

Chapter 49

Minneapolis, MN, October 15th

“Calm down,” Firmin told the other badger, sounding like he was about to laugh. “No one got hurt.”

Thomas paused by the door to the second floor lounge, where Jacques was glaring at Firmin, phone up and screen so the nearly laughing badger could see it.

“That is you,” Jacques said, his French accent slipping in.

Firmin smirked. “They can’t prove that.”

“I do not care!” Jacques ran a hand over his face. “Do you have any idea what I will be told to do if the family hears of this?”

“Then don’t tell them.” Firmin noticed Thomas watching and winked at him. When he continued, he was speaking French. Thomas made out ‘c’est pas grave’ which meant ‘it’s not that bad’ he thought. His French elective hadn’t instilled that deep of an understanding of the language and it wasn’t like he got to practice it often. The next bit he thought he got was when Firmin roll his eyes ‘tu vas avoir the l’air d’un idiot’ he said in response to whatever Jacques had said, also in French. That means ‘you’ll look like an idiot’ maybe? Then Jacques had noticed his cousin glancing and turned, saw Thomas and slammed the lounge’s door shut.

They weren’t actually cousins, Jacques had explained that much. They were related through a common uncle, maybe three times removes, but as the only two Mercier in the frat, it was Jacques’s responsibility to take care of his younger relative. Which seemed to mean keeping out of trouble a lot of the time.

Firmin didn’t seem to care about the consequence of anything he did.

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Minneapolis, MN, October 31st.

“Tu viens avec moi,” Firmin said, grabbing Thomas before he could unzip his jacket and pulling him out of the frat.

“I just got back,” the rat protested, but had to follow. Like everyone in the frat, the badger worked out, and Thomas hadn’t been at it long enough to match strength. “Where are we going?” he asked, admitting defeat.

“Alpha Omega Psi,” the badger replied. [I made the name up on the spot a quick google search didn’t bring up a conflict. If you think there’s a better name for a football player house, just tell me]

“Isn’t that the football frat?”

Firmin grinned. “And they’re having a Halloween party.”

“I don’t have a costume.”

“That’s okay, you’re going to be out of everything minutes after we’re in there.”

Thomas stopped and planted his feet. It wasn’t as effective as he would have liked with the sidewalk still slippery from the packed snow, but it was enough Firmin paused.

“You’re not getting me naked in front of a bunch of football players.” Thomas didn’t reach to touch his eye, but the memory of the pain and the punch only dated back to prom night.

“Would I do that to you?” the badger asked, entirely innocently.

“Yes,” Thomas replied. “Or have you forgotten I heard about what you had Limbani do with the swim team?”

Firmin snickered. “Oh, yeah, that was a hoot. But it isn’t like I forced Limbani.”

Thomas pointed to the badger still gripping his arm. Firmin let go like it was on fire.

“But I’m not getting you naked in front of all of them. Just one.”

“That’s all it takes to get punched.”

“But he’s now—you already got naked in front of a football player?”

“What? No. I kissed him.” Thomas’s ears were burning, plastered against his skull as he realized what he’d admitted and to whom.

The badger’s eyes lit up. “Was he a good kisser?”

“He punched me,” Thomas replied.

“Was the kiss worth it?” Firmin asked, grinning.

“Firmin, I’m going back inside.” Thomas turned.

“This guy wants you,” Firmin said and Thomas narrowed his eyes at the badger.

“One of them’s gay and he wants me?” he asked in disbelief.

“One, football players can be gay. Two, have you looked at yourself?” Firmin looked Thomas up and down slowly. “You are a piece.”

“What does that—never mind.” Thomas bit his lower lip, curiosity pushing against Firmin’s reputation as a troublemaker. “He’s interested in me? I swear, Firmin, if this is you trying to screw with me, you’re not going to have to wait for Jacques to kick your ass. I will do it.”

The badger solemnly raised his right hand. “I, Firmin Mercier, swear that as a Sigma Theta Gamma brother, I will never do something that will endanger the honor of another brother.”

“What you did to Limbani,” Thomas countered.

“The monkey has no honor for me to help tarnish, and you didn’t hear him scream in pleasure as the entire swim team went at him.”

“If this is...” Thomas grumbled, but he started walking.

