,” Derek says from where he’s standing in front of the refrigerator, “Hey Issy, want some juice?” Isaac nods his head. Derek pours some juice into a sippy cup and brings it over to him.

“Thank you, papa,” Isaac says, taking the paci from his mouth and lifting the cup of juice to it.

“I was explaining to Mr Dunbar,” Deaton states looking to me, “That it’s too soon for me to do a blood test to check if he is pregnant; his hormone levels will not have changed significantly yet.”

“When could you check?” I ask.

“I’d say two weeks,” the vet replies, “Your Logos device should be able to tell you sooner; and give you more options on how to handle things if he is pregnant.”

“Right,” I nod.

“If he is pregnant,” Deaton continues, “A lupul cu câinii carries their stud’s pups for longer than a normal canine pregnancy before whelping; instead of each trimester being twenty-one days, they
are twenty-eight days.”

“So, twelve weeks,” I derive.

“Yes,” the vet confirms, “There is also the potential for the usual pregnancy symptoms; morning
sickness, darkening of the areola, tiredness, breast enlarging and milky discharge.” He’s clearly
trying to dissuade Liam, and Scott, from wanting to carry any pups.

“So, everything that carrying a baby normally includes,” I state.

“Yes,” he concedes.

“Thanks doc,” I smile.

“While I’m here,” he fixes me with a stare, “Regarding the Monroe issue. The Hunters are sending
Severo Calavera after her and those following her.”

“Why the Calavera family?” Derek asks, “They are based in Mexico, there are other families
closer.”

“That is information that would not be available to me,” Deaton replies.

“Would not is not the same as is not,” I counter.

“Speculation I have heard suggests there may be concerns that Gerard Argent is mentoring her,” he
supplies, “I’ll see myself out.” He turns and leaves.

“Well, fuck me.” I turn to the pack sitting around the table, “I’ll deal with that later; right now, I
think Liam and I need to talk in private.”

“But…” both Scott and Mason H start to protest.

“No,” I state, “This is about him, first and foremost.”

~############################~

I take Liam into the den, and we sit on one of the couches.

“Does the Logos tell you if I’m carrying puppies?” he asks, his voice small and breaking with worry.

“If it does what do you want to do?” I ask him.

“I’m not ready to have kids,” he groans, throwing his head back against the sofa.

“You wouldn’t be having kids, you’d be having puppies,” I remind him, “And, part of the reason
that Derek has the Hale Stud Services business with the dogs was to have a cover for selling your,
and Scott’s, puppies to other packs when you started having them; though that was expected to be
after you finished school.”

“I thought that was just so there were dogs for the videos, and… because of what we are,” he turns
to me.

“That too,” I smile reassuringly at him, “But, given what you are, having pups was always a
possibility, if not inevitable eventually. And, as we know, lupul cu câinii pups are highly sought after.”

“So, if I am, and if I keep them, I could make money for the pack?”

“Sure,” I say, “If you want to whelp them. I know from the research on normal dog breeding that Cane Corso pups can sell for up to four-thousand dollars; for kennel club show dogs. And lupul cu câinii pups sell for more than the father’s breed; though I don’t know exactly how much more.”

“But how do we cover up that I’m pregnant from my parents, and at school?”

I put my arm around him and pull him into my scent.

“I have an idea, you might not like it, but, hear me out,” I smile at him, “What if we don’t cover it up. I could use the Logos to change what people outside the pack know about you. Scott will probably throw a fit, but I think he’d come around to the idea to protect you. What I could do is, use the Logos to change your parents’ memory of you from being cis male, to trans male. The same for teachers at school, like Coach, and for the lacrosse team. Anyone who would have knowledge of you being cis male, or could have seen you in the showers and know what you used to have between your legs.”

“You want to make them think I’m a girl?!?”

“No, that were born with female genital, but your gender is male.”

“How would that work when I have puppies? What about why I don’t have reassignment surgery?”

“Mason H got you pregnant, and you’re having the child adopted as you’re both not ready to be parents; nobody outside the pack will see your puppies. You’ve decided that you don’t need a penis to be male; your gender is not defined by your genitalia.”

“I… What if they all hate me after you change their memories?” I know that ‘they all’ means his parents; his mom and step-dad.

“From what you’ve said about your parents I don’t think they will hate you. Think it over,” I tell him, “You can decide after the holiday.”

“Can I talk it over with the others?” he asks, “Mason especially, if everyone is gonna think he’s my baby daddy.”

“Guys,” I call out towards the kitchen, “Liam wants to talk with you.”

They file in through the door; Castiel, followed by Scott, then Mason, and Derek carrying Isaac. I’m sure Scott at least half listened in, worried about Liam and distracted by his doggy lover. Derek would actively avoid listening to a private conversation, Isaac seems too into his little space, and Mason H would need to stand with his ear pressed to a glass against the door have heard us.

“So…’ Liam relates our discussion to them.

“Why can’t we tell them I got Liam pregnant?” Scott interjects, his whole demeanour not happy with Mason H being painted as the baby daddy in our fabrication.

“Because,” I calmly remind him, “Mama McCall will fight tooth and nail for her grandkids rather than losing them to some stranger who’s adopting them. We don’t want to put her through that.”
“My parents won’t be happy about it either,” Mason H says, “But I don’t think they’ll object. They may accept that I’m gay, but they’ll still think any kid will be better off with a ‘normal’ married couple than me and a girl that thinks she is a guy.”

“Why not just use the perception filter to hide his pregnancy from everyone outside the pack?” Derek asks.

“Because, that won’t give him an out from school activities that will put his puppies in danger,” I state.

“Oh my god! I’ll need to give up lacrosse?!?” Liam suddenly realises.

“Like I said,” I turn my attention back to Liam, “You didn’t want to be having babies or puppies right now, just like Scott doesn’t. And I know that you want to be contributing to the pack’s income and aren’t happy that I don’t want you doing the porn shoots for the website just now; so, you might see having the puppies for us to sell as another way to help. But, you need to consider if you really want to be doing that now.”

“Porn shoots?” Mason H side-tracks the conversation.

“Scott, Derek, Aiden, Ethan, Jordan, Archie, and me are doing videos,” Castiel barks his annoyance at being left out of the line-up, so I continue, “And Cas, and eventually the other dogs too. And there will be live streaming once we get the site live.”

“What does it pay?” he asks.

“It doesn’t pay,” I scowl at him, “The purpose of it is to pay for this place, and to contribute to the pack members college education.”

“Is sex with the dogs’ compulsory?” he enquires.

“No, only Scott and Aiden are having sex with the dogs, everyone else is either involved in incest or BDSM.”

“I’d be making videos having sex with dogs if I was allowed to be on the site,” Liam states.

“Can I be involved?” Mason H asks.

“I don’t let Liam take part because of his age…” I begin

“I’m the same age as Scott, almost; I started school late,” he informs us. At my enquiring frown he adds, “For reasons.” He doesn’t elaborate.

“Bring me a copy of your birth certificate as evidence and I’ll consider it,” I tell him, “Do have any experience of BDSM?”

“Of… No, but you could teach me,” he grins.

“We are off topic,” Derek harrumphs, “This is supposed be about Liam.”

“Yes,” I concede, “Sorry Liam. I don’t know if any of this talk has helped. We have a possible solution, but you need to decide if that’s what you want. The alternative would be for me to terminate the pregnancy using the Logos. You need to take the time to think what you want to do.”

“Does the Logos show me as being pregnant?” he asks; reminding me we didn’t actually check after Deaton left.
I unlock the Logos and switch to Liam’s details; scanning through the tabs for his health status.

“You are pregnant,” I tell him, and everyone in the room, “Without any intervention to stop it, you will have four Cane Corso pups in about twelve weeks; mid-February.” The boy looks stunned, before a determined look crosses his face.

“Don’t make any rash decisions,” I tell him, I want him to sleep on it and get used to the idea of life growing in him; a valuable asset for the pack and him, “You need to think on what the decision you make could mean; to your parents, to you, and to the pack.”

“Yeah,” Scott says, “Wait until after the holiday…”

“No, I’ve decided,” Liam determinedly states, turning to me, “You said these pups could sell for four-thousand dollars each, that’s sixteen-thousand for the pack; I’m keeping them.”

“But you’re one of our best players!” Scott declares, more worried about the lacrosse team than his pack, “How…”

“Scott,” I interrupt him, “It’s Liam’s decision.” I turn back to Liam, “Are you sure that’s the decision you want to make? And are your choosing what’s best for you, or what’s best for your pack?”

“Yes, and both,” he answers, with a look as though the weight of the world has been taken from his shoulders. “After my first full moon, when I changed so I would be Scott’s Consort, we talked and you said I had to decide if that was what I really wanted to be; if not you could use the Logos to change me back. But, I do want to be the Alpha’s Consort. So, in the locker-room and at lacrosse games, I can’t keep hiding that I don’t have a dick anymore. Making everyone think I never had one is probably the best idea we’re gonna come up with. We can’t exactly tell them we’re werewolves.”

“True, but…” Scott starts to counter.

“But us, the pack is more important to me than lacrosse,” he looks shocked at his own words, “I never thought I’d ever say something was more important than lacrosse.”

“If you’re sure,” I press him.

“I’m sure,” he turns to Scott, “Now you can properly claim me as your Consort, I can’t get more pregnant.”

Scott’s eyes turn alpha red as he leans in against Liam, growling and scenting him as he bites at his jaw. The sudden smell of arousal coming from the pair is almost overpowering.

“Okay,” I say standing from the seat, “I have a couple of programs to work on. Isaac, you gonna be okay with papa?”

“Thundercats,” he says, pointing to the TV from Derek’s lap that he crawled onto during the talk with Liam.

“I love Thundercats,” Mason H says; Isaac beams a smile at him from behind his paci.

“Right then, I’ll be in the study,” I say heading out the door.
Sitting alone in the study, I can hear the pack in the den; talking and watching Isaac’s chosen program on the TV.

I send a quick text to Danny, to let him know that we will need his computer skills to change Liam’s medical and school records to show him as a trans male, before starting on the simpler of the set of programs I need to run on the Logos.

One is for Liam’s parents, setting out that his biological sex at birth was female, but from the age of four he refused to wear dresses, skirts, and anything he saw as girly clothes; always choosing what his parents saw as boy’s clothes. They thought it was a tom-boy phase, but at age six he said his name was Liam and he was a boy. So, they supported their son, and have done ever since.

The next is for teachers and staff at school.

Then another for the students that I know Liam interacted with, especially the lacrosse team; Liam always showered separately from the rest of the team, no-one saw his cock.

“What about the physical copy of his birth certificate that would be in the school safe?” Danny asks walking into the room.

“What?” I look over at the technomage.

“For students who are transgender, the school keeps the physical copy of the birth certificate that would form part of the school record in a safe. All references to legal name and sex are changed on internal school documents to the name and gender the student identifies as. Before uploading information to a state’s department of education, they change the data to the legal name and gender. So, I change all the computer records, how do you get the physical one from his school record, change it, and get it into the safe?”

“No problem,” I smirk at him. Like I haven’t gotten into my dad’s files at the sheriff’s office; school records will be a piece of cake. But… I jump from the chair I’m in and rush to the door, calling out to Liam, “Hey, how do you feel about Wilma?”

“What?” he looks puzzled as he stares at me over his shoulder.

“For your birth name? We need a legal birth name to put in your records,” I explain.

“Not Wilma,” he looks aghast at the suggestion.

“So…?”


“What about Amber, or Jada, or Kendall?” Mason H suggests.

“No,” Liam pouts.

“Lillian,” Liam picks, “My grandma was Lillian.”

“Lillian to Liam; perfect,” I smile and head back into the study.

Danny sets his laptop up on the one of the desks in the study and starts ‘correcting’ Liam’s official records, while I lounge on the sofa in the room and enhance the programs for Liam’s parents and the school staff.

I then turn my thoughts to the more complex problem. Monroe.

I check on evil grandpa Argent. And qué sorpresa – I pick up some Spanish from Scott – he’s in the exact same town as Monroe; Hammett, Idaho.

I wonder why they would have jumped across so many state lines since their attack on the Primal Pack, but for now, I need to work on getting Severo Calavera to meet up with them.

It takes me another couple of hours of planning but, using the future events settings in the device to see where they planned to be and moving Severo towards the same location, I now have it set in motion. Another pack will be attacked, but most will survive, and Monroe and her group will be severely injured. In their escape, Severo will be able to track them. Specifically, Monroe. She’ll think she loses him and will head back to where the rest of her cell will be tending their wounds with grandpa evil, in the warehouse they specifically chose due to the surveillance cameras in the area not working. Leading Severo right to them. A couple of shoulder-fired missiles, and the problem of Monroe and grandpa Argent is solved.

I’ve made sure that Severo will a bazooka – or two – among his weapons in the trunk of his car; and with no working cameras there is no evidence of what happened.

Next morning, I wake to a sleepy little drooling over my shoulder; he had a bad dream during the night and had to sleep with his daddy and papa to be safe. I don’t think there was a bad dream, I think he just wanted to make sure he could sleep with Derek and me when he needed to.

I didn’t need to make Aiden leave the bed, as he wasn’t here last night. Only Scott, Isaac, Derek and me, stayed at the house; tonight, the whole pack will be here.

Isaac is lying completely on top of me, his legs spread either side of mine, his arms spread out and one hand grasping in Derek’s hair, his head on my shoulder with his face turned into my neck. So, as he’s drooling, he’s lost his paci in the bed somewhere during the night.

I bring my hand not trapped under Derek’s torso up and rub along Isaac’s back, over his padded pup t-shirt, with the snap closure over the crotch, that he slept in,

“Daddy,” comes the muffled and yawned response.
“Hey angel,” I smile at his confused, barely woken face, “Let me check your diaper.” I roll us over, pulling my hand out from under a grumbling Derek, and have Isaac lying on his back on Aiden’s side of the bed. Unfastening the snaps around his crotch I pull the t-shirt up, exposing the thick diaper; the design of printed stars has faded, so I already know the diaper is wet. I pull at the front of the diaper and put my hand down against Isaac’s damp skin.

“Someone needs their diapee changed,” I sing-song, “Come on, I’ll change you before we have breakfast, and then I’ll give you a bath, another fresh diaper, and get you dressed before everyone arrives.” I pull him up towards me and his arms wrap around my neck, the metal snaps on the unclosed flap of the t-shirt hitting against my skin as I carry him to his room.

“Shouldn’t you at least put underwear on?” Derek calls from the bed.

“Pah! He’s slept in the bed with both of us naked all night, what’s the point now?” I head out the door not waiting for an answer.

I lay Isaac down on his changing table, and pull the tabs open on the wet dirty diaper. With Isaac’s legs on my shoulders I wipe his cocks and balls clean, and then his ass cheeks and crack with fresh wipe; depositing the lot in the dirty diaper that I tape up and drop in the diaper pail. Getting a clean diaper under his ass, I apply the diaper cream, my fingers rubbing over his puckered hole and his cock plumping as always. It doesn’t take long with my probing fingers and stroking hand for him to ‘make sticky’ that I aim to cover his bald crotch, cock, and balls. I quickly fasten the diaper, leaving him covered in his cum, and then the snaps on his t-shirt.

“Up my little angel,” I say holding my arms out for him. He sleepily holds his arms out for me to lift him.

“Love you daddy,” he yawns as he wraps his arms around my neck again.

“Love you too angel,” I say, “Let’s get your papa to take you down and give you breakfast while I go get our alpha up.”

~############################~

Derek throws on some sleep pants and takes Isaac downstairs to start making breakfast; before the rest of the pack arrives. I head through to Scott’s room. Opening the door the smell hits me; sex, lots of sex.

“Fuck yeah,” Scott growls out, “Fuck me good.”

Scott’s on all fours, on his knees and forearms, on his doggy bed, Castiel thrusting his hard, red dog cock into the alpha’s ass.

“Yessss,” Scott moans as Castiel’s knot forms and starts to catch on the rim of his hole, he cries out again, “Fuck it’s s’good.”

My own cock swells at the sight, sounds, and smell in the room. I walk over and kneel in front of the alpha being thoroughly fucked, my cock pointing at his mouth. He quickly takes the head between his lips and I groan.

“Fuck Scotty,” I moan as his tongue ripples against the underside of my cock, “You can’t get enough of Castiel’s cock in you, can you?”
“Rrowff,” Castiel answers, given Scott’s mouth is a little full.

He starts moaning around the head of my cock, and I can see from the shallow thrusts Castiel is making against his ass that the dog’s knot has caught, causing Scott to dribble his load over his bed, making me wonder how often he’s cum if his balls are that empty. I shoot my own load down his throat. I sit back on my heels, and Scott rests his head on my lap as he waits for Castiel’s knot to go down. The dog leans over and licks at Scott’s cheek and mouth; Scott licks back.

“So, been at it all night?” I ask him.

“Only since we woke up,” Scott languidly answers.

“Yeah, and how often have you cum since then that your balls are drained?” Scott just looks up at me with a smirk. “Thankfully with werewolf stamina you should be filled enough to shoot another video tomorrow.”

“Which one?”

“You strapped down to the breeding bench and getting fucked in the ass and mouth by two dogs,” I remind him. Scott’s cock twitches in interest but is too spent to rise.

“I’m going to throw some clothes on,” I say, ruffling Scott’s hair, “Derek’s making breakfast; is Scott or Scooter joining us?”

“Scott,” he huffs, “In case my mom gets here sooner than expected.”

I leave the lovers still locked together and go throw on some sleep pants and a t-shirt. I go back to check on Scott and Castiel, just as the dog is pulling out of his Scott’s ass. The alpha slumps onto his doggy bed and turns his head to me.

“If I let Scooter out, will you make sure I’m Scott before my mom gets here?” he asks, biting at his bottom lip.

“You need some puppy time?” I ask him.

“Yeah,” he whines, “Castiel took most of the edge off, but, I guess the whole thing with Liam has me worried about him and what if his parents don’t react like you think they will, and…”

“Whatever happens we will work it out, and we, his pack, will take care of him,” I say petting his head and scratching behind his ear.

I stand and walk over to the set of drawers in the room and take out the black puppy tail butt plug.

“When did you get that?”

“When we were designing this room for you, Liam, and Castiel,” I tell him, “Now, let’s give Scooter his tail, so he can get breakfast.”

Scott raises his ass up; fitting the tail is easier with is ass still open from taking the dog knot and it closes around the base of the plug. Scooter wags his tail experimentally.

“Rrowff, rrowff,” he barks happily, Castiel joining in.

“Okay, come on boys, breakfast then walkies,” I lead them out the door.

~############################~
“We need Scooter’s bowls as well as Castiel’s for breakfast,” I say as I enter the kitchen; Scooter fast on my heels, and Castiel sniffing at his ass.

“Daddy, daddy, my chair,” Isaac shouts excitedly from the wooden high-chair, kicking his legs and grinning with sparkling eyes; clearly happy. Derek had it custom-made, like the cot and the changing table; it’s solid wood and looks like a child’s high-chair with a tray that slides in and out, only adult sided.

“My lucky boy, you have your own special chair,” I smile at him, and he beams back at me. Derek is smiling to himself as he fetches Scooter’s food and water bowl from the cabinet.

I kiss the top of Isaac’s head as I pass and take the bowls from Derek; while Derek fills Castiel’s bowls, I put some sausage, bacon, hash-browns, and egg in one of Scooter’s – all chopped up so it’s easier for him to eat – and some juice in the other.

“Rrowff!” Scooter exclaims as I put the bowls down for him beside Issy’s chair, and he leaps at me licking my face, before staring at the bowls. I realise he’s happy to see his name on the bowls; a far cry from the time I chained Scott to the radiator and wrote his name on a water bowl.

“I’m feeding Issy with a spoon from the bowl I put together for him, while eating my own.

“Okay angel,” I say as he takes the last mouthful, “You drink your juice while I finish my breakfast, then I give you a bath.”

“Scooter bath too daddy,” Isaac blurts out, “He smelly.”

“Yeah,” Aiden chimes in, “It’s pretty clear what a horn dog Castiel was last night.”

Scooter let’s out low growl as he flashes Scott’s alpha red eyes at Aiden.

“Sorry, just joking,” Aiden apologies, baring his neck.

“Yeah, but I agree with Issy,” I smirk. Scooter turns to look at me as if I betrayed him, “So we have two options. One, I bath Scooter after I finish getting Isaac dressed; and two, Scott showers himself.” I’m sure he’ll go for option two immediately but, Scooter tilts his head to the side as if considering.

“Rrowff,” he barks.

“Option one?” I ask, trying to keep the surprise from my voice.
“Rrowff,” he confirms with a wag of his tail.

“Okay then,” I return to finishing my breakfast.

I fill the bath tub about a third full and check the temperature before lifting Issy into it. He plays with the rubber duck for a while and I cup the water in my hands, pouring it over his skin and use the unscented liquid soap for sensitive skin to wash him.

“Tickles daddy,” he giggles as I wash under his arms, soaping his armpits and sluicing the grim, sweat, and soap away.

I massage the shampoo into his hair and hold him as he leans back for me to rinse the lather out, taking care not to get any in his eyes. He smiles up at me as my hand cards through his hair; enjoying that his daddy is taking care of him. I can’t help but smile back, enjoying getting to take care of him and the pleasure he gets from it.

“Come on little one,” I sigh, pulling back up to sit in the tub, “One last place to wash.” I get him on his knees, lather up his ass crack with one hand and his cock and balls with the other. As I’m rinsing the soap away, I see a pensive look cross Issy’s face.

“What’ wrong angel?”

“Nothing…”

“Baby, I know something is wrong,” I tell him.

“Da… Stiles, I…” and I know whatever is worrying him has brought him out of his little space.

“Isaac,” I let my hands drop from his body, “What’s up?”

“I…” he steels himself with determination and ploughs through, “I want to help the pack make money too; just like Liam and Mason do.”

“You want to make porno vids for the site?”

