Dream in Shadow

by Notsalony

Summary

Scott is bitten and became a werewolf, just as a distant family relation on his mother’s side comes to visit and sets in motion drastic changes that rewrite the fates of everyone in Beaconhills.

Notes

11 and I come up with some odd ideas and pairings.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Scott hissed as he lifted up his shirt and looked at the wound on the side of his torso. The wolf had bitten him pretty deep. The Wolf. The Wolf? There weren’t wolves in California. That couldn’t have been a wolf. But his brain flashed back to the moment that it sank it’s fangs into his side in that clearing. Yeah, that’d been a wolf alright. He got out the medical supplies, one of the perks of having a mom who’s a nurse, he knew how to field dress most wounds by age eleven. Now by age sixteen he knew how to treat just about any wound that he could possibly get.
Scott frowned, finishing with the dressing of his wound and pulled his shirt back on before trudging downstairs. Had Stiles told his dad finally? Had they come to check if he made it home? Should he tell them about finding the rest of the body? He shivered as he opened the door.

“There’s my favorite little guy!” A man in shadows turned and smiled at Scott.

“Hey Uncle Sam.” He smiled and turned slightly when Sam went in for his usual hug.

“What’s wrong kiddo?”

“I….”

“SNIFF SNIFF”

“I smell blood.” Sam fixed Scott with serious eyes. “Did you kill someone?”

“No.” Scott blinked, confused. “Why would you…”

“Because it’s not as bad as it sounds… if you just tell me what happened…”

“I didn’t kill anyone. I got attacked.” Scott spoke over the guy he’d only known as Uncle Sam all his life, the Uncle that never really seemed to get older.

“Who attacked you?” Sam’s face grew hard then.

“Not who. What.” Scott, invited him in and turned on the front room light, sitting down and telling Sam about everything, from why he and Stiles were out in the woods, to getting separated, only to find the other half of the dead body. The wolf attack, almost being hit by a car, and having to walk back in the cold dark night while bleeding.

“Show me.” Scott took his shirt off and showed off the dressing, for which he beamed as he got praise for cleaning and dressing the wound like a pro. But edging it down, Sam’s face grew harder again before he took some photos and sent them off.

“What’s wrong?” Scott bit his lip. “Am I going to get sick and die…?”

“No… no you’ll be fine.” Sam smiled and put the bandage back and tossed Scott his shirt.

“Then why do you look more pissed than you did when you thought I had a dead body in the house?” Scott frowned.

“You’re a clever boy Scott.” Sam smiled.

Ding.

“Hold that thought.” Sam opened the message and read through it quickly before he typed all the details.

“Who…”
“Grandpa wants to know if it itches or burns?” Sam looked at Scott seriously.

“You told Grandpa?!” Scott sighed, his shoulders slumping. They’d not gone to see Grandma Will since before the divorce. They’d stayed with him for a few days before Scott’s mom had been gifted this house, but from what he remembered his dad had never liked Grandpa Will.

“Yeah, this is sort of important. Itching or burning.”

“Itching.”

“Good.” Sam nodded and typed that away.

“Why is that good?” Scott frowned, still holding his shirt.

“Burn would mean that you’re rejecting the bite. And would likely mean I’d have to explain a dead body to your mother and then to the cops.”

“What?”

“Oh because if that bite was burning and what’s going on killed you, there’d be a very dead man out in the woods later tonight.” Sam brushed it off, pacing as Scott sat there confused.

“You’re not making any sense.”

“I know. Just bear with me.”

“Okay, I was right. Being old has it’s perks.” He gave a soft smile. “I’m bunking here tonight kiddo.”

“Why… you usually get a hotel… since you like to have visitors when you’re in town.” Scott gave him a goofy grin to which Sam pulled him into a head lock and ruffled up his hair.

“And just what do you know about my visitors?” Sam laughed as he let Scott go.

“I know you like guys. And I know you usually hire a couple guys….” Scott blushed.

“And your mom and I agreed that I wouldn’t do that in this house, unless I was living here.” Sam nodded.

“Someone deserves to get some in this house.” Scott sighed.

“Your hand not enough anymore?” Sam sat on the coffee table and Scott blushed.

“no… I … I’m sixteen, I should be getting my driver’s license and going on dates. Instead I’m the asthmatic kid who never gets to play on the field, perpetually warming the bench, and riding my peddle bike I’ve had since I was twelve to school when Stiles doesn’t drive me.” He flopped back on the sofa.
“It’s not all that bad is it?” Sam smiled. “At least you have hours alone, unrestricted internet access, and loads of free porn.”

“Yeah but I’d like to be doing instead of watching.” Scott sighed, his mom had given him the talk ages ago, but it had been very clinical and stilted. Him and Stiles had both gotten it from her, and then Sam had come through town not long after and has a serious talk with him and Stiles about the parts that his mom just didn’t get because she wasn’t male. So he’d grown up with the understanding he could talk about anything with Sam.

“Listen, don’t be in a rush. That first time is special. And it should mean something.”

“It would…”

“Beyond wanting to get your v card punched.”


“Someone?” Sam hedged.

“I’m okay with it being a girl or a guy.” Scott blushed.

“Aw, finally figuring out you like both?” Sam chuckled but patted his knee. “Nothing wrong with that. Though if you’re thinking about having sex it might be time to have a different talk, especially with you liking boys.”

“Oh?” Scott looked up.

“You got any coffee made?”

“Stiles was here. Of course we have coffee.” Scott chuckled and went and fixed Sam a cup before bringing it to him.

“So…” Sam sipped his coffee. “What sort of boy you looking for?”

“I don’t know…”

“I bet if I looked at your porn collection I’d be able to tell.” Sam gave him a dirty grin.

“I know what you’re doing.” Scott crossed his arms.

“Rejection of what?” Scott arched his brow.

“How are you not getting better grades in school?” Sam frowned.

“I have problems.” Scott shrugged. “You’re dodging.”

“Yes I am.” Sam sighed. “The wolf that bit you, it had red eyes, right?”
“How’d you…”

“Because only the ones with red eyes can bite you and not kill you straight off. Because their bite has a different effect.”

“And that is?”

“Lycanthrope.”

“Ly.. what?” Scott frowned.

“The layman’s term is werewolf. But.” He put his finger up when Scott started to protest. “You’re going to say how can that be because werewolves aren’t real, right?” Scott nodded. “See the thing is, they are real. But you’ve just been lead to believe they’re not because most of the non human or post human species out there just want to live their lives and not hurt anyone. There are stupid ones who get noticed or want to be noticed and give us all the monster name, but most of us just want to exist and be happy.” He shrugged.

“Are you a werewolf?” Scott asked quietly.

“No. No… what I am…. Is something else entirely.” Sam gave a sad smile.

“How do I….”

“Have you ever seen me sick?”

“No, but you’re not here all the time.”

“True. But have you ever heard about me being sick, or in the hospital, or seen me with a gray hair?”

“no….” Scott frowned.

“I haven’t really aged in nearly sixty years.” Sam put his drink down..

“How….?” Scott frowned.

“Our family… isn’t exactly like other families.” Sam sighed. “A long long time ago, our family was like anyone else. Always humans, always normal. Always mundane. But a long time ago, one of our ancestor fell in love with the wrong woman.”

“What?”

“His name was Ocuil, he was a simple man… low birth, he didn’t own land, or a title. He was just a simple man who worked the land of his father that the people who run the city ultimately owned. One day he was out gathering seeds for the garden from the jungle….”

“The jungle?”

“Ocuil was an Aztec farmer.” Scott looked confused. “Anyways, Ocuil was out gathering seed when he came across an injured woman in the forest. She was like no one he’d ever seen before.
Skin the color of goat’s milk, eyes the color of storms, and hair like corn silk. She spoke to him and it was like the world sang to him. He dropped the seed pods he’d been gathering and carried her back to his home, he tended to her, and for her part, she repaid his care with one night of bliss that frankly rocked his world.” Sam smiled.

“In the morning she was gone, but she’d left him this.” Sam raised his arm and showed a silver band around his wrist. “A mark of her people she called it. Later… weeks or months, no one’s sure… she returned. Holding a small baby boy, his baby boy. She explained then that she was an immortal, a fae. She had decided that had the child been fae as well she’d have kept him, but as he was mortal like his father, there was nothing to be done, and by the rules of her people she had to let him go.” Sam sighed.

