Pet my head

by Yoyi

Summary

Destiny's new pet interact with the crew. "Cat's play" sequel. (Rated T for possible bad language and other stuff and maybe sex)
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1. With Tamara

Tamara Johansen have seen a lot of strange things in her life. One of the most incredible was the Stargate. So she was bemused to be surprised of seeing her colonel with a scratch on his left cheek and a blackened right eye.

"What...?"

"Don't ask, please," cut Young before she could continue.

"Ok." She applied some disinfectant in the scratches and some ice in the eye. "Was it Rush?" At the look she received from him she knew she had nailed it. She smirked.

"What are you laughing at?"

"You said you have him under control. Is it that difficult to tame him?"
"Well," he answered with a sigh, "He is more difficult that a real cat. He's sly and intelligent and knows how to use his weapons."

"Weapons?"

"Yeah. Do you remember that cat in that film for kids? The one with the hat and boots? He can do that exactly glaze, for starters."

Tamara was laughing now without restrictions. "I ought to see that!" And she continued laughing even when Young was no longer here. She couldn't bring herself to stop. With a sigh, she walked out, going for her meal.

In her way to the mess hall a shadow came to her and hid behind her. Fingers held her shoulders and a playful voice whispered in her ear: "Don't let them catch me, please."

Then she heard boots and more voices and St. Greer and Lt. Scott appeared in front of them, panting.

"TJ..., uf... please, hold him..." said Matt between pants.

"Uh? What's going on here?" she asked, looking from the military men to the playfully man at her back.

"We are trying to bathe him. Brody and Chloe are complaining about how bad he smells," said Ron.

"Ok. So, why are you running away?" she asked then to the doctor.

"I don't like to be touched, especially by them."

"Uh. When was your last bath?"

Rush tilted his head. "About a week ago, I think."

Oh, God! That was bad when he and Chloe came back from the Nakai – neither of them liked to be wet in any way for at least a month – and now, this?

"Doc, you need a shower," said Eli, coming from behind Rush and TJ.

Rush shifted uncomfortably, still using Tamara as his shield.

"No."

"Ok, guys! I'll talk with Rush, you all disappear now. He is clawing me. Shooo," she dismissed them with a hand. When they lost sight of the three men, Tamara turned around to look at Rush. "Ok, doc. C'mon, let's get you cleaned."

"I'm clean enough!" he protested.

"No, you are not. Even Chloe is complaining about you!" That seemed to calm him a little. "I'll go with you to the showers, then you take one, clean up, and come out with fresh aroma. Eh... We'll first go get clean clothes."

They went to Rush quarters, where Tamara searched for his luggage. She found a bag with another pair of jeans and a white and blue short sleeved shirt. No socks... wait. There! He had one more pair of green socks and two more underpants – one deep blue and the other white.

"Do you have any soap? Shampoo?"
"No."

"Well, it was too much, right?"

"Right."

"Ok. Let's go."

Rush followed her with his head down. He looked depressed. "Oh, c'mon, doc. It's not death sentence. And you will feel refreshed after that."

They got in the nearest shower room together. Tamara closed the door, preventing for a possible attempt to escape. But Rush only was there, unmoving, looking at the floor.

"...I don't think..."

"Oh, but you need it!" she cut. With a sigh, she continued, "Please, doc. Don't make me undress you and put you into the shower."

He looked at her, lifting his head slowly, with big pleading eyes. Tamara swallowed a laugh. He was doing exactly what Young told her.

"Take off those clothes already!" she commanded, spanking him once. He grimaced, looking aggravated.

"I'm no child!" he complained.

"Well, you are behaving like one."

Reluctantly, he stripped, always mumbling complaining. Tamara shook her head in amusement.

When the mist started to come out from the showers Rush hissed. However, he got inside them and rubbed his limbs, back, scalp, everywhere, until Tamara told him that he could come out. None of them were ashamed of his nudity, so when he came out she gave him a towel as the most normal thing to do.

"Very well. Now get dressed and you will be free. Ok, doc?"

"Whatever," Rush snarled.

"Ow... You are so cute." TJ reached out and petted him on the head. Then touched his hair and put away a lock behind his ear. Tamara realized that she was taller than him. "C'mon here," she said pulling him in a sudden hug, combing his hair with her fingers. "How come you are so cute now? How can that be?"

"I'm not cute," he protested. "And I'm no child."

"No, you are our pet."

"I'm no-one's pet."

"Oh, yes you are. And right now, you are the cutest pet I have ever had in my hands," she said, smiling. They looked at each other and Rush blushed. "Aw! How cute!" She hugged him again.

To be continued...
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2. With Eli

Rush was sulking. And pissed. At Young. He wanted to be petted, now. So he tried his ultimate weapon with the colonel, but it didn't have the effect he wanted. So he went searching for someone who would do that. He found no-one of interest, so he decided it was time to go back to work.