“Well I can’t have puppies, and all the stuff you and Derek have bought for me; the cot, the changing table, the high-chair, and all the clothes,” he stresses, “I saw all the clothes in the closet for me; and the cot and everything are custom made and expensive. I looked into those, after the first time you put me in a diaper.”

“But you don’t really like sex,” I remind him, “I know, I’m a sex demon.”

“But I do enjoy it,” he protests, “You know I get hard and…”

“You enjoy the touching, and cuddling, and being taken care of by your daddy,” I interrupt, “But I know you’d happily ignore the erection you get; and when I help you make sticky, you enjoy the fact I’m feeding off your pleasure more than the pleasure you get from the orgasm. While you can
be sexual with someone, you’d rather not be.” Isaac just looks at me, so I continue, “I think the fact I’m your daddy, and we have that emotional connection, makes it easier for you to get hard and make sticky but, I know that it’s being taken care of that you enjoy; you’re not sexually attracted to me.”

“What’s wrong with me?” he suddenly sobs.

“What?! Nothing is wrong with you, why would you think?”

“I know Scott’s attractive, Allison is attractive, Lydia, you, Derek, even Jackson. And I can smell the reaction that Aiden and Derek have to you; that Scott has when he looks at Castiel or Liam, or any of the dogs in the kennel. The reaction he used to have when he looked at Allison, and sometimes I thought he had looking at me. And I’ve never had that… that reaction to anyone.”

“Isaac, there is nothing wrong with you; it’s perfectly possible for someone to have no sexual attraction to any other person and that is natural.”

“But… I had feelings for Allison, and Scott,” he protests, “And you.”

“Feelings, yes, but not sexual ones. You liked them, maybe even loved them, but you didn’t want to have sex with them, did you? You probably thought you should do, and you could. That isn’t the same as want to. You wanted the kisses and cuddles; the being taken care of,” at his silent contemplation I add, “There is nothing wrong with being asexual.”

He’s silent for a while, and the bath water is getting cold.

“I could still do videos; they could be of be when I’m in my little space and daddy or papa are taking care of me,” he says quietly.

“If that’s what you want, I’ll talk to Danny about updating the web site,” I cup the back of his head, and kiss his forehead, “Are you alright?”

“Yeah,” he sighs, less stressed than he was before, “I just… I never separated the feelings I had from… I’d always thought because I had feelings of liking someone and got jealous that I was bisexual. It never occurred to me I was asexual, I just assumed that sex was something I would want; eventually, you know?”

“Maybe you’re biromantic,” I nod, he smiles, and it’s like a weight has been lifted from him.

“My daddy can still help me make sticky when he needs to feed though,” he cautiously says.

“When he needs and if you really want to,” I assure him, “Now, come on, this water is cold. Let’s get you dried, then I can get you dressed and give Scooter a bath.”

I lift Isaac out of the tub, then pat and rub him dry with a large fluffy bath sheet before lifting him and carrying him through to his room. With him laid out on the changing table I apply the cream and we both ignore his plumping cock. I add a couple of booster pads to the diaper, and finish taping it closed.

I then get a pair of light blue socks from the drawer in the closet.

“Lion-o!” he exclaims as he sees the print on the socks; his little side re-emerging.

“Yep, he’s your favourite, right,” he nods in reply and I can see he’s fighting to calm his excitement and not let his little side out. A fight he loses when I put the blue t-shirt with Lion-o
surrounded by the other Thundercats on him.

“Daddy! It’s all the Thundercats, and Lion-o has his claw-shield and the sword of omens, and…”

“I know angel,” I smile at his excitement; wrangling to get his legs into the pair of jeans. I finally pull the jeans up over his diaper, fasten the button, zipper, and belt. “Okay, let’s get you back down stairs,” I say lifting him from the table.

~################################~

“I could have walked down,” Isaac says, his little-self subdued as I carry him towards the kitchen.

“I know, but what chance am I gonna get to coddle my angel once everyone gets here?” I pout.

“I need to be big when Mama McCall, and your dad, get here,” he sulks, “So, I need to be big now.”

“I did most of the prep yesterday,” we hear Derek say as we walkthrough the doorway, he’s talking to Danny, “So, it’s just the cooking I need to schedule, so that the meal is ready for when everyone arrives.”

“Where’s Scooter and the twins?” I ask.

“Scooter is running around the garden chasing a ball with Castiel that the twins are throwing around,” Derek grins at me.

“Scooter, bath time,” I yell heading out the door to the garden and pool area. My shout distracts the twins allowing Scooter to leap up and catch the ball in his mouth and start bounding towards me, closely followed by Castiel and the twins.

“Rrwoff,” Scooter barks as he drops the ball at my feet. I look down at the grass-stain covered alpha, wagging his tail and grinning up at me.

“No more game time,” I say, making him whine, “It’s time for your bath.” Another whine.

“Scooter, upstairs to the bathroom now!” I demand, pointing in the direction he's to go, sulkily he does. Castiel goes to follow, “No! You stay here.”

“Clean the dirt the dogs have trailed in off the floor,” we hear Derek tell the twins as I follow Scooter up the stairs.

Scooter has his front paws on the edge of the tub watching as I fill it with water, to about a third of the way; like I did with Isaac.

“Okay pup, time to get in,” I say. He looks up at me, then back to the tub and then pushes himself up and jumps in; water splashes everywhere, “Scooter?!” I complain as he hunkers down in the water and shakes his body from side to side, getting me even wetter.

“Rrowff,” he laughs, splashing me again with his paws before taking the edge of my shirt in his teeth and pulling as he stands on all fours.

“Feeling frisky pup?” I ask, noting his erection hanging between his hind legs; I take my wet shirt off and throw it towards the hamper, “Come on, we need to get you cleaned and taken care of.” I reach for the shampoo, while Scooter noses at my sleep pants and tries to take the fabric between
his teeth. “No pup,” I scold him, “I’m not getting in the bath.”

He whines his disappointment. I ruffle his hair and kiss his cheek.

“Let’s get you taken care of,” I grin at him; he wags his tail in anticipation, splashing more water over my sleep pants, “And scratch that itch you have.”

I ran my hand down his back, and he moaned into the touch, my fingers running around the rim of his tail plug where it was seated in his ass, making him whine and push back. My hand moves to caress the globes of his bubble butt and I gently slap, causing his eyes to flash and a devilish grin to spread on his face. With one hand I wash his body, while the other teases the folds of vagina. My fingers brushing over the crease and pressing at his clitoral hood. He moans and pushes back, a whine caught in his throat. My fingers press into the wet heat and circle his clit; his cock is hard and dripping. I run my fingers back and forth over his clit, flicking and pinching it.

“Mmmnn,” he moans as I scissor my fingers inside him, running them along his inner walls, and curling them back over his clit. His body vibrating, his ass clenching around his tail plug, and his cock leaking into the water.

“Stiles, please,” Scott pleads, the combination of the sensations knocking him out of his puppy space, “Please, Stiles, I need to…” I keep up the relentless stimulation of his clit and he shudders, my hand that had been petting his back and chest stopping as I grip him around his waist and hold him up and his cock shoots into the water and his pussy tightly grips my fingers still teasing his clit. My fingers curl against his clit, making him spasm in my arms, his cock twitching as his leg shooting out from under him.

“Fuck, Stiles, I can’t, fuck,” he curses, “Damn.”

“Come on buddy,” I pat his back, “Time to rinse you off, and get you dried. Told you I’d make sure Scott was back before your mom showed up.”

“I didn’t think it would be with a double orgasm,” he smiles at me, “I need a sleep now.”

“Yeah, well, no more orgasms for you until you shoot your scenes with the dogs,” I tell him.

“Yes, Mr Producer Sir,” he mocks.

“Come on, you can have a nap in the den before the ‘rents get here; once your dressed.”

“Can you get my other butt plug from my room, the usual one,” he says, adding with a bashful grin, “I still got a lot of Cas’s loads in me.”

“And you don’t want to wash them out?” my question gets his sad puppy dog eyes look in reply, “I’ve created a kinky monster,” I quip, “I’ll get your butt plug.”

“Thanks, bro,” he shines one of his lop-sided smiles at me as I head to his room.

~############################~

Scott is lying sprawled on one of the couches in the den, Castiel lying on top of him, licking Scott’s mouth as he makes kissy faces at him as I walk into the room. Mama McCall and my dad are right behind me; both still in uniform having come straight from work.
“I hope you don’t plan to kiss your mom with that mouth,” I call to him.

“I hope not too,” Mama McCall echoes as Scott shouts, “Mom!”

“Hey Mama McCall,” Isaac calls from where he’s sitting beside Ethan, where they are playing Rayman Origins on the XBOX.

“Isaac,” she takes in the t-shirt and socks he’s wearing, “You’ve definitely been under Stiles’s influence too long if you’re dressing in superhero t-shirts,” she says.

“Lion-o is the best,” he responds.

“No,” Scott wails, “Superman is the best.”

“Please. You’re both wrong,” I correct them, “It has and always will be The Batman.”

“But Superman fights for truth and justice, he always does what’s right, he stands for everything that is noble and just,” Scott defends his hero.

“Yeah, and he does that with is superhuman powers,” I counter, “While the Batman strikes fear in to criminal’s hearts and then serves justice all without any superpowers, just his human strength and intelligence; and he also fights for truth and justice but, he’ll do whatever is needed to ensure justice is served.”

“But…” Scott begins to counter.

“Before this dissolves into your usual debate, that neither of you has won, ever,” my dad interrupts, “Would someone show us where we can get showered and changed?”

“Sure,” I say, “We’ll go through the kitchen to let Derek know you’re here.”

I take their bags and lead them through to the kitchen, where Derek and Danny are preparing the final parts of the meal.

“Hey, look who’s arrived,” I say.

“The food smells delicious,” Mama McCall says, as they all exchange greetings, my dad and Derek a little more reserved; probably due to dad’s “don’t ask, don’t tell policy” regarding my incubus love life and his suspicions about me and all the pack.

“Where’s Aiden?” I ask.

“Feeding the dogs,” Danny says, “Better than having him help in the kitchen.”

“We should be ready to serve soon,” Derek says.

“Real meat, not tofu or…” my dad starts to ask.

“Yes, Sir,” Derek assures him, “Herb Roast Turkey, Baked Ham with Brown Sugar Mustard Glaze, and Pork Loin with Bacon and Brown Sugar Glaze.”

My dad looks like he would kiss him.

“Anyway, we’ll cut through the dining room,” I say leading the parents out of the kitchen through the door into the dining room.
“Wow,” Mama McCall exhales, taking in the layout.

“Yeah, it’s a big table,” I say, “We can seat twelve people around it; it had to be big enough for the entire pack.”

“That including Parrish and Andrews?” my dad coolly asks.

“Yeah, they’re the only ones still to arrive,” I say leading them in the sitting room, “Liam and Mason are having dinner with their parents: couldn’t exactly explain werewolf pack dinner to them, so, they’re coming over tonight until Sunday.”

“When everyone will be going back to their own home,” dad authoritatively states.

“Aren’t you driving me home tonight?” Mama McCall asks my dad, “I’ve got another shift tomorrow.

“Yeah, I’m working tomorrow too,” my dad replies, looking at me when he adds, “Though Parrish and Andrews have tomorrow off.”

“Pack bonding time with their alpha,” I say, leading them up to the bedrooms. “There is the main bathroom, and through here are the bedrooms. On that side are the supernatural pack bedrooms, and over here,” I say taking them to the right, “Are the human and guest rooms.”

“There’s a difference?” Mama McCall asks.

“Teenage male werewolves,” I say, “You’ve seen Scott’s bedroom at home, you can imagine the carnage and smell on the other side.”

“Especially with an incubus added to the mix,” she says.

“Scott told you?” I don’t screech.

“No, I did,” my dad says.

“What?! Why?”

“Because I needed to talk to someone who understood what having a supernatural son was like; and could advise me on how to deal with the change,” he sternly replies.

“Oh,” I calm myself, “I guess that makes sense.”

“From what your dad said, I expected you to look a lot different,” Scott’s mom probes.

“I can switch between my human self and demon self; well, how I look, I’m always an incubus/human/nogitsune hybrid,” I explain. I quickly shift forms and wish I hadn’t, “Damnit, my tail is stuck,” I pull the back of my pants below the base of my tail, “That hurt. Though not as much as if I got the wings out.” I say, looking at the shocked face of Mama McCall, “That is painful, and bloody, all the ripping of flesh on my back as they break out from under my shoulder blades and… just not doing that unless I really need to.”

“Oh,” she says, “That’s quite a difference.”

“So, these are the guest rooms,” I say, changing back, and showing them two of the bedrooms for them to use to shower and change, “Each of them has a shower and toilet built-in.”

I leave them to take whichever of the rooms they want and head back down.
When I get to the den, Jordan and Archie have arrived.

“Master,” Archie calls when he sees me.

“Until the parents are gone, you’d better call me Stiles,” I tell him.

“Yes Ma… Stiles,” he looks to the floor.

“You too,” I say to Jordan.

“Yes Stiles,” he replies.

“Now, see if Derek needs any more help in the kitchen,” I send them scurrying.

“This dinner with the whole pack, most of the pack, was your idea,” Scott reminds me, pulling me into a hug, “And now you’re stressing out about it.”

“Yeah, I’m sure you overheard some of my dad’s comments,” I mumble into his hair, “I just don’t want him to shoot Archie, or Jordan, or Derek, or Aiden…”

“Or anyone you’re having sex with,” Scott finishes my sentence.

“It would kind of put a damper on the day,” I conclude.

The tension in the dining room, from my dad making Archie, Jordan, Derek, and Aiden nervous, the last two mostly from their own paranoia, started to evaporate after the soup. And vanished when the table was laden with the main course. My dad couldn’t praise Derek enough when the turkey, ham, and pork (with bacon) were laid down. And then the side dishes, spice roasted butternut squash, sour cream and cheddar mashed potatoes, roast potatoes, corn bread, sweet and sour brussels sprouts, French green beans with garlicky almond breadcrumbs, baked kale gratin, spice roasted carrots, and three different cranberry sauces.

“Are you sure you made enough food Derek?” I ask.

“You hush and be grateful kiddo,” my dad defends him, salivating at the feast before him.

“No, I’m serious,” I jest, “Think of the number of werewolves around this table, and the two demons, and a hellhound.”

“There’s more of the side dishes being kept warm in the kitchen,” Danny says, “I didn’t think the table could take anymore.”

“Well,” my dad smiles, “If there are any leftovers, I won’t mind helping out by taking some home.”

We’re sitting down to dessert, Derek had apple pie, pecan pie, and a pumpkin pie, and my dad is looking like all his Christmases have come at once, when the wolves all turn to look towards the
“Stiles, Scott, Derek?!” we hear Liam holler. We rush out to the hall and find Liam in tears, and Mason H trying to console him.

“We weren’t expecting you guys until later,” I say.

“Liam had a fight with his parents,” Mason H supplies.

“They want me to have an abortion,” he cries, “They think I’m too young to have a kid, and they don’t understand how I could have let this happen when I’m ‘supposed to be a boy’, they said that ‘supposed to be a boy’. I am a boy.”

“It was probably just shock,” Scott tries to comfort him, pulling his consort into his arms.

“My mom… she… she called me Lillian!” he shouts, “I’m not Lillian, I’m Liam. I’m still Liam!”

“We know you’re Liam,” I confirm, “And I’m sure they will too, once they get over the shock.” Turning I see the confused and questioning looks of two surprised parents; and I don’t mean Liam’s parents. Mama McCall and my dad want answers.

“Maybe we should go into the den,” I suggest.

“But I saw Liam’s chart and records when he came into the hospital, after the accident at lacrosse,” Mama McCall states after we’ve gone through the trans male story and Mason getting him pregnant accidentally when the condom tore, and that we’re talking with other packs about adoption of the ‘baby’, “Those records stated he is a biological male. Why would his parents now think he’s transgender and why are you all trying to tell us the same story?”

Scott crumbles under his mother’s stern glare and tells her the truth; that Liam became a ‘special’ werewolf when he gave him the bite, because the pack was stable and needed to grow, so werewolf magic made Liam the alpha’s consort and on his first full moon took away his dick and balls, giving him a vagina and uterus in their place. He didn’t use those exact words, but it was the general synopsis, and thankfully he stopped at that point and didn’t confess the doggy love part.

“So, you got Liam pregnant?” she asks.

“No!” Scott declares, “That was Mason…”

“Yeah that was me,” Mason H thankfully jumps in before Scott says Mason the dog.

“Yeah,” Scott slumps back in the seat.

“If Liam is your consort…” my dad starts to ask.

“That would be my fault,” I jump in, “Well, my incubus affects getting out of control, and really we should be grateful they even tried to use a condom…”

“Yeah, definitely, Stiles’s pheromones,” Mason H adds; pushing me further into the line of fire than I already had put myself.

“And why are his parents not surprised that their son is pregnant?” Mama McCall asks, “Why are they under the impression that he’s transgender?”

“That would be me too,” I try to sink into my seat, “I used some magic to alter their memories, and Danny changed the computerised medical and… other records,” I pull Danny into the line of fire
with me.

“You…” my dad looks like he’s gonna have a heart attack.

“I had to protect the pack, we couldn’t let anybody know how special Liam is, or about werewolves,” I defend, “Not even Liam’s parents. And how would we explain the changes Liam has gone through to people at school, especially when his pregnancy starts to show?”

“I…” my dad stalls, not knowing how to answer, “Not by breaking the law, you can’t just go changing state records and…”

“No-one will know the records have been changed,” Danny informs him, “They will not look as if they’ve been altered; no update dates or flag or any indication that the data has been overwritten.”

“How can you be certain kid?” my dad asks him.

“Because he’s a demon, a technomage, and hundreds of years old,” I answer him.

“Then how did…” my dad stops himself.

“I got caught because I wanted to,” Danny answers the unasked question, “It gave me something that could be used as evidence I was human; juvenile records, fingerprints, mugshots,” Danny smiles, “It added to the medical records I had created for my ‘birth’.”

“I… ah…”

“To keep us safe,” I interrupt my dad, hoping my persuasion works, “We can’t always follow the letter of the law; you know there are hunters out there that don’t follow the code. So, sometimes we need to need to bend, or do something slightly outside the law, to stay safe; to stay alive.” I look earnestly between my dad and Mama McCall, “I know you don’t like it, I know it would be better if we followed the letter of the law instead of the intent but, given we’re not exactly all human, what alternative do we have?”

I see them both contemplating my words; they share a look between themselves.

“You ask us for help, even if it’s just for advice,” Mama McCall states.

“We’re the parents here,” my dad adds, “Even if we’re not the oldest people in the room,” he side-eyes Danny, “It’s our job to keep our children safe, not the other way around. Even if it can’t always be the way it should, we want to at least try; to do that we need to know what’s going on. Before you ‘bend’ the letter of the law.”

“We definitely don’t want to know the details of your sex-capades,” Mama McCall adds, looking at Liam and how tightly he is holding on to Scott.

“We definitely don’t want to know about that,” my dad side-eyes Jordan and Archie this time.

“Unless there is something we need to know, like impending grandchildren. But, when you’re in danger, when you have a problem, we want to help,” Mama McCall continues.

“Got it?” my dad finishes. Everyone nods.

“So, is there anything we can help with?” Mama McCall asks, again looking towards Scott and Liam.
“No… I… I don’t want to have an abortion, they said they were gonna make an appointment to…” Liam stammers in panic.

“They can’t force you to have an abortion,” Mama McCall calms him, “No clinic, in any state, will proceed with the procedure if you do not want them to. There are some states where you would need parental permission to have an abortion; California is not one of them.”

“Okay,” Liam whispers, looking somewhat calmer now. Until his phone rings, and the caller id show ‘Mom’.

“That’s the sixth time she’s called since you arrived at my house,” Mason H says. Mama McCall answers the phone and takes it into the hall. I try to listen in to the conversation, but my dad keeps talking, distracting everyone in the room from being able to hear everything.

I do catch snippets, when she emphasises “it’s his choice” and “he’s taken the transition as far as he wants to”; and the exasperated tone that builds in her voice. The scowl on her face when she returns to the room does not bode well.

“You’re staying here all weekend, right?” she asks Liam. At his nod she adds, “Good; that should give your mom time to calm down and think. I’ll drive you home on Sunday, and if she hasn’t calmed down…”

“He has a room here,” Derek interjects.

When the parents leave, the mood in the house is a bit more sombre that it had been. I sit in the study, checking the Logos, trying to figure out what went wrong with Liam’s mom; everything that I set in place ensured that she accepted Liam as a trans male. What I hadn’t considered was that she wouldn’t reconcile her son being pregnant, or her trans son not wanting full reassignment surgery. Those two incidents undid all the acceptance I had put in place. When I walk back into the den, Liam is sitting curled in Scott’s lap; Mason H sitting beside them. Ethan is sitting in Danny’s lap on the corner seat of the same L-shaped couch. Jordan is sitting in the armchair, Archie sitting on the floor at his feet. Isaac is sitting in Derek’s lap on the other couch with Aiden beside him. Castiel is lying on the floor over Scott’s feet.

“Well, this turned out to be a blessed thanksgiving,” I quip. No-one laughs, not even half-heartedly.

“My mom hates me and I’m gonna have to move out of the house,” Liam whines. Scott hugs him tighter.

“She doesn’t hate you,” I state, “She just doesn’t understand…”

“But you said she’d accept me?!” Liam turns in Scott’s lap to face me accusingly.

“She does,” I clarify, “She accepts that while you ‘were born female’, you identify as male. What she can’t understand, and has caused the reaction she has had, is why her son would not want to have the surgery to give you the sexual organs that society expects a male to have, or why you
would have sex using the sexual organs that would allow you to become pregnant; something she doesn’t accept any man would want to do. Become pregnant that is.”

“So, she would accept me if I wasn’t pregnant and if I had surgery to remove my womb and give me a penis,” Liam exclaims.

“Yes, but as you’re a werewolf that isn’t an option,” I state.

“It’s not an option, because I don’t want it,” Liam vehemently states, “I’m the alpha’s consort.”