“I promise, it isn’t, and you’re going to love it. He’s really good in bed.”

“Are you pimping me out?”

“I would never even think of getting money in exchanged for getting you to have sex with someone.”

“But a favor?” Thomas asked suspiciously.

“I promise, all I will get out of this is a sense of satisfaction.”

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Minneapolis, MN, October 31st. Alpha Omega Psi Frat house.

“Get naked,” Firmin said as soon as he pushed Thomas into the bedroom, “I’ll get him. It’s just going to be a couple of minutes.” The door closed and Thomas was alone.

Unlike his frat, this one was a two-story house, instead of four townhouses turned into one. This bedroom was on the ground floor, with a window looking out onto the well tramples yard. The walls were covered with pictures of professional football players, and a jersey for the college’s team number thirty-one, with the name Harvro over it hung over the back of the desk chair.

There was not one thing in here that gave a sign that Harvro, number thirty-one, had any interest in fooling around with a guy. But maybe in a group bursting with testosterone, that was still something one of them had to be careful of.

The door opened and closed, and a well muscled jaguar in jeans and a flannel shirt looked at him. “You’re still dressed.” He had a deep voice, with a hint of a California accent.

“I,” Thomas started. But the Jaguar kissed him hard.

“Never mind,” the jaguar said, breaking the kiss. “Fuck, you’re a good kisser.”

“You too,” Thomas said, grinning and breathless.

“One thing, before we do this. No one can know, got that? Not one person. I don’t care how much you trust them. This isn’t something anyone on the team can ever hear about.”

“Then maybe we shouldn’t—”

The jaguar kissed him again, hard, then was pulling Thomas’s jacket off. Thomas considered bringing this to a stop. He didn’t taste alcohol, but maybe he’d had something else and he—

He squeaked in the kiss as the hand in his pants squeezed his cock and balls. Instantly, he was hard as the jaguar stroked him, squeezing just the way Thomas liked. Fuck, had Firmin told this guy all his buttons? He ripped the shirt off the jaguar, then backed them to the bed, falling back and pulling him along.

He reached back and undid the tail strap, then he too had his hand around the already hard cock. The jaguar was nicely hung. That was going to feel great in him.

The jaguar broke the kiss and pushed off, then pulled the pants off Thomas before getting out of his own. He looked Thomas over slowly and licked his lips. Then he was between his legs, the muzzle closing around the rat’s cock.

“Oh fuck,” Thomas whispered, then let his head fall back as the Jaguar deep throated him. He had to have sworn a lot of guys to secrecy to be that good as sucking cock. Then he moaned as the jaguar bobbed his head up and down.

Thomas put both hands on the head and thrusts. That was one good muzzle to fuck. Thomas groaned and picked up speed, but then the jaguar was off his cock.

“You’re ready,” he said, then got on his back on the bed next to Thomas. “Come on. I want you to fuck me.”

“You want me to fuck you?” Thomas asked, not entirely sure what had just happened.

“Oh yeah. Firmin told me how great you are, and you have no idea how much of a turn on it was to hear him talk. I’ve wanted this since.”

Thomas was going to have to explain how he felt about the badger sharing the sex they had with strangers. He moved and put the jaguar’s legs over his shoulders. But after he’d enjoyed this.

“Lube?” he asked.

“Don’t worry, I’m good.”

Thomas tilted an ear. That was another level of eager. He pushed, and the well lubed ass took him in to a groan from the jaguar that had enough bass, the window vibrated. Thomas swore under his breath as the ass tightened around his cock. Fuck, this guy was an expert.

Thomas pushed until he bottomed, then pulled out and sunk back in. He needed the second or two of air to keep from cumming too fast with how good that ass was. The jaguar was loud in his enjoyment, urging Thomas to go faster and harder. The rat obliged, and quickly enough, he grunted, shoved his cock as deep as it went and came.

“Fuck yeah,” he whispered, letting the legs slip around him and falling on top of the jaguar.

“That was amazing.”

“You’re an expert at this,” Thomas replied.

The jaguar shifted, and Thomas was on his back. Instead of getting between his legs, the jaguar got off the bed and grabbed his pants.

“Aren’t you going to fuck me?” Thomas asked. “You’re still hard and leaking.”

“I don’t.” The jaguar shook his head bashfully.

