

Call of the Wild

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Fandom: Short Track RPS

Pairing: Apolo Ohno/J.R. Celski

Rating: R

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Warnings: werewolf

Summary: Apolo has wanted J.R. for a long time, he's just never allowed himself to succumb until now. He never expected the reason why J.R. had had all of his attention for years even though he tried to deny it.

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Apolo was not really sure why he was knocking on J.R.'s parents' door, he was supposed to be on the other side of the country talking to book people, but instead he'd cancelled and lied, telling them he was ill. He didn't even know if J.R. was at his parents' place and he didn't know why he had a sudden need to see J.R., but he just did. It had started a couple of days ago with a really weird dream and it had only gotten worse since then. He was beginning to think maybe he was losing it.

"Apolo," J.R.'s mom said as she opened the door and immediately smiled, "this is a surprise. How lovely to see you, please come in."

"Thanks," he said, stepping into the house.

The weird feeling he had been carrying around for days only intensified when he walked in and he found himself looking around for something that he didn't really understand. He was so distracted that he didn't actually hear what Sue said to him and he didn't even properly realise she'd spoken until she gently touched his arm and his mind processed what had been, for him, background noise.

"Oh dear," J.R.'s mom said as he blinked back to reality, "come into the kitchen, I think you need to sit down."

Apolo just went along as she gently guided him in the right direction, because he was feeling decidedly not in control. He hadn't felt this out of it since he'd had flu and he'd been dosed up to the eyeballs on meds. He sat down on the stool next to the counter when Sue urged him to and when he was handed a hot drink he sipped it, more from habit than because he was actually thinking about it.

Surprisingly he actually found his brain beginning to wake up, so he drank some more of it; not that he could really figure out what it was. It tasted herbal, but it wasn't a combination he was familiar with.

"Feeling better?" Sue asked with a gentle smile as he finally managed to concentrate on her.

"Yeah, thanks," he said, feeling a bit awkward, "I've no idea what's wrong with me."

"Oh dear."

That was the second time J.R.'s mom had said that.

"I suppose we really should have seen this coming," was the next even more worrying observation.

Apolo really didn't know what to say to that; he had no idea what was going on. Confused didn't really cover his current state of mind.

"Seen what?" he asked, since he had to say something.

Sue smiled at him kindly and patted his hand.

"How long have you been attracted to my son?" was really not what he had expected her to say next.

The words 'oh shit' and other similar statements sailed through his head and he tried very, very hard not to panic. That was something he had never, ever told anyone. When he'd started having feelings about the cute, bouncy teenage J.R. he had decided he was a sick fuck and buried them very, very deep. He hadn't let them out since, not even when J.R. was finally legal.

"Um," he said, doing his best to look totally innocent, "why would you ask something like that?"

He considered running away; he was pretty sure he was faster than J.R.'s mom, even in his current state. Surprisingly, Sue smiled at him again and just patted him on the hand a second time.

"Because, Apolo, you're here now and you seem very distracted," she told him. "J.R. is in his room, but most of the rest of the world thinks he is out of the country. You are one up on them."

"I didn't know he was here," Apolo protested, although he wasn't sure why.

The sympathetic smile was becoming annoying.

"Tell me the truth, Apolo," Sue said in a tone that threatened dire consequences if he lied, "why did you come here; somewhere in your muddled brain you do know."

He didn't want to admit it, but he didn't seem to have a choice.

"To find J.R.," he said quietly.

"And my first question?" Sue pressed gently.

"Too long," he replied, hoping that the wrath of a mother was not about to come down on him from on high.

It shocked him when Sue smiled at him yet again.

"I supposed it should not come as a surprise that you have a great deal of will power," Sue said, looking him over as if checking for something; "you have hidden it very well. From your attitude I assume you have never approached J.R. about this?"

Apolo shook his head; this was so not the conversation he wanted to be having, but it appeared he was stuck with it.

"Sorry," he said, not sure what else he could say.

"No need to apologise, Apolo," Sue said and squeezed his hand this time; "I still cannot believe we did not realise. It does explain why J.R. has been mooning over you so long. We thought his instincts might be off."