“No-one is going to make you do anything you don’t want to, babe,” Scott says to him. Making me wonder when Scott started calling him babe; I put that to the back of my mind for now.

“Okay,” I say, trying to calm the situation, “I think everyone needs a good night’s rest. We probably need to follow Mama McCall’s advice and wait and see what happens. And we can work out which videos we’re going to shoot in the morning…”

“I brought a copy of my birth certificate,” Mason H says, “So…”

“We’ll work it out in the morning,” I reiterate, suddenly feeling very drained, “Jordan, Archie, you two come with me.”

I lead them down to the aftercare room in the basement.

“Wait in there,” I instruct them, “And both of you be waiting on your knees, naked, when I get back.” I don’t wait to see if they obey, I head round to the storage room to fetch some things I’m going to need. I made Archie a promise that he could get to cum today. I’m just going to be creative about how he gets that chance.

When I return to the room, they are both waiting on their knees at the foot of the bed, their clothes folded and piled neatly on a chair. Jordan’s cock already risen to full mast. Archie’s is straining at the confines of his cage, the mushroom head flared against the metal bars at the of the steel tube encasing his cock.

“Is it painful?” I ask him, placing the box of toys I’ve brought on the bed.

“N… no Master, it’s not too painful,” he replies.

“So, it is painful,” I correct him; he drops his gaze to the floor, flushing in embarrassment. I kneel in front of him and pulling my keys from my pocket I unlock the cage, pulling the integrated padlock from the device and removing the cage from his cock. I leave the ring around his cock and balls. “I promised you a chance to cum on Thanksgiving for being such a good, obedient slave,” I remind him. His cock quickly rises at the prospect.

“Turn and face each other,” I command them, “A foot and a half apart.” They both quickly move to comply.
I pick the first item from the box; a set of alligator nipple clamps joined on a length of chain. I pull and tease Jordan’s left nipple with my fingers and mouth before allowing the clamp to bite into his flesh. I repeat the teasing with Archie’s left nipple, before letting the clamp bite into him and the chain to fall, hanging between them. I repeat the process with their right nipples.

The next ‘toy’ I retrieve is two sets of handcuffs, I first lock Archie’s hands behind his back and then Jordan’s behind his. Each of their movements causes the chains to pull at their nipples. Both their cocks are rock hard and dripping.

They both look to see what I next bring from the box; letting needy whimpers escape as I hold little fifty-gram weights. I attach three to the point where the chains cross, letting them drop and pull as I add each one. Archie gasps and smiles, his cock leaking with each tug against his nipples. Jordan groans, his cock twitching as he grinds his teeth with each weight added.

“You’re both doing so well,” I praise them, my hand patting their heads and caressing their cheeks. They both lean into my touch with a murmured “Master” and “Sir”.

I quickly take the lubricant and first prep Jordan’s ass; getting my fingers in as deep as possible, the weighted chain jangling between them and pulling on their tortured nipples, as I scissor my fingers and stretch and open his hole.

As I pull fingers from Jordan’s ass they know the process is about to be repeated on Archie. With both their ass holes now opened I retrieve the final toys from the box. Two eight-inch dildoes.

“You,” I tell them, “You are now both going to fuck yourselves on these until you cum. Neither of you is allowed to stop until you have both cum. Understood?”

“Yes Master.” “Yes Sir.” They breathlessly reply, their cocks still hard and wet with precum.

I take the dildoes under their asses until they are both fully seated to the base of the fake cocks. “Okay, begin,” I instruct them; fishing my own hard cock from my pants. I hear Jordan hiss and look at him, his body rising and the chains going taut between his nipples and Archie’s. Archie moans, rising slower than Jordan on the cock he’s impaling himself on, like he is savouring the sensations. As I stroke my own length, I lift the remote for Archie’s toy and start it on the lowest setting; his eyes fly open and he gasps as he sinks quickly on the length now vibrating against his prostate. Jordan hears the buzzing of the toy in Archie’s ass and knows what to expect; his head falls back as the dildo in his ass begins throbbing, and he moans as he controls his slide back down the length of the toy until all of it fills his ass.

Their movements are not co-ordinated, the timing of their rise and fall out of sync but, it seems to give Archie what he needs; the bite of the clamps teeth on his flesh adding the type of pain that he enjoys. He’s quickly chasing the orgasm he’s been denied for weeks. Jordan’s not nearly as close to release; my hellhound merely enduring the pain because I’m giving it to him, while my slave revels in its delight.

I click the speed of each toy to half its maximum as I slowly pull my other hand along my hard shaft, and I stand and walk behind my hellhound. With my free hand I caress his cheek, his eyes flying open as he looks up at me.

“Such a good pet,” I tell him, “Look how well you perform for me. You should see yourself; your hard cock leaking over the floor as you rise and fall on that fake cock in your ass. I know how much you wish that was my cock fucking into you,” he whines at my words, “Last longer than my slave and I will fuck you before this weekend is over. I’ll fuck you while you fuck him, with his
cock locked back in his cage and his only release will be his cum dribbling out of his cock because of you hitting his prostate again and again.” Archie gasps and shudders as he achieves his longed-for orgasm, his release shooting from his hard cock and splashing over Jordan’s naked torso.

“Keep fucking yourself on that toy slave,” I remind Archie. I keep stroking my cock, my other hand fisted in Jordan’s hair as he chases his own release, spurred on by the praise and promise. My hellhound increases the pace of his rise and fall on the dildo, pulling the clamps between his nipples and Archie’s; his eyes fixed on my cock as I stroke it, moving it towards his lips. His mouth opens as I press forward, my cock slipping into the wet heat, my hand leaves my cock and lands on Archie’s head. I push my length into Jordan’s mouth and he shoots his own release over my slave. Their combined pleasure feeds me as they both continue to ride the toys in their ass, and I shoot my load down Jordan’s throat.

After I take a minute to regain myself, I quickly remove the weights from the chains, and then the clamps from Jordan’s nipples; working the blood flow back into them. His eyes on my face the entire time. I quickly kiss his lips before turning to remove the clamps from Archie.

“You did so good, slave,” I praise Archie, “I’m very proud you. And you my hellhound,” I say turning to Jordan; who’s still looking at me, licking at his lips with an expression of wonder in his eyes. “You both looks so hot riding those fake cocks, with the clamps biting into your nipples.” I wipe Archie’s chest and abs down with a damp cloth to remove most of Jordan’s cum, then remove the dildo and clean up the lube from around his ass. “Go rest on the bed, there’s a bottle of water in the bedside cabinet, take that and drink it,” I command him.

I turn my attention to Jordan, wiping him down with a fresh cloth. With both of them on the bed drinking the bottles of water, I clean up the toys in the bath tub and leave them to dry.

I lock Archie’s cock back inside the cage, and crawl on the bed between them.

“Let’s have a nap before heading upstairs to our own beds,” I say wrapping an arm around each of them as they cuddle into my sides.

Chapter End Notes

Excerpts from Chapter-13 -- Of His Power

Isaac is under his cot and refusing to come out.

“Angel,” I plead with him, “Come on sweetheart, you need your diaper changed.” He shakes his head, refusing to budge.

“Maybe if someone had been in their bed when he came looking for them he wouldn’t be in this mood,” Derek all but growls at me.

I push myself up off the floor of Isaac’s room and turn to face him.

“Derek, we’ve been over this,” I snipe at him, “I didn’t expect to fall asleep in the basement after doing the scene with Jordan and Archie. I was taking care of them after the scene, like I should do, they needed a nap and some time. I already apologised, not that I did anything wrong…”

“I…” Derek snaps at me.

“I knew where I was,” I cut him off, “Knew that I would be making sure they were
okay. Could have come to look for me if you were concerned, instead of getting pissy
with me now because you were jealous that I wasn’t sleeping with you like I intended
to be.”
“I…” he starts again, but stops himself, “You’re right, I’m sorry.”
“I’m sorry too,” I tell him, walking over to him and kissing his cheek, “But, I’ll deal
with your behaviour later. I have an upset little to deal with.” I turn back to Isaac’s cot,
ignoring the shocked look on Derek’s face, and get back down on the floor.
“Issy, are you going to come out so that I can take care of you?” I ask.
“Like… you going to… take care… of papa?” he hiccups.

Scooter has his front paws on the edge of the tub watching as I fill it with water, to
about a third of the way; like I did with Isaac.
“Okay pup, time to get in,” I say. He looks up at me, then back to the tub and then
pushes himself up and jumps in; water splashes everywhere, “Scooter?!” I complain as
he hunkers down in the water and shakes his body from side to side, getting me even
wetter.
“Rrowff,” he laughs, splashing me again with his paws before taking the edge of my
shirt in his teeth and pulling as he stands on all fours.
“Feeling frisky pup?” I ask, noting his erection hanging between his hind legs; I take
my wet shirt off and throw it towards the hamper, “Come on, we need to get you
cleaned and taken care of.” I reach for the shampoo, while Scooter noses at my sleep
pants and tries to take the fabric between his teeth. “No pup,” I scold him, “I’m not
getting in the bath.”
He whines his disappointment. I ruffle his hair and kiss his cheek.
“Let’s get you taken care of,” I grin at him; he wags his tail in anticipation, splashing
more water over my sleep pants, “And scratch that itch you have.”
Isaac is under his cot and refusing to come out.

“Angel,” I plead with him, “Come on sweetheart, you need your diaper changed.”

He shakes his head, refusing to budge.

“Maybe if someone had been in their bed when he came looking for them he wouldn’t be in this mood,” Derek all but growls at me. I push myself up off the floor of Isaac’s room and turn to face him.

“Derek, we’ve been over this,” I snipe at him, “I didn’t expect to fall asleep in the basement after doing the scene with Jordan and Archie. I was taking care of them after the scene, like I should do, they needed a nap and some time. I already apologised, not that I did anything wrong…”

“I…” Derek snaps at me.

“I knew where I was,” I cut him off, “Knew that I would be making sure they were okay. Could have come to look for me if you were concerned, instead of getting pissy with me because you are jealous that I wasn’t sleeping with you; like I told you I would be.”

“I…” he starts again but stops when he realises everything I’ve said is true, “You’re right, I’m sorry.”

“I’m sorry too,” I tell him, walking over to him and kissing his cheek, “But, I’ll deal with your behaviour later. I have an upset little to deal with.” I turn back to Isaac’s cot, ignoring the shocked look on Derek’s face, and get back down on the floor.

“Issy, are you going to come out so that I can take care of you?” I ask.

“Like… you going to… take care… of papa?” he hiccups.

“No, papa did something bad but, I wouldn’t punish you like I will punish papa anyway. And, you
haven’t done anything bad to be punished for,” I gently state, “You woke up during the night and wanted daddy to take care of you but, you didn’t know where I was. Papa knew where I was, and thought I chose to stay there.” The hitch in Derek’s breath behind me, tells me that he knows why I’m upset with him. He thought I chose to spend the night with Jordan and Archie. He thought I chose them over him and – despite the fact he didn’t like it – he thought he deserved to be treated like that by me; that he wouldn’t deserve an explanation of why I wasn’t keeping our plans. He let his jealousy and lack of self-worth hurt Isaac. “He could have taken you to me or fetched me to take care of you. He didn’t. He left you upset that I wasn’t around.”

“You’re not mad at me?” Isaac asks.

“No, I just want to take care of my little angel,” I say, “Like I should have done last night.”

Isaac crawls towards me and grabs onto my shirt, the same one I was wearing last night, and clings to me like a limpet.

I send Derek to check on breakfast, Jordan and Archie took over making it when he came with me to get Isaac, and if Aiden and Ethan have finished feeding the dogs in the kennel.

“Is papa in trouble?” Isaac asks as I lay him down on the changing table.

“Yes,” I reply; no point lying to a werewolf. I unfasten the snaps on his t-shirt and take it of him, lifting it over his head, throwing it towards the hamper. I open his diaper and clean him before rolling the used wipes up in the diaper and putting it in the diaper pail. “Come on, let’s get give you a quick bath,” I say, picking him up; his arms wrapping around my neck and his legs around my waist, as I carry him, naked, to the bathroom.

I bathe him, dry him, and carry him back to his room to diaper and dress him. Throughout it all, he’s quiet and clingy.

“Love you daddy,” he quietly states as I lift him into my arms after he’s dressed.

“Love you too, angel,” I tell him, kissing his cheek.

“Do you still love papa?” he asks as I walk into the hall carrying him while I go check Scott’s and Liam’s room to see if they are out of bed.

“Yes,” I reply.

“Even though you’re mad at him?”

“I’m not mad at him,” I say, “I’m disappointed.”

“Are you gonna hit him?” he asks, and I remember that he and the rest of the pack know about domestic discipline relationship I have with Derek.

“I’m going to spank him, with a paddle, and once it’s over I’m going to cuddle with him and tell him I love him until he’s feeling better,” I tell him.

“What if I do something to make you disappointed?” he asks, “Will you spank me?” I can feel the fear and trepidation as he asks.

“No,” I reassure him, adding, “I won’t let you watch Thundercats for a whole week as punishment.”
“I’ll be a good boy,” he quickly assures me.

“I know you will, angel.”

Opening Scott and Liam’s bedroom door, we’re greeted to the sight of Scott sitting back on his dog bed with his back against the wall, Liam is sitting between his legs with his back against Scott’s chest, his head turned as they make out, Scott swallowing Liam’s moans as Castiel is licking out his pussy.

“Scotty, you and Castiel better not have cum since yesterday morning,” I warn him, “You have a video to shoot.”

“I know,” Scott complains as he breaks his kiss with his consort, and smirks as he adds, “You’re the one that made me horny for dog cock,” he adds with a smirk, continuing, “You should know how tempted I am to stick my head under Cas and suck on his dick. I’m showing a lot of restraint because of the video we’re gonna make.”

“Glad you appreciate all the sex my dog is giving you,” I retort.

“Not just your dog,” Scott waggles his eyebrows.

“Fuck,” Liam arches his hips up, pressing his pussy against Cas’s licking tongue, his body jerking as the pleasure the dog is giving overtakes him.

“The sooner you shower and get downstairs for breakfast, the sooner I can have Derek strap you in the breeding bench for Cas and Miles to fuck you,” I say to Scott.

“Come on babe,” Scott pats Liam’s ass, stating with some urgency, “We need to get down to breakfast.”

I carry Isaac downstairs, leaving the three to sort themselves out and follow.

In the kitchen, everyone else is already around the table having breakfast; Archie naked save for his cock cage, with his ass red from Jordan having given him his morning spanking. Derek keeps glancing nervously at me, I assume anticipating his own impending spanking, as I put Isaac in his high-chair and put some of the eggs, sausage, bacon, and hash-browns in his bowl.

Castiel comes running into the room, followed by a naked Scott and Liam.

“Did you at least get washed?” I ask them.

“What’s the point?” Scott asks, “I’m only gonna get all sweaty and sticky when Derek straps me down and we make another hot video.”

“Am I gonna get to make a video?” Mason H asks, “I showed you my birth certificate.”

“I was thinking that you could be in one with Isaac,” I state.

“With Isaac?” Danny queries.
“Isaac wants to make videos for the site too,” I state.

“Yes, me in video too,” Isaac adds with half of a sausage stuffed into his mouth, the rest of it grasped in a fist.

“Ones with him getting his diaper changed, having playdates, and diaper parties,” I explain, “Like he saw on the ABDL sites.”

“So, you want me to be like his play date,” Mason slowly half-asks, “In a diaper, and you change my diaper.” I explain what I think we’d do for the video. “Okay,” he agrees.

“What videos are we doing today and tomorrow?” Danny asks, looking over the site on his laptop; noting the changes he’ll need to make.

“We should at least trim Mason’s body hair,” Danny reminds me, “If he’s playing a little in the video.”

“I was going to suggest that you borrow some of Isaac’s clothes for the part,” I say to Mason H, “And maybe spend today dressed and playing with Isaac so you’re more comfortable when we do the video tomorrow.”

“I guess,” he hesitantly replies.

“Cool. After breakfast Archie can shave your body and I’ll get some clothes and a diaper to put on you,” I confirm.

Mason H gulps as he swallows another mouthful of breakfast.

As breakfast finishes, I send Archie upstairs with Mason H. Ethan, Aiden, and Danny head down to the basement to set up the room to film the first video in. Scott, Liam, and Castiel, head out to the kennels to fetch Miles.

Derek stands up from loading the dishwasher and looks at me, a silent question in his eyes.

“When are you going…?” he half-asks when I don’t respond.

“Going to what?” I prompt him. He doesn’t look happy at my pushing him to ask properly. I just raise my eyebrows at him.

“When are you going to spank me?” he asks, rushing out the words.

“After you’ve filmed your part of the video with Scott and the dogs,” I tell him. “I’ll set Isaac and Mason H up down here, with Jordan and Archie. You and I will go to our room and we’ll discuss your punishment and the reason for it. There should be time while Danny finishes the first two videos before we have lunch.”

Derek just nods in response.

I take Isaac out of his high-chair, while Derek goes to check on Scott and Liam in the kennel. Setting Isaac on the couch in the den, I head upstairs to get Mason H ready for his day.
I fetch a diaper, the cream, and a yellow ‘Space Cadet’ romper suit, from Isaac’s closet and cross over to the guest rooms. Walking into the room Mason H used I see him posing in front of the full-length mirror hanging on the wall, admiring himself. Archie, I can hear, is cleaning up the adjoining bathroom; he’s shaved Mason H completely from the neck down.

“My dick looks bigger!” Mason exclaims as he catches my eye in the mirror.

“From recollection of the times you’ve fooled around with Liam and Scott, it’s wasn’t exactly small anyway,” I say, “Even when hidden by the forest of hair you had there.”

“I might just have to add this man-scaping to my normal routine,” he smiles, swiftly adding, “Wait, you did something to Isaac, so he didn’t need to. Can you do that to me?”

“You want me to permanently remove all your hair follicles from the neck down, so you stay smooth?” I ask him.

“Yes! No, wait, is it painful?”

“No…”

“Then yes,” he says, smiling at himself in the mirror again, “This looks good; I look good.”

“Okay, let’s get you dressed,” I tell him, “On your back, on the bed.”

“You’re gonna put the diaper on me?” he asks, like it isn’t what I said we’d do.

“Yes, I said I’d get the clothes and diaper to put on you,” I repeat.

As Mason H sits on the bed and lies back, Archie comes out of the bathroom; I send my slave to make up two bottles of warm milk, telling him to have Jordan help.

I put Mason’s legs up on my shoulders and slide the diaper under his ass. Opening the jar of diaper rash cream; I follow the same routine I do with Isaac. Starting by smearing it over his cock and balls, down his taint and crack; then, I tease around his puckered hole. Mason H reacts; almost immediately his cock begins to swell. I stop before he gets too hard to close and fasten his diaper. I add a couple of booster pads to his diaper before finishing.

“Time to sit up,” I say holding his arms and pulling up to a sitting position once his diaper is fastened. I pull the yellow romper suit over his head and put his arms though the short sleeves. I pull the back flap under his diapered butt and fasten the snaps.

“I could get used to someone dressing me,” he smirks.

“Well,” I smile back at him, lifting him into my arms his arms and legs wrap around my neck and waist just as Isaac’s do, “A daddy should help his little get dressed.”

“What if I can’t… you know,” he blushes, “Use,” the word is strained as it pushes out from pursed lips, “The diaper.”

“Relax,” I say as I carry him down to the den, “The whole purpose of doing this today is to let you get comfortable and connect with the little-self inside you.”
“You think I have a little-self, like Isaac?” he frowns; pondering the possibility.

“Maybe,” I say, “We’ll find out how much you want to get used to.”

I know he’s going to find a little-self and enjoy letting him out; occasionally. ‘Mason-02’. Though he’s going to be more of a diaper lover and an occasional adult/teen baby.

I sit Mason down on the couch beside Isaac.

“Thundecats, daddy?” Isaac asks around his paci, pointing to the TV.

“Sure,” I say, switching on the TV and starting the DVD, “Now, Jordan and Archie are warming some milk for you guys, so, while I’m dealing with some other things, you guys can watch TV and drink your milk. Okay?”

They both nod their head.

“Good, I’ll check your diapers and change you if needed before we have lunch,” I tell them. Then I go to fetch Derek.

In the basement, I keep out of shot.

*Derek is finishing locking the cuff around Scott’s wrist to the front leg of the breeding bench, he stands and start to walk around Scott’s restrained form. Danny zooms in and tracks Derek’s hand as he caresses down Scott’s back, before it slides under his ass and pulls his hard cock back.*

“See, I knew you were looking forward to this,” he smirks, “You make a perfect bitch. I’ll go fetch your studs,” he emphasises the plural.

*The clicking of claws on the flooring can be heard as the door reopens and Castiel eagerly trots in, followed by the pitch black of Miles. Scott strains back trying to present his ass.*

“Eager bitch, aren’t you,” Derek states, Scott doesn’t answer, “And learning so quickly,” he praises him for remaining silent, “I’ll leave you and your studs to have some fun.”

*Derek turns and walks out the door.*

“Cut,” Danny shouts as Castiel is about to lick at Scott’s ass; the dog growls.

“Oh, come on,” Scott protests; Miles licks his face.

“I just need to reposition some of the lights,” Danny says, “Aiden, can you move that one over there, and lower it so that it gives enough light to Scott’s dripping cock.”

“You’re finished with Derek, right?” I ask, “Cause I’m taking him upstairs for a discussion we need to have.”

“That would be a discussion with your hand, right?” Aiden quips. I glower at him.

“Yes,” Danny says, “We’ve recorded Derek’s scene. I can do the follow-ups tomorrow. Take your
boyfriend and punish him or whatever. We can use some makeup to cover any bruising you leave for his video tomorrow.”

“Good.” I lead a solemn looking Derek upstairs.

I feel his heart beating fast in his chest as I lead him past the den. Glancing in I see Mason H with a baby bottle in both hands as he suckles to drink the milk. Jordan has Isaac in his lap as he feeds him the milk from his bottle, and Archie is sitting cross legged on the floor; they are all watching Thundercats.

