

Chapter One

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The ghoul ran out the door screaming, liquid sloshing out of the solo cup, and Niel stepped aside.

“I thought you said this was a legal party,” Brenden said.

“It’s what I was told.”

“So that wasn’t alcohol in that cup?” the cougar asked.

“Ont if they want this to be legal,” Niel replied. “Look, you don’t have to come. This isn’t going to be your crowd.”

“Music,” the cougar said, raising a finger. “Costumes,” a second finger, “and dancing. Definitely my kind of party.”

“And guys hitting on you.” Niel stepped through the door and was nearly bowled over by someone dressed as a . . . robot? At least there was enough foil on them to be one.

“Looking like this?” Brenden asked, motioning to the black dress, the loose bracelets, and clip-on earrings, then shaking his head for the head fur extensions to dance. “In this crowd, women are going to be all over me.”

“And who are you again?” Niel asked and dodged the slap.

“Do not act like I’ve never shown you a picture of Tina Turner. The diva of the millennia. I swear I am going to put her discography on repeat for the rest of the year on your phone if you do.”

“Hey, I’d never do that.” On top of Brenden being one of the quarterbacks for the team, he was aiming for a master in information technology and was already a pretty good slicer, so threats against Niel’s phone were to be taken seriously.

“Anyway, at least I put work on my costume. What are you supposed to be again?”

“A pirate,” Niel replied. He’d come across the cheap tricorn hat on the trip with his dad to refresh their winter wardrobe, and he’d gotten the idea for the costume. A cheap plastic sword had

been easy to find, then Stewart had offered an old vest he didn't mind his son ruining. His father had been surprisingly lax when he'd found out Niel was gay and already sexually active when the whole 'spiked water with sex drug' thing had been revealed. He'd made Niel promise to be safe in the partner he chose and to tell him if any of them treated him badly and then just smiled and let him loose on the world.

Stewart knew exactly what Niel's plan was for this party, hence him handing over a vest he didn't mind having ruined.

Niel leaned close to the ear of his roommate and whispered. "I'm a butt pirate."

Brenden groaned, then they were inside party central.

The Halloween party for underage guys and girls had been advertised at the Eagle Club since the end of September. Niel hadn't planned on going, since gay clubs weren't his thing. But if this was the last night he could have sex without having to worry about one of his teammates making a big deal of it, he'd decided he was going to have a real celebration.

The music was loud, the lighting garish, and the costumes went from amazing to ridicule to, in one case, non-existent. No, two cases. Unless the exposed breasts on one and cock on the other were the costume. Niel decided not to go check.

He got to the bar and paid for a solo cup of juice for him and Brenden, then he walked around the dance floor, mixing it in with the guys on it.

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Niel kissed the jaguar in the black and white dyed fur as they slowly ground their crotch together. Both were shirtless, which revealed to Niel the guy had gone to the extent of doing at least his torso in the same black-and-white pattern. Something out of an old tv show. Niel hadn't cared. All he was interested in now was finding out if he'd down his entire body that way, and how much rubbing together it would take for the dye to transfer to the raccoon's fur.

The jaguar broke the kiss and pulled Niel off the dance floor and into one of the unoccupied booths. Then kissed him again while reaching into Niel's pants with a hand. The raccoon smiled in the kiss and thrust in the hand. He was really happy he'd gone for a loser pair. He had his hand behind the jaguar and undid the tail strap before pushing his hand down and squeezing the ass.

He broke the kiss and leaned close to the black ear. "Do you think we're going to get in trouble if I fuck you right here?" he had to raise his voice even this close to be heard.

The Jaguar pulled away in surprise. "Have you never come here before?" he replied. Niel shook his head, and the jaguar grinned. "The owner's something of a perv. So long as you don't mind the risk there's a camera looking in our directions, for *safety* reasons, while you fuck me. No one will complain."

They weren't breaking the law, and Niel wouldn't mind seeing his performance if someone brought up a recording in the process of trying to shame him or such a thing. He started pulling the jaguar's pants down, grinning. He had them to his knees and yes, the jaguar had dyed his fur black and white everywhere, when someone called.

"Niel Leslie?"