Checking the time he realized the Apple Core Room should be desertic by now, so he headed that way and started his routine in his console. A few minutes latter – or maybe hours, he didn't know – Eli came in. He was playing with a kino and didn't saw Rush. But Rush didn't saw him either, focused now on the floating ball.

Eli screamed when something appeared in the screen, blocking the view. When he looked up, he saw Rush with his kino.

"Fuck! Man, you scared me to death."

"Really?" Rush rolled the r, mixing it with a purr.

"Em... Stop doing that sound, please?" asked Eli. The young man didn't like that sound, it was weird and now he couldn't help but noticing whenever Rush made it.
"No."

"Aw! C'mon, doc. It's weird."

"No, it's not." Rush lied down with the kino still in his hands, and started to roll it in front of his face. His expression was one of delightful enjoyment, purring slightly.

"What do I need to do in order to make you stop?" asked Eli, unable to take off his eyes of the playful man.

"You can't."

"At least give it back."

"Nai!"

Eli supposed "nai" meant no. Rush was looking at him with a smile. He wanted to play. The younger man sighed.

"Don't do this, doc. I don't want to play."

"Ah! But you want this back."

"Please! I'm busy doing my documentary." At his words, Rush got up, still holding the kino. Eli reached out, but Rush stepped backwards. "Bloody hell, man! I don't want to play. Give it back!"

"Come and get it."

"Rush!" Eli snarled while jumping towards the scientist. But Rush dodged him, laughing.

Rush had Eli dancing all over the room, playing with the kino and his nerves, about ten minutes more until he released the ball.

"At-bloody-last!" Eli cried. He hasn't swore that much in years. "Do you enjoy torturing me?"

Rush tilted his head a little, as if he was thinking his answer. "Yes, I do." More smiles and instants latter he had the kino back. Eli whined.

"Why?"

"I want something in return," said the man.

"If I do whatever is that you will give me back my kino?"

"Yes."

"Right after I do that?"

"...yes."

"Um... Is it painful?"

"No."

"Tell me what is it and then I'll answer you."

"Fair enough." Rush approached him. "Sit down over there," he pointed a corner. Eli, still suspicious
of him, sat down. Rush sat between his legs, back against his chest. "Pet my head."

"What?"


Eli, surprised by it, didn't move for several seconds. Shaking his head, he raised a hand and put it on top of Rush head. Then, slowly and fearful, he slid it down. Rush purred instantly.

They were like this for at least fifteen minutes more. Rush changed his position a little, so Eli's hand would brush his neck and behind his ears, too. The scientist was satisfied now. He liked to be petted. He liked warm fingers scratching behind his ears. He purred.

Eli wasn't sure about what he was doing. Rush wasn't acting his usual self, and this frightened him a little. On the other hand, this Rush was somewhat pleasant. And liked contact. And purred. And was so damn cute. That was extremely weird as in Rush being the same as cute. But, fuck it all, he was rubbing against him as if he was a real cat and that was somehow welcomed. Eli needed comfort sometimes too, so this was perfect. And now his purrs weren't annoying anymore.

Several minutes after that, Rush was sleeping tangled with Eli's legs and his head in the young man's lap. Eli didn't move. He feared he could wake up the older man – and he was so cute sleeping like that.

This is how Col. Young found them. Eli didn't felt anymore his legs, and his back ached. The mathematician glanced towards the colonel with a plea, not knowing what to do. Young sighed while smiling at him.

"How much have you been like this?"

"I don't know. Months?"

The colonel laughed. "Ok, let's wake up this little monster and go get some rest. You look like you could use a nap."

"Oh. That would be fantastic, but I'm not sure I'll be able to stand up. I can't feel my legs," Eli said.

Young shook his head, laughing a bit, while he approached them. To Eli's surprise, Young kicked Rush. "Hey, wake up! Stop being lazy."

Rush only got more entangled with Eli's legs, and mumbled something about "annoying flies". At this, Young knelt and held one of Rush's arms. "If you don't wake up right now I'll empty at you a bucket full of water, got it?"

Rush opened one eye, sighed, and mumbled: "Annoying jealousy bastard." Which Eli thought that Young could hear, but at the same time Rush was complaining, Young's radio cracked.

Rush was looking at Eli directly in the eye, a little sleepy. "I prefer you better."

Eli didn't understand that, but that Rush preferred him over someone else made him feel proud.
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3. With Camile

Since Dr. Nicholas Rush had been poisoned Camile always found him in her way. Sometimes he was waiting for her, sometimes they just stumbled. But, overall, he always appeared when he was escaping from Col. Young. He never said why, and that was suspicious.

This day, though, was a marvelous day. Destiny dropped from FTL near a planet that was like a dream, the count down was of near four days, and she hadn't see Rush in a while. It was all perfect. Her turn to go down to the planet. She needed the relax. And she was so happy that nothing could – shit, Young was there.

"Camile."

"Colonel."

"Have you seen...?"

"Rush?" she cut.