It took a few moments for Apolo to process that statement.

"Did you just say ..?" he trailed off as he doubted his own hearing.

His mind had been playing tricks on him with his dreams after all.

"You must be so confused," Sue said sympathetically; "I think I had better explain."

Apolo really wished someone would.

"Come on," she said, standing up and pulling him towards the living room, "let's sit somewhere more comfortable for this."

It wasn't really as if Apolo was in any position to argue, so he went along meekly, still clutching his herbal tea.

"There's something you don't know about Bob's side of the family," Sue told him as they sat down; "it's something we don't talk about."

That sounded ominous and Apolo wasn't sure where this was going.

"Should you really be telling me this?" he asked, unsure if he wanted the responsibility that he knew knowledge could give him.

Sue smiled at him.

"You need to know," she told him with all the certainty of someone who knew exactly what she was doing.

With his way out of the situation blocked, Apolo waited to find out what was going on.

"Bob's family, and hence our boys," Sue said with the most honest and open expression on her face, "are werewolves."

Apolo looked down at his mug.

"What's in this tea," he asked simply, "I think I'm hallucinating."

There was no way Sue had just tried to tell him her husband and sons were werewolves, that would just be ridiculous. He had to be reacting to something, that was the only explanation.

"Apolo," Sue said, making him look back at her, "you heard right, we are talking about werewolves, real ones."

His brain kind of skipped a bit and he totally failed to believe what he was hearing.

"Full moon, slathering jaws, werewolves?" he asked, even though he was pretty sure he had to be losing it.

Sue patted him on the hand kindly in a very motherly gesture.

"Actually, nothing to do with the full moon, can change into wolves and will run around the woods like a bunch of puppies if I let them werewolves," she replied, clearly aware that he was having a bit of a mental meltdown. "Except for J.R. that is; he's hasn't changed yet. That's why he's home, he's coming up to his first shift and that's not a pleasant time for a werewolf. He's in his room curled up and

feeling miserable until it happens. It's something all werewolves have to go through."

Apolo found himself looking in the direction of where he knew J.R.'s room was even though he was trying to process all the information.

"You seriously expect me to believe that?" he said as he just couldn't make his mind accept it.

"No, not really," Sue said, not in the least bit offended, "come on, I'll prove it to you."

This time Apolo left his mug behind, but did follow when his hand was grabbed and he was dragged towards the back of the house.

"Bob, honey," Sue called out when they reached the back door.

It was the weekend, so it wasn't really a surprise when J.R.'s dad appeared with some form of power tool in his hand from where he had to have been doing something in the yard.

"Oh, hi, Apolo," Bob greeted with a smile and put the tool down and jogged towards them.

"Honey, Apolo's here because of J.R.," Sue said quickly and Apolo wondered if he should interrupt her before her husband decided she had gone crazy, "he was drawn here. I tried to explain, but fell at the first corner; I thought perhaps you could prove it."

Bob looked a little shocked and Apolo wasn't really surprised, he just hoped that the whole werewolf thing was because J.R.'s mom was on medication or something, because he couldn't imagine J.R. dealing too well with a crazy mom. J.R.'s family were very close even when they were spread all over the country.

"Sure," Bob said and Apolo wondered if humouring Sue was something the whole family did that he didn't know about, "this must be really confusing for you, Apolo."

There weren't enough ways to express how confusing it was and he nodded.

"Watch my eyes," was not what he expected Bob to say next.

He did it anyway, just in case it was important and then he took a rather startled step back as he watched Bob's eyes change from their usual colour, turn golden just like a dog's and then flow back to normal.

"What the f-hell?" he corrected himself at the last minute, having had the whole not swearing in front of his elders thing drilled into him by his dad.

"Just breathe," Sue said, stroking his arm gently, "I know this is a lot to take in."

Apolo thought about just freaking out.

"A lot?" he kind of squeaked, which would have been embarrassing if it hadn't been genuine emotion.

A lot was being asked to join the Olympic team or winning gold, being told one of your really good friends and half his family were werewolves, that was on a whole other scale.

"Come on," Sue said, leading him back inside, closely followed by Bob, "you need to sit down again and you need some more of the tea."