Derek’s confused as I lead him into one of the guest bedrooms.

“I decided I don’t want our room associated with punishment,” I explain as I sit on the only chair in the room. Derek grimly nods. “Now, I want you to strip and lay across my lap.”

“Stiles?” he wavers. I can see him questioning why he’d just accept this and I let a little of my persuasive scent seep out.

“Now, Derek,” I tell him, “The longer you take, the more it’s gonna hurt; I promise you.” He quickly strips, throwing his clothes on the bed, then looks at my lap as if psyching himself up to lay down over it. Hesitantly, he steps towards me, before throwing himself down over my knees. I stroke his back as I ask, “Tell me, why am I punishing you?”

“Because I upset Isaac,” he mumbles. I land six hard swats with the paddle I had stood against the back of the chair. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. The paddle is made of mountain ash that has been soaked in a wolf’s bane solution before being shaped into the implement I’m holding. Thankfully it has a leather wrapped handle that I’m holding it by. Each smack of the paddle preceded by a word as I tell him, “That is not the reason Derek.” He’s gripping my ankle by the sixth time the paddle connects with his butt.

“Now,” I say, resting the paddle on his pink tinged flesh, “Why am I spanking your ass with this paddle?”

“Because I knew where you were and could have fetched you to take care of Isaac,” he rushes out. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

“You did but, that’s not why.” I state, SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. “Why am I spanking you Derek? Why didn’t you come and get me?”

“I thought you wanted to be with them,” he shouts, fighting back the tears.

“But I didn’t. I wanted to be with you and Aiden in our bed,” I remind him, SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. “So, why did you think that?”

“Because,” I wait for him to continue; when he doesn’t… SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.
“Derek, why did you think that?”

“Because you get something from them I can’t give you,” he sobs.

“As does Isaac, Scott, and Aiden,” I say, “Just as you give me something they can’t. So why did you think I wanted to be with them and not you?”

He doesn’t answer, leaving just the laboured breathing of him trying to regain control.

**SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.**

“Why would I choose to stay with them?”

“Because you realised you could do better than me…” **SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.** “Because you realised that I was no better than Ka…” **SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.** He howls as the paddle lands on the same spots with each strike; three left cheek, three right cheek, three left cheek, three right cheek.

“And what did I tell you I would not tolerate Derek?”

“Putting myself down,” he whines. **SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.**

“And?”

“Comparing myself to Kate,” he grits out, trying to hold back the tears.

“Exactly. Now that you know why I’m punishing you, I’ll start.”

**SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.**

“You are not anything like Kate Argent,” I say, “Now repeat it.”

**SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.**

“I am not like Kate,” he quietly says.

“Not good enough Derek. Now repeat it properly. You are not anything like Kate Argent,” I reprimand him.

**SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.**

“I am not anything like Kate Argent,” he quietly says.

“Better, now say it like you believe it,” I tell him, “Because I believe it.”

**SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.**

“I am not anything like Kate Argent,” he says, more forcefully.

“Better, and again,” I have him repeat it.

**SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.**

“I am not anything like Kate Argent.”
“I am not anything like Kate Argent.”

Again, and again, I have him repeat the words as I smack his ass with the paddle.

“Good,” I finally say, “Because believe me, and listen carefully, I know you are a good man. I know you are strong, and that you have suffered more than your share of sorrow because of that evil manipulative monster. And,” SMACK, SMACK, “You,” SMACK, SMACK, “Are,” SMACK, SMACK, “Not,” SMACK, SMACK, “A,” SMACK, SMACK, “Monster.” SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” he’s crying softly when I stop. His ass is a red bruised mess. “I should have come and found you.”

“Ssh,” I pull him up into my arms, “It’s over. I love you.” I say, pulling him to the bed. “Lie down one your stomach,” I instruct him, “I have some cream for your ass.”

“My healing isn’t kicking in,” he says as I rub the Aloe Vera cream over his tenderised ass.

“Because of the paddle,” I tell him, “It’s made of mountain ash and is impregnated with wolf’s bane,” he turns his head and looks at me as if questioning my sanity, “I needed something that might let me get through to you and knock Kate ‘psychopathic child abuser’ Argent out of your head.”

I finish massaging the cream into his ass and lie down on the bed beside him. He turns on his side to look at me.

“Psychotic child abuser?”

“How old were you when you met her?”

“Fourteen.”

“And when you first had sex with her?”

“Fifteen.”

“And she was what? Twenty-seven,” I growl, “I think psychotic child abuser doesn’t even begin to describe her. And unlike you previously stated, the age difference between you and me is nothing close to what it was between you and her. Hell, the age difference between me and Archie is less than you and her when she abused you, took advantage of you and…” I can’t control the rage that rises in me at the thought of what she did, “Damnit… if she were alive I’d rip her fucking throat out. Hell, if I could I’d bring her back alive I would; just so I could kill her again. Multiple fucking times!”

“I didn’t think I was being abused,” he quietly says, wrapping his arms around me and pulling me close to him; his head resting on my chest. “I thought… I thought I was in love.”

“I know, I’m sorry,” I rest my chin on the top of his head, “I’m not trying to trivialise how you felt…”
“No,” he interrupts me, “I know,” he sighs, his face still turned away from me, “Looking back I can see now what she was doing. I know I wasn’t in love with her. If I’d listened to my instincts I would have known what she was doing, known she was planning something. But I was young and… I let my hormones make decisions for me. The wolf in me never trusted her. But, I trust you.” I kiss the top of his head.

“Then trust me when I say you deserve to be happy Derek,” I tell him, “And that I want to be with you.”

“And Aiden,” he adds.

“And Aiden,” I concede.

“And Scott, Liam, Jordan, Archie, Mason…”

“Hey,” I cut in, “You know that is because I’d rather feed from many than risk harming…”

“I know,” he turns his head towards me, “I was just teasing you… sorry.”

“Come here,” I lean towards his face and kiss his lips. He kisses back before I relax back against the headboard. “A nap before we head back down and see what’s happening in the den.”

“Probably Issy making everyone watch the whole DVD of Thundercats; again,” Derek chuckles as he settles beside me. The emotions from the spanking have tired him though and he yawns as he wraps his arms around me; resting his head on my shoulder he soon drifts off to sleep.

“What are you doing?” he asks when he wakes a little time later; his eyes fixed on the Logos in my hands.

“Fixing me,” I tell him.

“Why? What’s wrong with you?” he growls, clearly unhappy at my answer.

“There was more change in my genetics,” I tell him, “The device said there was an increasing imbalance and it couldn’t compensate…”

“What does that mean?” he interrupts, worry seeping into his voice, “What imbalance?”

“When I first got it, I merged the Nogitsune with my human self, so, I was half Nogitsune and half human. It said that fifty-fifty merge could not be undone. Since I started becoming an incubus, the Nogitsune and human side have not been equal. That imbalance was increasing. I told the Logos to automatically fix me before, but that was just creating more of an imbalance between the Nogitsune and Human. The Logos was increasing the incubus side of me. I was becoming less human and less Nogitsune, but they were not balanced. With them not being balanced it kept making changes.”

“So, you’ve made yourself as much Nogitsune as you are human to keep them balanced,” Derek voices, more of a question than a statement, “And the device will stop making changes to you?”

“Yes, though I had to increase my human side,” I state, “I was down to fifteen percent human, less Nogitsune, and there is no way I’m being less than twenty percent human.”

“So, you had to increase the Nogitsune as well,” Derek grumbles.

“Yes, now I’m twenty-twenty-sixty,” I smile at him, “I moved the spell casting totally to my
human side, I still have the sex magic under the incubus though. And, I removed the shadow walk from the incubus, putting it back under the Nogitsune; sort of…”

“Sort of?” he glowers at me.

“To balance out the human and Nogitsune I had to increase the Nogitsune,” I state, “So, I made it darkness manipulation; dark portal creation, which is like the shadow walk, and shadow cloaking; you know, like hide in shadows.”

“And you’re not changing anymore?” he asks, the concern evident in his voice.

“No, see,” I show him the screen, “Everything is stabilised…”

“What is the greyed-out list of…?”

“The abilities I haven’t developed yet,” I state, “Much like your full wolf form…”

“I don’t have a full wolf form,” the glowering is back.

“You have the potential, you just haven’t developed it,” I tell him, “You, Isaac, Scott, Liam. You all have it, a Hale trait, but none of you have developed it; yet.” There’s a sudden look of longing and loss in Derek’s eyes.

“My mom could shift into a wolf,” he softly says, “She…” he stops, a small smile playing at his lips as he loses himself in memories of his mom, his family, his life before… HER.

“She what?” I prompt, mostly to stop my thoughts straying down dark paths.

“She looked majestic in her wolf form,” he smiles, “Every inch the alpha she was.”

“I’d have liked to have seen that,” I say.

“I wish you could,” he says, sadness creeping into the corners of his eyes.

“Come on,” I smile, rising from the bed, “Let’s see what our pack are up to.”

He looks warily at his underwear and pants.

“I’m not sure I want to pull those on, after the damage you’ve done to my ass,” he comments.

“Then don’t, it’s not like they haven’t seen you naked; they saw you jack off for the camera when you made your solo video,” I remind him, “And Scott and Liam are happy enough to run around the house naked.”

“But they’ll see the marks,” he sounds scandalised.

“It’s not like they don’t know about your punishment,” I shrug, “They’ll probably wonder about them anyway.”

He grabs his clothes and heads out the door, crossing the hallway and going into our room. I follow and see him drop his clothes into the hamper, turn to me and take a deep breath.

“Come on then,” he says and walks back out the door.

“It would be that uncomfortable for you to wear pants?” I ask; knowing he’d rather not be naked in front of the pack and them seeing his spanked ass.
“Yes,” he replies walking down the stairs.

Arriving in the den we find most of the rest of the pack sprawled out over the couches; watching Thundercats.

Isaac and Mason are on the same couch they were when I took Derek upstairs; Isaac now leaning against Mason with his head on the other boy’s shoulder and Mason’s arm around his shoulder. Isaac is sucking on his paci.

Scott and Liam are both still naked and lying across the other couch; Liam cuddled into Scott’s side. Castiel is lying between Scott’s legs, with his head on Scott’s chest beside Liam’s. Miles is lying on the floor next to the couch.

Jordan and Archie are sitting on the floor in front of Isaac and Mason.

Danny is sitting next to Mason.

“Daddy,” Isaac muffles around his paci.

“Hey angel,” I smile at him, “Have you and Mason been having fun?”

“Watching Lion-o and the Thundercats,” Isaac smiles.

“Do either of you need a Diaper change?” I ask, “Here, let me check,” I walk over before they answer, open the snaps on Isaac’s romper suit, and check inside his diaper. “Well, one little boy needs his diaper changed,” I smile at him, and then turn my attention to Mason H.

“I don’t need my diaper changed, Uncle Stiles,” he declares as I open the snaps at his crotch.

“I don’t know,” I say, my fingers against his skin inside the diaper, “It feels a bit damp in there, we don’t want your diaper to leak,” his cock starts to harden and he’s biting at his lips, “But I think you might be okay for now. You’ll definitely need a fresh diaper before I put you to bed though.”

“Huh-huh,” he nods.

“While I take my angel up to change his diaper,” I say as I lift Isaac from the couch.

“Daddy, Thundercats,” he wails.

“Someone pause the DVD,” I demand, “Lunch needs started, and the dogs need checked on in the run. I trust someone will exercise some authority and gets those dealt with.” I head out the door carrying Isaac.

When I carry Isaac back down to the den, Mason is sitting on the couch with Jordan sitting beside him and Archie on the floor. No-one else is in the room.

“Danny went to help Derek with lunch, and Ethan and Liam are checking on the dogs. Aiden and Scott are in the kitchen with Danny and Derek,” Jordan answers to my raised eyebrow of a question.
“Okay,” I sit Isaac back beside Mason H and he cuddles into him again.

“Thundercats, Daddy,” he states.

“Jordan,” I say as I head to the kitchen, and hear my hellhound groan as he turns the DVD back on. Even over the noise from the TV I can hear the hushed questioning of Derek happening in the kitchen as I walk to the door.

“You didn’t get hard at all?” Aiden questions him.

“I’m not a masochist like you or Archie,” Derek growls in reply.

“It must have really hurt,” Scott solemnly states the obvious.

“You think?!” Derek deadpans, and I can almost see the eyeroll he gives our alpha.

“I mean you’re not even healing,” Scott explains, “Why aren’t you healing?”

“Because of wolf’s bane impregnated in the paddle,” I say entering the kitchen, “The paddle made of mountain ash. He is healing, just slower, and it will be mostly faded by tomorrow before he has to perform for the camera.”

“I can smell from here that it won’t be a deterrent to Aiden misbehaving,” Ethan says coming in from the garden, “Probably already trying to think how to get you to use it on him.”

“Aiden will find his punishment is very different. If he wants that paddle used on him, he needs to be a good boy for his Dom,” I state.

“I’ll be very good,” Aiden smirks at me; I roll my eyes in response.

“Lunch is ready, whenever you want to eat,” Danny says.

“Then let’s get everyone in here, and I can watch the rough shots from this morning while we have lunch,” I decide.

With Isaac in his high-chair and everyone else around the kitchen table, Archie on his knees between Jordan and I, Derek standing because he didn’t want to sit, and Castiel sitting on the floor next to Scott, we eat lunch; while on Danny’s laptop, I watch the scenes videoed that morning.

Scott is naked and bound to the breeding bench, his cock hard with anticipation and his thighs and ass cheeks wet with need. The dogs are pacing around him scenting the air and taking turns to lick at his hole and hard cock.

Castiel walks around to where Scott’s head is hanging over the edge of the bench as he tries to lift his ass in the air, trying to tempt them to mount him. Scott’s eyes zero in on the red cock sliding from its sheath under the wolf-dog; his mouth salivating at the sight. Miles, the black American Pit Bull, is licking at his ass.

Cas jumps up, his front paws on Scott’s shoulders. Scott turns his head to one side and takes Cas’s
cock into his mouth; his tongue licking around the hard, red, flesh, before his lips close around it. The dog thrusts, humping his ass back and forth as he fucks into Scott’s mouth. Miles just continuing to lick at Scott’s puckered hole as if he’s found the sweetest nectar.

Scott whines as Cas pulls out of his mouth, and scampers round to Scott’s ass, chasing Miles forward. As Cas jumps up, wrapping his front paws around Scott’s waist, Miles jumps and places his front paws on Scott’s shoulders; just as Cas had previously. With Scott’s lips now around Miles’s cock, Cas rams his cock into Scott’s ass. Scott moans around the meaty dog cock in his mouth, slurping on it, as Miles humps his mouth. Cas’s knot pulling at the rim of Scott’s hole with each thrust in and out of his wet pucker. The more Cas’s knot grows the louder Scott is moaning around Mile’s dick, making his knot swell too.

It looks as though Scott is going to be knotted at both ends, until he raises his head back just a fraction, ensuring Miles needs to change position and his knot can’t slip into Scott’s mouth.

As Cas’s knot locks inside Scott the bound alpha’s cock jerks and shoots his load under the bench. We see Miles’s cock slip from between his lips and spray his doggy cum over Scott’s face and neck.

As the video ends, we see Scott still bound to the bench, his cock dripping the remains of his orgasm to the floor below him, Miles’s cum running down his cheek and neck, and Cas’s doggy cum oozing from his ass.

The scene with Aiden and Ethan is fairly simple.

“Hey, bro, what’s up?” Aiden asks walking towards Ethan who’s sat on a bed.

“What’s up?” Ethan asks angrily, “Max, you know what’s up. We had an agreement, which you’ve decided to break.”

“What?” Aiden looks down at his seated brother in surprise, “You can’t be serious about that? I thought you were joking; that it was just a one-time thing.”

“If you wanted me to keep quiet and not show dad the video of you getting fucked by your tutor Mr O’Brien, then you should have been here, naked under my desk, sucking my dick. Just like we agreed. You’ve left me no choice; I’m going to have to tell dad when he gets home in couple of hours.”

“Come on, Charlie, you can’t,” Aiden pleads.

“If you had kept your end of the bargain I wouldn’t have to…”

“You don’t have to, I’ll suck your cock now,” Aiden drops to his knees, “Please.”

“When dad left for work, you should have been up here, stripped naked, and waiting on your knees under my desk for me to use. Instead you rushed out the door and went to the park to play basketball with your friends. You think giving me a quick blowjob now makes up for the hours of fucking your mouth and ass that I’ve lost out on?”

“Please, Charlie, don’t show dad the video, I’m begging you,” Aiden sobs, “Just tell me what you
“I think you need punished,” Ethan leans forward and smirks at his brother, “I think you need reminded who’s in charge here, and what you should be doing when dad’s out of the house and we’re here alone.”

“Okay,” Aiden hesitantly says, “What... what kind of punishment?”

“I want you stripped and over my knee,” Ethan smiles malevolently, “Then I’m going to paddle your ass before you get back on your knees and I fuck your mouth and then your ass.”

“Cha...”

“Oh, I show dad the video,” Ethan interrupts.

Aiden begins to stand.

“No, get your clothes off while your kneeling, then you can crawl over to me,” Ethan sneers.

Aiden struggles to remove his sneakers and pants from where he’s kneeling, but he manages to get his clothes off; then he crawls towards the bed where Ethan is leaning back against the wall, watching as he palms his cock through his jeans. Ethan sits forward and pats his lap. Aiden crawls to him and leans over Ethan’s lap, balancing himself on his hands and feet; his cock is clearly soft, dangling between his legs.

“Let’s see what damage I can do with this?” Ethan rhetorically asks, pulling a table tennis paddle from under his pillow. It lands with a loud SLAP, against Aiden’s ass.

All that’s heard is Ethan’s laboured breathing, Aiden’s gasping, and the SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, as the paddle lands again and again on Aiden’s upturned naked ass.

“Well, it seems this isn’t much of a punishment after all,” Ethan mocks as he slides his hand over Aiden’s reddened ass and pulls his hard cock back between his legs. “You’re enjoying having your ass spanked; tell me, is this something O’Brien does for you? Hmm? Does he put you naked over his knee and spank the cum out of you before fucking your ass?”

Aiden hangs his head, sobbing as he tries to catch his breath.

“Well?” Ethan demands with a well-placed hard slap of the paddle on Aiden’s already sore and red ass, causing him to rear up and cry out at the ferocity of it.

“Yes,” Aiden yells, adding more quietly, “Sometimes he does.”

“Ha, I bet you wish he spanked you more often,” Ethan ridicules his brother. “Well, I ain’t letting you cum,” he yells pushing Aiden off his lap, “Get on your knees.”

Ethan pulls his own hard cock out of his jeans and thrusts into Aiden’s waiting mouth; forcefully shoving his cock back and forth down his brother’s throat as his own ignored hardness bobs between his legs.

Soon he’s pulling out and pushing Aiden over the end of his bed. He spits on Aiden’s puckered hole and shoving his shaft between the reddened cheeks. His pelvis slapping against the tenderised flesh as he grabs Aiden by the hips and pistons in and out of the clenching muscle. His breathing comes in gasps as he pulls out and fists his cock before shooting over Aiden’s ass.
“Better get cleaned up before dad gets home,” he comments, slapping Aiden’s cum splattered cheek, leaving him with a dripping hard-on as he walks out of shot.

“Well, I’m certainly ready to shoot this afternoon’s scene,” I say, certain the wolves and hellhound can smell my arousal from watching the scenes as I pop the last bite of lunch into my mouth.

The video starts centred on Archie, kneeling naked on a bench with his legs spread and his asshole on display; his new metal chastity cage still locked around cock. There’s a chain hooked connected to the leather strap fastened around his balls and to an eye-hook screwed into the bench. It pulled taut, as is the chain connected to the nipple clamps pulled up by the chain hooked into the ceiling. He lessens the pull on his nipple by rising up on his knees, which pulls harder on his caged cock and balls; and vice-versa. His wrists are cuffed and chained to the D-ring at the back of the black leather collar around his neck.

“That’s right puppy,” I say out of shot, “Get my cock nice and wet and you get to bury your bone in the slave’s ass.” The camera pans across to focus on Jordan; collared, naked and kneeling between my legs, his wrists cuffed and chained to the D-ring on the back of his collar, as he draws his tongue across the hard thirteen inches of my cock, which is resting on my abs. Jordan’s own cock his hard and dripping on the carpet as it waves around between his legs as he balances himself to lick and suck on my cock and balls. I’m sprawled on the chair, one hand in Jordan’s hair, the other brandishing a black leather riding crop.

Leaning forward I push the head of my cock into Jordan’s mouth and rub the tip of crop over Jordan’s exposed puckered hole, before cantiing my hips forward, pushing more of my cock into his mouth and tapping at his hole with the riding crop.

I pull my cock out of his mouth; and, grabbing him by the hair again, I lead him on his knees over to the bench. I direct his mouth to Archie’s butthole.

“Open him up with your tongue,” I instruct Jordan, lightly striking his ass with the crop. He dives at Archie’s ass, drawing his tongue over the hairless crack with several long strokes, before teasing the furrowed ring with the tip of his tongue; seeking entrance.

He pulls a gasp from Archie as his tongue breaches inside, at the same time my fingers stretch Jordan’s ring of muscle as I slide two, knuckle deep, into him. My fingers slide back and forth inside him, as his tongue laps at Archie’s opening. I slowly increase the number of fingers I have in him until only my thumb is not inside him, stretching his hole open. Once I’m sure they are both ready.

“Stand up pet,” I instruct Jordan as I pull my fingers from his ass. I take hold of his cock and guide it into Archie’s waiting hole.

Archie moves, pulling on his balls and nipples, as Jordan’s length slowly slides into him.

“Hold still,” I command them both, and press my cock against Jordan’s puckered entrance.

“Fuck,” Jordan exclaims as I slide half my length in.
“We’re about to, pet,” I comment, “But, you’re going to do all the work. Now fuck yourself on my cock, while you fuck my slave.”

“Yes Sir,” Jordan gasps, pushing back on my cock before thrusting forward into Archie.