“At least let me suck you off.”

“I can’t. I have to get back before anyone notices I’m gone. Remember, absolutely no one can know about this.” He put the flannel shirt on.

“Yeah, sure.” It was the guy’s decision.

“You should get dressed. I’ll find Firmin and he’ll help you leave without attracting attention.”

Thomas was alone again, but bemused this time. He’s seen old movies of guys sneaking into and out girl’s rooms when they weren’t supposed to be there, but he’d never thought it happened for real, or to him. Although he was the one in the room he shouldn’t be in.

He dressed, then had to wait ten minutes before Firmin sneaked in, fur damp and grinning.

“Had fun?” the badger asked.

“I wasn’t the only one, it seems.”

“Did you think you were the only one in demand?” Firmin asked with a smirk. “Guys love this.” He grabbed his jeans covered crotch.

“Yeah, we do,” Thomas agreed. “Should I grab a shower, too?”

“You can have one once we’re back at the frat. I’ll even scrub your back.”

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Minneapolis, MN, November 1st. Sigma Theta Gamma Frat house.

“I’m going to fucking kill you!” the jaguar yelled at Thomas, held back by Olavo. “I don’t know how you did it, but I’m going to fucking kill you and whoever it is that you used as me and whoever recorded the vid and uploaded it!”

“I didn’t—”

“Don’t fucking lie to me!”

“You—” Thomas started, then shut his mouth. He’d agreed not to divulge what they’d done, and he was going to keep his side of the agreement. Even if he had no idea what was going on right now.

“Oh,” the jaguar said hatefully, looking over Thomas’s shoulder. “This was your doing, you fucking badger. You are so next.”

Thomas turned and Firmin was leaning against the wall but the archway to the living room, a satisfied smirk on his face. Further down the hall, Jacques was glaring daggers at the back of the badger’s head. And behind him, Henry was coming down the steps, not looking amused.

“What is going on?” he demanded.

“Oops,” Firmin said with a chuckle.

“They’re making me look like a fag!” the jaguar yelled.

“You’re coming with me,” Jacques said, grabbing Firmin by the arm. “I can’t believe you—”

“That’s enough, Jacques,” Henry said, approaching. “This is my house. If there is punishment to be

administered, I will be the one to do it." Henry looked the situation over. "Thomas, I think that under the circumstances, it's best if you retire to your room."

"Don't let him—"

"That is enough out of you," Henry said in a tone severe enough the jaguar's muzzle shut audibly. "I will speak with you in due time. Olavo, please escort him to the kitchen. Hopefully, some food will settle his mood. I believe there is still some of that meatloaf left from last night." He looked at Firmin. "You will accompany me to my office."

The badger looked nowhere near as afraid as Thomas felt he should after being talked to like that.

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Alvin, TX, March 26th

The badger standing before Thomas looked exactly like Firmin, physically. The fur was the same, down to that rebel patch on his side, but that was it. But it was like that was only a shell over the remnant of someone. Thomas couldn't see any of the carefree badger in those glassy, sad eyes.

Knowing what he now knew of Firmin's power, he suspected some of that came from his ability to be anyone he wanted when he was doing something he shouldn't. Now, Firmin looked he'd he's seen the atrocities of war. No, had lived them and survived when he would have rather never have come back.

Thomas looked at the others in the hall, hoping one of them could explain. Donal was holding onto the doorframe of the office, wearing a muted version of Firmin's haunted expression. Now he knew what had happened. The question was, what had Donal brought to the surface of the badger's memories.

He looked at Samuel, who shook his head before Thomas voiced the question. He looked somber. Just like the mind reading badger had been reminiscent of a playful Firmin, now he too looked like he'd lived...

Mind reader. Fuck, he knew whatever Firmin remembered and it looked painful.

Thomas opened his mouth, unsure what might come out, but Gilbert spoke first.

"Yes, that's what we need," the armadillo said, stepping out of a doorway and pausing, looking at the scene. He seemed to remember the phone. "That's fine, Colby. Just send me the file. I need to go. We have a situation here."

"You bring them up on the Stoker history," Samuel said. "I have to talk with Firmin, and make calls." He reached for the badger, who recoiled. "I'm on your side, Firmin. I swear. I won't let them hold you responsible for what that monster made you do."