

Chaos Has Come Again

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Chaos Has Come Again

by [alpha_raeken](#)

Summary

“Did you really think *that* could contain something like *me*?” the amusement was more than obvious in the tone and Stiles could imagine the curl of those lips.

Theo Raeken’s lips.

Notes

In case the tags were confusing I tagged it Theo/Stiles because I've altered canon so completely that in this Season Five AU world Theo Raeken was always the Nogitsune (at least from the point they thought they'd trapped the Nogitsune once more). Theo and the Nogitsune are one in the same. Hope that makes sense of some kind.

Basically I really loved the idea that one of the reasons Theo was so interested in Stiles, so protective and involved, was because he was always the Nogitsune and he had come back for Stiles. It seemed far too interesting and I had to try my hand at it even if I crashed and burned in the process.

I hope some of you enjoy this particular AU. You have to admit the amount of chaos, strife and pain Theo caused really did fit with the kind of thing an Nogitsune would relish and encourage.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“I missed you, Stiles.” The words were practically purred against the shell of Stiles’s ear before a tongue lightly traced a path up the sensitive skin. He shuddered and bit back a whimper. “I was worried it would take far too long to find a new...body. One that would appeal to you and even then, once I had made it my own, you were the only one suspicious of me. *Again*. Always so suspicious.”

Stiles’s breathing hitched in his throat and he could feel the way his cock was hardening in his pants completely against his wishes. He *shouldn’t* be reacting to the Nogitsune like this. It was bad enough when he’d simply thought it was Theo who was causing such interest but to know it was the Nogitsune the entire time?

It was *wrong*.

“You...” a shiver ran down his spine and Stiles swallowed, “You were trapped. We...we won. You were...it’s supposed to be *over*. You’re supposed to be gone.”

The Nogitsune laughed softly, standing right behind him and pressed along his back, as Stiles fought down the warring emotions inside of him. His body responded so easily, so readily, to the creature circling him like prey and at the same time his mind was screaming out reminders of the last time he had come into contact with the Nogitsune.

Allison had *died*. People had died and suffered. He’d almost lost his own mind, almost lost himself completely. His hands were soaked in the blood of innocents. His very soul stained by the chaos the fox had wrought.

“Did you really think *that* could contain something like *me*?” the amusement was more than obvious in the tone and Stiles could imagine the curl of those lips.

Theo Raeken’s lips.

Stiles could vaguely remember Theo when they were younger, the same baseball team and same class, but Stiles knew the Nogitsune had no reason to lie about its latest...*host*.

He had thought something was different about Theo, had been obsessive with his *need* to prove his thoughts true and now Stiles wondered if the Nogitsune would have left him alone if his curiosity hadn’t won out. Stiles had been right but at what cost?

Had the Nogitsune ever been trapped? Or had they all just deluded themselves?

Fingers trailed over his body eliciting another shiver and Stiles bit back a moan of appreciation that threatened to escape at the warmth left behind. There was something about the Nogitsune, each and every single touch, that had him wanting desperately to give in.

He had done it once before and it would be so easy to stop fighting.

It would be so easy to stop fighting and struggling and suffering if he just gave in. The clever fingers, warm lips and solid body pressed against his spoke of nothing but *pleasure* in his future instead of the pain that was constantly trying to drown him. Submitting to the

thousand-year-old spirit would be effortless, painless if the touches and warmth were true promises instead of pretty lies.

“I came back for you, *Stiles*, my precious little fox.” This time it was a snicker that escaped. The sound sent a shiver up his spine and had a kind of tension creeping along his shoulders. “Such a willful, strong little puzzle you are. Clever, tenacious, smart, vicious, vindictive, loyal, sly...*beautiful*.”

Stiles knew his heart was pounding, thought it might pound right out of his chest, and he knew the creature could smell exactly what kind of effect it was having on him. There was no way to hide it. Stiles’s eyes fluttered closed as a hand trailed lower, teasingly touching him, as his cheeks flushed and without conscious thought he leaned slowly into the touch.

This was wrong.