He thrust backs and forth; making Archie gasps and moan as his body is pushed and jostled, the clamps and chain connected to him giving him jolts of pain as they pull on his nipples and his balls. The dribble of cum from Archie’s cock, kept from hardness in the metal cage, showing his painful pleasure as Jordan hits his prostate with every stroke.

As Jordan nears his climax I pull him fully out of Archie’s hole and wrap my hand around his erection, slick with spit, lube, and ass juice, and stroke his length in time to my thrusts into his ass.

“Cum for me, pet,” I tell him, and he shoots ropes of white across Archie’s ass cheeks and gaping hole as I fill Jordan’s ass with my own load. I grab the black rubber plug sitting on the bench and as I pull out of Jordan’s ass, I slide the plug into place; keeping my load inside him.

The video fades to black.

I spend a couple of hour with Jordan and Archie in the aftercare room. Archie seems downhearted and clingy. I hold him tightly against me; Jordan is on my other side and exhibiting very wolf-like behaviour as he rubs himself against me.

“Calm down pet,” I look at Jordan.

“Sorry Sir,” he ducks his head into my armpit, “I…”

“What?”

“I just need to smell like you,” he blushes at his admission.

“Well, you can take my dirty laundry to bed with you,” I tell him. His eyes widen, I don’t know if it’s with shock or anticipation, but I turn my attention to Archie before he replies.

“How are you feeling?” I ask my slave.

“Horny,” he answers, “Please, can I…?”

“No,” I interrupt him, “You knew the deal when you came to me and asked me to lock your cock up. I told you I would allow you come twice a year, and maybe, just maybe, when I was especially pleased with you. Your cock stays locked until Christmas.”

“Yes Master,” he sighs despondently.

“You were good today but, you got to cum yesterday as a treat; don’t expect another,” I kiss his forehead.

“I’m sorry Master,” he quietly sobs.

“It’s okay,” I tell him, “This is new to you, your cock hasn’t been locked up very long, and it will
take time for you to adjust.”

My slave and pet have a nap. Once they waken, we head back up to the den. The rest of the pack is there watching TV. Scott, Liam, and Derek are still naked; though as Derek is sitting on one of the couches, I’m assuming his butt isn’t hurting as much now.

“Wasn’t this episode of Thundercats on earlier?” I ask.

“It’s the third time today,” Liam mumbles.

“Thundercats daddy!” Isaac beams. Though no-one else seems so enthused.

“Maybe we should get some more episodes…”

“Daddy!” Isaac launches himself off the couch, jumping into my arms, “I get more Thundercats?!” he asks, smiling from ear to ear, clearly deep into his little space.

“Sure,” I promise him, “I’ll see what we can get.”

“Right now, we can get dinner,” Derek states.

“Finally,” Scott declares, “I’m starving.”

After dinner, I take Isaac and Mason up to bathe. I take their romper suits off, and their diapers, and put them in the bath tub together. Mason gets hard as I wash him, but I ignore his erection, telling him that I him to save his load for tomorrow.

Once I’ve dried them, I put them in fresh diapers and back into the romper suits. I carry them to Isaac’s room and lift them both into the cot.

“Night daddy,” Isaac yawns.

“Night Uncle Stiles,” Mason says.

“Night boys,” I smile at them as I turn the overhead light out, leaving the night light on.

I head to the master bedroom that I share with Derek and Aiden. Both are already there. I climb into the middle of the bed, and with them curled in on either side of me, we quickly fall asleep.

I wake to the feeling of two hard cocks pressing into my thighs, slowly rubbing against me.

“You can both stop right now,” I inform Derek and Aiden, “You both have scenes to film today and you can save your loads for those.”

“But we’re werewolves,” Aiden protests, “And we have really good refractory time…”

“Yes, you do,” I agree, “But the load you shoot will be larger if you don’t cum now. So, quit it.” I smack his ass.

“Way to encourage me to stop,” he grins, grinding his cock against my leg again.
“There’s always the cane,” I smile at him, “I bought it from the same place I got the paddle that I used for Derek’s punishment.” Aiden’s grins falters and his hips stop moving. He may have a masochistic streak but, there are noes on his kink list; canes are one of them. “And we agreed…”

“I was joking around,” he defends himself, “I wasn’t trying to be disobedient.”

“And I was just reminding you not to take the joke too far,” I inform him, “Now, up, both of you. I want to start the videos as soon as possible.”

We get everyone up, and divide the tasks of making breakfast, setting the table, feeding the dogs, cleaning the kennels, and setting up the lighting for the first video. Once breakfast is over, we head to the basement to record the first of today’s videos.

For Isaac and Mason’s playdate video, we keep things simple.

*Mason and Issy are sitting cross-legged on the floor of the room at a low table, there are crayons littering the carpet around them as they each have a picture on the table they are colouring. Issy is sucking on his paci, and Mason has his tongue poking out the corner of his mouth. They are both dressed in the romper suits, with their diapers showing through the legs.*

“Boys, I told you to keep the crayons in the box on the table,” I say off camera, both boys look up at me, worry in their eyes.

“Sorry, daddy,” Issy says around his ever-present oral comfort

“Sorry, Uncle Dylan,” Mason follows, “Look,” he continues holding up his picture, “We’re colouring Thundercats, I have Tygra.”

“And I have Lion-O,” Issy quickly holds up his picture, “He’s the best, and he’s got a sword.”

“That looks very good, both of you,” I say kneeling beside them, “But I bet you both need your diaper changed don’t you.”

“No daddy, colouring Lion-O,” Issy denies.

“Well, how about Khylin puts all the crayons from the floor back in the box while I change your diaper, and then you can finish colouring in Lion-O when you have clean diaper,” I suggest, “Instead of the smelly wet one you’re sitting in, or do you want to pick up all the crayons?”

“I need changies daddy,” Issy quickly agrees.

I carry Issy to the bed and lay him down. His feet rest on my shoulders as I unfasten the romper suit and push it up his body. Opening the tapes on the diaper, I grab a wipe and clean over his smooth cock and balls, then over his ass and between his cheeks. I deposit the wipes in the diaper and seal it, dropping it in the diaper pail. I put a fresh diaper under him, and then smooth some diaper cream into his skin; over his smooth pubis, cock, balls, and down between his ass cheeks and over his little hole. I add a couple of pads to his diaper, close it up and refasten his romper suit.
“See, all done,” I tell him, kissing his forehead.

“Thank you, daddy,” Issy smiles at me, “I colour Lion-O now?”

“Sure angel.” I lift Issy from the bed, and he crawls over to the table.

“Khy, you ready for your diaper change?” I ask.

“Yes, Uncle Dylan,” Mason smiles at me, holding up the box of crayons, “I picked up all the crayons.”

“I need the red one,” Issy whines, “For Lion-O hair!”

“Here,” I say picking a red crayon from the box and handing it to him. I place the box back on the table and hold out my hands for Mason, “Come on.” He wraps his arms round me and I lift him up, carrying him to the bed.

Mason lays on the bed with his feet on my shoulder like Isaac did. Only, when I unfasten his romper suit I pull it up over his head and take it off him; leaving him in only his diaper. I open his soggy diaper, revealing his hairless crotch. His cock starts to lengthen as I wipe him clean.

With his dirty diaper disposed of, I place a clean one under his butt and then start to rub the cream over his crotch, cock, balls, and ass.

“Feels nice Uncle,” he moans as his cock stiffens and lies over his abs.

I tease around his hole, pushing the tip of my finger in and making him gasp; his cock twitching at the sensation.

“Want to make sticky in your clean diaper?” I ask him.

“Please,” he gasps.

One hand I wrap around his hard cock, and with the fingers of the other I tease his wrinkled entrance. My fingers pushing in to him while my other hand slides over his length. His hands grasp at the bed clothes as I pick up the pace of my strokes up and down his shaft. My fingers in his ass press at his prostate.

“Hmmm, Uncle, gonna…” he cries.

I aim his cock so that he shoots his load straight up and it lands over his pubis, cock, and balls; dribbling down over my hand and down his taint to his ass, my fingers pushing some inside him.

He lies there, his cum cooling on his skin as I clean my hands. With his cock softening, I add a couple of pads to his diaper and tape it closed; the cum still covering his crotch, cock, balls, and between his ass cheeks.

“Thankies Uncle Dylan,” he smiles sleepily at me. “I get to colour with Danny now?”

“Sure, little one,” I smile at him.

The scene ends with Mason, in just his diaper, sitting beside Isaac; both of them happily colouring in their pictures.
Aiden is strapped down on the breeding bench, his mouth filled with a rubber ball gag that is fastened around his head. Derek walks behind him and opens a jar, taking some of the white semi-solid lube in his fingers and begins working them into Aiden’s ass.

“Want to make sure your properly open before you take your first knot,” Derek states, working more of his fingers past the muscled ring. Slowly, he picks up the pace of the thrusts; his fingers punching into the Aiden’s hot tunnel. The sounds of slurping as two, three, four fingers force their way into the opening, eventually leaving it gaping open when empty; gasping to be filled.

The whine of the dog can be heard before it circles around Aiden’s bound form. It’s short-haired, piebald coat of russet red and cream. The Australian Koolie homes in on Aiden’s ass; sniffing at the lube covered puckered flesh and licking at the wetness dripping down his hard cock. The dog’s own cock begins to peak out from its sheath, and it’s not long before the dog is mounting him.

The dog humps at the bound male under him, his cock jabbing at Aiden’s taint and balls before it finds its mark and sinks into his waiting hole. Aiden gasps under the sudden intrusion and the furious pace at which the dog fucks him. It’s hips jackhammering as it’s claws scrape at his hips to keep purchase as it breeds him.

Aiden’s cock vibrates as it drips precum to the floor below. His hardness only briefly faltering when he first feels the tug of the knot forming and pulling at his ring of muscle as it forces past as the dog’s cock goes in and out of him. When the knot fully forms and ties them together his hardness has returned, and he shoots his load as the dog fills him with its own watery release.

Derek and Scott are sitting on a couch.

“So, you two are doing a scene together, without any of the dogs,” Danny says off camera.

“Yes,” Scott smiles as Derek replies, “Yes we are.”

“So, why don’t we start,” Danny prompts them.

They turn to face each other, Derek carding his fingers through Scott’s hair as he leans in begins to pepper his cheeks, jaw, lips, and neck with kisses. Scott moans in pleasure at the attention, his own hands grasping at Derek’s biceps.

Derek pulls Scott’s shirt up over his head, throwing to the floor, and Scott slips his hands under Derek’s sweater, pushing it up revealing Derek’s treasure trail. Scott kisses his way up Derek’s body as he pushes the sweater up, revealing more of his hairy torso. He kisses Derek’s nipples, swirling his tongue around the areola, and then over the erect nubs. Derek pulls his sweater off with a growl and grabs Scott, pushing him down onto his back, sprawled over the couch. He leans down and licks his way up Scott’s trail of hair, from the waistband of his jeans to his belly button, then nips up to his chest and nipples; licking and scraping with his teeth. Scott squirms and mewls under him, pushing his hips up against Derek’s body.
They make out as they fumble with the belts and buttons on their jeans, pushing them down to their knees as hands search inside boxers and briefs; grasping and sliding over hard cocks hidden inside.

With clothing gone, Scott is on his knees on the floor, pushing the length of Derek’s cock down his throat; his nose pressed into Derek’s pubic hair before he pulls back to hold just the head between his lips, drool falling from his chin. He pushes forwards again, bobbing his head along the hard shaft.

Derek pulls him to his feet, kissing him, their tongues duelling before Derek pushes Scott down on the couch, lifting his legs over his shoulder and bending him almost in double as his face dives in on Scott’s ass. His tongue licking strips over the opening, and teeth nipping at the taint. He eats the ripe boy ass with delight, his tongue worming its way inside and pulling wanton moans as Scott’s cock drips his precum over his own face.

Scott is leaning over the arm of the couch as Derek lines up and pushes his cock inside. Scott is fisting at his own hard length as Derek’s hips slap against his ass. The slap, slap, slap of flesh-on-flesh speeds up as they both race towards release.

Scott shoots over the arm of the couch, Derek’s arm around his waist and stroking Scott’s cock for him as Scott turns his head and they sloppily kiss; all teeth, tongues, and spit, Scott’s arm around Derek’s head, grasping at his hair as their tongues duel and he sprays his release.

Scott is sitting on the couch, leaning against the back with his legs spread. Derek is standing between Scott’s legs, stroking his own cock.

“Come on, Martin,” Scott calls, “Shoot your load over me.”

And Derek does; his first volley hitting Scott in the face, and then his chest, and his abs, then his cock. The camera zooms in on Scott running his hands through Derek’s load, smearing the cum over his body as he massages it into his skin.

The scene fades to black.

Sunday morning arrives, and a miasma descends on the house sucking the joy out of everyone. At least figuratively.

The holiday is over.

We all know that after breakfast we’ll be heading to our own homes. Archie and Jordan left last night; both have a shift at the station today. We’re sitting in the den when we hear Mama McCall’s car.

“What if my mom won’t listen?” Liam quietly asks, “What if she… what if she insists I get… I…”

“Do you want me to…” I start to ask.

“No,” Scott barks, “Magic can’t solve everything Stiles. If it could, this wouldn’t have happened when you changed her memory and made her accept Liam as trans.”
“And what’s your answer Scott?” I snap back, “That we tell everyone the truth? That werewolves are real, and Liam’s having a dog’s puppies…”

“No!” he shouts, “I don’t have an answer. But, I know more magic isn’t it.”

“If my mom can’t accept me as trans, and not wanting to have surgery, I don’t think telling her I was actually born male, and when I had my first full moon as a werewolf I lost my dick and gained a fully functioning womb because I’m an alpha’s consort, is really going to be an option,” Liam rambles, “I mean it sounds ridiculous to me and I know it’s true, so, you know…”

“We know,” I interrupt him. Scott pulls him into a hug on his lap.

“So, boys, ready to go?” Mama McCall asks as she enters the room behind Derek.

“No,” Liam whines.

The concern, sympathy, and love, clear in Mama McCall’s face as she looks over to him.

The meeting with Liam’s parents doesn’t go well. Who knew that an air purifier for “asthma, mould, dust and allergies” would also remove my pheromones from the air. Liam’s mom had a purifier running because of her allergy to cat hair; why she had a cat in the house when she has an allergy is beyond me.

So, my input to try and persuade her to the truth that Mama McCall was telling her didn’t work so well. She wouldn’t even listen to her husband, Liam’s step-dad, Dr. Geyer.

When his mom says “Lillian got herself into this mess, she can’t be a boy called Liam and be pregnant. So, if she is going to remain under this roof, then she either gets rid of it and has corrective surgery to be Liam or she…”

“I’M NOT LILLIAN!” Liam screams, tears streaming down his face, “I AM LIAM. And I’m not getting rid of anything.” He falls into Scott’s arms.

“And if you can’t call your SON by his proper name, and refer to HIM by HIS pronouns, then HE won’t be under this roof,” Mama McCall states; setting herself between Liam and his mom.

Liam stays at the McCall’s house that night, and Monday after school we help him get more of his stuff from his parent’s house and move him into the pack house with Derek. His dad tries to console him. Saying that his mom just needs time, and that she’ll come around eventually; she just doesn’t understand that gender and biological sex are not the same and that she’s trying. It doesn’t go down well when I say “Well, she’s not trying hard enough.”

At school the majority of the other students don’t treat Liam any different to how they did before; most didn’t really know him. There are a few that are complete dicks but, after the pack makes it clear their behaviour will not be tolerated they back off. I target the ringleader, Garrett Dye. His fear tastes delicious; and I may have given him a phobia of long dark corridors and alleyways. But, it was enough that by the end of the week even he had stopped harassing Liam.

Coach didn’t take the news that Liam was dropping off the team very well. Asking Liam, “why didn’t you think of the team before getting yourself pregnant”, and then berating the rest of the team that “you all better know how to use contraception, I don’t want any of the rest of you dropping off the team because you’re with child.” When I point out to him that “Liam didn’t get himself pregnant, it takes two people to make that happen,” he just scowls and bellows, “Bilinski, shut up!”
While dealing with school and moving Liam into the pack house, I’m also spending time trying to find out how to sell Liam’s puppies after they’re born. There’s not a lot of detail in any bestiary, and it’s not something easily googled. And it’s not something that Deaton has much knowledge of either, it’s apparently a private matter that packs with a lupul cu câinii dealt with themselves; though he’s asking at the Emissary Council.

Wednesday after school, Scott and I are sitting at the dining table in my house, Cas is lying under Scott’s chair licking at Scott’s leg.

“Will you guys quit flirting when you’re supposed to be doing homework,” I say, “You’re not exactly subtle about it when you’re giggling into your arm.”

“Sorry,” Scott smirks. I just roll my eyes.

“Stiles?” we hear my dad call out, but we also hear someone walk into the house behind him.

“Hey dad,” I call out as Scott and I walk into the living room, only to see Scott’s dad, Agent McCall of the FBI, standing beside him.

“Rafe has a few questions he needs to ask about a case he’s working on,” my dad says.

“A case?” I ask, “Anything interesting?”

“You might have heard about the death of a Mr Secord, in the explosion at Hiram Abiff’s Tools; we understand that you bought some parts for your jeep from him.”

“Yeah,” I say sitting on the couch. Scott sits beside me, Cas at his feet. My dad is sitting in his chair, which leaves Rafe McCall standing.

“Was there anything unusual about the package you received?”

“Unusual?”

“Yes, when you opened the package did you notice anything? Did the parts work when you fitted them to your jeep?”

“Well, I didn’t notice anything when I opened the package, other than the jeep parts I was expecting,” I say which is true; when I opened the package all I noticed were the jeep parts, “And then, as Scotty didn’t turn up to help me fit the parts like he was gonna, I ended up taking them to a mechanic and getting him to fix my jeep. Though, that turned out to be a waste of time as it got stolen and wrecked.”

“Stolen? This was after you had the parts fitted to the jeep?”

“Yeah, though, I don’t know what he had used and what was still in the box,” I reply.

“Was the box of parts still in the jeep after it was stolen and wrecked?”

“I really couldn’t say,” I frown as I answer, “I don’t recall seeing the box since I picked up the jeep from A… Mr Andrews.”

“And Mr Andrews was the mechanic that you took your jeep to, Andrews’ Auto Repairs?”

“Yeah, he works at the Sheriff’s station now, his business folded,” I smile at him.

“Well, thanks,” McCall says, “If I have more questions I’ll arrange with your dad to talk to you.”
My dad shows him to the door.

“My dad is investigating the Logos killings!” Scott whisper shouts at me.

“Logos killings?” I whisper back.

“What else would we call them?”

“Not that when someone else might overhear,” I tell him, “They don’t know about the Logos.”

“Sorry,” he frowns. I ruffle the puppy’s hair; making him smile.

The rest of the week passes by uneventfully. Finally, Friday night arrives and the whole pack descends on the house for the weekend.

Their current working theory is that Roscoe was stolen by the killer; that they either didn’t find an opportunity to take you like they have the victims or saw the packaging from Hiram Abiff’s Tools in the jeep and decided to just take the jeep. And that whatever they are after was not in the jeep,” Jordan is informing us, “Because two of the killings occurred after the jeep was torched.”

“But we know that the killer didn’t take the jeep,” Scott points out, “Because we know it was totalled when Aiden and Ethan tried to kill Stiles. So, while the FBI is looking elsewhere, we need…”

“To protect our sexy sex demon,” Aiden finishes.

“And figure out who the threat is…” Jordan growls.

“No,” I stop their conversation, “We keep an eye out for anything or anyone suspicious,” I state, “But, we have nothing to go on to work out who is after the Logos.”

“We don’t know who they are, or where they are,” Danny adds, “It makes more sense to circle the wagons and keep an eye out for threats until you can perform the Sigillum Daemonium Sedulo Tuente…”

“The Ziggy what?”

“The Rite of Protection Seal,” Danny translates.

“I thought the ritual was the Praesidium Sigillum Dei?” Derek queries, “The Seal of Protection.”

“This is similar and will still need to be performed at the Nemeton on the night of the Wolf Moon but,” Danny begins.

“Deaton would never approve of a Demon Seal of Protective Care being laid over Beacon Hills,” Derek states, “Or claiming the Nemeton.”

“Though, from what Deaton said,” I add, “The Nemeton is already tied to me. What does this ritual give us over the one Deaton said was too dangerous?”
“It’s tied to more primal magic, like the power of the Nemeton,” Danny says, “And, would link you more closely to this territory…”

“Link just me?”

“Everyone involved in the ritual would feel the connection to the land,” Danny says, “Anyone coming into Beacon Hills with intention to harm the pack would feel uneasy within the pack territory; they’d feel a need to leave. And the land would make the pack aware of any threat; you’d be more attuned to the power of the Nemeton and would more easily tap into it…”

“Just me?” I push, he’d already stated that everyone involved in the ritual will become linked to the pack territory. So, would any magic user become linked to the Nemeton?

“The Nemeton is already tied to you; you ‘died’, he air-quotes, “To power it. But, it may grant any mage you allow to take part in the ritual a secondary link to it,” he concedes.

“And it won’t let any mage just come along and perform a ritual to tap into its power,” I check, “I need to be involved?”

“You are the focus of the Beacon Hills Nemeton. If you’re not part of the ritual then noone can ‘tap into its power’, as you put it,” Danny confirms, “Not without one hell of a sacrifice to take the power from you. I wouldn’t want to think of the body count required.”

“Good to know,” he looks a little worried that I might not allow him to take part, “So, anyone have objections to us doing the demon ritual?” I ask the pack.

“So,” Liam begins, “Just to be clear, on the full moon at the start of January, we all will head out to the tree stump, the Nemeton, in the middle of the preserve, get naked and have sex together, all of us, on and around the tree stump, when it’s probably gonna be below forty degrees.”

“That’s the plan,” I say, “Whether we do the demon ritual or the human one.”

“But the demon one will make us all more aware of any threat that comes to town,” Scott confirms, “We can protect our parents and the town better if we do that one; right?”