At first he followed and then it occurred to him what Sue had just said.

"What's in the tea?" he asked, not understanding why he needed it.

"It's a little cocktail of things that take the edge off the werewolf influence," Sue told him and pushed him back into the seat he had occupied earlier; "the boys use it when the call of the wild is a little too much."

Apolo still didn't get it and his face must have shown it.

"J.R. is influencing you," Bob said, sitting down on the couch opposite him; "he's reaching out to you because of his current state. The tea will let you think clearly. It will only stop when you are with him."

Looking down, Apolo stared at the green liquid in the mug as Sue gave it back to him, then he shrugged and took a sip since he was beginning to feel a bit lost again. It did make him feel better.

"Why is this happening?" he asked, wanting to know the truth.

He looked at Sue and then Bob.

"Werewolves know when they meet their life partner," Bob said simply; "I knew the moment I met Sue. It's part chemical, part mystical and no one can really explain it. When J.R. first met you he was not old enough to understand, but he began to later, only the other half of the partnership is supposed to feel it as well. You did not seem to respond."

Apolo sat on the need to laugh, because he thought he might not stop if he started.

"I didn't think it was appropriate," he said, since it was his only explanation.

The fact was, he had buried everything so deep he had tried to forget it was even there. They had been teammates and friends and he had had no idea that J.R. felt anything for him.

"When a werewolf is going through a time of trial when their human nature is fighting with their animalistic on, their life partner feels it," Sue said, speaking to him gently. "At some level you must have accepted J.R. even though neither of you realised it, or he wouldn't be able to reach out to you."

Apolo did snort a laugh at that; he'd accepted J.R. alright, but he'd channelled it all into the little brother box in his head. Trying to change that was difficult, but he already knew it was happening.

"Can I help him?" he asked, since it seemed to be the one thing at the front of his mind.

There seemed to be no fighting what he was feeling and he always tried to accept facts that he could not change, even if it meant working around them. In this case he didn't want to avoid it. Sue looked at her husband who stood up.

"Just being with him will help him," Bob said and indicated the stairs.

Apolo had been in the Celski house many times and he knew where Bob was taking him.

"Follow your instincts, Apolo," Bob told him when they reached J.R.'s door; "whatever they tell you. You know him better than you can imagine."

It didn't feel like he did, but he nodded anyway; he knew all about instincts. Sometimes what won you the race was instinct. He slipped into J.R.'s room quietly, not wanting to disturb the other skater if he was sleeping, but when a rather pathetic, "Mom?" came from under the rumpled covers, he moved directly over to the bed.

"Not your mom," he said quietly, feeling about a hundred times better now that he had J.R. within reach.

Werewolf bonds, not something he had ever thought would be part of his life, but the evidence was right there in front of him and he wasn't a fan of self delusion. The difference from being outside the room to being inside it was incredible; he never would have believed it.

J.R.'s head appeared from beneath the sheets and tired, bloodshot eyes looked up at him in confusion.

"Apolo?" J.R. asked, sounding even more confused than Apolo had felt earlier.

"Yeah, it's me," he replied, looking over his young friend critically.

J.R. really did look in a bad way. Sue had made it clear that what J.R. was going through was perfectly normal, but that didn't make his suffering any easier to look at.

"Was dreaming about you," J.R. mumbled, blinking at him as if he wasn't really sure he was there.

"I know," he replied and kicked off his shoes, lifting the corner of J.R.'s rumpled bedclothes and climbing underneath, "now shut up and come here."

He opened his arms and J.R. looked at him like he was something out of a fantasy before crawling towards him and taking up the offer. From the look of J.R.'s face, J.R. still thought it was a dream. When he wrapped J.R. in his arms and cuddled him close, J.R. actually let out a moan of abject pleasure and relaxed against him.

"Your mom explained everything," Apolo said, stroking a hand over J.R.'s back, trying to give any comfort he could, "so I'm here as long as you need me."

J.R. looked up at him at that.

"She called you?" J.R. asked, suddenly worried.

"No," Apolo replied, running his fingers through J.R.'s hair and urging him to relax again, "you did."