“She left and Ocuil begged her to stay, but she told him that she couldn’t… because in time he would grow old and die, and their son would grow old and die, and it broke her heart that she would outlive them, for a hundred generations or more till his line was dust in the wind, she would endure. So she kissed him and vanished. Ocuil never forgot her. It’s why, when he heard about the local priests delving into immortality and magics that would alter the flow of life… he offered himself to the priests to extend his life.” Sam looked at Scott with a fixed look.

“They did a dark ritual. Pouring potions in and on his naked body, cutting him and treating the wounds with what we’d call primitive substances and tools now, but one day… as he lay bleeding to death… their spells took. He said it was like an echo went off through the world, rippling out through the world, and he sat up, young, healthy, whole. Not a mark on him. He’d made himself immortal just like his love.”

“He said?” Scott bit his lip.

“Caught that did you.” Sam smiled. “Yes, he told me this story himself, about sixty years ago.” Scott frowned then. “You’re jumping ahead.” Sam smiled but continued on. “He went to the forest and he found her. She had come looking for him, having felt the spell take hold. She cried, and he thought they were tears of joy, but instead they were tears of sorrow.” Sam sighed. “He had given himself immortality but in doing so he’d cursed himself and their child, and all children born of their child. He promised he’d do the spell on Bryer when he was of age and she wailed, begging him not to. He’d done enough damage.” Sam had a sad look in his eyes.

“He couldn’t fathom what she meant, but she took him back to the village, and he realized he’d been gone more than a few hours. When he saw a man who looked like him working the farm he was confused. But she held him back and told him that was Bryer, their son, living out the curse.”

“I don’t understand?”

“Nature abhors the immortal. It does everything it can to end them. So… when it could not claim Ocuil any longer because he was immortal, it had changed something about our family. That every few generations a doppelgänger would be born. A mortal copy of Ocuil’s body that nature could kill to balance out the problem of his eternal life. They visited Bryer and told him of what had happened, and that he was likely going to have a child who would be human, and eventually either that child or that child’s child would have a child who was not human, but another doppelgänger who would be another duplicate of Ocuil so that nature could kill him again and again. And that there was no changing that anymore, but to be warned that if two doppelgängers were born in a generation, one would always die in one way or another. And if a father gave birth to his own doppelgänger that the baby would live to see his father’s death.”
“Why does this matter?”

“I’m getting to that.” Sam sighed. “Everything was fine for a few generations, Ocuil and his bride would visit the family, until one point where one of the children was born different. He was born fae. Ocuil and his bride tried to save the boy but he was slain in a territorial war when he was young, and they realized our family was twice blessed. To give rise to new fae children and to carry the curse of the doppelgänger. So they waited and watched.” He smiled. “Randomly a fae child would be born and they’d take the child to raise in their world, a place hidden outside of reality by magics that even they don’t fully understand.” He looked lost in thought. “Eventually, your great great great grandfather Tomaz Adama was born. He was a doppelgänger and he knew the family legend. That he would be a human who lived a normal life and die because Ocuil could not die. So he married a woman in Mexico and had two boys. The first of which was a fae child, they named him Luca. The second was your great great grandfather William the first. William would marry a lovely Latina woman and have two boys of his own. Joseph, my older brother, and Samuel, me.” Sam smiled. “We were very little when Uncle Luca came back for a visit, and came carrying a baby boy who looked so much like his father Tomaz. He had named him for my Grandfather, because he was a doppelgänger like my Grandfather had been. But he took one look at me and knew what I was. I was fae born like him. My father was a proud man though… and he would not split his family up to send me away with his brother to be raised in a land he would never see. No, he would raise Tomaz, Joseph and myself and Luca could wait till I was a man to make my own choices.” Sam smirked.

“What happened?” Scott bit his lip.

“Tomaz… was young, maybe about as old as you were… just starting to figure out what he wanted in life… when he died. Random accident on the farm. But he died in my arms, and said he was happy to have played his part in our family’s legacy.” Sam wiped his eyes. “I buried him in the family graveyard, next to Grandpa Tomaz, and later my own father. Joseph met a young American woman and they had two children. Tamara and William the Second to honor our father.” He looked so distance. “And I met the love of my life… Lawrence. He was a Spanish hunter come to kill us for our fairy blood.” Sam chuckled. “He was just a scared boy pretending to be a man, so I did what I’m good at. I seduced the fucking pants off of him.” He smirked and Scott blushed.

“And let me just say, Lawrence, worth it.” He smirked. “Anyways, he made a home with us… and he and I were married by my Uncle Luca. We lived in the village and everything was fine… till the hunters decided that they couldn’t abide Lawrence failing at his job. So they tried to kill us. They managed to kill Joseph’s wife Shannon, and his daughter Tamara. Joseph was a broken man and Lawrence and I raised William and in a way Joseph. But William caught a disease sixty years ago and died a boy three years younger than you.” Sam wiped tears away. “Joseph was done, he couldn’t take it anymore, said he’d never have children again, and we thought the line would end with us. Since I was immortal and I like men, and Lawrence was mortal… we figured nothing would come of it and eventually I’d go live with Luca in the Fairy lands and that’d be that.” He shook his head. “I shouldn’t have been that naïve.”

“Joseph came, years later, when I buried Lawrence in the ground with our family. His new wife Evelyn and his new son. William III. You’re grandfather.” He smiled. “Billy as we used to call him. Since I had no one left he asked me not to go with Luca, but instead come to America with him and his family. So I did. I immigrated, and worked, but the hunters kept coming. And I’d send them packing.”

“Wha…”
“Lawrence had taught me how to fight. How to defend myself. So I gave as good as I got, and if they didn’t threaten Joseph or Billy, I left them alive but ashamed and I got a bit of a rep with the hunters, the dark horse they could never break. They eventually figured out a way to break me though. Billy.” He looked at Scott, the look deep and meaningful. “A beautiful woman seduced Billy when he was young and stupid, and they came to tell the family about it. I realized who she was because I could smell the blood of monsters on her. She was a distant descendant of Lawrence’s family. I called her out on being a hunter, and she told me I’d work for them or she’d slice his throat while he slept. So I hunted for the hunters for ten years.” Sam’s eyes went hard. “Eventually Billy asked why I went away so much. And I told him, everything. He took her aside and told her if she ever bothered our family again, he would exterminate her entire bloodline, and leave no hunter alive, he would burn the bodies and salt their lands. She was a smart girl, she knew my nephew meant his promise. So she left and we parted ways.” Sam smirked.

“Wow…. Grandpa was a bad ass.”

“Was?” Sam smirked. “Still is. He went into the military, trained, met his first wife, Carolanne, your grandma, and had your Uncles Zakary and Leland. They adopted Kara from a war zone they’d been stationed in, and later just before Carolanne’s death, she would give birth to a baby girl, Melissa.” Sam smiled.

“Mom.”

“Yep.” He nodded. “But she took Billy’s second wife’s last name. Because Laura was the woman who raised her, so she took the last name Delgado. Billy and the boys wondered why he wouldn’t take the Adama name, but I told him it was for the best. Zack, Kara, and Lee were already in the military. Training to be bad asses like him. And Lee was fae like I am. So hunters were going to be looking for us. So it was best that she had the Delgado name and wasn’t an Adama so they wouldn’t target her.” Sam sighed.

“So what’s….”

“Zack got married to a druid woman Tory, and they had a baby born the same year as your father and mother had you. Your cousin Terry.”

“People always used to mix us up when we were little… I haven’t seen him in… probably ten years.” Scott frowned.

“We kept the two of you apart.” Sam brought up a picture that looked like Scott with Uncle Zack. “But we knew what would happen with two doppelgängers alive at the same time. One of you would die.” He sighed. “We figured if we kept you apart that neither of you would die, and maybe it’d be okay… but… then this.” He gestured to Scott’s side.

“You said I was bitten by a werewolf… you thought I was going to die from the bite.”

“And in a way you have.” Sam bit his lip. “You can’t be two things at once. You’re either a mortal doppelgänger or a slightly longer lived werewolf. You’re becoming a werewolf, making you effectively die as a doppelgänger. And thus Terry will live on as a doppelgänger.” Sam put his phone away.

“So I’m a werewolf, you’re a fairy, Uncle Lee’s a fairy, and Terry’s a doppelgänger… and we’re being hunted by hunters?” Scott sat there stunned.
“We prefer the term fae. Just because of the negative connotations with both Lee and I being gay.” Sam smiled. “But yeah, that’s the dirty little secret kiddo.”

“And if I’d been normal… or Terry had died?”

“We’d have told you when you came of age about the family history and all of this.”

“Does Terry know?” Scott bit his lip.

“He found out last year. He… he had a bad scare… nearly drowned, then got double pneumonia… we were sure he was going to die, so his parents told him everything. He was ad, but then he started getting better over the last year… we couldn’t figure out what was going on.” He gestured to Scott.