"Yes," nodded the colonel.

"Well, no. And I hope it will be remain so. If you excuse me, I have six hours of free time." She walked pass him, and went through the Stargate.

In the other side it was sunny, green grass, a beach some meters away, the sound of the waves. She
spotter a group of trees near there. She would like a nap under those trees. She walked towards them. But, when she was a few feet away from her target she tripped with something – or someone, she heard a whimper.

"Nicholas?"

"Yes?"

"What are you doing here?"

"Ask lieutenant Johansen."

Camile got up. Rush was there, in the ground, wearing only a pair of short pants, totally stretched. It reminded her a funny draw of ways to know the temperature through your cat. If it was shrunken, then if was cold. If it was... well, like Rush right now, it was hot.

"Uh... Are you ok?"

"Yes, why?"

"You look a little... flushed..."

"It's the heat."

Camile nodded. She hadn't give up her plan of taking a nap. It only got postponed until she could make Rush leave. She talked to him, he didn't answer. She sat down near him, he didn't bat an eyelash. She lied down with her head over a pillow, he... curled up... near her... Purring... Dammit!

"Nicholas..."

"Mm?"

"Please, I want to rest. I need to rest."

"I wont be a nuisance. Besides, I was here first."

She sighed. "Ok. Don't wake me up."

"Same here."

They woke up. Camile first, Rush last. Camile looked at him, he looked back.

"This is strange."

"Why so?"

"You purr."

"..."

"And you mewl. And... No, your eyes are still normal."

He put out his tongue and licked her cheek. "And my tongue?" asked then.

"Ugh! That was disgusting," she said, wiping her face with the pillow. "And it's a little raspy."

"Perfect."
"Why?"

"Do you know? Cats bathe with their tongues... and bathe their offspring with it too."

"And I don't want to know who you will bathe, because it will be more disgusting," she pointed out, before Rush could add anything more.

"Ok."

She stared at him. He didn't look so different, if he didn't purr, or lick his hand, or mewl. Well, somewhat his behavior was more child-like than before. And he talked more. And smiled with less sarcasm. But he was still the same.

"Do you like it?"

"Like what?"

"Being like this. Changed."

"I don't know. Maybe, maybe not."

Camile nodded and closed her eyes. She wanted to sleep more. Rush curled nearer, purring. She sighed again. What the heck? It wasn't like she couldn't handle him now. In fact, she knew she would be able to do it better. So, she reached and hugged him. And he didn't pull apart. He just mewed a little and relaxed in her arms.

She would never said it loud, but she always wanted to have a child to care for. And now, Rush was just perfect for that.

**Question**: Who wants Rush in the vents next chapter? Who wants? Me. ;)

And I repeat: Out of Character.
Chapter Notes

In this chapter you will find some hints of slash (two men in a (sexual) relationship), so you are warned: Pairing: Everett Young/Nicholas Rush. Please, if you don't like this, don't read this chapter.

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4. With Young

A few weeks ago, Doctor Nicholas Rush got food-poisoned and started to act more stranger than what was his usual weirdness. Then, The Incident happened and Col. Young decided that he wanted Rush to be left like that. Why? Because Col. Young wanted a pet: nothing more, nothing less.

Rush was still the same bastard but sometimes his sharp tongue was smoothed by the cuteness of his new behavior. And Young was aware of keep it as a secret from all the crew. He didn't want competence.

Young was reading, lying on Rush's couch, with his pet curled up on his lap. Rush was taking a nap – another one – and he enjoyed these peaceful moments of silence. Now Young could achieve what he had tried since so long ago: control over Rush. The man was so malleable now – well, most of the time.
Somehow, after these weeks, they had become somewhat like friends. They didn't talk that much but they spent a lot of time together. Young was sure that if some other people of the crew gave Rush the same treatment, he would flew from his side, hence Young kept him hid as much as he could.

That was difficult, though. The man was as sneaky as hell, and now, more than before. To keep the secret he called Rush as much as he could without being suspicious, locked him, bribed him with food. But sometimes it was too much. Like that time when Rush slipped inside the vents. That was what give the secret away.

Rush mewled non-stop for almost an hour. Young was so worried. What if he felt from some height and had a paw – leg, arm, he is a person – broken? What if he was lost? What if he was injured? What if...? So he tried to fin where exactly was Rush. And when he found him – more or less, because the echo of his mewling made it difficult –, he tried to get him out, but Rush didn't move, only mewled, and mewled. And mewled, and mewled.

Was Rush hungry? Maybe inside the vents he found rodents and was trying to catch them. The thought of Rush eating a rat raw made his stomach churn. No, he couldn't let that happen. He needed help. Someone who could help him get his pet out. But, of course, that would be like telling the whole ship about his pet. That didn't matter anymore, though; Rush's mews could be heard from everywhere inside Destiny.

In the end, Eli came with a kino and they found Rush. He had a mischievous smile. He had been mewing for almost an hour only to piss off. No, not only to piss off: to piss Young off. And, to make everyone inside the ship know about his condition.