It was so wrong and Stiles should tear himself away. He should run and lock himself up but he couldn’t and he wouldn’t. Instead he leaned back into the warm, solid body behind him. He felt wanted, warm...*safe* and it shouldn’t be possible but somehow it *was*. Stiles was *tired*. He was tired of fighting and struggling and failing. He was tired of being ignored, of his warnings being scoffed at and the near constant fear that he was going to lose what little he had left.

Stiles was tired of *suffering*.

Another hand tugged his head to the side and offered up his throat, vulnerable and exposed, as lips traced a warm trail over the exposed column of his neck. “Mine. All mine.” Those same lips curved into a smile of pleasure, a knowing smile because the Nogitsune knew him better than anyone or anything had any kind of right. The fox had seen his heart, his soul and the darkest of thoughts he’d carefully hidden away in the further corners of his mind.

It had seen all of that and had relished it, had sunk its teeth and claws in, even as Stiles had fought to hide even the tiniest of thoughts that could be twisted and used against him.

Teeth nipped at the skin on display and this time Stiles failed to hold back the moan the fox effortlessly pulled from him. Shame and arousal warred inside of him as he was spun, shoved down so he was laid out on his bed, while the Nogitsune watched him with a predatory gaze.

Theo Raeken had grown into a handsome, sinful temptation Stiles couldn’t deny no matter how hard he’d fought against the thoughts seeing Theo once more had dredged up.

The Nogitsune had chosen right. Had chosen someone that Stiles couldn’t deny an attraction to and idly, distantly, he wondered at all of the actions *Theo Raeken* had taken since he’d shown back up. The flower, the knowing looks and effortlessly stepping in to massacre the chimera threatening to kill him. All of those glances, touches and knowing little smirks had been the Nogitsune.

All of the brushes of fingers, shoulders, and the way Theo’s eyes had tracked his movements had been the fox he’d thought long gone.

He wondered if Theo was even still in there or if he'd given in and allowed himself the freedom of slipping away into death. The Nogitsune had only teased him, tempted him, with the release it had no intention of actually giving him.

"The only one to ever best me. The only one worthy of being *mine*."

The hunger in the Nogitsune's eyes had Stiles's fingers curling into his sheets as the fox stalked forward, tugging off his clothes and tossing them to the side, until Stiles was laid out completely exposed for its pleasure. He could see the lust clearly on the Nogitsune's handsome face, more evidence was present where its cock pressed obviously against the pants it was wearing, as Stiles lay in a kind of offering before it.

"My precious little fox." Bright eyes flashed and Stiles shifted as its clothing joined his in a discarded heap before a warm body was pressed against his. The mattress groaned at the added weight and Stiles bit back a whimper when their hard cocks brushed against each other. "All mine." The temptation to give in on constant offer, a little voice in his head promising freedom and safety, as his resistance crumbled into ash. "Only mine."

The Nogitsune had always known his weakness, where to press and pull, in its effort to bend and shape him to its will. It had teased pushed, pulled and teased out his submission until he'd given in.

Lips attacked his neck, once more pulling moans and gasps and whimpers from him effortlessly, as Stiles pressed up into the Nogitsune's body. His legs fell open without thought as it settled between them and a sharp pain at the base of his neck where it met his shoulder had him jerking in surprise. A sound of approval escaped the ancient creature pinning him to the bed and Stiles turned to stare into blazing eyes.

Greed.

Hunger.

Satisfaction.

Insatiable lust.

Possessiveness.

He swallowed roughly as it crushed their mouths together, rocking up against him and moaning against his mouth. Theo took and took and took. Everything Stiles had was greedily taken. Stiles gasped at the sensation allowing the Nogitsune to slip its tongue into his mouth, effortlessly taking complete control and causing Stiles's body to heat with his increasing arousal.

Slowly the fox pulled back, shifting his body and then a cold, wet finger rubbed against his hole. He hadn't even noticed the lube let alone any kind of movement to get it.