“Some how the curse knew…” Scott touched his side.

“Something happened in the last year… likely that werewolf came here, and started a path that would put you in that forest to be bitten. I’m sorry.” Sam touched Scott’s knee.

“I’m not going to hurt mom am I?”

“What?” Sam frowned. “Oh fuck no. We’d tie you down and sedate you before we let you hurt her. I got the feeling that something was coming to a head, and was worried I was going to find you dead, so I wanted to be the one to walk your mom through all this… and then… well… you showed me your bite.”

“Fuck…” Scott sighed.

“Language mister.” Sam smirked.

“Oh like you’ve ever abided by that.” Scott scoffed as he rolled his eyes.

“I do in front of your mother.” Sam grinned.

“True… fuck… mom’s going to be pissed.”

“Let me and Grandpa handle that.”

“Grandpa… is coming here…?” Scott looked wide eyed.

“A werewolf is active in Beacon Hills, he bit his grandson. William Adama III is going to come to town, kill the mother fucker who dared fuck with his grandson, and then he’s going to make sure any hunters that show up to deal with the rogue wolf know you and your mother are off limits.”

“You really think hunters would come here?” Scott bit his lip.

“Oh I wouldn’t doubt that there are hunters on their way now, if they aren’t already here.”

“Seriously?” Scott bit his lip, worry flooding him and his Uncle, or rather his Great Uncle could tell. Scott’s head was swimming with all this information. And it was admittedly a lot of information.

“Yeah, have you called Stiles yet to tell him you’re okay?”
“Fuck… no.” Scott’s shoulders slumped.

“You go shower, I’ll call him. Provided he answers.” Sam plucked Scott’s phone up and started dialing as Scott waded upstairs to shower, fear, blood, and who knows what else was seemingly caked on his skin so he stripped out of his dirty clothes and got the water going just right for him.

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“Hey Scotty!” Stiles was his usual cheerful self.

“Not quite.” Sam smiled and Stiles seemed to be at a loss for what to say.

“Is he okay?”

“Yes.”

“Is he in trouble?” Stiles sighed.

“Heaps.”

“Does Ms. McCall know?”

“Not yet. She’s my next call.”

“I was first?!” Stiles perked up.

“Second. I called Grandpa.”

“oh shit.” Stiles had met Grandpa Will once, he’d come to town to see where his daughter was staying with her husband. Stiles’ dad had been dropping him off, and giving Raff a dark look so Grandpa Will had wanted to talk with him. Whatever was said between them, Grandpa Will had smiled at him later and told Melissa he was glad she was living in a town where people cared enough to look after her. Raff had hated that. The drunk hated Stiles’ dad. But Grandpa Will had been nice to him, but he got the sense that when Grandpa Will was pissed, there was probably a body count. Maybe because he’d heard about Raff hitting Melissa at one point while he was there and had nearly broken Raff’s arm and told him if he ever raised a hand to her or Scott again, he’d learn what parts of his manhood tasted like when deep fried. It’d been enough for Raff to make a stink about Grandpa Will coming to visit ever again.

“how pissed is he at me?” Stiles asked in a low voice.

“At you, not so much. At the animal that attacked Scott…. And the person behind that… yeah he’s kind of pissed.”

“Crap, Scott got attacked?”

“Yeah. He cleaned the wound and I checked on it. Everything’s fine… Scotty… is just…. Going to need his best friend over the next few weeks.”
“He didn’t get his junk bitten off did he?”

“No,” Sam smirked. “No, all the important bits are there. He’s just… going to be going through a lot. And Grandpa Will has decided to move here to help.”

“…. Uh… what’s going on?”

“I’ll leave that for Scott to explain.” Sam sighed. “But stop by tomorrow after school if you’re not grounded.”

“Not grounded, firm talking to though…”

“You father knows you too well.”

“I think he’s worried what prolonged exposure to me will do to the house if I’m stuck inside.” Stiles sighed.

“About the boy who somehow managed to tie his pants to the anchor of our boat so when I dropped anchor his clothes were tore off leaving him spending the afternoon in his underroos?”

“HEY, what happens on the lake, stays on the lake.” Stiles hissed.

“I’m just saying… your father probably has good reason to worry about you alone in the house all day.”

“Fair enough.” Stiles huffed.

“I’ll see you tomorrow.” Sam chuckled.

“Tell Scotty to text me when he can.”

“When he’s out of the shower.” Sam nodded to himself.

“Cool, later Uncle Sam.” Stiles hung up. He’d always made it a point to include Stiles since Scott was little, they’d been sort of raised like brothers, and he figured that Noah liked knowing that someone adults could put up with Stiles’ adhd for as long as Sam did on his visits. Usually taking the boys on camping trips or fishing trips, doing stuff outside where they could burn off some of that energy that both Scott and Stiles seemed to have. Of course, they both liked Sam because he was the adult who treated them like they weren’t kids. And after the divorce Scott needed someone to make him go out and burn off that pent up anger. Of course in Stiles case, he needed to figure out unlikely means to injure himself, in new and interesting means. Sam kept Noah on speed dial for a reason. He picked up his phone.

You free to talk? He sent off to Melissa.

Going on break, call? He smiled and hit the call button and waited.

“To what do I owe this surprise?” Melissa smiled.

“Drifting by and decided to take you up on your offer.”

“What happened?” She got serious.
“Scott got hurt.”

“It… it’s not…” Melissa bit her lip.

“Terry and Scott are safe… the curse had a hick up in it.”

“What happened?” So he told her everything, she punctuated several of his sentences with soft cursing and outrage before asking questions she needed to know about having a teenaged werewolf in her house. In the end, they circled back to Sam moving in.

“How much danger is he in?”

“Your father’s coming for a visit.” Melissa went silent.

“This isn’t a short visit is it.” She knew her father, he supported her and Scott, but he’d had his hands too long in shadows and blood to step out in the light forever. And if he was coming then things were more dire than she realized.

“I’ll make up the guest bedrooms?” Sam chuckled.

“Fuck.” She sighed. “Well I have missed him.” She seemed to relax then. “And you. How’d he take … you know…?”

“Scott?”

“Yeah.”

“He’s… dealing. I sent him to wash up, I’m going to order pizza, and maybe go get us an R rated movie.”

“You always have to be the fun Uncle?”

“Melissa, I’m the fun Uncle. Period.” Sam smiled.

“How much of the family is coming…?” She paused.

“Honestly I’m not sure. I may need to go grocery shopping…”

“It’s not like I’m out of anything… today…” Sam slipped into the kitchen and took a look in the fridge.

“You really shouldn’t lie.”

“You really shouldn’t look in my fridge.”

“Are the cupboards that bare too?”

“Probably.”

“Okay, grocery shopping, order a pizza, get a movie, and then I’m going to pamper Scott.”
“Do not get him a hooker.” Melissa’s voice went firm.

“A young man’s first time should be special, besides, all the men I know wouldn’t know what to do with Scott. They’re not exactly specialized in cheery picking.”

“Was that a hint at what my son likes or that you don’t know any female prostitutes.”

“Do you honestly think I only pay for it every time?” Sam dodged.

“Samuel.”

“Maybe a few ladies, but no I don’t pay for it all the time, and yes it was a hint at what Scott’s figuring out about himself, that you didn’t hear from me.”

“I’ve wondered.” Melissa nodded. “Should I be worried?”

“Probably the week of the full moon, but by then we’ll have a place setup for him to be chained up till he has control over himself.

“I’ll text Kara and ask for the lore book.”

“You heard about her Sam?”

“That my brother in law turns furry when he loses his shit, yeah. I also know she’s been iffy about what that’d do if they had kids.”

“Yeah… born wolves would put a damper on her having any doppelgängers.”

“She’s adopted Sam.”

“The curse doesn’t care about blood, only family. Believe me, she could just as easily give birth to a fae baby.”

“Luca come for Lee yet?”

“No. And I’m sort of worried about what that means.”

“so am I….” Melissa sighed. “My break’s almost over. I’ll text Kara and see you when I get home.”

“Save you a pizza and coffee.”

“Eh, caffeine would just keep me up.”

“As apposed to worrying about your son?”

“True.” She sighed. “Pick up some wine.”

“Always do.” Sam smiled and hung up, going to make a list for supplies that he needed to buy tonight.
Hey, you busy? Kara blinked at her phone.

Just tying Sam up, what’s up? Kara glanced at her husband, naked, spread eagle on their bed, his hands and ankles chained to the corners of the bed.

Scott got bit. “Shit.”