TJ managed to take him out. He looked terrible, his clothes rumpled and greasy, his hair scrambled. And he was slightly trembling. TJ told them that she would bathe him. However, she only threw him inside the showers and, when he took his clothes off, she snatched them to make sure he would wear cleaned ones.

Rush shifted in his sleep and Young caressed his hair, absentminded. Rush moved again, sighing. Then, a sudden attack. The book ended in the floor and Young almost fell too. Rush was now on top of him, sniffing his neck. A few seconds latter, his raspy-like tongue was licking him, as if he tried to clean Young. With each lick, Rush purred.

"What am I? Your kitten?"
"Yes," he answered, still purring. "You are younger than me," Rush pointed out, between lick and lick.
"S...top!" Young pleaded, starting to laugh. "It tickles!"
"Oh, shut up!"
Rush licked him for almost two minutes more going from neck to face to what he could find through the neck of Young's t-shirt.
"Now, clean." Rush looked satisfied. He was still on top of Young, purring, but now he was licking his own hand.

If Young put a hand on Rush's chest he was sure he could feel the tremor his purring produced. However, right now, he was focused on other things. His pet was being unusually affectionate. Young reached the other man's head and stroked his hair. Rush reaction was unexpected: his gaze stuck at Young, complete stillness, eyes dilated and semi-closed.
When Young scratched behind his ears Rush groaned low and deep. This sound traveled directly to Young's groin, to his surprise. Rush leaned over him, hiding his face on crook of his neck. Young didn't stop touching him.

"...like..." whispered the purring man.

"Uh?" Young's mind had started to tease him, showing him some disturbing positions that could made the scientist do the same noises, so he wasn't sure of what was the other man saying.

"I like it..." Rush repeated, a little annoyed.

"Ok. Tell me what more do you like." Young wasn't sure why he was whispering now. Maybe he wanted some intimacy between them. But why? Why now? And, what kind of intimacy?

Rush started to move in a way that their groins rubbed together. Young bit back a moan of pleasure. Did Rush known what he was doing? No, he didn't. When Rush purred in that way he wasn't being himself, but Young didn't have any excuse for his behavior. He was in his right mind, or so he thought, because being attracted to a man who was in the same state as Rush wasn't something normal at all.

He felt aroused by the man's noises, by his proximity. His scent was so strong in his nostrils, almost intoxicating. Oh, yes! This was bad, really bad. This was the worst. After just a few seconds Young was hard rock.

"...touch me... more," whispered Rush in his ear, his breath hot against his skin, wet lips tracing his neck.

Oh, God, give me strength. Young moaned again, louder. This was so messed up, so embarrassing. Rush was being almost innocent in his pleas, wanting for being petted, and he couldn't think in other things than sex. How cruel, Young thought. This man was being cruel without even realizing it. Rush was driving him mad, bit by bit.

Young pulled the purring man back, holding him by his shoulders.

"...toilet," was his excuse, as he saw the surprised look on Rush's eyes.

"No."

"Rush..."

"No!"

"Rush, I need to..."

"Pet me. More." Rush was being childish, but it was cute in a sense. Young couldn't help a laugh.

"I'll pet you more when I come back, deal?"

"No. I want you to pet me now."

Young was losing this battle. But he needed some distance now or he would end up doing something regrettable. So, instead of words he applied force. In less than a second Rush was on the couch and Young on his feet.

"Sorry, but I need to go now. See you latter."
As he walked out, he could feel the disappointment in Rush's face. Young suppressed the impulse of looking back. When the door closed, he could hear the last weapon Rush always used for bribe him: he mewled pitifully. Young felt his heart shrink a little.

"Sly bastard," he mumbled.

As always, I remind you again: Out of Character.

**Question:** What would you want in the next chapter? ^^
With Chloe

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Chapter's Notes: In this chapter you will find some hints of hetero-sex. Hints... and hetero... So... a man and a woman. But don't worry, I suck at it, so It'll be like nothing has happened. And... Yeah... only hints. Oo

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5. With Chloe

Chloe was playing chess against Varro. After teaching him the basics he became a tough opponent. In less than two movements more he made checkmate. Chloe was frustrated. He was a beginner, but he always beat her up.

"One more time!" she demanded.

"I'm sorry Miss Chloe, but I should go back to work." He smiled at her brightly before he stood up. 
"And I do believe you will have another opponent soon enough," he added, pointing behind her.

She turned her head and saw Eli looking at them. "You mean Eli? Oh, no, he is even more rough than you."

Varro laughed, but he still went back to work.

"Em... Chloe, I don't think I'll play with you now. I have been looking and I don't think you need to lose again."

"Ha-ha, Eli. So funny."
"Well, I wanted to help you, but I know you wouldn't let me so... I only watched."

"Ok, Eli. Can you let me be? Maybe alone for a while? I want to lick my wounds..." said Chloe with a pout.