“So, nobody objects to the demon ritual?”

“Is there anything about the demon ritual you haven’t told us?” Jordan asks Danny.

“It will require blood,” Danny says.

“Whose blood and how much?” I ask, and I see my vision sharpening as my eyes turn black.

“Only a drop or two, and the who is tied to you,” he replies, “One will be yourself, the second will be Scott because he’s the pack’s alpha. The third and fourth are Derek and Aiden, as they are your mates. And the fifth is Jordan, because he’s your hellhound.”

“Anything else we need to know about the ritual?” I ask.

“Your blood will go into a potion, along with – because you’re an incubus – your semen, everyone will drink from the potion, have sex, you recite the spell, everyone shoots over the Nemeton, everyone has more sex, ritual complete and everyone in beacon hills is safer from outside threats.”

“What about inside threats?” Jordan asks; my guard-hound.

“We should be more aware of them,” Danny answers, “But if they are here before the ritual is
completed they won’t be as unsettled by the ritual and feel a need to leave.”

“This is so cool, I’ve never done magic before, and we’re gonna be doing blood magic,” Mason gleefully attests; when the rest of the pack turns to look at him his expression turns to one of worry and he asks, “I am gonna get to take part aren’t I? I mean aren’t I pack? Is it only non-humans that get to do the ritual?”

“Yes, yes, and no,” I reply, at his hopeful look I confirm, “Yes, you are going to take part. Yes, you are pack,” Scott nods his agreement, “And, no, it’s not only the non-humans taking part. Everyone here will be part of the ritual.” I see Danny relax at that.

“So, we’re doing the demon ritual,” Scott states.

“Okay, now that’s settled, what are having for dinner?” I ask.

Later, after everyone has eaten, we’re in the den watching ‘Giorgio Moroder presents Metropolis’; we let Danny pick the movie. We’re only about twenty minutes in, Fredersen arriving to see Rotwang, when my phone beeps with a message.

<I’ve contacted the broker for the Primal Pack. They will meet you tomorrow. AD>

It’s from Deaton. I text him back.

<About puppy sale?>

<Yes.>

The next text is an address. Derek looks at down at my phone in my hand.

“Why do you have Peter’s address?” he asks.

“Peter?!” I ask, “As in your Uncle ‘Psycho Zombie Wolf’ Peter?”

“Yes,” Derek emotes through gritted teeth.

“Well, damn! Thanks for the heads up on that one Deaton.” And I explain why I now have Peter’s address.

“You are not going to see him alone,” Derek insists.

“You can’t trust Peter,” Scott adds, “How do we know he’d find proper homes for the puppies?”

“Scott?!” I turn to him, Danny has paused the DVD, “It’s not like he’s gonna make a fur coat out of four puppies. And he’d have to find…”

“A buyer, and he’d be looking for the best price,” Derek interrupts me, “Scott is right, you can’t trust Peter; he’ll sell the puppies to anyone as long as he makes the most money out of it.”

“I want my puppies to go to good homes,” Liam whines, “I want them to be with werewolves that will love them and take care of them.”

“Peter is manipulative,” Derek adds, “He’s always had a fascination with lupul cu câinii and their pups; I don…”

“I can handle Peter,” I say, “Now that I know he’s the one I’m going to meet. Trust me, I can be just as manipulative.”
Derek and Jordan wait in the car. They don’t want to wait in the car but, as I point out to them, I can magic myself out of the apartment if I need to. I walk up to the building and bypass the concierge, shadow walking right into the elevator. Peter has the penthouse suite.

I walk out of the elevator and step into a corridor with a single door opposite me. I ring the doorbell.

“Stiles?!?” Peter’s face creases in confusion when he opens the door, “This is not a good time, I’m expect… how did you get past the Sergei?”

“So, Deaton didn’t tell you who was looking to sell lupul cu câinii pups any more than he told me who the broker he knew was, good to know, and is Sergei the blond concierge with the swimmer’s build and tight-fitting uniform down in the foyer?”

“I…” Peter’s mouth briefly falls open, he quickly regains his composure and his eyes sparkle as he begins calculating, “Had no idea you were the emissary of a pack with a lupul cu câinii. Just how big is Scott’s pack now? And who is the…”

“That’s not important right now,” I cut him off, walking into apartment.

“This place is huge, and very well appointed,” I tell him, “Did it come furnished or…”

“No, it was unfurnished,” he replies catching up to me.

“Selling puppies must pay well,” I tell him as I turn from the large picture window with the view over the park, and sit on the couch facing into the room, “I assume the Primal Pack wasn’t the only one you provide the service for.”

“What makes you think that?” Peter sits in the chair to the left.

“Because there are not a lot of lupul cu câinii around, and there are not a lot of people that know about them, so, the number of people that would be involved in arranging the sale of their pups must be small. Deaton didn’t even know there were any in California, he only knew about them through stories that he didn’t even know were true. So…”?

“You always were the smart one,” Peter smiles; it’s a very wolf-like expression. Predatory and calculating. “So, when are Isaac’s pups due?”

“It’s not Isaac,” I tell him, I can imagine him trying to corner the lupul and taking the puppies for himself; so, I don’t want him near my angel, “And you don’t need to know who it is.”

“I do if I’m to arrange a sale of their pups,” he informs me, “The pack, or packs, will want to know lineage. The werewolf bloodline of the lupul, the breed and pedigree of the dog. All will factor into the price they are willing to pay.”

“Which is more than the what would be paid for normal puppies of the dog’s breed,” I tell him, “I know that much.” He looks surprised at what I do know, which is not a lot and I’m not letting him know that, “There is some information out there. What I want to know is how much more can we
“Why? So, you can make your own deal and cut me out,” Peter sneers, “Stiles, I’m hardly likely to help you set up in competition to me.”

“Not competition to you,” I tell him, “We give you access to the pages of ‘Hale Stud Services’ that show the lupul cu câinii pups, hell we’ll even video the births for proof. You get to be the middleman; deal with the packs that want to buy and agree the price, for that you get ten percent of the profit as a finder’s fee.”

“Forty,” he argues.

“Why would we agree to that?” I ask him.

“Because you want to keep your breeder safe from those that might be a threat…” His malicious smile falters as my eyes turn black.

“Don’t threaten my pack Peter,” I warn him, standing from the couch I’m instantly in front of his chair, I lean down over him, “I deal very harshly with threats to the McCall-Hale pack.”

“What are you?” he breaths in my scent trying to identify my species; a mistake on his part as my pheromones start to affect him.

“I’m the pack Emissary for the McCall-Hale Pack of Beacon Hills; and you are a blue-eyed omega in our territory,” I tell him, I shift to my true form; his eyes rising up to watch as my horns emerge. “The wings are more impressive,” I casually say, “But, I can’t be bothered to take off my shirt. Now, as an omega, you are allowed to remain in our territory at the pack’s discretion. So, no more threats against pack members or anyone under the pack’s protection. Understood?”

“You’re a demon,” he says; more to himself than me.

“Incubus to be precise,” I smile at him, “And you haven’t answered my question. No more threats against pack members or anyone under the pack’s protection. Understood?” He nods. “Use your words Peter.”

“Yes, understood,” he slurs, my pheromones surrounding him and making him suggestible.

“Good boy,” I sit in his lap, he leans forward to kiss me but, I lean back and push his head away. He frowns in disappointment. “Because if you aren’t a good boy, you’ll have a very nice dream about me and never wake up,” I state coldly. Beneath the glassiness of the effect my pheromones are having on him, I see a tinge of fear seep into his eyes.

“Now,” I continue, my fingers trailing down his chest, over the buttons on his shirt, “How much does the fact they are lupul cu câinii pups increase their value?”

“Usually three times,” he replies, leaning in to kiss me again, I still stop him from getting to.

“Usually?”

“If the stud is highly sought after; like a wolf-hybrid or a breed like the Catahoula Leopard Dog, Thai Ridgeback or something like those rare breeds, the price can be up to fifty percent more.”

“So, if the usual price for the breeds puppy was a thousand dollars, for a lupul cu câinii pup it would be three-thousand, and if it was one that was rare and sought after it would be four-thousand five hundred dollars?” I check I’ve understood him, “And that doesn’t include your finder’s fee
from the buyer.”

“Yes,” answers, swiftly leaning in and taking my lips in a kiss. I kiss him back before pulling away and pushing him back.

“Naughty Peter,” I scold him.

“I want to do far naughtier things than kiss you,” he growls, pushing against my hand holding him back.

“Oh, I know you do, but I came here for information,” I tell him, “So, would the price be affected if the lupul was an Alpha’s Consort?” I ask. His eyes widen at the suggestion.

“I’ve never heard of such a thing,” he says, “But, if the pups were from an alpha’s consort, you could probably add another fifty percent.”

“And if they were the alpha’s pups?” The suggestion is enough to loosen my pheromones hold on him.

“Stiles,” he growls, “Are the pups Scott’s?”

“I’m speaking hypothetically here,” I assure him, “Scott is not pregnant with puppies.”

“But he could be, and his consort is,” Peter surmises, “I didn’t think it was possible for an alpha to be a lupul cu câinii,” his wolf-y grin returns, “If you can get Scott pregnant with puppies, you could double or treble your price,” he states.

“Good to know,” I say rising from his lap, “So, with your finder’s fee and the ten percent of the profit of the sale from us, you could make a tidy sum.”

“I’d make more with forty-percent…”

“Not gonna happen Zombie Wolf,” I warn him, “But, I’m feeling generous…”

“Thirty, and one of the puppies,” he pushes. I grab him by his shirt collar and push him against the wall, beside the solid oak mantle over the fireplace.

“You don’t seem to realise that this is not a negotiation, you take the offer I’m giving you, ten percent of the sale price, or, there will be an alternative for your clients to turn to.”

“You wouldn’t know where to start,” he snarls.

“Your laptop,” I tell him.

“Over my dead body.” I smile at him and his bravado falters. “Salt is an effective barrier, and iron can be deadly.”

“I don’t need to get close to you Zombie Wolf,” I smirk, “I can give you dreams that are to die for.”

“You need to have been intimate with the person to…”

“No,” I assure him, “And even if I did, you, kissed, me.”

“That’s not enough,” I hear the uncertainty in his voice, and the fear creeping at the edge of his thoughts. My Nogitsune side likes it.
“Are you sure?” I ask him, letting my pheromones loose, “I already told you that I don’t even have to have been intimate with someone to kill them in their sleep. But…” I lean forward and take his mouth in a kiss, he kisses back, our tongues battling for dominance. I press up against him and feel his hardness through his pants, my hand grasps the bulge in his crotch and his hips thrust into my grip. I break the kiss and whisper into his ear, “Come for me.”

“No,” he whispers brokenly as he shoots his load into his pants. I feed on his pleasure and his fear.

“I expect to hear through Deaton that you accept the terms of our agreement. He’ll have a paper copy for you to sign,” I tell him, “And if you don’t abide by our terms, or if you do anything to endanger anyone in the pack, you will have a wonderful final dream.”

I smile. He whimpers as I kiss his lips. Then I leave in the shadows.

Monday night Derek, Scott and I are at Deaton’s. Jordan is not happy that he’s not here because he’s working, and Peter is here, signing the agreement.

“He threatened to kill me,” he growls at his nephew, “This agreement wouldn’t stand up in court because it’s nothing more than coercion.”

“As I already told them,” I correct him, “I said we’d set up our own rival to your brokerage service if you didn’t agree to the terms of the agreement; the forty percent you asked for was extortionate, and the ten percent on offer more than generous as you also receive a fee from the buyer. And I said if you break the agreement, or do anything to put the pack in danger, then I’d make sure you never wake up.”

“Stiles!” Scott sounds scandalised.

“We’ve talked about this before Scotty,” I remind him, “I will do whatever I it takes to make sure the pack is safe; and besides, he’d be having a nice dream he wouldn’t want to wake up from.”

Derek snickers at my comment. Peter looks outraged at Derek’s lack of concern for his wellbeing.

“You know what he is,” Peter realises.

“Yes,” Scott answers, “He’s our Emissary, and he’s my best friend.”

“And he’s my mate,” Derek adds.

“He’s…”

“An Incubus, a Nogitsune, and a human spark,” I say, “They know that already.”

“You get ten percent of the sale price for each puppy from Hale Stud Services that you introduce a buyer for, once, and only once, the sale is complete and the money received from the buyer. You can arrange whatever finder fee with the buyer they agree with you. You cannot, through any means, be an owner of a puppy from Hale Stud Services.” I remind Peter of the terms he just signed. Derek signs the agreement as the owner of Hale Stud Services; Deaton and Scott witness it.

“And,” I add, “While you provide this service to the McCall-Hale pack, and the sales of the pups
are completed, you are allowed to remain in our territory.”

“Liam’s puppies are due in February,” Scott tells him.

“They’re Cane Corso pups, and should be ready to leave their mother after the second week of May,” I add.

“I’ll start contacting packs after the first trimester is complete,” Peter says, “And confirm potential buyers once the pups are whelped. You’ll want the web site to show the stud, and the progress of Liam’s pregnancy, as well as the pups being born.”

“It will,” I confirm.

On Thursday Archie and I head to the local Toyota Used Auto to pick up our respective cars. A Camry for Archie; something better for him to be driving around in than his old truck. For me I decided on a Rav4; the trunk gives more than enough room for Castiel to be comfortable.

By Friday I can sense the stress that Scott and Liam are feeling from not having had any puppy play over the last couple of weeks. Which hasn’t been helped by the pack insisting on sticking to the rota they drew up to ensure I was never left alone. Sunday was Aiden, Monday Aiden again as Derek stayed with Liam, Tuesday Scott and Isaac, Wednesday Jordan, Thursday Scott and Aiden both turned up as Derek was still staying with Liam. I do have an idea to resolve the puppies stress and have them meet me at my house before we head to the pack house for the weekend.

We head to my bedroom and I get them to sit on my bed.

“Is something wrong?” Scott asks getting worried as I haven’t told them why we’re here.

“No, no,” I say, “It’s just I… you remember my idea about taking you and Liam to the dog park to play fetch?”

“Yeah,” Scott cautiously responds.

“What?” Liam almost shrieks.

“Well, I was going to give you this for Christmas but, I thought maybe today you might want to try them out?”

“Try what out?” Liam and Scott both ask.

I hand them a box each. They open them.

Inside Scott’s he finds a red leather collar and leash, on the collar is a metal tag; on one side of the tag it says ‘Scooter’ and on the other, ‘Owner: Stiles Stilinski’.

Liam’s is a pink leather collar and leash. The metal tag reads ‘Lulu’ and ‘Owner: Stiles Stilinski’.

“You think I’m a girl?!” Liam explodes.

“No,” I calmly say, “I know you’re a boy but, I think your puppy side could be a girl. I think,
maybe, that it’s that side that pulled you more to wanting to stay as an alpha’s consort.” I hope there’s enough persuasiveness in the air to let him agree. I see him frown as he holds the collar in his hand, looking down at it; turning the tag over and over with his other hand.

“Lulu?” he quietly asks.

“You don’t like it?” I ask, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have made them as a surprise, I should have talked to you both about it before…”

“No,” Liam says, “I just… I hadn’t thought about my puppy side being different to me, to her being a… her, instead of a him; like me.”

“And you know I wanted a collar for when I’m Scooter,” Scott adds, “But, what does that have to do with being able to be Scooter in the dog park?”

“They’re enchanted,” I tell them gleefully, “When you wear them, everyone who’s not pack, or is human, will see you as your doggy self, not as a human.”

“What?” they both exclaim, excitedly.

“If I got it right, I’m pretty sure I did,” I say, “Of course you’ll need to be naked, it wouldn’t make sense if someone so you as a dog wearing clothes, and you will need to be on all fours, and you can’t talk…”

“Stiles, you still here?” we hear my dad shout as he walks through the front door, “I thought you were heading to the pack house tonight?”

“Yeah dad, just packing a few things to take,” I shout down to him, while signalling Scott and Liam to remain quiet. “Now’s our chance to try them out and check they work,” I whisper to them, “Make sure they work before I take you to the park to play fetch with Cas.”

“What if they don’t work?” Liam asks, “Your dad will see us naked…”

“Better that than everyone at the dog park,” I reply.

“But, your dad’s pack,” Scott says, “Like my mom; you said pack would see us as human…”

“I said everyone who isn’t pack or is human,” I clarify, “Humans, even pack humans, should see you as your dog. If it works.”

Scott is clearly willing to take the risk and is quickly stripping out of his clothes, with Liam following his alpha’s lead. I fasten the collars around their necks and they get down on all fours; I fetch the tail plugs for them and slide them into their asses. I put their clothes in a backpack, along with a change of clothes for me, and we head to the living room.

“Hey dad,” I shout, Scooter and Lulu trailing nervously behind me.

“What on earth?” he exclaims, staring at Scooter and Lulu; they both whine in fear that the enchantment hasn’t worked, “Please tell me those dogs are Derek’s. Cas is more than enough dog for this house.”

“Don’t worry,” I laugh, “While Scooter and Lulu are mine, they will be staying at Derek’s, mostly; so, they can help out with the stud service.”

“They are good looking dogs,” my dad says, scratching Scooter’s head between his ears. And I
know Scott is falling into his puppy head space as rolls over onto his back, his arms and legs splayed, looking for a tummy rub.

“You are a good boy,” my dad says, rubbing Scooter’s tummy, “And so friendly.”

“Rrwoff,” Scooter barks, his cock lengthening along his abs.

“And excitable,” my dad comments, “He’s nearly out of his sheath.”

“Yeah,” I say noting Scott’s nearly full erection, “Lulu is in season. I better get them in the car and to the park to work some of that excitability with Cas; then head to the pack house.”

“Oh kiddo,” my dad says as Scooter licks his hand, “See you Sunday.”

I fold down the back seats in the RAV4 and open the trunk for all three ‘dogs’ to jump in. It’s a short drive to the dog park, and I can tell Scooter and Lulu are excited to get out and play.

From the car park I need to keep all three dogs on their leash until we pass through the park gates. Once into the park I head for the open grass land; as it’s already starting to get dark, there are only a couple of people in the park with their dogs, throwing balls for them to chase.

I take the leash off and throw one of the balls I have in my pocket; Cas and Scooter take off after the ball instantly, with Lulu chasing after them.

I have them running around the park as I throw the ball in different directions each time one of them brings it back to me.

“Beautiful dogs,” a woman says behind me, Scooter, Lulu, and Cas having just taken off after the ball I’ve thrown.

“Thanks,” I reply.

“Ellen Harvelle,” she says holding out her hand, “And this here is Lucifer,” she nods towards the Rottweiler beside her.

“Stiles Stilinski,” I say, shaking her hand while I try to work out why I know her name; Scooter drops the ball at my feet, with Cas and Lulu coming up beside him. “And these are Scooter, Castiel, and Lulu,” I indicate each of them.

Lucifer and Cas are sniffing at each other. Scooter making sure he is between Lulu and Lucifer.

“She has gorgeous colouring,” Ellen says as she bends down to pet Lulu, “Is she purebred?”

“Lulu and Scooter are pure German Shepherds, Cas is mixed; he’s part Great Pyrenees, part Siberian Husky, and part Grey Wolf.”

“I’ve not seen many black GSD’s and he is gorgeous too but, I love her sable colouring,” she strokes her hand down Lulu’s back.

“Rrwoff,” Lulu startles, turning to Lucifer who has snuck up behind her and licked at her hindquarters.

“Oh, look at the time,” Ellen says, looking at her wrist watch, “I’m afraid I need to run.”

“Me too,” I say, “I need to get these three home and fed.
“Abandon All Hope…” it comes to me as I pull up outside the pack house, “It has to be a co-incidence,” I say aloud.

“Huh? What does?” Scott says from where he’s lying on his back in the back of the SUV.

“The woman at the park…” I start to say.

“It was awesome at the park, I can’t wait to do that again,” Scott interrupts.

“She said her name was Ellen Harvelle and that her dog was Lucifer. Ellen Harvelle was a character on Supernatural, who died in a plan to kill Lucifer when she and her daughter were trapped in a building with hellhounds. She detonated the explosives with them trapped inside.”

“You think she’s the threat?” Scott asks, falling completely out of his puppy headspace.

“But she was at the park with the dog when we arrived,” I say, “And she would have had no way of knowing I was going to take you there. And why pick those names as fake names? It’s more likely just co-incidence; right?”

“Let’s talk to the rest of the pack,” Scott says in his serious alpha tone.

“Oh,” I smile as he’s about to open the car door, “Let’s see if the collars work properly first.”

“Where did the other two dogs come from?” Mason asks as Cas, Scooter, and Lulu bound into the den.

“Where have you been?” Jordan and Derek both ask me while casting a questioning looks at Mason.

“It’s Scooter and his friend,” Issy says around his paci.

“We were at the dog park, playing fetch,” Scooter says smiling at the pack.

“It’s a talking dog?!” Mason leaps from his seat, nearly vaulting over the back of it.

Scott and Liam unbuckle their collars, taking them off.

“I think they totally work like their supposed to,” Scott smiles, telling the pack, “Early Christmas
presents. To non-pack and human pack members we look like actual dogs.”

“Even when they pet us,” Liam adds.

“The sheriff gives awesome belly rubs,” Scott grins.

“And a woman at the dog park calling herself Ellen Harvelle petted Lulu and commented on her coat and colouring.”

“And her Rottweiler is Lucifer,” Scott adds.

“Who’s Lulu?” Mason asks, still looking shocked at the naked Scott and Liam where two dogs were before.

“Me,” Liam says, “Or at least puppy me.”

“Seriously, Ellen Harvelle and Lucifer?” Danny asks, getting the conversation back to what we need to discuss.

“There was a woman called here earlier called Ellen Harvelle,” Derek says, “Asking about Hale Stud Services, and if I had any female sable German Shepherds that her daughter’s German Shepherd stud could mate with…”

“Her daughter?!” both Danny and I exclaim at the same time.

“Did she say what this daughter’s name was per chance?” I ask, “And I didn’t think the website would be bring actual business to the place.”