“What?”

“Scott got bit.”

“Bit bit?” Sam looked startled. “Yeah.” She held up the text asking for a pdf of the lore.

Will send it in a sec, he okay?

Uncle Sam’s with him.

“Looks like Samuel was in town to check on him.” Kara sighed, getting up and with a few taps on her smart phone sent the lore on werewolves to her sister. “Hey Melissa?” Kara had hit dial the second she’d sent the file.

“Hey sis.”

“Werewolf?”

“Alpha.” Melissa sighed.

“Samuel have the talk with him?”

“As much as he can.”

“The old man know?”

“Dad’s coming for a visit.”

“Ah. So would it be too much if Sam and I stopped in?”

“He needs someone to teach him how to control this.”

“Okay. We get done with arts and crafts and I’ll make sure we’re on the road tonight.”

“Don’t skimp on the arts and crafts.” Melissa smirked.

“Never. That’s the best part.” She turned and looked at her husband, biting her lower lip as she smirked.

“Samuel’s moving in.”

“Holy shit.” Kara’s face went blank. “Dad?”
“No clue. Maybe.”

“Have you heard from the Cadets?”

“Nope. I’ve got to go, I’m off break now.”

“Sure thing, see you tomorrow sis.”

“Thanks.”

“Not a problem.” Kara hung up and put her phone on the night stand.

“So we have another wolf in the family.” Sam lay there long and hard.

“Yep.” Kara went back to securing his bonds. “You thinking candles or sex toys?” She smirked.

“Both… if we have the time…” Sam smirked.

“Oh we have the time.” Kara smirked, opening a chest beside her bed and pulling out a large double ended strap on. Her husband had told her years ago that he’d always been a submissive, it suited her dominant tastes perfectly. Tonight she was going to make him beg for it, and then she’d ride his cock, but only after she fucked his ass till his improved healing factor had to work to make him walk straight tomorrow.

“Color?” Kara looked up as she slide the toy into herself and strapped it to her naked body, drizzling oil across the shaft on the outside.

“Green baby. Green.” Sam panted, his cock throbbing in time with his pulse.

“Safe word?”

“Grinch.”

“I fucking love you.” She shoved her oil covered fingers into his ass and milked a groan from his lips before shoving his end of the dildo into his ass, stretching him with a hiss, as she lit the scented candle that had the herbs that would keep him from cumming for hours.

“You’re not going to let me cum?” Sam watched the flames dance.

“Honey, you’re going into the cage as soon as I’m done riding you.” She gave his nuts a healthy slap. “And you don’t get out of it till we’re back home from Melissa’s.”

“Kara….”

“Color?”

“Green.” Sam blushed, he hated it when she made him go without release. But sometimes he liked it. It meant more anal sex then. Or she’d put the cage on with the attachment port so he could fuck her but not cum. No, he was pretty sure it was going to put him on edge to be around Scott and have his cock in the hard plastic.

“Good.” She leaned in and kissed him, before drizzling the hot wax across his nipple. “Now get
“Yes ma’am.” He groaned, gripping his restraints for some form of leverage as his wife entered him harder, aiming her thrusts to batter his prostate with every in stroke. “Fuck….” He hissed.

“Just think of how full your nuts are going to be for this whole fucking trip.” She had his nuts in her other hand, gently messaging them in between taps. She’d enjoy making him earn his orgasm. But it wouldn’t be tonight, no this was just the down payment on his release much later to come. For now, now was more to do with what he had to accept as his lovely wife fucked his brains out.

***

“You text Stiles?” Sam asked as Scott got into his car.

“Yep.” He nodded.

“Good.”

“am… am I allowed to tell him?”

“Tomorrow, if you feel up to it.” Sam nodded.

“It’s kind of a big thing… isn’t it?” Scott was a little hunched in on himself as they road through the city.

“Yes, yes it is.”

“But you think Stiles can handle it?”

“I think Stiles is your best friend, and has been raised practically like your brother. And I think that his character and his curiosity wouldn’t let him abandon you even if he could fear you.”

“I’m not scary?” Scott smiled.

“Nope, still the cuddly kid who gets drug along into all of Stiles’ insanity.” Sam smiled.

“But…”

“Yeah?”

“You think I can trust him with this?”

“I think you can.”

“Are you going to tell him about you?” Scott bit his lip.

“Probably. Though I…”

*Ding.*
“Hang on.” Sam pulled over and picked up his phone. “I thought I had this….”

“What is it?”

“Kara and Sam are coming tomorrow.”

“Seriously? That’s cool. I haven’t seen either of them since the divorce.”

“Busy lives…” Sam frowned.

“What is it?”

“Sam’s… of the furry persuasion.” Sam typed away on his phone and then muted it before putting it in the holder and driving on to the supermarket.

“What… furry… you mean he’s like me?” Scott blinked.

“Yep. Going on three years now.”

“Is that why he left the service?”

“Yeah. He got sliced up pretty bad on his last tour, none of us realized it was a werewolf that got him till his first full moon, which was three days later. It… yeah. That’s his story to tell not mine.”

“okay.” Scott nodded, digesting that he actually had a relative who was a werewolf too, someone who’d been one longer so that he could ask questions to if he needed to. He liked that idea. He liked it a lot. Smiling to himself he seemed to be a little more comfortable now, but there was still this air about him that Sam could sense that told him Scott wasn’t fully ready to come to terms with everything yet.

“I’m thinking basics… for a few people, and then we get pizza and maybe an R rated movie?”

“Really?”

“Or maybe a high quality dirty movie… we’ll decide when we get to the movie store.”

“Thanks.” Scott gave him a hug, loose because of the driving.

“You’re welcome kiddo.” Sam patted his head and drove them to the grocery store. Which was okay, because it was normal and safe and Sam had Scott get a cart for himself to get anything he wanted. When they caught back up to each other, Scott had maybe five or six things in his cart while Sam had half a cart. “I meant anything Scott.” He smiled.

“I only have enough for these…”

“I’m buying so you put your money away.” Sam smirked. “And I want that cart filled when you come back. And not all sensible stuff too, I want to see junk food in there too.”

“Okay.” Scott smiled and walked away. A few minutes later he had his cart half full.

“That’s more like it.” Sam smiled. He paused and grinned.
“What?”

“I’m getting checked out.” Sam reached for something on a low shelf showing off his ass.

“Dude…” Scott blushed.

“Nothing wrong with a little shameless flirting.” Sam smirked.

“Where’s the guy at?” Scott looked around.

“Tall drink of mocha sex over there.”

“Danny?”

“You know him?”

“He’s in my grade.”

“That body does not say teenager.” Sam eyed him up and down.

“He hooks up with older guys….” Scott blushed.

“Oh, well then I have a shot then.” Sam smirked.

“But what about pizza and a movie?”

“Oh we’re having pizza and a movie…. I’m just also thinking you could use something special to take your mind off of things.”

“Wha… Sam… I….” Sam walked up to Danny.

“Hello.”

“Hi.” Danny smiled.

“Danny?”

“Y-yeah?” Danny seemed less sure now.

“I’m Scott’s uncle.” He gestured to Scott.

“O-oh…” Danny blushed.

“Nothing to blush about. I like what I see too.” He smiled, leaning in. “You feel like having some fun tonight.”

“yeah…” Danny bit his lip.

“I already know I have you anyway I want you, but how do you feel about giving Scott some attention?”
“I… what?” Danny frowned.

“Scott’s had a bad day and I feel like treating him.”

“I’m not a hooker…” Danny blushed.

“Never assumed you were. I think you’re a classy guy who’s looking at my ass wondering how you get your face buried in it. And I’m telling you the secret for that is in Scott’s pants.”

“Seriously?” Danny frowned.

“Yep. I’m not saying full on sex, just oral… maybe a hand job… something to help put a positive light on tonight. And then I’ll fuck your brains out and make you limp tomorrow.”

“o-okay…” Danny blushed.

“You know where Scott lives right?”

“Yeah.”

“We’ll be there in about thirty minutes. Be there early.”

“okay.” Danny nodded, getting ready to pay for his items.

“Oh and Danny?”

“Yeah…?”

“Leave your clothes in the car and wait for us on your knees on the porch facing the street. I want this to be a very good night for all of us.”

“yes sir.” Danny scrambled to the check out and Sam walked over to Scott.

“What’d you say to him?” He blushed.

“Just securing things so that tonight’s a special night for all of us.”

“you didn’t have to do that….” Scott muttered.

“Why not?”

“i… I’m not a top.” Scott blushed.