"I couldn't," J.R. said, and Apolo could feel him frowning against his chest.

"Not on board with all the mystical stuff?" Apolo asked, smiling since he really didn't think he'd have bought any of it either if it hadn't bitten him on the arse.

J.R. shifted against him and if felt surprisingly right.

"Thought it had to be crap," J.R. replied, but he didn't lift his head again.

"Yeah, well I'm here aren't I?" Apolo replied, smiling fondly even though he knew J.R. couldn't see him. "The dreams were very persuasive."

J.R. shifted again and it felt kind of nice.

"Dreams?" J.R. asked.

"All night, every night for the past three nights," he said, feeling his cock shift as he remembered them all too clearly.

Some of the dreams had been innocent and just about J.R., memories mixed with normal, everyday things, others hadn't been. In fact some had been downright perverted and Apolo was definitely not telling J.R. about those, at least not yet.

"Sorry," J.R. apologised. "You never reacted before, I thought I was on the wrong track."

"You know how I've been avoiding candy bars and dairy and fried foods and basically everything I love to eat for the past decade and a bit?" he replied, willing his hard-on away as well as he could.

"Um, yeah," J.R. replied, snuggling even closer in a way that suggested he wasn't really aware he was doing it.

"Will power is good for avoiding more than food," Apolo revealed and this time J.R. did look up again.

J.R.'s eyes were wide and surprised.

"Since when?" J.R. asked, clearly shocked.

"When did you start looking at me that way?" Apolo asked, since he thought it was probably linked.

"Oh my god," J.R. said, mouth opening in shock, "that long!"

It was funny, Apolo didn't feel like such a pervert anymore.

"You can see why I repressed," he said in explanation.

"Yeah," J.R. agreed and put his head back down.

Just then J.R. gasped and shuddered and gripped Apolo hard with the arm slung over his chest. Without really knowing what he was doing, Apolo just reacted, rubbing J.R.'s back and just trying to be helpful in a situation where he felt kind of helpless.

"Cramps," J.R. said quietly when it finally passed.

"Part of the whole changing thing?" Apolo replied, still stroking J.R.'s hair and back in almost automatic need. "They look bad."

J.R. didn't reply as first, seemingly enjoying what Apolo was doing.

"Feel worse than when I woke up after they fixed my leg," J.R. admitted finally.

Apolo couldn't help it; he pulled J.R. closer wanting to do anything to ease the younger man's pain.

"What can I do?" he asked, needing to know.

"You're already doing it," J.R. replied, sounding so incredibly tired.

At least that made Apolo feel a little useful.

"Can you sleep at all?" he asked, trying to look at this logically.

"Hmmm, maybe a little," J.R. said after a few moments; "with you here."

"Then don't worry about being a stunning conversationalist and just let go, okay?" he instructed in his best, I am older than you I know better tone.

J.R. sniggered very quietly at that.

"Yes, Coach," J.R. replied, but his tone was very sleepy, which Apolo counted as a victory.

Over the next hour or so J.R. dozed between bouts of cramps and Apolo just held him, letting his mind drift and refusing to think about the bigger picture. His bigger picture had just tilted so much that it was falling out of its frame and he needed time to process everything, so he concentrated on J.R. and letting everything else stew in his unconscious. It was about the fifth time J.R. came back to reality that Apolo realised something had changed. The way J.R. shifted against him was different and his instincts were telling him different things.

"You okay, J.R.?" he asked, wanting to make sure this wasn't some new torment that J.R. was about to begin.

"Dreaming," J.R. mumbled and shifted again.

That was when Apolo felt something brush against his leg, something that was definitely not J.R.'s hip or thigh and he realised why J.R. seemed somewhat more awkward than before. The little gasp that accompanied the touch told him that J.R. was in a very sensitive state.

"About me?" Apolo asked, shifting himself slightly to cause the contact again.

J.R. moaned very quietly, thrusting his hips just a little, seemingly completely unable to control himself.

"Yeah," J.R. finally admitted, "only ever dream about you anymore."

"Roll over," he said, releasing J.R. a little, "let me help."