“She didn’t mention her daughter’s name and I didn’t ask,” Derek says, “I just told her I didn’t have any females, I only provided the studs. And the site is bringing actual business. Though I plan to keep it small, the main reason for kennels is for our lupul cu câinii, but, I will need to get more purebred dogs.” He then asks, “You think she isn’t who she says she is?”

“Supernatural,” Scott says, petting Cas and Liam at the same time, “The show.”

So, Danny and I explain about the show to Derek.

“It could be co-incidence,” I agree with the others, though none of us are entirely convinced, “The Logos does show a there really is a person called Ellen Harvelle who has a daughter, Samantha not Joanne Beth, and they are known for their dogs winning at dog shows…”

“But, something still feels wrong,” Danny says, “I mean her daughter’s name is Sam; it might as well have been Deana.”

“Yeah,” most of the rest of the pack look at us with confusion. How can so many of them not have watched ‘Supernatural’.

“We keep a watchful eye out,” Jordan says, “See if any of us happen to run into her again.”

“Probably will at the dog park,” Scott says, “When Stiles takes Scooter and Lulu for fetch and a runabout.”
“The explosion destroyed most the building, firefighters from four stations within the district were called in to help contain the resulting fire that has swept through the surrounding warehouses. There are eyewitness reports, and video from camera phones, that a man walked into the building with a rocket launcher. Once the buildings were deemed safe by the fire department, it is believed that at least a dozen bodies were recovered from the building at the centre of the explosion, some so badly charred from the fire that they may never be identified…”

“What?!” I shout over the news report, “We need to know who was killed!”

“…Rumours are circulating that the explosion and blaze was the result of the rocket launcher being fired within the building and that local police found evidence of a large weapons cache within the building’s basement. This has fuelled speculation that the weapons and victims of the explosion may have been part of a terrorist cell, or an illegal arms-deal that went wrong…”

“Okay, turn it off,” I tell Aiden. We’re in the SUV heading to school; Aiden riding shotgun; Isaac and Mason in the back.

“Maybe Deaton will have heard more,” Mason offers from behind me.

“We should check with him after school,” Aiden suggests.

“Yeah,” I agree, pulling into the school gates, “I was hoping to finish my Christmas shopping after school.”

“You’ve still got another week before the holidays,” Aiden responds.

“I just don’t want to be running around at the last minute,” I reply, “Do you know how crazy shoppers get the week before?”

“It’s scary,” Mason agrees.

“Like you couldn’t charm them out of their psycho-shopping trance…” Aiden smirks.

“What? And into a massive orgy in the middle of the mall?” I ask as I finish parking, “Really, who’d want to see a scramble for the must have gifts turn into a scramble of clothes being ripped off and flabby asses and saggy boobs as shoppers fall into an orgy of blue-rinsed grandma’s and…”

“Alright,” Aiden stops me, “I don’t want to think about it.”

“The Council has confirmed with the Hunter Authority that both Gerard Argent and Tamora Monroe are among the bodies recovered from the warehouse,” Deaton confirms, “However, the Council is now working with the Werewolf Senate to try and counter the video of the werewolves that attacked the warehouse at the same time as Calavera.”

“What?! That wasn’t supposed to happen!” I exclaim.

“Some of the surviving members of the pack that was attacked by Monroe and her followers, followed Calavera to the warehouse. They had been watching him, watching Monroe. It’s why they were better prepared for Monroe’s attack and were able to deal serious injury to her forces,” Deaton explains.

“But they were not supposed to carry out any retaliatory attack!” I profess.
“But,” Deaton looks studiously at me, “Did you specifically exclude the possibility when you set your plan in the Logos?”

“I… well… no,” I deflate, “I concentrated on Calavera and Monroe.”

“You have to remember,” Deaton scholarizes me, “You are not omniscient. You are not a god; no matter how much power that machine gives you. You do not know everything and not everything is under your control.”

“If I’d just considered the werewolves…” I start to theorise.

“And then what?” Danny asks, “Are you forgetting the ripples out from events? How many other events would you need to know about? How many solutions would you need to program?”

“Monroe and Gerard are dealt with,” Deaton states, “Let the Hunter Authority and Werewolf Senate handle the rumours and do what they have been doing for centuries.”

“Covering up the existence of the supernatural,” Derek adds.

“By declaring it fake news?” I snort.

“Exactly,” Deaton adds, “People will believe what they want to believe.”

“Despite evidence to the contrary,” Danny adds.

“…”

“So,” I drawl the word out, “As we’re having Christmas at the pack house,” my gaze drifts between my dad and Mama McCall, “And you’re both working shifts Christmas Day…”

“Get to the point Stiles before I get any more grey hairs,” Mama McCall complains.

“You have grey hairs? Where?” I ask, she must have a really good colourist, because…

“Stiles,” my dad barks.

“Yeah, anyway, we were thinking that everyone could head out to the pack house Christmas eve. That way we can have dinner together Christmas Eve, then breakfast together Christmas Day and open presents before you go do your shift,” I say to my dad, “And when you get back we can have a smaller dinner together before Mama McCall goes to do her shift at the hospital…”

“And we both leave to let you and the rest of the pack get up to whatever I don’t want to know about,” my dad adds.

“Exactly,” I say, swiftly adding, “Not that we’d be getting up to anything other than playing with our new toys, games, and watching TV.”

“Thankfully,” my dad snorts; I ignore his eyeroll and Mama McCall snicker.

“I think that sounds like a great idea,” Mama McCall says, “With the shifts I’m working I’m really struggling to find the time to get everything ready. So, not having to worry about the meal for another holiday feast will be great.”
“Great,” I smile, “I’ll let Derek know.”

Christmas Eve and the pack is sitting around the dining table, well, everyone except Mason; he’s with his parents and won’t be with the pack until tomorrow night.

Derek has created a meal to rival the feast we had for Thanksgiving. And eggnog.

“I may just have to get all my meals here,” my dad comments, “This food is too good…”

“Yes!” I interrupt him, “Too good; only to be had in moderation. I have a great recipe for Roasted Cauliflower Lasagne; it’s vegetarian and healthy…”

“Why would you mention something like that in the presence of this succulent moist roast?” my dad groans.

“Because after the holidays are over, it’s back to healthy eating,” I state, “No more gorging on fatty red meats…”

“I don’t gorge!” dad harrumphs.

“The meat is not fatty,” Derek grouses, “I bought rolled joints of silverside for the roast; and the rose veal joint is leaner.”

“Yes, I know babe,” I appease Derek, ignoring the raised eyebrow from my dad, and the snicker from Mama McCall at the endearment I called Derek by, “But the potatoes and candied yams; all that butter and sugar. And the meat dad normally buys is not as lean as these roasts.”

“There’s nothing wrong with the meat I buy!” my dad defends himself.

“If you cut the fat from it before throwing it in the pot there’d be a lot less going in the pot,” I tell them.

“How about we just enjoy the meal that Derek, Aiden, and Danny prepared for us,” Mama McCall referees.

“Yeah,” I agree, looking at Derek I see he tries to hide a smile but, I see it and I know he’s remembering his family around the dinner table from before the fire. I take his hand in mine, and tell him, “Thanks.”

After dinner we all settle in the den, some of us with a glass of eggnog – “Oh, come on dad, one won’t hurt,” I had to plead but, everyone except Liam has a glass – with the tree lights twinkling and lighting up the room. The tree is in the corner, decorated in white and gold with splashes of red, and surrounded by the large pile of presents.

With everyone settled we turn on the TV. We’re saving ‘Home Alone’ and ‘The Muppets Christmas Carol’ for tomorrow; so, I put on ‘Die Hard’.

“Well kiddo,” my dad says as the titles roll after we’ve watched Hans fall to his death, “Time for me to head to bed.”
“But we’re gonna watch It’s a Wonderful Life,” I say.

“And Parrish and I have a very early shift,” my dad states, “So, that we can be here for dinner before Melissa has to leave for her shift at the hospital. It may be Christmas but, some of us have jobs that are twenty-four-seven, three-hundred and sixty-five days of the year.”

“I guess we’ll see you both for breakfast and present opening,” I pout.

“I for one am looking forward to It’s a Wonderful Life,” Mama McCall says, settling back in the armchair, with another glass of eggnog.

Jordan looks torn between staying in the den and watching the movie with us and following my dad’s suggestion for an early night.

“Two hours less sleep won’t matter, I suppose,” dad relents and sits back down.

“Look, Daddy. Every time a bell rings an angel gets his wings,” Isaac shouts along with Zuzu at the end of the film; forgetting that the adults are with us.

“That's right, that's right,” I join in, “Attaboy, Clarence.” Isaac gives me an embarrassed smile, which I return.

In the morning there are some tired and excited wolves. I need to remind Scott to put some sleep pants on before he rushes down to the den.

I’ve kept some of the pack’s presents back to open when Mason arrives later tonight; the ones I don’t want them opening in front of my dad or Mama McCall.

After breakfast, my dad and Jordan head into the station for their shift. The rest of us spend the day playing “Saints Row: The Third” – Scott’s present from me – on the XBOX, playing “Uncharted 3: Drake’s Deception” – my present from Scott – on the PS3, watching the Thundercats DVD – a new one, Isaac’s present from me – and watching movies.

When dad and Jordan get home, Derek, Aiden, and Danny, have dinner ready.

We sit and eat; stuffing ourselves full of, maple glazed ham, mashed potatoes, orange glazed carrots, butternut squash gratin, roast parsnips, roast cauliflower, and cranberry relish. Then we have dessert. A choice of spiced pumpkin pie or baked Alaska.

“Well,” Mama McCall says after spooning the last piece of pumpkin pie from her plate, “I need to eat and run.”

“I’d better head home,” my dad says, “Leave this lot to their own devices, which neither of us wants to know anything about.”

“Amen to that,” Mama McCall smiles, “And thank you for a wonderful meal,” she says to Derek.

“It wasn’t just me,” Derek blushes.

“Aiden and I were just the sous chef’s following your direction,” Danny states, “You were the chef de cuisine.”

As we stand at the door saying goodbye to the parents, with hugs, and kisses with Mama McCall, Mason arrives.

“Well, now that the parents are gone,” I say as we head back into the den, “There are some other
presents, though Liam and Scott already got theirs.”

“Our collars,” Scott smiles.

“Exactly,” I grin as I pick up one of the presents hidden behind the tree, “This one is for Mason.”

“Me?” he grins as I hand him the package, “Thanks,” and he begins ripping off the wrapping paper. “It’s a onesie?!” he gleefully shouts.


“I can wear it tonight, right?” Mason smiles hopefully.

“Sure,” I reply.

“Cool, and maybe you can change my diaper?” Mason bashfully asks, “I think I might have leaked a little out of the one I tried to put on myself.”

“Let’s hand out the rest of these and then I’ll change you,” I say.

“Thanks, Uncle Stiles,” he grins.

“Now, Isaac,” I smile at my little angel, handing him his gift wrapped in paper covered in candy-canes, wooden toy soldiers, gingerbread men, and sprigs of holly.

“Thanksies daddy,” he excitedly shouts, ripping the paper off, “Lion-o!” he roars as he sees the image of Lion-o on the lion shaped, complete with tail and hood with ears, footed-pyjamas, “Daddy I’s got a tail!” he screams, “Daddy, can I wear them now, I wants to be Lion-o, daddy can I?”

For Danny and Ethan, I got a joint present, ‘Monogamy A Hot Affair Adult Board Game’; it came with three massage candles and ‘Tie Me Up’ tape.

“You know I won’t be surprised if all these presents are related to sex,” Danny quips with a smirk while Ethan is veraciously reading the games instructions.

“Not everything is related to sex,” I defend, “Mason’s and Isaac’s gifts aren’t, and Scott’s and Liam’s collars aren’t.”

Derek opens his present to find two games. Foreplay Connect, it’s like Connect4 but with suggestions on the counters like ‘Suck Nipples’, ‘Spank Bottom’, ‘Tie Up’, ‘Use Toy’, and the winning line is to be acted out. The other is Pillow Talk Intimate Card Game, which is a card game, where each card has a question and a forfeit. Questions like ‘What is the kinkiest thing you have ever done?’ and forfeits like ‘Talk dirty to your partner for one minute’.

“Guess what we’ll be doing later,” I waggle my eyebrows at him.

Jordan stares at the item in the open wooden box; a ten-millimetre-thick stainless-steel chainmail collar, in the Persian chainmail pattern, with an incubus symbol rune lock at the front.

“I figured it would give you something that you can wear every day and nobody that sees it will know what it means,” I say filling the silence as he just stares at the collar.

“Except those that are in the scene, and those that know about the supernatural,” he softly smiles, lifting his gaze from the collar to me, “Will you put it on me? Please, Sir?”
“Delighted,” I tell him; I put the collar around his neck and fasten the ends of the chain into the rune pendant at the front voicing “Zablokuj” to activate the rune and lock the collar. The metal pendant lock, shaped in the incubus symbol, sitting just below the hollow of his throat.

“Okay, so when are you going to fuck me with it?!” Aiden excitedly asks as he pulls the ‘Chance Unflared, Large’ dildo from the box; it’s fourteen inches in length, seven inches in circumference, marbled black and red with a medium firmness. I bought it from Bad-Dragon.

“Later,” I say, “Unless you want to put on a show for everyone here?”

“Fuck, my ass is leaking just thinking of getting stuffed with this,” Aiden admits, “It’s the closest thing in size to your cock I’ve seen.”

“Technically,” I say, “It’s a little bigger but, there is slightly less insertable length.”

“I need it in me now,” Aiden begins stripping out of his clothes, throwing them carelessly around him. We can see the slick running down the backs of his thighs as he stands, lifts the toy, and walks over to the coffee table in front of the couches. Sitting the dildo on the table he straddles over it and lowers himself, lining the head up with his wet asshole. “Fuck. Shit,” he curses as he tries to push the head of the toy into his hole.

“Derek, wanna make sure our brat doesn’t injure himself on his Christmas present,” I suggest as I pick up the last second present to hand out.

“Thank you, Master,” Archie smiles as he takes the gift and carefully opens the wrapping paper.

“You could just tear it off like everyone else did,” I tease him as he opens the twenty-inch by eight-inch wooden box; inside is a heavy leather flogger, made from cowhide. The copper-tone braided handle is eight-inches in length, and there are thirty-two twenty-one-inch long tails that are each three-eighths of an inch wide.

“Fuck!” Aiden exclaims as he sinks down further on the dildo. Everyone’s attention shifts to the sight of him crouching over the sex toy, Derek rubbing his back as he sinks more of the length into him. But, his gaze has fallen on the flogger and he’s drooling at the sight of it as much as Archie is.

“You’ve got your toy to play with and from the look of it you’re enjoying it,” I smirk at him, “This is my slave’s toy, well, for me to use on my slave.” Archie’s eyes fall back to the flogger in the box; his hand reaches out and grasps the handle, lifting the flogger and feeling the weight of it in his hand. His eyes widen, and we can all smell his arousal at the thoughts running through his head; and see the blush creep up his cheeks.

“So, tomorrow,” I say to him, “I will take your cock cage off and tie you to the cross in the basement. Then I am going to flog you. I’ll start with dragging the tails over back and ass, before moving on to light strokes across your upper back. The strokes slowly increasing in intensity and strength. Then I’ll move down and draw the tails over your ass and upper thighs; again, slow at first and slowly increasing the speed and strength…”

“Ahh,” Archie keens at my words; his body jerking towards me.

“But, that’s all for tomorrow,” I smile, “Tonight, I have to put these to littles into fresh diapers and PJs; then we get to watch Aiden fuck himself on a horse cock shaped dildo.”
I take Mason and Isaac upstairs to change their diapers. I change Isaac’s first and get him into his new lion onesie – though he calls them his Lion-o – pyjamas. Then I strip Mason and take his badly fitted diaper off him.

“So, you have a drawerful of diapers at home now?” I ask him.

“No,” he sulks, “I have a few hidden under my bed. I can’t risk my parents finding them.”

“And today was the first time you’ve worn one since we shot the video?”

“Yeah,” he smiles, “I was so scared they would here it crinkle under my pants when I sat at the table to eat but… I’d wanted to ask you if you could diaper me at school, like you do for Isaac, but, I was too scared of what other people would think if they found out.”

“No-one at school knows about Isaac though,” I say, “They think there is something strange about everyone in the pack but, they don’t care enough to think about what it is.” I made sure that people would generally not take notice of anything they thought strange about the pack. They would need to wolf out in the middle of the library, or cafeteria – or class or halls, you get the idea – for the populace of Beacon Hills High School to really pay attention.

“Did you do something to them?” he ponders.

“I protected the pack,” I smile, powdering his ass, balls, and lengthening cock.

“Could you do the same for me?” he asks, “Make sure they don’t notice I’m wearing a diaper?”

“You’re pack,” I tell him, “You’re already protected like Isaac and the others are.”

“So…” he drawls.

“If you want me to diaper you at school, I will,” I tell him.

“Cool Uncle Stiles,” he beams at me as I fasten the fresh diaper around his waist.

With both boys in their clean diapers and new footed PJs, I lead Mason by the hand and carry Isaac on my hip back down to the den.

“Fuck,” we hear Ethan exclaim, amongst the moaning and groaning within.

Entering the den, Aiden is now lying on his back on the coffee table, while Derek is naked and kneeling at his head, holding his legs as Derek’s cock is rammed down his throat. Aiden’s cock is leaking over his abs, looking like an angry red-hot poker as a shirtless Jordan thrusts the length of the horse-cock dildo into his well stretched asshole.

Scott and Liam are both naked and curled up on the floor with Castiel; Scott eating out Liam’s pussy while Liam sucks on Castiel’s doggy dick.

Danny is videoing the whole scene; Ethan and Archie are both dressed and behind the camera.

Derek pulls out of Aiden’s throat and shoots over his neck and face. At the same time Castiel shoots his doggy cum over Liam’s face and chest, the young beta moaning loudly as he thrusts his pussy against Scott’s mouth.
“I figured we could call it A Mischievous Christmas,” Danny says turning to me.

“With Liam in the shot?” he just shrugs his shoulders at my query. “You can cum Aiden,” I state; Jordan shoves the horse cock into his ass and he promptly does, his first volley hitting Derek in the chest before the subsequent shots land on his own face, his neck, his chest, and his abs. Jordan stops pounding the toy in and out of Aiden’s ass.

“Does that mean I get to be in more Mischief videos?” Liam asks with tinge of hope in his voice, and doggy cum dripping from his chin.

“Maybe,” I concede, “After you’ve had your puppies.”

“Really?!” he shouts in earnest excitement.

“You do realise that your actor persona for the site will need to be a transitioning male teen?” I pointedly ask him.

“My persona for the whole world is that I’m trans,” he all but eyerolls.

“You’d be the site’s Buck Angel,” ignoring the looks telling me that hardly any of them know who Buck Angel is; though they can work it out and google it if they have to. At Liam’s pleading look I explain, “Buck Angel is a trans male that works in the adult videos; he’s won awards for this scenes in porno videos. He doesn’t have a penis; he decided that he didn’t need one because it’s not what defines him as a man.”

“There’s someone else like me?” Liam asks, a smile breaking out across his face.

“There is bound to be another alpha consort in the world who’s male,” Scott offers.

“Yeah but, even if there isn’t, there’s a human male and he actively decided not to have surgery to have a penis,” Liam explains, running one word into the next.

“I’m sure you know how to use a computer and find out more if you want to,” I say, and the words are barely out of my mouth before he’s off the floor and running naked to the study; face still dripping doggy cum. Scott and Castiel follow him.

“Man, I wanna be fucked by that fake cock almost as often as I want your cock in my ass, or mouth,” Aiden says out of nowhere. “It’s almost as good as the real thing,” he smiles at me.

“Really,” I smirk, “Maybe I should have gotten you the extra-large.” His eyes glint mischievously.

“We could maybe buy a selection of insertable toys from Bad Dragon for the videos,” Danny suggests, “Maybe have scenes where they see who can take the largest, and who can hold out the longest while being fucked by them.”

“Oh… I have a great idea for the first live webcam stream and just what Aiden’s gonna be doing,” I smile.

The next day I’m locking Archie’s wrists and ankles into the cuffs of the St Andrew’s Cross; the
cross is tilted slightly forward. With him secured to the cross, I unlock and remove his cock cage and remove the ring from around his cock and balls.

“Jordan has kept you nice and smooth, I don’t feel any stubble on your skin,” I smile at him.

“Yes Master,” he heavily breathes; the excitement of his impending flogging and orgasm getting to him. His cock rising in anticipation.

“Your ass is still red,” I comment, “He spank you this morning?”

“Yes Master, every morning like you instructed,” he replies.

“He’s never called to ask to be allowed to masturbate. So, is he fucking you at work, or just having you blow him?”

“Neither Master.”

“You mean in the last couple of weeks, the only time my hellhound has cum is when he’s been here, and we’ve been filming or doing a scene?”

“Yes, Master.”

Well, I need to work on that. But, now is about Archie.

I drag the tails of flogger over his shoulders, letting them fall down his back. He gasps at the feel of them, his breath catching and his cock throbbing. I lift the tails and let them fall lightly against his upper back; dropping the soft leather against his skin, left, right, left, right. Over and over the leather tails rise and fall.

I bring them down to his ass and upper thighs; striking lightly as I have been doing across his upper back.

“Harder, please, Master,” Archie pleads, “I need to feel it more, please, Master.”

I draw the tails down slightly harder over his upper back; sticking to single strokes, left then right. I keep to the slow pace and steady rhythm. He hums under the continued sensation. I move and begin to land the harder strokes over his ass. His hips arch and hunch; mimicking Cas when he’s knotted Scott’s ass but, Archie isn’t shooting his load yet.

“I need to feel it more, please, Master.” His words are mumbled, and I know his eyes are glassy.

I pick up the pace, landing the tails almost non-stop; left, right, right, left, left, right, left, right, right, left, left, right, left, right, left. I keep landing the leather over his upper back, ass, and upper thighs; his skin now hot and red. His cock is rigid and dripping but, the pain is not enough; he’s floating into subspace and cannot tip over the edge to achieve his release.