“Oh kiddo, that’s not a problem at all.” Sam smiled. “I’m sure the way that boy feels right now… he’ll be up for anything you want to do tonight. But I did promise you your first full time would be special, so no full anal. But just enough to make you not look back on tonight with any negative feelings.”

“okay.” Scott nodded, and with a little prodding he went to finish his shopping. Once he had his cart full he met up with Sam again and he watched Sam load everything in the check out, before paying and cupping the back of his neck as he walked him out of the store.
“How long you felt submissive?” Sam asked once they had everything loaded in the car.

“I don’t know. Maybe forever?” Scott blushed.

“I should have guessed the way you let Stiles drag you around.” He glanced at Scott. “You don’t fancy Stiles do you?”

“No!” Scott shuttered.

“Eh, nothing wrong with it. If he was into guys, I’d probably test the waters.” Sam smiled.

“He’s like a brother to me.”

“True. But I bet that hasn’t stopped you from checking him out in the showers.” Scott blushed at this. “I figured. You’ve been checking the other guys out in the locker room?”

“Yeah….”

“Good.” He put a hand on Scott’s knee. “It means you’re a red blooded male. We all do it, even when it’s got nothing to do with actual sex, just a naked curiosity to know what the other guys have and how you compare. But you’ve looked and gotten hard before, haven’t you?”

“Yeah.” Scott’s face was red.

“You ever jerk off in the showers at school?”

“No…” Scott paused, he felt his cock harden at the mere thought of doing that there, where he could be seen or caught. Fuck with Danny and Sam he was definitely going to get seen tonight. He blushed and tried to subtly adjust himself.

“But you like the idea?”

“Yes.” Scott mumbled.

“Scott do you know what an exhibitionist is?”

“No?” Scott blinked.

“Exhibitionists are people who like to be naked or show off their bodies to other people. Just now, thinking about jerking it in the showers, what got you turned on?”

“The idea that people could see me…. And I’d get caught.”

“You want seen and caught?”

“I… yes.” Scott nodded, his face red but he knew he was safe to tell Sam this if no one else.

“Yep, you’re an exhibitionist.” Sam smiled. “Not bad. And with the submissive nature on top of it, you’re in for a fun time in your life.”

“I am?” Scott bit his lip.
“Yep.” Sam smiled. “You’re going to fine a nice dom who’ll top you and find lots of fun ways to expose your body.”

“That sounds nice.” Scott smiled.

“I bet it does.” Sam smiled.

Ding.

“Who’s texting me?” Scott pulled out his phone and saw a text from Danny. “Danny’s at the house.”

“Tell him you want a selfie as proof.” Scott did as he was told and pretty soon a full frontal selfie of Danny, naked and hard popped up on his phone. Scott blushed, his cock fully hard now. “You wish that was you, don’t you?” Sam looked at Scott.

“yes.” Scott sighed.

“We’re going to make a small stop on the way to the movie store. When we stop and I get out of the car I want you to take off all your clothes. And hand them to me through the car window. I’ll decide what you get to wear in the store we’re going to.”

“R-really?”

“Yep.”

“What if you say I can’t wear anything?” Scott wasn’t even trying to conceal his erection now.

“Then you’ll walk into that store naked and hard and everyone in there will see you.” Scott gave a little mewing sound and was absently rubbing himself. “But you better stop that or you’ll cum before we get there.”

“Stop… oh” Scott blushed, realizing what he’d been doing. He had to try not to touch himself, but it was hard. Eventually they pulled up outside the adult emporium that Stiles had gotten their fake id’s to try to get into, but they just hadn’t found the time.

“Here?” Scott bit his lip.

“Here.” Sam nodded, and got out of the car. He waited by Scott’s door and Scott blushed, taking his clothes off, handing his shirt, jeans, socks, shoes, and boxer briefs over to his uncle. “Hum… what to make you leave behind….” He teased knowing Scott was throbbing hard being naked in public like this, and he upped the ante a little by popping the door open so the people driving by would have seen the long unbroken line of Scott’s side if they’d looked.

“Sam?” Scott squeaked out.

“Hands under your ass. You don’t cover up till I give you clothes.” Sam ordered and Scott blushingly put his hands under his ass, aware of how that made his groin jut out and showed off his cock more. “Better.” Sam smiled before selecting Scott’s jeans and shoes. “This should do.” He handed them to Scott before popping the truck and tossing his shirt and underwear into one of the grocery bags.
“Oh, and don’t get dressed in the car, step out naked and do it.”

“But….”

“Think of how Danny must have felt getting naked in his car, and getting out at your house.”

“okay.” Scott blushed stepping out naked from his Uncle’s car.

“Oh and Scott…”

“Yeah?” Scott turned to him.

“Take a naked selfie and send it to Danny.” Scott’s face went crimson. But he did as he was told, taking his phone in his shaky hand, he managed to get his whole front in the photo and sent it to Danny. “And tell him you’re a sub bottom.” Scott blushed but typed the words and hit send.

You’re dick is huge. Danny sent back.

Thanks.

Can I see your ass? Scott blushed.

“He wants a picture of my ass.” Scott blushed and Sam took the phone and snapped some quick photos of Scott before sending them to Danny.

I always knew your ass was going to look amazing. Danny shot back.

Thanks. You look pretty good yourself. Scott blushed.

Where you at?

Outside Porn Zone.

Seriously?

Scott shot a photo of the front of the store behind him.

 Ballsy. These pics will help keep me hard for when you guys get here. Scott quickly got a photo of just Danny’s hard dick and he felt his cock throb as his mouth watered. He wondered if Danny would let him blow him.

Can’t wait to get home and put that in my mouth. Scott blushed sending that.

All for you. Danny sent a small video of him smacking his hard cock against his hand and Scott blushed, quickly grabbing his jeans and squeezing into them before putting his shoes on.

“Oh we need to help sell your image.” Sam walked up and lowered the jeans so the rise of Scott’s ass and groin were visible above his jeans, and then undid the button of Scott’s jeans leaving just the zipper up to hold them closed. “Better, now let’s see about getting you something to play with.” Scott blushed but followed his uncle in and no one seemed to question if he belonged or not. In fact when he bent over to look at something closer, someone walked by and rubbed his ass. Scott blushed, and whispered that to his uncle.
“Oh they’ll do more than that if you’re up to being publically fondled.” Sam smirked, spotting the guy who’d stroked Scott’s ass. “Excuse me sir, I can’t help but notice you stroked my sub’s ass. He was wondering if you want a firmer hold of it?” Scott went crimson but the guy said sure and walked up and started feeling up Scott’s ass more firmly, his hand trailing all over Scott’s ass, till he eventually left.

Scott thought that’d be the end of it, but when he was reaching to get something off a high shelf, someone cupped his hard cock in his jeans, and began to feel him up. Other hands went behind him to steady him. And he was enjoying the attention and suddenly his fly was being undone and his jeans slipped down his thighs till he was naked from the knees up. Someone spit on his cock and began jerking him off.

“oh fuck…” Scott whimpered, they were trying to either edge him or get him off because they were aiming for that finish line and going for broke. Wet fingers soon found his hole and began to explore. “F-fuck….” Scott panted, lost in his feelings. He didn’t even see or hear Sam walk up till he spoke.

“Ease up on the boi, he’s got a date waiting for him.” The guys left Scott behind, one guy left a card and Sam pocketed it, before looking at Scott’s naked body. “Not bad.”

“R-really?”

“Yes.” Sam smiled.

“Thanks.” Scott smiled down at himself, before slowly pulling his jeans back up.

“But you’re not wearing clothes when we get home, not till tomorrow morning.”

“But…” Scott bit his lip.

“Nope, no clothes. And if Danny wants to watch you use these…” He shook a couple dildo packages at him. “You’ll put a show in your bedroom for both of us.”

“okay.” Scott blushed as he swallowed, he was so fucking close right now. How did Sam know what to say and do to get him this close and keep him from firing?

“Oh and I got you some toys for the shower.” Sam smirked, holding up a suction cup dildo and flesh jack. “I expect to see these mounted in your shower tomorrow. So I can teach you how to use them.”

“Yes sir.” Scott blushed, his cock throbbing in his jeans, making them feel too tight.

“Now let’s go get some movies. I promised your mom something R rated and you something X rated. And I got you some surprises.” Sam walked him to the front and paid for everything.

“You know we have a half off discount if you give me your sub’s pants?” The clerk smirked.

“Okay. Scott, give the man your pants.” Scott blushed, taking his jeans off, and making sure the pockets were clear before handing them over. “If you want a pair of underwear they’re in the trunk.”