"If you wish it..."

"Thanks."

Chloe stood up, looking at the chessboard, frowning. She put in place all the pieces and began to play against herself. She lost concentration when Tamara's voice reached her ears.

"...telling you. He is so adorable and so cute I now can understand why you didn't want him to go back."

"Yeah, but, where is he? I want to apologize."

"I'll tell you when you tell me what happened."

"In your dreams, busybody."

Chloe heard Tamara's laugh while they walked away. Apologies... and Young and Rush involved... Interesting. Chloe wanted to know.

She walked out, determined to find Rush and make him confess, so she practically run through *Destiny*'s corridors. Since she wasn't so sure where should be the cat, the man, she searched blindly. Not in the Bridge. Not in the Apple Core, nor in the Observatory Deck. Not in the mess hall. She heard noises near a storage room, so she headed there.

What she found wasn't what she was looking for. Ron was there. With a girl. Both naked waist down. Tangled. Together. Ron was moving between her legs and she was biting his neck. Chloe turned and left. The heck! Ug! She just saw one of her friends having sex... Ug! So... strange and disturbing and... Ug!

"I won't be able to look at him in the eye for at least a month..." she whispered, still shocked.

In her way, she crossed with Lisa Part.

"Lisa! I need your help to find..."

"Have you looked in the Stargate Room?"

"Uh?"

"If you are looking for Doctor Rush, he likes to have a nap around this time in the 'Gate Room... above the Stargate ring."

"For real?"

"Yes. It's kind of funny when we need to wake him up. There's two ways of doing it: opening the Stargate or throwing things at him."

"Don't tell me..."

"Yes. We have a points system. If you want to enter the game you need to know which parts give higher scores."
"Haha, no. Thanks, Lisa."

She hurried towards the 'Gate Room. Up above the Stargate's ring, Dr. Nicholas Rush was snoring softly, lying face down. She narrowed her eyes, trying to take a better look. She could bet he had his mouth open and was drooling. His limbs were hanging bonelessly from the ring.


Chloe glanced at her surroundings, looking for something she could throw at him. Then, sighing, she took off a shoe. Before throwing it she called again, hoping he would wake up. At his lack of response, she threw it, hitting his hand.

"Wha...?"

"Doctor Rush, I want to talk with you," she hurried to say before he could even think of going back to sleep.

It was almost comical see him look at her like that, as if she was the most strange creature in the world. Even when he was the one taking a nap some meters above the floor with the probability of falling and breaking his neck. Even when he was the one licking his hand before rubbing it against his eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked, irritated.

"Well. Col. Young is looking for you all around the ship to apologize to you, and I was curious."

"And what makes you think I'll tell you anything?"

"Because I have something you might like?" she stopped, thinking about her words carefully. "Something dried..., that was swimming when it was still alive...?"

This caught Rush attention. "Do continue."

"Well, I know your taste has changed recently, and we were on a planet with fish last time so..." She hadn't finished talking and he was down there, right beside her, sniffing the air around her head.

"Do you have some?"

"Yeah. I have some dried up in my quarters. No-body will look for you in there, I can guarantee that."

He nodded and she congratulated herself for catching him.

When they arrived at her quarters and she closed the door he started to look for something. Chloe shook her head, amused.

"Here," she offered the dried fish. Rush snatched it from her hand and started to eat it, sitting on her bed. "So, what happened?"

Rush was still licking his fingers in a really amusing way when he answered. "We were playing, like always, and he did something shameful. So I hit him... and scratched him, I think? More or less."

"That's all?"

"That's all." He was sniffing the air again, looking around. She sat at his side and ruffled his hair a little. He leaned closer. Chloe scratched behind his ears and he purred.
About an hour latter, Matt arrived at their quarters, finding his girlfriend. In bed. With another man.

Stopping there would be cruel to Matt, because Chloe was still scratching Rush's neck while he was soundly asleep in her lap. Both of them were full dressed, and the only odor you could smell was one of dried fish. Matt folded his arms.

"You know Colonel Young has been looking for him this entire time, right? Like the world would end if he couldn't find him? As if he himself would die if he couldn't find Rush?"

She answered with a mischievous smile. "Ow! Come to the dark side, Matthew! You will have lot's of fun."

"I think I'll pass. I tried to wash him once and he bites really hard."

Chloe laughed as quiet as she could. Rush shifted in his sleep. When Chloe started to caress his hair again he purred softly, once. Matt sat beside her looking at the sleeping man.

"Em... maybe a little. But don't tell him."

"I'm a tomb," she assured.

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Remember: **Out of Character.**
Jealousy and realization

Chapter Notes

I made this chapter because I wanted my puppets do it. And, well... Slash. You will find in this chapter slash. Same pairing from the other chapter in which you could found slash. And you will find a little bit of angst. Because I'm devious. And because I still suck at writing in English (nah, not really). So well, you are warned. If you still want to read, go ahead. Have fun!