“Come for me Archie,” I command him, “Show me what an obedient slave you are.”

“Master,” falls from his lips as he shoots his cum over the cross and floor beneath him.

“Just as well I keep you naked around the house,” I smirk as I place another piece of chocolate in Archie’s mouth, “I don’t think you’d want clothes against your back anytime soon.”

We’re lounging on the bed in the aftercare room; he’s lying on his stomach and half lying on me, with his head on my chest. I’ve already had him drink a bottle of water, washed his cock and balls, locking them back up in his cock cage, and gently massaged an aloe-vera lotion over his back, ass,
and thighs; even where I didn’t land the flogger. He wasn’t really present for most of that, only starting to rouse from subspace as I locked the cage and he looked down at the metal surrounding his cock once more. I passed him the bottle of water and once he’d drank what he wanted, had him lie with me on the bed.

“Thank you Master,” he smiles at me, “Pity I have to work tomorrow though.”


“No,” he cautiously replies, though he can’t keep the smile at the thought tugging on the corners of his mouth, “But, I will need to wear clothes, or your dad is likely to arrest me, or fire me, or both.”

“Like I’d let that happen,” I ruffle his hair.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

The rest of the holiday season we spend relaxed and carefree at the pack house with occasional pre-arranged visits from my dad and Mama McCall; to make sure they didn’t see anything they wouldn’t want to know about.

We shoot some more videos for the website, with the plan being to launch the site on January first. Danny will automate everything so that it can be visited from one minute after midnight; well, Danny said one nanosecond, but who’ll be looking for porn on New Year’s Eve.

We shoot another video with Isaac and Mason.

_This starts with them both in the bathtub, splashing about in the water. I lift Isaac from the tub, dry him with a large fluffy towel. I then set him down, still naked, with some pocket dinosaurs to play with._

_I then lift Mason from the tub and repeat; drying him with the towel and sitting him down on the floor naked, beside Isaac to play with the pocket dinosaurs. While the scene centres on them, I can be seen in the background fetching diapers, cream, talcum powder, etc._

_I then lift Isaac over to the bed, lay him on his back and slide a diaper under him, then powder his ass and crotch before taping the clean diaper closed and settling him down in a cot with his pacifier._

_“Night, daddy,” he whispers before popping his paci into his mouth._

_When I lay Mason down on the bed, his cock is already hardening and lies against his abs. I slide the diaper under him and lift the bottle of baby oil. I dribble the oil over his crotch and down his crack. I slowly massage the oil over his cock and balls, the fingers of my other hand sliding between his cheeks and pushing the oil past his puckered ring. My fingers follow, first one, then two, then three; opening him up._

_“Uhm, nhg, Uncle,” his gasps, his hands clutching at the sheets, as one hand slowly strokes his hard length and the finger of the other search for his prostate. My hand and fingers keep teasing him, until I replace the fingers with small, long, butt plug. I slide the plug into his ass but, I don’t let it fully enter him. My other hand is working his hard cock, my thumb teasing over the slit of the head as I thrust the butt plug in and out of his boy hole. As he shoots his load over his abs, balls,
and diaper, some of his cum lands on the plug and I slide it fully into his ass.

With the plug seated in him, I close the diaper over his cum coated cock and balls and tape up the sides.

“Thank you, Uncle,” he coos as I lift him and carry him to the cot, laying him down beside Isaac. He curls down to sleep with a smile on his face.

We also shoot a video with Aiden and Derek; with Derek shooting his load over Aiden’s face and chest after fucking his mouth.

Aiden does another with one of the dogs, this time the Siberian Husky; Cody. He’s again strapped to the breeding bench as the dog pounds his ass and knots him. Aiden shoots his load twice.

Scott shoots another video with Castiel and Miles; this time not strapped to the bench, happily taking the dogs while on all fours on the floor. ‘Martin’ telling him, “See, I knew you were a bitch at heart.”

I shoot a video with Archie. I have him crawl naked on the floor over to where I am sitting on the bed, and I grab his hair and fuck his mouth. Then, before I cum, I get him to lie on this back on the bed, his legs hanging over the edge. I lift his legs onto my shoulders and pull a butt plug from his ass and fuck him; pulling out to shoot my load over his well fucked hole. Archie’s cock is dripping, locked inside his cock cage but, he doesn’t get to cum.

I also do a video with Jordan. I have my hellhound bound to the bed on his back; his head hanging over the edge. I hold a Neurological Nerve Tester in my hand, it has a row of four pinwheels that I run down one of Jordan’s arms, then the other, then his legs, then back to his arms, then his legs, the up his abs, then his chest, then his abs. Over and over, each time increasing the pressure just a little. His cock is hard against his straining abs and leaking over his skin. I run the pinwheels over the underside of his cock and slide my hard length down his throat. I run the little pins over his body as I fuck his mouth and, when I’m getting close I drop the device and lean over to take his cock in my mouth. I pull out of his mouth and shoot over his face and chest and, taking my mouth off his cock, I wrap my hand around him and jack his cock to completion.

In all we have five videos with the dogs, four BDSM, two twosomes, six solos, two incest, and two ABDL. We can’t use the scene Danny shot in the den on Christmas day as everyone was using their real names; so that’s just for us to enjoy.

Scott and Liam spend more time with the dogs in the kennels; even sneaking Miles and Lars into their room, which Castiel doesn’t seem to mind. But given the number of times we walk in on them, with Liam being fucked by Scott while blowing one of the dogs or being fucked by one of the dogs while blowing Scott or one of the other dogs, or both Scott and Liam being fucked by the dogs while performing a sixty-nine on each other.

A couple of times we even found them out in the kennels, with Mason D fucking Liam while he sucked off Lars, while Scott was getting fucked by Miles or Castiel and blowing one of the other dogs.

All too soon, it was time to head back to school; and I need to revert back to my human looking self after spending my time, not in front of the camera, as my demon self.
School is… normal.

Except for the fact that I am checking and changing both Isaac’s and Mason’s diaper in the toilets while the rest of the school attending pack members hang around outside to stop anyone else entering. Though in Mason’s case, I am also checking his butt plug is in place.

The new physics teacher, Mr Garrett, seems okay, if a bit smarmy; most of the girls in the class seem to drool over him, some of the boys too. And, Allison and Lydia are still ignoring us and seem to just revolve around each other.

“We’re getting around a hundred hits per day,” Danny announces at lunch on the Friday of the first week.

“Which means?” I ask.

“In four days we have received over one and half thousand dollars,” he clarifies.

“Is that all?” Scott whines.

“It’s been four days, it will take a little while for the site to gain repeat customers,” I say.

“And if we do our first live webcam soon, that should garner more interest,” Danny says. Though he has already pointed out to me that as we don’t have the turnover of models that regular porn sites do, we won’t necessarily have a high percentage of subscribers; not unless we can increase the number of models for the site.

“How about we advertise it on the site for a week tomorrow,” I say, “We have the full moon this Sunday.”

“We have the orgy this Sunday,” Aiden smirks.

“Yes, we do,” I confirm, “Finally, we’ll be able to do the protection ritual and can stop worrying about the…”

“Logos killer,” Scott whispers. I glare at him.

Saturday morning, after changing Isaac’s and Mason’s diapers I head through to wake Scott and Liam; only to find Liam standing in front of the mirror staring at himself, with Scott behind him, his arms around the teen mom-to-be rubbing at his slightly bulging belly.

“You look gorgeous,” Scott smiles into Liam’s neck, “And smell even nicer.”

“You’re only saying that caused I’m filled up with yours and Cas’s cum,” Liam snarks, “But, I’m serious, my chest feels funny and what are these brown marks?”

“Didn’t you read the stuff I printed out for you at Thanksgiving?” I startle them both.
“Yeah…” Liam sheepishly replies, “Mostly,” he amends, before adding with a side glance to Scott, “I might have got distracted.”

“You’re less than six weeks from whelping the pups,” I remind him, “Your chest is probably feeling tight from the milk you’re producing; you’ll likely start leaking soon,” his face pales at my words, “And those brown marks, just below your pecs, are mostly like your additional nipples; you know, because you’ll have four puppies to feed.”

“What?” he yelps. Scott doesn’t help matters by leaning in towards his chest and sniffing.

“Didn’t you notice your nipples getting bigger, you know, so you could feed your puppies?” I ask, “This was all in the printouts I gave you and I told you about it before; both of you,” I pull Scott into the reprimand.

“I know,” Scott says, giving me his big brown puppy eyes, “I just forgot about it.”

“How do I explain having four nipples to people?” Liam whines.

“Don’t worry,” I calmly explain, “When you need to, we’ll cover them up, so only the pack will ever see them.”

Later, while the pack is relaxing in the den, there’s a gasp from Liam. He’s lying, naked, on the floor with Scott, also naked, Castiel and Lars. Lars is lapping at Liam’s left nipple as a watery looking white liquid starts to dribble down his skin.

“No,” he tries to push the dog away but, Lars is persistent in his pursuit of Liam’s bodily fluids. “Scott?!” Liam shouts, a scandalised look on his face as the alpha licks across his right nipple, latching on and suckling. “No, that’s for the puppies,” he groans; the scent of his arousal clear to all. Liam gives in and allows Scott to lay him back on the floor as he begins to straddle him.

“As much fun as it would be to watch a dog and a werewolf suckle at Liam’s breasts,” I state, “Can I remind you Scott, that Liam is half way through his pregnancy and you cannot lie on top of him to fuck him or drink his puppy milk. Also…”

“I need to collect your semen to prepare the potion for tomorrow,” Danny says, “Your blood will be added when we are performing the ritual.”

“I’ve been doing some reading up on this ritual,” I say, and that included some subtle checking on things with Deaton, “So, I can help prepare the potion. In fact, I have a copper bowl to collect the special ingredient.”

“Copper?” Danny questions.

“It helps conduct the magical energy,” I smile at him, “So, let’s get started. As Scott’s already not wearing any clothes, Derek, Aiden, and Jordan, get naked while I go fetch the bowl.”

When I return, having stripped while I fetched the bowl, Derek, Aiden, and Scott are completed naked, and Jordan is only wearing his collar; I should have asked if he’d had any comments about it at work. Later.

“Okay,” I let my wings out, “Shit, that still hurts. The five of us need to head outside; so that we are under the moonlight.” I head through to the kitchen and out the door to the back of the house. The others follow me.

“Derek and Aiden stand either side of me, then Scott next to Derek and Jordan between Scott and
Aiden, so that we’re in a circle around the bowl,” I explain, “Then as I recite the blessing, we jack
off and shoot our loads into the bowl. Make sure most if not all your jizz lands in the bowl. Oh,
Jordan and Aiden, for this ritual, you’re allowed to cum after Derek has.”

I hold the bowl in the middle of us with one hand and start jacking my cock with my other hand
while I keep reciting the blessing; in Polish. I’ve translated the ritual, Demoniczna Pieczęć Opieki
Ochronnej, into Polish too.

Słońce nocy,
Lustro duszy,
Błogosławić ten nasion
W tej misce

I keep repeating the words, over and over, as we stand in a circle; brushing against each other as
our hands and arms fly back and forth, our breath gasping as we chase release.

Scott shoots his load first into the bowl, mostly; some spurts across from him, hitting Aiden’s hand
jerking his cock. Derek is next to unload, making sure he gets everything in the bowl. Aiden and
Jordan follow Derek, almost in unison. I then add my seed to the mix; still incanting the words of
the blessing.

Słońce nocy,
Lustro duszy,
Błogosławić ten nasion
W tej misce

With my hand no longer grasping my cock I use my index finger to mix the contents of the bowl,
stating
Słońce nocy,
Lustro duszy,
Błogosławić ten nasion
W tej misce
Tak więc,MOTE TO BYĆ.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

The next night we head out into the preserve, Mason and Isaac in their big boy clothes they wear to
school; and even though they still have diapers on, one of them is not happy about being a big boy
when he doesn’t have school to go to.

“S’not fair daddy,” he whines as we walk among the trees, “I wanted to wear Lion-o clothes.” He
means his Lion-o onesie.

“When we get home, Isaac,” I promise him but, I call him by his name to keep him from falling
further into his little headspace, “But you know we all need to be big boys for what we need to do
tonight.”

“I don’t wanna…” he starts to object; I stop walking and turn to face him.

“I know,” I say, placing my hand on his shoulders, “And all I need you to do is repeat the words I
tell you, and to jack off onto the tree. That’s all, I promise; okay?”

“That’s all?” he nervously asks. I nod in reply, “Okay daddy.”

“Thanks,” I smile at him.

“But, I am gonna get fucked tonight; right?” Mason checks.

“Yes, Mason, at least once tonight someone will be fucking your ass,” I reassure him.

“Great,” he smiles.

“Do you feel that?” I ask as we arrive at the Nemeton.

“Feel what?” Scott asks in response; and everyone looks a little confused by my question. Well, except one.

“We can’t feel the power of the Nemeton,” Danny replies, “We’re not connected to it like you are. Even after this ritual, none of us will feel it’s power like you do.”

“Oh, well, I guess we should get naked and have sex,” I quip.

Everyone strips out of their clothes, piling them on the grass near the tree stump. Mason pulls the ever-present butt plug from his ass and wraps it in his diaper.

“Okay, now what?” Mason excitedly turns to me and asks.

“Now we start,” Danny replies, opening the jar he’s pulled from his backpack.

“That smells nice,” Mason comments, “What is it?”

“It’s the semen from last night that we’re about to drink,” I smirk, pulling the copper bowl from my own backpack.

Of course, there have been other things added. Aloe, clove, and wheatgrass for protection. Apricot, celery, cinnamon, mint, orange, and vanilla for precognition, spiritual and psychic connectivity. Apple, blackberries, lemon, lime, and walnuts for healing and health. It doesn’t hurt that some of those are also related to love and sexual energies. I am an incubus.

“Okay, the five of us stand in the same positions as last night, only, this time on top of the Nemeton,” I say. With us standing in place, Danny pours the mixture into the copper bowl I’m holding. I cut Jordan’s index finger and he adds a few drops of his blood. Jordan cuts Aiden’s and he adds his blood. Aiden cuts Derek’s, he adds his blood. Derek cuts Scott’s and he adds his blood. Then Scott cuts mine and I drop some into the bowl before I stir the mixture with the same finger as I incant.

Słońce nocy,
Lustro duszy,
Błogosławię ten nasion
W tej misce
Tak więc, mote to być.

“Now,” I look around at the expectant faces of the pack, “I’m going to say ‘So Hum’, I want you all to repeat and keep repeating while fucking, until we all shoot our loads on this sacred ground.”

“So Hum?” Liam asks.
“I Am That,” Danny replies, “It’s a mantra from Vedic philosophy. ‘That’, is the universe.”

“So Hum,” and everyone begins to repeat the words. I continue the next line, “Jestem jednym z wszechświatem i całym stworzeniem.” I drink and pass the bowl to Scott. He passes it to Derek, Derek to Aiden, Aiden to Jordan, Jordan to Isaac, Isaac to Liam, Liam to Ethan, Ethan to Danny, Danny to Archie, and Archie puts the bowl on the ground for Castiel to lap up the final drops of the potion.

All the while they keep up the litany “So Hum”, and I continue the rest of the incantation.

“Jestem jednym z wszechświatem i całym stworzeniem
Wszyscy jesteśmy połączeni
Jesteśmy jednym
Jesteśmy pakietem
So Hum
Jestem jednym z wszechświatem i całym stworzeniem
Wszyscy jesteśmy połączeni
Jesteśmy pakietem
To jest nasza ziemia
Jesteśmy ziemią
Ziemia jest paczka”

And then the frenzy of sexual lust falls upon them.

While Danny is thrusting into his ass, Ethan is fucking Mason. As Castiel mounts Scott and fucks him, Scott is thrusting into Liam’s pussy. Jordan is fucking Archie’s throat, while Archie’s locked cock leaks below him. Isaac is jacking his own cock.

Aiden is on all fours, with Derek behind him jackhammering into his ass. I am kneeling behind Derek, thrusting into his waiting hole.

All the while they keep repeating, “So Hum.”

And I continue the litany, “So Hum
Jestem jednym z wszechświatem i całym stworzeniem
Wszyscy jesteśmy połączeni
Jesteśmy pakietem
To jest nasza ziemia
Jesteśmy ziemią
Ziemia jest paczka”

One by one they begin to spill their seed, their offering; their little death. Shooting out over the tree.

When Scott cums, he howls, and then thrusts back into Liam. He keeps howling as he shifts, his beta form changing to his alpha form but, it doesn’t stop; he keeps shifting. Until a large full dark furred wolf is fucking and knotting Liam; while Castiel knots the wolf.
I pull out of Derek’s ass and spray my own load over the tree; chanting, “So Hum
Jestem jednym z wszechświatem i całym stworzeniem
Jestem opakowaniem
Jestem ziemią
Jesteśmy jednym.”

There’s a collective intake of breath; everyone can feel it but…

I feel light, like I’m a million tiny pieces, and my eyes turn black and shine like a million suns as I finish the spell.

“Chroń ze światłem, które jest czyste.
Chronić przez dzień i noc.
Chronić przed szkodą.
Chronić przed negatywną energią.
Tarcza ta nie może zostać złamana.
Tak pylek do być.”

I feel… everywhere, everything. I feel stretched out across the universe. I can see, feel, know everything. There is no past, there is no present, and there is no future. So Hum. I am that. All that is, all that was, and all that ever will be.

“It’s full of stars.” I hear my voice quote.

Then blackness surrounds me.

“∞

“I thought this was supposed to be some kinda werewolf full moon… night,” I hear my dad rant at someone, “So what do you mean it was ‘a kind of magic’?”

“One dream, one soul, one prize, one goal
One golden glance of what should be,” I sing, the words are out of my mouth before I think to reign them in; I sit up and realise that we’re in the den at the pack house, “It was a protection spell, to protect the pack and our territory, Beacon Hills, from anyone, or anything, that would intend harm to us.”

“The ritual you discussed with me I said was dangerous,” Deaton says, “And so, you chose to perform an even more dangerous ritual.”

“I feel fine doc,” I say, and I do. I feel great. “And I’m certain that the spell worked. I can feel the connection to the land.” I’m sure his warnings had more to do with the balance of power between the councils; so, just how has the connection between me and the Nemeton and the lands of Beacon Hills changed things? I need to know more about the councils but, my research so far has been less than informative. Kinda like getting an answer to a question from Deaton.

“And was Scott getting stuck as a dog…” Mama McCall starts.

“Rrwoff, rrwoff,” the dark wolf, Scott, barks.

“…wolf,” she amends, “Part of the magic?”
“That’s not part of the magic, Scott’s always had the potential to fully shift, he just never knew how to do it. And he’s not stuck…” I ignore his warning growl and flash of red eyes, “He’s choosing not to shift back.”

“Why would you even attempt something so dangerous?” my dad asks, exacerbation clear in his voice.

“The FBI are investigating a serial killer. One who has been targeting people that bought stuff from the on-line store that I bought the parts for Roscoe from. Now, we don’t have to worry. We have magical protection in place.” I smile at them. “Come on, this is a good thing, less supernatural threats; now ‘wild animal attacks’ really will be wild animal attacks.”

"Stiles,” my dad groans.

“No more scaring us like that Stiles,” Mama McCall sternly warns me, “You’ve been unconscious for over four hours; that we know about,” she glances at her wolf son and the rest of the pack.

“What time is it?” I ask.

“Six am,” Derek answers.

“So, we got a couple of hours to get cleaned up and have breakfast,” I remind them all, “It’s a school day, and I have physics; I need to pass Mr Douglas’s class.”

Sitting in class I’m thinking about maybe taking Scooter and Lulu to the park tonight; my dad is working late, and Scott and Liam are spending the night. Despite the protection ritual being in place my wolves still want to stick to the rota.

“Mr Stilinski,” the teacher’s voice draws me out of my thoughts.

“Huh?” I turn to him.

“Perhaps you can answer the question,” he smiles at me, “What does Schrödinger's cat have to do with physics?”

Yep, with the ritual now complete, Mr Douglas and his physics class are the only things I need to worry about.

Chapter End Notes

The symbol on Parrish's collar:
So, this is where I intended to end the story back when I started writing it; before I started adding "background" plot. Therefore there are plotlines that are not resolved in this story.

**Unresolved plot points:**

Who is the "Logos Killer"? And, what is their goal?
Why did Stiles end up with the Logos in the first place?
Who else know about the Logos, and who else is after the Logos?
What are the Councils? Who sits on the Council of 13? What do they do, and what power do they have?
What are Lydia and Allison doing?
Will Peter abided by the agreement he signed?
What will happen when Liam has the puppies?
Is Ellen Harvelle who she appears to be?
Will Mischief Videos be successful? How will Stiles and Danny get "fresh meat" for the shoots?
What was Stiles's idea for Aiden's live webcam stream?
Will Hale's Stud Services be successful? What if there is demand for more lupul cu câinii pups?

And, what really happened to Stiles at the end of the ritual?

If you'd like a sequel to tie up these plot points, or just to have more of the videos and some of the webcam scenes, then please leave a comment. However, if there is interest in me writing a sequel it will most likely be after I have completed Pack Bitch, Liberation of the Lycans, and the first "Centre for Dynamic Profiling series"
BDSM/ABO AU story.

End Notes
There are several stories I am working on. So please comment if this is one that you like; comments help me focus when I'm being pulled in different directions by thoughts jumping from one story to another. Comments that I don't believe are constructive, or are merely hate, will be ignored/deleted.

Currently I don't expect to update the story weekly as I'd normally do.

Works inspired by this one:
- A Single Thread by Notsalony,
- Tasks Undone by Notsalony,
- Eating Cake V2 by Notsalony,
- Eating Cake V1 by Notsalony,
- Rented by Notsalony,
- Coming Up Peter by Notsalony,
- Applied Hands by Notsalony,
- Dreams of the Unseen by Notsalony

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!