"Yeah," he replied, turning to see who it was. The only reason he could think was that Brenden had gotten into trouble and had gotten someone to get Niel. He didn't get to see who it was as a bag fell over his head, plunging him into darkness. Then hands pulled him out.

“Sorry, buddy,” a different voice said. “But this guy’s late for his curfew.”

What? “Let go of me!” He fought to get free, and a hand lost grip but was replaced by a surprisingly strong bear-hug. Niel wasn’t weak. Years of training as part of playing football had given him real muscles, but whoever held of him had more.

“Stop fighting,” someone said, “it’s only going to make things harder on you.”

“Are you fucking serious?” Niel yelled as he recognized the voice. “It’s not November yet!” He considered making even more of a scene than they had to be making, but if no one had intervened, it mean his teammates had talked with the club’s bouncers. He sighed and let go. He might as well let them do their little hazing ceremony for the start of No Nut November, and he’d try to find the jaguar again so they could finish this.

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Niel was put in a chair, and before he realized it was tied to it, then his pants were pulled off. “Really?” he demanded. “You guys don’t get enough of my cock in the locker room, you need to look at it again?” He frowned, in the bag created darkness, at the lack of chuckling.

The bag was unceremoniously pulled off his head, and he blinked at the harsh light, then looked around. He was one of twenty guys seated on chairs, tied and with their pants, as well as underwear, missing. The bank of light above them created a bubble, outside of which was pure darkness.

“We are so glad you could join us on this momentous occasion,” a deep voice said.

“What the fuck?” one of the guys in the chair said. “Murray, is that you? You guys know hazings are illegal, right? I swear, my dad’s going to sue your family so fucking hard for this.”

“This isn’t a hazing.” Something jingled as someone walked. “It is a show of support. You heard the coach, we are all in this together.” Men walked into the light from behind, then in front. They were shirtless but wore pants. As if they were making a point of the freshmen’s pantlessness.

“Does that mean you’re wearing one of those too?” the hedgehog said, nodding to the box Sampson held, the one where the jingling came from.

Jingling, metal, wearing no pants. Niel wasn’t the second to realize what was in the box, but his groan came soon after.

“Now, why would *we* need them?” Ackroyd said, grinning. “We weren’t the ones showing a lack of team spirit when the coach announced it, were we?”

“Nope, we are doing this full bore of our own volition,” Markham replied.

“Sure, you guys are going to abstain,” Brenden said. “The only person on the team hornier than you, Markham, is Leslie. I’m willing to bet that within ten minutes of leaving here your cock is in some girl’s pussy.”

“What you believe is irrelevant,” Ackroyd cut the badger off. “I am telling you that we, seniors, will abstain, and so will you, Freshmen.” He smiled toothily. “And that only you need to prove you’re doing it by wearing one of these lovely pieces of jewelry.” He took a cock cage from the box.

“You touch me with that,” Heinley said, and I am going to have you sued.

“Okay, I’ll just tell the coach how we found your stash of drugs. You know the policy on drug use among players, right?”

“You wouldn’t,” the boar said.

“I’d rather not,” the lion replied, grinning. “So it’s your decision.”

“Don’t you think you’re going too far?” Niel asked. “There’s already a threat of a lawsuit.”

“Oh, that’s not going to happen, right? I mean, would the coach want a player on the team who throws a frivolous lawsuit against another out of spite.”

“This is—” Prusik began.

“Your word against ours,” the lion replied. “Well, I guess it’s also that of every one of you who wants to side against the team.”

“It’s just one fucking month,” someone said.

“One month without sex,” someone else snapped angrily.

For them, Niel thought. He had more options, but he didn’t want to just agree. This was wrong, plain and simple. The question was, did he want to risk his scholarship to fight it? Football had gotten him in, even if he wasn’t sure it was going to be a career. As much as he loved the game, he thought he’d want something quieter to earn a living from. It was why he was working so hard in his history class. Teaching that would be perfect.

“Fuck,” Prusik said, admitting defeat. “That thing better be clean, Ackroyd. I catch anything because of it and I will sue you.”

“Clean and disinfected,” the lion replied proudly. “It isn’t like we want you to get sick and miss games or anything.”

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