“I’ll give you an extra item free if he goes and gets his underwear for me.” The guy smirked.
“Here’s the key Scott, take these bags out, and get your underwear for the man.” Scott blushed but did as he was told, completely naked save his sneakers, and his hard cock bobbing, as he passed customers coming in the shop who smirked and a couple snapped photos of him. He wasn’t sure how he felt about so many people seeing him naked, but he was pretty sure it was okay with at least one part of him. He came back a short time later and handed his underwear over to the guy who sniffed them.

“Sweet.” He pushed a bag over to Sam.

“Pleasure doing business with you.” Sam waved and they walked out, before he made Scott stand there naked and shivering before he pulled his shirt out and tossed it to him, and a single sock, and put away the last package.

“What’s the sock for?”

“Insurance so if you cum in my car, it’s in your sock and not on my car.” Sam smirked.

“Oh.” Scott slipped his shirt on and stuffed himself into his sock, bushes as he sat down.

“How do you feel?”

“Excited, scared, horny, terrified, and electric.” Scott panted.

“I thought so.” Sam smiled. “I was a little worried the scene with the three guys pawing at you might have been too much.”

“Maybe after I’ve had actual sex?” Scott blushed.

“Maybe. If you want that sort of thing.”

“It’s not bad if I do?” Scott bit his lip.

“Who you have sex with, how you have sex with them, and how many people you have sex with is entirely up to you and normal. Don’t let anyone tell you different. They want to try to shame you for enjoying yourself and your body… don’t let them. They’re just jealous they can’t live that free.”

“Why can’t they?”

“Because the part of their brain that tells them how to enjoy things shrived up and died a long time ago.” Sam sighed, putting the car in gear and taking off into the night.

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BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ BUZZZZ BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

“Fuck… you’re phone….”

Pop
“Leave it.” Lee smirked, pulling himself off his husband’s cock he’d been sucking to slowly jerk his wet dick off.

“M-might be… im-important.”

“Then check it… but it’ll cost you.” Lee smirked swallowing his husband’s cock to the hilt, and his slick fingers finding his ass again.

“fuck…. You pl-play dirty Adama….” Josh panted as he picked up the phone, checking it.

“Kara.”

_Pop_

“What’s she want?” Lee went to licking the weeping tip.

“Letting yo-you know Scott got bit like Long Shot.”

“Fuck.” Lee took his phone and read the lengthy message. “Fancy a trip?”

“After.” Josh carded his fingers through Lee’s hair.

“After.” Lee smirked and fired off a message to Kara letting her know he’d see her then. He put his phone on silent then and took his husband’s cock in his hand. “Let’s get you off.” He smirked.

“Yes please.” Josh smirked, falling back as Lee took him in.

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Scott blushed as he pulled his shirt off over his head and handed it and his sock over to Sam who got out and put it in a bag. Sam walked over to where he could see Danny edging on the porch.

“Help carry. Pizza will be here in a bit, you carry and you eat.”

“Okay.” Danny nodded, a little blushed, and got up to help, his hard cock bobbing as he came down and helped carry supplies in. They were in the middle of bringing stuff in when the Pizza guy showed up, his eye brow arched as he looked at Scott and Danny naked.

“Teenagers, can’t keep pants on them. But at least they’re not bad looking.” Sam shrugged. “At least they’ve not got anything to be ashamed of either.” The pizza guy’s eyes fell to their swollen cocks and blushed before muttering about horny jail bait and leaving.

“I don’t usually … get this naked outside on a date.” Danny added as they last bag got put into the house.

“But do you often score two fine looking guys like us on your average _date_?” Sam smirked.

“No….”
“So it’s not so bad to go that extra mile….”

“I suppose.” Danny kept looking to Scott’s cock and Sam smirked as he walked up and cuffed Danny on the back of the neck and pulled him in for a kiss. Parting only when Danny and he both needed air.

“Why don’t we start out with you giving Scott a blow job so that he can tell what he needs to do while he’s sucking your cock?” Sam turned Danny towards Scott.

“I’m… uh… I’m not going to last long.” Scott blushed.

“No one does the first time.” Danny walked up and kissed him on the lips. “But by the end of tonight you’ll last for a good long time when someone has their mouth on you.” He licked Scott’s lips earning him a needy whine from Scott’s throat. “On the sofa.” Danny nodded and Scott sat down hard and quick. “Someone likes taking orders.”

“yeah…” Scott blushed.

“I like that.” Danny put his hands on Scott’s knees and sank down to his own knees, kissing Scott and kissing his way down Scott’s body before sliding his hands up to meet on either side of Scott’s hard cock. “Someone’s happy.”

“Someone’s been happy for over an hour now…” Scott blushed.

“Let’s see about doing something about that…” Danny grinned, opening his mouth he smacked Scott’s hard cock against his tongue bringing groans from Scott’s mouth as Danny sealed his mouth around Scott’s swollen tip. His tongue dancing around the crown of Scott’s cock before sliding across the swollen tip to flick at his piss slit.

“fuck…” Scott whimpered, his hands itching and Sam was pretty sure he would sprout claws at any moment. His own hand already holding back the magic to wipe Danny’s memory if he sees something he shouldn’t, but he had hope that Scott wouldn’t fully transform tonight. Scott for his part was on cloud nine with the best sex of his life. He was not only in someone else’s mouth, but he was feeling the back of Danny’s throat as he worked more and more of Scott into his mouth. Scott whimpered, trying hard to distract himself, his hands going down to card through Danny’s hair before his lips met the flesh of Scott’s hips.

“oh…. Fu… fuck…” Scott panted. He was close, too close. Danny pulled off quickly and gripped the base tight.

“Not yet.” Danny smirked, smacking his face with the side of Scott’s cock.

“so close…”

“I now.” Danny blew across the thick tip and made Scott shivered.

“dunno how much more..” Scott made an undignified whimpering noise.

“Don’t worry. I’ve got you.” Danny smiled before taking Scott back to the root of him and swallowing as hard as he could and smiling around his cock, before he began to hum. Scott’s eyes rolled back, Sam caught a glint of amber as Scott came hard in Danny’s milking throat. Scott
growled out a loud fuck before he went boneless on the sofa. He wasn’t sure if Scott was even aware of how loud he’d been but Sam smiled as Scott slowly slid to the floor and kissed Danny, tasting himself on Danny’s tongue.

“wow.” Scott panted when they parted.

“Everything you thought it’d be?” Danny smiled.

“yes.” Scott nodded.

“You think you’re ready to try sucking Danny’s cock?” Sam asked and Scott looked down at Danny’s cock, not as big as Scott’s on dick, but still formidable. He kept his eyes focused on it and nodded. Danny got up and sat on the sofa and Scott knelt between his knees and took a hold of Danny’s hard cock and licked from the base to the tip and swallowed around the swollen wide tip. Scott ran his tongue around the crown, trying to work on doing what Danny had done, but he discovered something. He could smell things, hear things, that he hadn’t noticed before. He knew when something worked and something didn’t. Soon he had Danny on the verge, a lot sooner than he should have.

“H-have you….?” Danny panted, confused why someone who was still a virgin could be this good and so close to his own skills.

“He’s just a natural.” Sam smirked.

“I… I… fuck….” Danny lifted up off the sofa, cumming in Scott’s mouth, his whole body trembling as he struggled to hold any piece of his sanity as his brains seemed to shoot out of his sensitive dick. He flopped bonelessly on the sofa as Scott nursed on him before licking him clean and smiling at him as he kissed his way up and kissed Danny on the lips, enjoying the fact that Danny was kissing him back.

“Scott.” Sam spoke and got the boy’s eyes on him. “Up.” His voice hard and Scott scrambled to come over to him. He handled Scott’s junk to put a cock ring on him, not that he’d need it, between being a werewolf and a teenager he’d have his cock hard for days on end at this rate. Then he opened another package and pulled out a thick leather slave collar, pitch black lined in red and with a look, Scott ducked his head and let Sam put the collar on him.

“You wear nothing but this until tomorrow when I wake you up. No clothing, if you need to get out of your room, you wear this. And only this. Do you understand boi?”

“Yes.” Scott bowed his head.

“Now, hold out your hand.” Scott did as he was told and Sam squirted lube on it. “Finger Danny open.”

“yes.”

“Yes what boi?” Sam gave him a hard look.

“yes sir.” Scott bowed his head.

“Much better.” Sam nodded to Danny and Scott went over and crouched between Danny’s stretched legs and lifted his balls up and began to stroke his hole with his fingers, his lip between his teeth as
he looked Danny in the eyes. Danny nodded, and Scott slipped his fingers in, working the lube in, and working him open till he was moaning and writhing on Scott’s fingers.