Stiles jerked, eyes wide and mouth dropped open in shock, as it slowly worked a finger inside of him. It burned as his body tensed but the Nogitsune kept going, pumping the finger and

crooking it, until he was easily thrusting it in and out of Stiles. A second finger was added, the two fingers fucking him open, before they twisted and rubbed.

Pleasure burst inside of him causing Stiles's mouth to drop open for an entirely different reason. His eyes hooded and his lips parted as he panted, cheeks flushing darkly, as Theo's eyes stared at him hungrily. They never once looked away from him, drinking in his reactions and very clearly relishing every sound that escaped him, as another finger pushed inside.

It burned and ached and Stiles could only shove himself into them. He writhed and twisted, lost to sin and pleasure, while the Nogitsune turned its fingers and started rubbing right against his prostate. His ass clenched, his muscles shuddered underneath his overwarm skin and Stiles practically howled his orgasm. All the while knowing fingers worked him loose, open and slick, until satisfaction filled the face above him.

"My tempting little fox." Theo breathed, lips curling and glee more than evident, as Stiles lay there limply on the bed. He felt loose, pliant, as he rode the lingering waves of his orgasm. "I was going to wait," the words were almost lost as strong hands rolled him over on his belly, fingers curled around him and guided him up to his knees. Stiles was more than pliable at this point, mind fuzzy and blissed as each touch seemed to send more of that feeling of warmth and safety bounding through him, until the Nogitsune deemed him in a satisfactory position.

His knees spread out on the mattress, ass canted up, back bowed in perfect submission and cheek resting on the cool sheets. Idly fingers danced along the slope of his back, teased over his sensitive hole and retreated briefly. Seconds passed between the last touch and the blunt pressure against his hole. For a moment something in him tensed, prey sensing the ultimate predator closing in, as the Nogitsune began a slow push into him.

Seconds seemed to drag out for hours as the fox buried itself inside of him. Every inch added a new level to the burn of being stretched open on a cock for the very first time. Stiles's mouth fell open, his breathing became ragged and uneven, while the Nogitsune fucked itself further into him until balls rested snug up against his aching ass. There was a dull roar in his ears, the pounding of his blood surging through his veins, while the warm line of Theo's body draped over his in a possessive display of ownership that was undeniable.

It was only for a brief moment, as though a warning and a promised rolled into one, before the Nogitsune was moving back and gripping his hips as its hips rolled back. Everything stilled, frozen and waiting, then the Nogitsune was slamming back inside with one, rough snap of its hips.

The pace was brutal in both its power and intensity as control, tenuous at best on good days, spiraled right out of his control. Stiles couldn't even attempt to grasp it as the ringing slap of skin against skin rung in his ears, filled the room. The sound seemed to condemn him but he'd already given in and there was no closing that door once it was open.

Distantly he could hear moaning, desperate and needy, as Stiles tried to place the source until he realized the rough voice wordlessly begging was his own.

"*Theo*." The Nogitsune breathed out in a response to a question Stiles hadn't even bothered to ask and had only, briefly, thought. "Call me Theo because I am. So many different names

over the centuries but now...now it's Theo."

Stiles's fingers yanked and twisted in the sheets under his hands, seeking purchase or simply some way to hold on, as powerful thrusts jarred his body and send shocking jolts of pleasure racing through him.

He'd know, some part of him, that the tension and suspicion between them was going to end up like this. It had been there in the looks, the touches and the subtle little hints in Theo's speech. Stiles just hadn't known there was a fox lurking underneath Theo's handsome face. He simply hadn't known what he was going to surrender when the truth had come out.

The sensations burning in his body tingled, coiled and built, as the Nogitsune, as *Theo*, roughly fucked him. Fingers dug into his hip and another hand came up to curl in the strands of his hair, pressing his face down harder into the mattress.

Complete loss of control.

With a strangled *Theo* he threw away the last of his control and gave into the sinful promise housed in the warm body pounding into him. And the fox greedily pounced on it, power surging through him and sinking into the very marrow of Stiles's bones.

"Mine." Dark pleasure saturated the voice, "My little *fox*."