Title: Pet my head

Author: Yoyi

Summary: Destiny's new pet interact with the crew.

Notes: Sequel of Cat's Play. Without Beta, horrific English, OoC. Beware! And enjoy.

Warning: Bad language (as in swearing, insults and all that), may contain erotic situations (or sexual ones I still don't know for sure), may contain slash (as in two men in a relationship).

Chapter's Notes: I made this chapter because I wanted my puppets do it. And, well... Slash. You will find in this chapter slash. Same pairing from the other chapter in which you could found slash. And you will find a little bit of angst. Because I'm devious. And because I still suck at writing in English (nah, not really). So well, you are warned. If you still want to read, go ahead. Have fun!

Pet my head.

Some weeks after The Incident, Destiny's crew became used to their new pet. This pet paced freely around the ship, touched devices, manipulated computers and gave orders. This pet went to the mess hall to take his meals, which it would eat standing so it could go back to work faster, and sleep in it's own quarters.

Also, this pet would want, sometimes, to be petted in the head; this pet would take a nap over unusual surfaces twisted in what looked like painful positions. And yes, this pet was always annoying. But the real owner of the pet wasn't all the crew, as the real owner always pointed out. It's owner was the person in command: Colonel Everett Young.

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6. Jealousy and realization

Col. Everett Young was mentally beating up himself. For starters, about the way Rush was now. Then for his own incapacity of dealing with his own possessiveness. Before Rush, he would have never thought of himself as selfish; after him, he thought that daily. He didn't want TJ to be able to see him while he was in the showers. He didn't want Eli to play with Rush so he could get back his kino. He didn't want Chloe to share her dried fish – or other meals – with Rush in the privacy of her
quarters. Above all, he hated Camile for hugging him when he was almost naked while they shared a nap under a group of trees.

And he hated himself for feeling all that. Rush played with him, yes – though it was like wrestling. He let Young feed him once in a while – only when he was so bored or so lazy or so tired that he didn't want to feed himself. Rush didn't mind him if they were in the showers together – usually, he ignored him. However, Rush never let Young hug him if he was about to take a nap – Young tried once and ended up with a black eye, among some scratches.

Young thought of Rush as his pet so much he almost forgot Rush was an independent person. An adult. Someone whose fate wasn't on Young's hands.

What drove Young mad was that affectionate way Rush had to show his desire to be petted. He was lonely, wanted someone who desired his attention, his care, and Rush sometimes was so sticky it confused him. And that were those times when he felt aroused by Rush's noises, too. Those times were embarrassing.

But it was more embarrassing waking up in the middle of the night with his manhood erected. He admitted – only once, only for himself – that Rush made him feel horny. While he pleased himself he thought of Rush, of his tongue licking his neck, of his purring, of his mewls, of his eyes. And he came thinking of Rush's body heat.

"This is insane," he mumbled.

Young didn't need another frustrated relationship. What he needed was someone with whom he could do perverted things without worrying about feelings. And all pointed in Rush's direction. Except... except that he thought of Rush more like a pet than a partner. Except that Rush was more playing than flirting. Except that Rush... was... a man. A man. If they were to have a sexual encounter, who would be top? He was sure Rush would want it to be him, not Young. And Young wanted to be himself so... Problems.

But, he thought, Rush latter behavior was somewhat submissive, and maybe, only maybe, he would let Young be in control. No. Rush was a control freak. He would fight with teeth and nails, literally. Ah! So messed up. Even now, when Rush was more malleable he was still a lot of wort.

"Stupid pet! He couldn't be only a pet. He needed to be more," Young snarled to himself.

When, that morning, he entered the mess hall he saw almost all the scientist team surrounding Rush. Dr. Lisa Park was touching him. Dr. Dale Volker was touching him. Dr. Adrian Brody was touching him... And Eli, Chloe, Matt, TJ, Camile, Becker... Hell! Even Ronald Greer was petting Rush. What the heck happened when he wasn't looking, uh?

And that wasn't the worst part. The worst was when Rush looked at someone and put that face, that face. The one that said you can pet me more, I'll let you. I'll even sleep in your lap, so pet me. And he, Young, couldn't do a thing to stop that. Because Rush wanted it. Because that made him happy. And that hurt. Rush was his pet.

"Well, not mine anymore. Ours..." he whispered, looking at his breakfast. He wouldn't interfere. He didn't want to upset his pet. It was better when Rush mood was good. He ate in solitude, watching Rush being feed and petted and loved. Rush didn't looked at him once, not even a glance. Nothing. Sighing, Young rose from his chair and went for a walk before starting his morning duties.

Surprisingly, Rush followed him from a distance. At first, Young thought it was intentional, then he saw Rush was with his nose buried in some equations, mumbling to himself and frowning. After
thinking it was unintentional he started to think it was intentional again, because he seemed to be following his exact steps. Or maybe he is just following him by the sound of them, thought the colonel.