For a moment J.R. hesitated, but then shifted onto his back and Apolo scooted in close again so they were lying side by side. J.R. was wearing a wife-beater and a pair of boxer, but they were no obstacle to Apolo and he slowly slipped his hand into J.R.'s shorts. J.R. was breathing in slow, shallow breaths and muttering things in a very, very quiet voice no more than a whisper so Apolo couldn't hear. The way J.R.'s hips bucked into his touch was so needy that it made Apolo's head spin with pure desire. He'd felt his fair share of lust in his time, but never quite that raw and he had to fight the sudden desire to flip J.R. over and fuck him through the mattress; it was a very heady experience. J.R. was in no state for that and since his main concern was J.R. he managed to focus on what he was doing.

"Relax," he said, wrapping his fingers around J.R.'s hard cock, "just let it happen."

The only reply was another moan and J.R. was like putty under his hands, malleable and pliant and needy.

The dream had obviously been a good one because J.R. was completely hard, not halfway there, and Apolo didn't think J.R. was going to last long. He stroked J.R. long and slow, needing no help, because J.R.'s cock was providing its own lubrication very well and J.R. was beginning to move his hips in regular time.

J.R. was quiet, after all it was his room in his parent's house and Apolo remembered what it was like to jerk off with a parent not far away and habits died hard, but the tiny noises J.R. did make were music to Apolo's ears. So fresh, so needy and Apolo had only ever felt as in control and perfectly poised as he did bringing J.R. to the edge, when he was on the ice skating for those elusive medals. It was a moment of pure power and he felt the familiar thrill of winning when J.R. finally bucked up hard and turned his head into Apolo's shoulder to muffle the sound of the cry that fell from that sweet mouth.

"God you're beautiful," he whispered.

Even though J.R. was grungy and yucky from struggling with his condition, Apolo didn't think he's seen anything so gorgeous in his entire life. He grabbed some Kleenex from the bedside table and did his best to clean up J.R. and his hand as

well as possible, but it wasn't that important and he was more worried about J.R.. He realised he shouldn't have been though because, by the time he was done, J.R. was all but dozing again. Apolo was as hard as a rock in his sweatpants, but there was nothing he could do about it.

"You owe me, Kid," he muttered and gathered J.R. close again.

Throughout the rest of the day and into the night Apolo looked after J.R. as well as he could, giving him water, feeding him little titbits of food and helping the younger man out with several intimately needy situations and it was somewhere around midnight when things changed again, J.R. woke up fully for the first time in ages and pushed himself away from Apolo.

"J.R.?" Apolo questioned as J.R. threw off the covers and stumbled out of bed.

"It's starting," J.R. said and almost instantly winced and curled in on himself.

"Can I help?" he asked, sitting up, but J.R. held up his hand and shook his head.

"No," J.R. told him, "I have to do this myself."

J.R. cried out, body convulsing in a way that did not look remotely normal or comfortable. He fell to his knees, trying to scrabble out of his shirt and shorts as quickly as possible. J.R.'s body was beautiful and if it hadn't been for the fact that J.R. was clearly in pain, Apolo would have been admiring the view. The fact was, this time, the expression of discomfort did not leave J.R.'s features and it was clear to Apolo that the pain was not going away. He crawled to the side of the bed so that he could see J.R. clearly as the younger man fell forward onto his hands and knees.

J.R. was panting and Apolo could see the sweat glistening in the light from the bedside table that he had never switched off. The muscles were taut under J.R.'s skin and he was shaking and Apolo really wanted to reach out and touch, to sooth J.R. in some way, but J.R. had told him to stay back, so he did.

As he watched, J.R.'s skin rippled and J.R. cried out quietly, biting his lip and Apolo thought he might have seen a hint of red as he bit too hard. It was so hard to watch and he felt himself flinch as J.R.'s body began to shift in ways that a human body really shouldn't have been able to. Muscles twitched, joints popped and it was almost as if J.R.'s body was imploding in on itself. It was as if J.R. was losing shape rather than changing it and then suddenly, as if the change had passed the point of no return, J.R.'s whole form appeared to shrink and then grow back into a different shape entirely. It happened so quickly that Apolo's eyes could barely follow what happened, but he did see J.R.'s skin sprout dark hair all over and then he was looking at a wolf, an honest to god wolf.