“You’ll need to get four fingers in him.” Sam supplied more lube.

“Seriously?” Scott blinked

“Family heritage for being thick and long . . .” Sam smiled brightly before he turned to Danny. “And we do enjoy a good bitch to fuck.” He looked hungrily over Danny’s form and watched the boy blush. “And I’ve yet to have someone leave my bed able to get hard again for the rest of the day.” He licked his lips, lubing up fingers and adding them to Scott’s fingers making Danny moan and whine high in his throat. When they withdrew their fingers, Sam told Scott to crouch next to Danny, and he fingered him open leaving Scott a mewing lump of quivering flesh next to the boy Sam was going to fuck next. Stepping away from Scott, Sam pulled another toy out, a large prostate massager that looked to be nearly ten inches long as thick as Scott’s own cock.

“Do you want me to put this in you boi?” Sam gave Scott a powerful look.

“yes sir.” Scott bit his lip, and looking Scott in the eyes he slammed the toy in him, an inch at a time till Scott was breathing ragged, his cock hard and pressed against his abs as he panted and begged. When it was fully in, Scott all but howled as it was turned on high. Scott began swearing and Sam smacked his ass.

“Language boi.”

“y-yes s-sir.” Scott shivered, he wanted to touch himself but didn’t know if he had any permission to, no matter how tightly the heated coil of his lust was in his belly. He’d had a lot of experience with his hand since he’d started getting boners so he knew when he was about to release his load. He could tell that he was close, closer than he’d been in a while, especially this close to having already went once. He whimpered as he looked at Danny, who was jerking himself at the sight of this before making a needy noise from the back of his throat, cumming on the sofa as Sam worked the toy in his ass.

“That’s it boi, let it all out.” Sam angled it down and hit his prostate to the point that Scott was unable to focus on anything. Eventually he came down from his high, looking over to where Danny was bouncing on Sam’s lap. His body tight around the thickness of Sam’s cock, the pair of them naked and Scott felt himself getting hard again as he watched them. “Pizza’s still warm.” Sam huffed and Scott realized they’d set up the pizza so he could get some. He pulled some out and ate, he hadn’t realized how hungry he was till that moment.

“You want to get your throat fucked again Scotty?” Sam smiled, Scott nodded. “When you finish that slice, put your mouth on Danny’s cock, I want you to blow him while I fuck the next load out of him. After that you’re going to go up to your room and take the porn and sex toys with you. You’re going to be stocking up your . . . fuck . . . right there.” Sam panted, gripping Danny’s hip and making Danny catch his breath in his throat. “We’re going to stock up your sex toy department. And after I have a good long talk with you and Stiles, we might have to discuss . . . f-uck . . . discuss your bottom status . . . maybe Stiles could use a good blow job.” Sam smirked and Scott blushed but nodded, he wasn’t sure how much was banter to get Danny there, and how much as truth. But as soon as he finished the slice he’d taken, Scott got on his knees and let Danny’s cock slam into his throat.

He watched Danny’s face, and listened to what his body was telling him, and all too soon for Danny’s tastes he was clenching around Sam and burying himself fully into Scott’s throat before he
came, his hands clutching Scott as if he was the only real thing in the world just now. When Scott came off of him, had cleaned him up, Danny kept riding Sam till he came. Eventually they parted to eat and watch the movie. Danny ended up nursing on Sam’s cock through the last half of the movie and Scott went up to bed, promises to masturbate with his door open in case they wanted to watch, and he did just that, his window open and his body bathed in soft moon light, he smiled.

He’d never had the guts to do this before. Hell he’d never known he wanted to do this before. But laying a towel down on the bed over a pillow under his ass to make what he was about to do all the more of a display, he slipped the prostate massager into his ass and hit his prostate in the first stroke, a strangled cry falling from his lips. He knew from measuring once, that this high off the bed, anything was visible from outside. He’d learned to kind of hunch down when he walked through the room from the bathroom to hide from the street. But now… now he wanted to be seen. The idea of being seen turning him on, that he didn’t notice till suddenly the light flicked on. Sam smirking at him from the open door, Danny holding his clothes in front of himself.

“Light stays on till you pass out. I want anyone from the street walking by to see you. And be loud. I want to fucking hear you cum.” Sam smirked.

“Yes sir.” Scott blushed, he slammed down on the toy in his ass, putting on a display for the pair of them. Naked, and with the lights on, the toy was stark black against his tanned skin, and his own hard cock stood hard and straight up in the air as Scott let his hands roam his body. “Fuck…” Scott moaned, taking Sam at his word that he wanted to hear him.

“That’s better boi. Do you have any rules for him?” Sam turned to Danny blushed and blinked, he got to set rules for Scott? He wondered what this relationship between these two was, but he could play as well.

“Yeah.”

“Then let him have it.” Sam nodded.

“No underwear tomorrow. You come to school no underwear and that thing off, but in your ass. I’ll check to make sure that’s the case.”

“Y-yes sir.” Scott moaned.

“Good boi.” Sam smiled. “Now come along bitch, you’re not done servicing my cock.” He cuffed the back of Danny’s neck and pulled him along, quickly the house was filled with the very loud fucking of Danny making him scream and moan, and Scott blushed at the sound knowing what was going on. He fucked himself till he came, his seed raining down on his chest and face. He smiled, happy for how he felt and how today had gone. He rolled over on his side, stretching out his hand he picked up his phone and then rolled over to check it, his other hand stretching out to smooth the blanket, only to find leaves.

Leaves? He blinked as he pulled the leaves up. What the fuck? He looked around, realizing he was in a small cave of stones out in the preserve. “How….” He glanced down realizing he was still naked, blushing he checked and found his phone beside him. “shit.” He quickly picked it up and realized it was nearly six am. “Fuck…. How…” He mumbled quickly scrolling through to Sam’s number and dialing.

“Scott, why are you calling me at five am?”
"I’m outside…"

"What…?" Sam moved and from the sounds he was checking Scott’s room. “where outside?”

"A cave some where….” Scott was panicked now.

"Crap." Sam went back to his room. “I need to put the phone down to find you. I’m going to need you to focus in and let all of your senses tell you where you are.”

“okay…”

“And just relax, and let it all in.” Scott started to relax, his mind spreading out, taking in the sound of the birds in the trees, the animals waking up in the woods, the sound of the wind and water, the smell of the moist dirt and dead leaves. All of it washing over him as he felt something touch him, not physically but it was almost like a hug or a memory of a hug.

“Okay, I know where you are.” Sam picked up his phone. “I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

“I’m still naked.” Scott blushed.

"Is the prostate massager in you?"

"yes." Scott’s face was hot.

“I want you to focus on edging.”

“W-what?" Scott stammered out.

“Are you hard?”

“yes.”

“Then you take your dick in your hand and keep yourself on edge till I get there. I’ll bring clothes, but you only get them if you’re still hard and dripping when I get there.”

“Sam…”

“Okay Scott?”

“yeah.” Scott blushed.

“I’ll be there in a few minutes. Just focus on edging yourself.” Sam hung up and Scott put his phone down and focused on his cock. Toying with himself, pausing and breathing heavy when he was close. He was on his third edge by the time he heard Sam coming towards the opening of the cave.

“How’s it feel to be naked outside?” He smirked, looking at Scott in nothing but that collar and the thick massager up his ass.

“Scary… right…” Scott looked down.

“You want to cum before we go?”"
“Can I?”

“Do you want to?”

“yes.”

“Then step outside this cave and finish yourself off.”

“R-really?”

“Yes. Just step outside, let the morning sun hit your body, and you jerk that big cock of yours off.” Sam smiled, putting his hand on the back of Scott’s neck. “And think about the fact that you’re going to wear that fucking prostate massager to school today, and you’re going to have the biggest boner of your life knowing that Danny and I know you’re not wearing any underwear under those tight jeans that are going to show off just how happy you are to be submitting to him.” He whispered into Scott’s ear.

“FUCK!” Scott moaned as he came, Sam’s hand smacking his ass hard right on the massager so it fucked his prostate harder as he continued to cum.

“Language boi.” Sam smirked.

“Y-yes sir.” Scott panted, coming down and Sam held up a skimpy pair of running shorts that Scott had been meaning to throw out because they hadn’t fit him since middle school.

“Like what you’re wearing home?”

“But they’re so small…”

“Yes.”

“Won’t I…”

“Won’t you what?”

“Look trashy in those?”