Young went to Rush quarters, opened the door and turned to face Rush. Rush stumbled into him, surprised. Before the change, when Rush focused he did it hard, but he still was aware of his surroundings. Now he focused with all his self and could perfectly walk into a volcano without realizing until it was too late, and maybe not even that.

"I'm sorry," he said, still abstracted with his equations.

"Don't worry."

Rush looked disoriented, and surprised to be there.

"You ok?"

The man nodded, then turned and left. Young was disappointed. He had hoped Rush would walk in his quarters and let Young pet him. But it seemed that Rush was focused on his work now. And when Young needed to work, Rush wanted to play. They never synchronized their needs.

But Rush started to look more focused on other things, apart his work. More exactly in the female part of the crew. His eyes glued to every woman he crossed, his nose moving slightly, sniffing the air. He startled Lt. James once, suddenly mewling at her.

"He must be in heat," offered TJ after he asked.

"What?"

"Matting season? Maybe he wants to breed." She looked hesitant. "Should we castrate him?"

"No!" Young was shocked. "Poor him," he added.

"Yeah... And one should castrate his pet when they are still young. We don't know if Rush will die from infection or..." she stopped, realizing something. "Am I thinking of Rush as a real cat?"

"Maybe...?"

"Oh, my God! Poor man. We are all treating him as an animal."

"Well... he actually does act as one."

"Yes but... I thought of how do it. I really did."

"Um... So... What do we do?"

"Locking him is not an option. Maybe, tell the crew to be careful of him?"

"Yeah, we can start with that..."

And then, it started. The pitiful mewling... through the vents.

"Oh, God... Don't tell me he is inside the vents, again."

"He sounds... He sounds like he's calling for his mate," TJ looked amused.
"I... I'll go get him and lock him. Don't worry."

But the one who was worrying was Young himself. He didn't want to think on the possibility of Rush finding his mate... and not being with him anymore.

When he arrived where Rush was likely to be, there was a small crowd. They all wanted to get Rush out the vents, and rumors about what had made him go in again were said. One of those rumors came to Young's ears:

"I think he doesn't want to be with Young anymore."

"Yeah. My cousin has cats and she says that cats choose their owners and not the other way. Maybe Rush want to choose his owner and Young doesn't let him."

"Oh! Poor Rush. I would like to be his."

"Yeah, me too."

That was it? Rush didn't want him? He felt the weight of the world in his shoulders. Rush didn't want him. He wanted another one as his owner. No, no. Rush is a person, he isn't a cat. But is difficult not to think of Rush as a pet now. Young shock his head slightly and looked at the crowd, clearing his throat. People looked at him and silence fell – except by the mewling.

Young was about to start a little speech so people would go back to their things when Eli yelled.

"He's moving!"

Good bye last chance to keep Rush for himself. From the crowd he heard someone suggesting getting inside the vents and take him out by force. Young was feeling tired, so he went back to his quarters, needing to be alone.

The mewling continued, following all the way back, torturing him. Young decided he didn't want to be in his quarters, so he went to the most far away part of the ship that was secured to find a dark corner where he could lick his wounds.

He entered in one promising darkly and closed the door. The mewling was somewhat muffled now. He sank in one corner, feeling like he hadn't any more energy. He felt warm sliding from his eyes down his cheeks. Rush was his. Rush wasn't a pet. But Rush was his. No, Rush is a person. And his. NO! He was a mess. For about two minutes he sobbed quietly. For two torturous minutes he didn't felt the presence there. Two minutes in which he tried to convince himself to let Rush go.

Then, the presence moved near him and licked his tears. Young was so surprised that he couldn't move. He was freeze. It was Rush. Rush was there, with him, comforting him. Rush sat on his lap and hugged him. Young hugged back. Rush rarely touched him by own initiative. Young had to be the first one who started the contact, so this show of affection was overwhelming.

Young squeezed Rush against him, inhaling his scent. He made up his mind. If someone wanted to take away Rush from him he will fight fiercely. Rush was his, and no body else.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, nose still buried in Rush's neck.

"I wanted some privacy."

"Why is that?"
"Well, I know myself better than any other person."

"So, you do realize you are in-

"Yes, I do," he cut the colonel. Silence fell upon them. Young heard the mewls.

"Weren't you in the vents?" Young felt Rush's laugh through their proximity.

"That's a scam. I recorded it with a kino and put it in the vents with a path programed. If they want to catch it, they will be going in circles for some hours."

Young laughed, his breath brushing Rush's neck. Oh, God! How he wanted to kiss him there.

"Why were you crying?" At Rush question, he felt like blushing. Crying for something so childish and being caught by the object of his despair.

"You'll laugh."

"So?"

"I don't want to-"

"So?" Rush insisted. "I told you my magic trick, now you tell me your reason for crying alone in the dark of a faraway storage room." He seemed to think about something. "Or else, I'll go." After that, he struggled to get off Young's grip, but the colonel didn't let go.