J.R. was black, completely black from nose to tail and one of his eyes was golden, just like Apolo had seen on Bob, but the other was pale blue. It gave J.R. a very surreal air.

Sliding off the bed, Apolo came to his knees next to the wolf, unable to resist the urge to reach out and touch J.R.'s soft, glossy coat. It was silky under his fingers and he ran his hand up J.R.'s back and he felt J.R. shiver under his hand. Then J.R. looked at him with those weird eyes, wagged his tail and jumped on him, literally. He was not exactly well braced and he overbalanced, ending up on his back with J.R. on top of him, tongue lolling out and tail wagging madly.

"Y'know," Apolo said from his rather awkward position, "you're heavy."

For a few moments he was regarded by the wolf and then J.R. yipped at him and jumped off up onto the bed. It was then that J.R. seemed to catch sight of his tail and was suddenly going in mad circles trying to catch it. It was the funniest thing Apolo had seen in a long time, and, sitting up, he began to laugh, loudly. J.R. stopped his antics almost instantly and sat down, looking at him with a kind of hurt expression.

"What?" Apolo asked him innocently. "If you're going to act like a puppy, I get to laugh."

J.R. made a whining noise at him as if reproaching him for his attitude, so Apolo reached out and scratched the wolf behind the ear. J.R. was as beautiful as a wolf as he was as a human and his fur was so incredibly soft that all Apolo wanted to do was keep touching it. It was difficult not to lean forward and just bury his face in it. However, before he could embarrass himself as much as J.R. just had he felt the fur under his hand shortening and J.R.'s form was shifting right there in front of him. In a couple of seconds, J.R. was sitting on the bed, sweaty and breathing hard, but smiling.

"Are you okay?" Apolo asked straight away, cupping his hand over J.R.'s cheek and lacing his fingers through J.R.'s damp hair.

J.R. nodded and he looked tired, but exhilarated as well, kind of like after a long training session.

"I feel much better," J.R. told him, "now that I've finally done it. It's just the build up that's bad. I remember when Chris went through it; he was laid up for over a week."

Apolo leant forward and gave him a quick kiss on the forehead. It was a bit of an anticlimax after all the strain of the last twelve hours or so, but he was very glad it was over.

"So you can change whenever you like now?" he asked, wanting to make sure he understood it all correctly.

"Yeah," J.R. said, sounding excited, "I can show you if you want."

That made him laugh again, maybe J.R. had regressed when he changed shape; he certainly sounded like an excited kid.

"No," he said, still laughing, "I believe you and you still look like shit."

"I'm just tired," J.R. replied and smiled back, "I'll be fine in the morning."

Having a naked J.R. sitting in front of him was very tempting, there was only one problem.

"And you stink," he said with a grin, "don't forget that part."

"So do you," J.R. protested fiercely and made him grin even more; "you've been in bed with me."

"That I am well aware of," he replied, feeling more than a little relieved now that J.R. seemed to be much more himself again, "so go take a shower; I'll strip the bed then come join you and then we can get some real sleep."

At that J.R. definitely looked interested and somewhat more awake; Apolo had the distinct impression J.R. was focusing on the shower part, not the sleeping. If he admitted it to himself, Apolo was rather interested in the shower part too, but he wasn't sure J.R. was really in any state for it.

"Okay," J.R. agreed, magnanimously letting Apolo help him off the bed, "but you promise to join me right?"

"Go," was all Apolo said and smacked J.R. on the arse simply because he couldn't resist it.

J.R. glared at him for that, but did reach for a robe on the back of the door.

"And remember you parents are asleep down the hall," Apolo added and J.R. looked kind of shocked; it didn't look as if J.R. had thought of that. "Be good and I'll teach you how to have sex, really, really quietly."

He had never really considered him and J.R.; it hadn't been something he'd let himself do, but he did then and the half scared, half intrigued expression on J.R.'s face made up for all the wanting. This was going to be one interesting relationship, but he was so looking forward to it.

The End