“Yes.” Sam smirked and tossed them at Scott who deftly caught them and blushed as he squeezed into them. His ass and cock so much bigger than they had been six years ago when these had fit. He looked like he was trying to draw attention to his bubble butt and large package in the skimpy material that was like a second skin had been painted on his wanton flesh. He blushed as they walked down the trail to where Sam had parked. Scott feeling like a whore as he walked next to Sam, for all the world looking like they had been out fucking in the woods. Several people looked at him with a look of how dirty he must be. He was sure they were judging him as a prostitute, some low rent whore that Sam must have picked up to fuck in the woods. He blushed horribly as they got in the car.

“You okay?” Sam asked as he started the car.

“They thought I was your hook up.” Scott blushed.

“And is that so bad?”
“n-no…” Scott looked away.

“But you wish you’d actually gotten to ride my cock in the cave?” Sam asked, eyebrow raised as he drove on.

“yes.”

“Do you want me to take your virginity?” Sam asked evenly.

“maybe…” Scott looked down.

“Scott, you need to be clear with what you want.”

“I want to lose my virginity.”

“And it’ll happen.”

“But only with the right guy?” Scott sighed.

“Yes.” Sam smiled as he reached over with his free hand and cuffed the back of Scott’s neck, toying with the collar. “And we’ll make sure he’s a good dom or at least a verse top.”

“Can’t it be you?”

“Oh buddy. I don’t think you want to a long term relationship with me.” Sam sighed.

“But you’re great….”

“I’m great to you the way I am. But long term I’m going to out live everyone in this family.” Sam sighed.

“Because you’re fae?”

“Yeah, the magic in my blood means I’m going out live you, and your kids, and your kids kids’ great grand children.” Sam sighed. “And that’s not a bad thing. I mean hell, the magic let me cast a locater spell on you to use your senses to find you, but you want someone who is going to grow with you and age with you. I’m a fun afternoon, maybe a fun few years. But ultimately…. I’m not a forever kind of person.”

“oh.”

“But don’t worry. Once you pop that cherry… I’ll have my cock in that tight ass of yours.” Sam smiled.

“Really?”

“Yep. And I’ll make you scream just as loud as I made Danny last night.”

“okay.” Scott blushed and smiled.

“That’s more like it. Now let’s get you home. I have to sneak you in that into the house.”
“Why?”

“Because you have company?”

“What sort of company?” Scott blinked.

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“Seriously?” Kara crossed her arms, laughing as Scott came in, he blushed at being caught.

“You’re dressing him like one of your hook ups now?” Samuel stood next to his wife.

“Longshot… your pants look kind of full, cock cage?” Sam smirked and Kara’s husband blushed. “Scott takes after you in more ways than one.”

“So another submissive werewolf?” Kara chuckled.

“Yes.” Sam nodded, tugging Scott by the collar. “So I’m going to get him upstairs before Dad gets a look at him in this.”

“I’ll go with you.” Longshot sighed and followed them up.

“Are you really wearing a cock cage?” Scott asked as they went into his bedroom.

“Yeah… she uh…” Longshot blushed.

“What our dear puppy is meaning to say is, his wife enjoys fucking him in the ass and then locking him up so he can’t cum.”

“Really?” Scott’s eyes got big.

“Yeah.” Longshot blushed.

“What’s it like?” Scott bit his lip.

“Might as well show the boy.”

“Sam….”

“Puppy, I’ll spank you if you take your pants off.” Longshot blushed but quickly undid his jeans and pulled them down, revealing his large cock in the hard plastic cage that was locked with a rune covered pad lock.

“Wow….”

“Magical sex toys. Not even a werewolf can break that lock.” Sam held Longshot by the balls. “I said off not down boi.” Longshot blushed and swallowed before he took his pants off entirely. “Shirt too.” Blushing he did the same. “Scott, shorts.” Scott blushed and took his shorts off. “That’s
“You like being naked too?” Scott bit his bottom lip, worrying it.

“Yeah.” Longshot nodded. “It’s a bit of a werewolf thing. Clothes… can feel… constricting.” He gestured to the size of the both of them.

“I can understand that.” Scott nodded.

“Scott’s been ordered to give up underwear today.” Sam smirked.

“By who?”

“Danny.” Sam smiled.

“The boy with the limp this morning?” Longshot arched his brow.

“I gave him exactly what I give you.” Sam stepped into Longshot’s personal space and took a hold of his large balls. “What I could give you right now. If you earn it.”

“What do you want for me to earn it master?” Longshot fell into the head space that his submissive side often put him into.

“You’re going to give Scott here a nice slow hand job, that ends with you sucking his dick… and then Scott’s going to eat you out so that you’re nice and sloppy so I can fuck you in his bed while he watches and plays with himself.”

“Yes sir.” Longshot fell to his knees and took Scott by the cock, slowly stroking his already hard cock in his hand as he looked Scott in the eyes, it didn’t take long for him to scent Scott on the verge, so he leaned in and took all of Scott into his mouth. He’d always been a little bit bi, but meeting Kara at the academy and then on deployment had made sure that not only did he have the woman who would eventually become his wife, but he’d have a lot of practice sucking off guys. She whored him out to every man in their platoon, including her brothers when they were on level. Of course the gang bang at his bachelor party and then them dancing with him at the wedding reception welcoming him to the family had proven that his days being a submissive beta weren’t over. He had been bitten later and that resulted in him being let in on the family secret.

He and Kara had gotten their matching tattoos after that, marking them as bonded beyond the ring. He was Kara’s hound. And if she needed him, she had only to touch the tat and she could call him to her side. But it also gave her a supernatural edge in the bedroom, able to command him with ease that he couldn’t disobey, unless she wanted him to fail. A fun little trick they’d learned over the years. But that sort of training had been what led him to be on his knees in Scott’s bedroom, blowing his nephew.

Not that he was complaining. He liked sucking thick cocks. His eyes drifting as Sam took his clothes off and he couldn’t wait to have that cock in his ass again. He was almost done sucking Scott off through his orgasm when Kara coughed from the open door.

“What?” Sam stood there, his jeans around his ankles.

“My husband is supposed to be on his best behavior.” She crossed her arms.
“He is, he’s helping his nephew fit into his jeans.”

“Show me.” She ordered and Longshot pulled off revealing Scott’s hard cock as he came one last time on Longshot’s face. “Nice shot Scotty.” Kara came in and looked him up and down. “You like guys?” She raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah.” Scott nodded.

“Boyfriend?”

“no.” He blushed.

“Virgin?”

“yes.”

“Good boy.” She patted him on the shoulders. “And what are you supposed to do next?”

“Rim Uncle Sam.” He nodded to Longshot.

“Well that’ll have to wait.” She smirked, enjoying the longing look Longshot shot at her.

“Why?” Sam frowned.

“Oh Dad pulled up.” She grinned, wickedly looking at the three of them.

“Shit.” Sam sighed, pulling up his pants and tossing a pair of pants at Scott. “How long ago did he pull up.”

“Oh, probably long enough ago to notice Scott in those things that you thought passed for shorts.” She smirked, raking her nails through Longshot’s hair before she pulled his head back. “Dress Scott, and then you put your clothes back on. And I’ll tell you when you can play with the big boys.” She eyed Sam and Scott with a dark look.

“Yes mistress.” Longshot swallowed watching her walk away.

“Wow.” Scott looked after her.

“Don’t ever think that a woman can’t make you submit like a man can.” Sam patted Scott on the shoulder. “Because there are women like your Aunt Kara. And they’ll make you beg to be ridden like a show pony and put away wet. Am I wrong?” Sam smirked t Longshot.

“Nope.” He blushed, taking Scott’s jeans from him and helping him dress like he’d been told, getting to handle Scott’s cock more in the process before pulling his own clothes back on. They slipped downstairs in time to see a shiliouette on the door knock just before Scott rushed to the door and opened it.

“Grandpa Will!” He smiled.

“Scotty!” He smiled and hugged the boy. He smiled as they parted. “So which one of you two put the sex toy in my grandson’s ass?” His voice hardening as he looked at the pair of the Sam’s.
“Him.” Longshot pointed to Sam.

“Traitor.”

“He spanks harder than you.”

“Since when?” Sam looked affronted.

“Since my new rowan wood paddle soaked in seven kinds of wolfsbane and etched with mountain ash filled runes arrived.” William smirked. “And Longshot knows I reward his honesty with chaining him to the roof of my work room and spanking the loads out of him.” Scotty’s eyes got big. “But I’m guessing since you’ve got something big enough to push the seat of your pants back like that in your ass you like ‘em big in you too?” He arched a brow at Scott who blushed.

“Uh… well….”

End Notes

What am I doing? -SHRUGS-

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