"No. Stay. I'll tell you."

Rush stopped, panting slightly. Young inhaled his scent again before confronting his gaze. Rush had a serious look in his eyes.

"I... heard a conversation... about cat's behavior..."

"For fuck sake! I'm NOT a cat."

"Yeah, yeah... I'm sorry but... let me finish, uh?" Rush nodded and Young continued. "I heard that cat's choose their owners and I thought that maybe you wanted to choose yours too and I got depressed because I thought that you may not choose me and left me and..." Young couldn't continue. Not when Rush was looking at him as if he has done something really bad.

"I'm. NOT a damn. Cat." he stopped, trying, maybe, to get a hold of his anger. "I have no owner nor master. I am a person. Do you get it?"

Young shook his head. He didn't get it. Or maybe, he didn't want to. At his mute answer Rush struggled again to get off his embrace, angry at him, annoyed by him.

"No. Don't go!"

"I'm not your damn pet!"

"But you were acting like-"

"I don't care! Release me!

"No!"
They fought. Rush to break free, Young to keep him. Rush bit Young's hand and took advantage of his distraction to get on his feet. When he tried to run towards the door, Young slammed a hand on his back, making him lose balance. After a few struggles more, Young had Rush pinned against a wall, with both of his hands above his head held by one of Young's.

Rush's back was touching Young's chest. The scientist could feel the fast movement it did with each breath Young took.

"Don't go," whispered Young, almost out of breath.

"As if I could..."

"Please. Stay." Young leaned over him, inhaling again, nose stuck in his neck. "You made me want this. It's your fault so take responsibility."

"What?" Rush tried to look at him, turning his head, but in that position he couldn't see much. "I didn't mean such thing. Release me!"

"Why are you here?"

"I told you, I'm aware of what's happening to me. I wish to be alone until it's over. Let me go!"

"No. I can't. What if you find someone...? I... don't want that."

"Whatever you say. I don't have any intention of that to happen. So, please, let me go."

"No. I told you. I want you to be with me."

"It's not as if I can go far away from here, colonel," Rush said, near to a hiss. If he let him go, Rush would leave and never come back.

"If I do that, you won't want to be with me."

"You don't say? And why would I want to be with you? You are being too forceful for my liking."

Young didn't say a word. His free hand went straight to Rush groin, he was semi-hard. Rush tensed up at his touch.

"What are you...?" Without answering Young undid his belt and unbuttoned his trousers. Rush flinched, trying to get away from his hand. When he felt Young's front against his back, his hardness pressed to his ass he snarled. "What are you going to do with me, hm? Are you going to...?"

Young cut him biting his neck in a specially sensitive spot. Rush gasped. Young's hand traveled over his torso, then, slid between his t-shirts, touching his skin, going up, leaving a feeling of fire wherever it touched him. Slowly, it reached his neck. Young gripped his chin and turned his head, revealing more skin.

Young kissed reverently the exposed skin, feeling so insecure now. Rush was moaning silently in response to his caress, but he still could be mad at him. Carpe Diem, he thought before biting him again. This time Rush made that noise. Not any noise, but the noise. The one which Young had been having wet dreams. The one which could drive him mad.

He slid his hand down Rush's body, feeling the skin, the muscles, the ribs. He stopped briefly at his nipples before going down, and down, and down, until reaching the fabric of his underwear. Young touched him over it, being rewarded with soft moans.
Impatiently, put his hand inside his underwear, touching him directly. Young himself couldn't help a groan of pleasure when he felt the hot skin in his hand. He stroked Rush, following the directions his body was saying. If he shuddered, if he whined, if he leaned on the wall rubbing his ass against his groin.

Young started to move his hips, too. Neither of them were thinking straight now, focused only on achieving their goal. Pants and the slickly sound his hand made while touching Rush were almost enough to make him come.

Young didn't released Rush yet. He wasn't sure that was wise. He waited a little longer, feeling the heat between their bodies – and wetness inside his own pants.

"I... don't... need... a master," whispered Rush. "Are you happy now? Can you let me go?"

Feeling guilty, Young stepped back. Rush fixed his clothes as well as he could before looking at Young. The colonel said nothing.

"Oh, god! You are such an imbecile." And then, he left.

Young had still his come in his hand, sliding down his fingers and falling to the floor. His cheeks felt hot.

That night, when he arrived at his quarters he found something unexpected. Rush was sleeping on top of his desk, and there was a note over his bed.

To the stupidest man in the whole universe,

I'm not your pet. Stuuupid! Realize in-one-bloody-once! Think! What am I to you? Stuuupid stubborn air-head.

True, Rush wasn't his pet. He was more like his... mate? Young ginned.

"A lot of work..." he whispered, not wanting to wake up the man.

Aaand... End! Fin. Fine. Ende.

I hope you all who read this had a good time reading. If not, I'm sorry, I still can't do better than this. :P Thanks for reading.

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