The dark, thick and twisted power swimming through his veins warmed and then it *burned* as it seemed to explode through him in an all-consuming wave of darkness. His mouth fell open, everything in him locked up, as *Theo* fucked him right through it never breaking rhythm.

He lost his hold on reality, tumbling down down down, as the only grounding force was the warmth from the Nogitsune's touch and the quick rhythmic smack of his hips connecting with Stiles's ass.

"Please please please please please." He didn't know what he was begging for, what he needed, but Theo must have known.

The smooth voice cooed at him, soothing and praising, even as Theo's pace picked up and he was brutally fucking Stiles right into the mattress. "Shhhh, little fox, shhhh." Theo cooed in wicked delight, "I have you and I will *always* take good care of what is *mine*. *Always and forever*."

Stiles found himself yanked up, body pressed against Theo's chest, as the Nogitsune slammed up into him. Something shoved past his rim before it swelled and then Theo was coming with a deep groan of satisfaction. Stiles's vision whited out as pleasure, blinding and consuming, blazed through every single inch of his body. The only thing keeping him up right was the tight hold that was just as much threat as it was promise.

Then sharp teeth were sinking into his shoulder. They dug deep, sinking in and marking, as Theo claimed him with a possessive snarl. Inside of him the Nogitsune's cock pulsed, repeatedly spilling into Stiles, as the dull pain of an unexpected stretch barely registered in the face of all other sensation.

His eyes drooped, muscles going lax and body heavy. So very, very heavy. Seconds, minutes, maybe hours passed locked in the fox's hold before teeth retracted and a warm tongue languidly lapped up his spilled blood.

"Mmmmm." Stiles sighed as Theo moaned his approval at the taste of his blood, tongue swiping over the bite mark again. "My little fox." His eyelids were getting heavier and heavier, his breathing evening out and his mind drifting on the pleasure of a good fucking and the Nogitsune's power burrowing into him once more.

Resistance gone Stiles lost his hold on consciousness with a sigh.

Theo felt the way Stiles slipped into unconsciousness, lax and pliant in his arms, as he carefully eased his precious treasure back down onto the bed. He released a sigh, cock still pumping his release into Stiles, as his knot shifted where it was buried inside Stiles and pleasure rolled through him repeatedly.

Lazily he dragged in a breath, relishing the change already threading through Stiles's scent, as he twisted them on the bed so he could press his face right against his mark. A claim of ownership, unbreakable and a far greater bond than he'd ever forged. Even greater than the possession, complete and absolute, of his various hosts.

This body was perfect, already known to Stiles and more than strong enough to contain him thanks to the twisted experiments of *doctors* playing with powers they would never truly understand.

But they brought forth chaos, strife and pain so he would allow them to continue. The chaos they would bring about would be important in helping a fledgling Nogitsune build its strength.

Stiles would make a gorgeous Nogitsune. He'd always been a pretty little fox, full of wicked potential, but now the once-human would be able to embrace an existence far longer and richer than even Stiles could have dreamt up in that fascinating mind of his.

This was the first time in a life over a thousand years that he had claimed another in such a way. There had never been an interest or a need. Pleasure was taken from chaos, strife and pain. In the blood and tears meticulously dragged from his victims as they fought against

But he'd found his match and was loathed to relinquish his hold on Stiles.

Theo, one of many names he had adopted over the centuries, allowed himself to float on the high of his claim and the bond that pulsed bright, warm and perfectly stretched between them.

Periodically he tested his knot until he slipped free and without pausing he rolled Stiles onto his belly. A frown briefly marred his face, already missing the warmth of Stiles wrapped around him, after he'd eased out of Stiles's ass. The feeling passed quickly and in the next second Theo gave himself a moment to delight in the sight.

The sight of a claimed mate.

His release sluggishly leaked out of Stiles, messy and sloppy from the claim, as Theo reached for the plug he'd put in place for this very occasion. It pressed past the loose ring of Stiles's hole, pushed in and caught so it rested snugly inside keeping his release locked inside.

A pretty pink that only amused him as he took in the sight laid before him.

Stiles's scent was saturated in his own, claimed and owned so thoroughly his little fox would never escape. Knowing fingers trailed over the moles scattered across Stiles like little constellations as Theo watched the changes taking place.

To anyone else it would simply look as though Stiles was sleeping off a spectacular round of sex but to him it was something *more*. The body he'd created for Stiles as he'd separated them was reaching its full potential.

The potential that had been locked away until he'd been able to acquire a new form and return for his little fox. A gift just as much for Stiles as it was for him.

Now that sharp, wicked mind could flourish. The vicious little fantasies, the vicious protective nature and the unlimited potential could play out to their fullest. Stiles would have centuries, more if Theo had anything to say about it, to learn and grow and become the trickster he was meant to be.

It would take time for him to completely shed the humanity he'd clung to but that short time was nothing.

Stiles, changed or not, wouldn't be parted from his father but what was a few decades in a life as long as theirs would be? Beacon Hills had more than enough chaos, strife and pain to sate the two of them until they could move on.

The world was full of opportunities. Wars and petty fights to feed off of, to stoke the flames and watch as the humans burned their own world down around themselves. Other cities, like Beacon Hills, that drew the supernatural and turned into meccas of potential.

He eased Stiles over onto his back, removing the temptation to bury himself back inside and claim his mate again, as he took in the peaceful and handsome features of the one he'd chosen to bind to his existence.

Fingers once more traced a pattern in the moles and light freckles laid out on soft, smooth skin. Theo could see light little scars from injuries sustained after Stiles had gotten his new body.

Little imperfections that only spoke of Stiles's ability to survive in the face of such violence and adversity. He was a resilient little thing, wasn't he?

"They didn't know what you were, did they?" he asked Stiles's slumbering form, "Didn't know the fox buried inside the boy. Cunning, resourceful and vicious. A deceptive trickster in

the making. But I knew. I knew the second I touched you what you were, what you were meant to be.”

Stiles’s mind had been a playground he’d been hesitant to leave even as he had tested, taunted and exploited Stiles from within. If Stiles had somehow failed he wouldn’t have been worthy of the slumbering gift of certain immortality he had been given unknowingly.

But Stiles had passed in a glorious fashion even if the audacity had, at first, managed to enrage him at the swift end to his game.

Lazily he gained his feet, leaving Stiles to settle into the change, as he padded across the room and looked into the nearby mirror. It was a handsome face, a devil hidden behind such deceptive features, with a body built and finetuned into a killer.

Theo had already been twisted, broken and molded into something new, when he’d stumbled across the chimera. Stiles’s old childhood friend’s hands were already soaked in blood, soul stained and tainted, when he had found him.

The warped DNA of multiple supernatural creatures was easy to alter, whispered words and nudges to the Dread Doctors, saw the werewolf aspect being diminished for the fox they had used.

It had been painful, so very painful for the chimera, but the end result was exactly what he’d needed. The cracks were big enough for him to effortlessly slip inside, burrow deep and infect until every single inch of Theo was *his*.

He let his eyes rove over the body he’d claimed, the body he’d chosen, and released a satisfied hum of approval. *This* was a body he would keep, a face that could only help him to succeed, as he guided Stiles on a delightful path of destruction.

Chaos would reign once more.

End Notes

How'd I do? Did I nail it or was that so far out that I wasn't even in the ballpark of nailing anything? I have had this sitting in my unfinished folder for months.

I was a bit nervous about this one, truth be told, mostly because I made Theo Raeken the Nogitsune and I'm not sure how that would be taken since I did tag this as Theo/Stiles (I don't want to lead anyone on about the ship even though, as I said, Theo is the Nogitsune in this one). I loved twisting the interest/obsession Theo seemed to have with Stiles into something of a completely different level with the interest of a 1000+ year old fox. Also I really loved the Nogitsune and I love Theo...it only made sense to combine them.

Regardless of your thoughts on this one thank you for giving it a shot! I'm going to go see if I can find something else in my unfinished folder to play with and eventually post.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!