

Chapter One

(I've put the section about them transitioning back to CH12, although I didn't write it. It didn't quite work as the start of this chapter, and it's worth keeping if only for establishing in the book that Firmin is actually a badger)

The dining room was packed with guys. A lot of red pandas around Niel's age, older red pandas, one of which Eric had said was Yahui and Yating's father. He'd met the twins back in Minneapolis. But hadn't interacted with either, Yahui wasn't even in any of the memories the bat had given him. Someone had mentioned he'd been hidden, but that had been when Niel was sorting which were the real memories from the fakes ones and how he felt about some of them being fake instead of real and a lot of what took place after that was fuzzy.

There were others, a deer, a mongoose, a feline Niel hadn't been able to identify due to how quickly they'd crossed path. As far as he'd understood, all those near his age were friends of Roland, while the adults were friends of the Hertz as a family.

Niel hadn't felt as isolated as he'd feared. For all the Chinese he had spoken, a lot of those who talked with him spoke English. This was one of the times when he wished he'd known what would happen in his future, so he could have picked Chinese instead of German as his elective in school. At least here he'd have gotten to practice it.

Most of them already knew who Niel was; Roland had talked about him a lot, and they were curious as to who the mysterious best friend was. Another surprise was how none of them turned the conversations into sexual advances. His interaction with the Sigma Theta Gamma had left him with the sense Society men needed to exert their will on their cocks not to start shoving it into orifices. Limbani was the worse, but only by degree, not because he was the only one.

When he felt comfortable enough with a handful of Roland's friends he brought that up and he was assured that if not for how special today was, Niel would have been bent over a chair within

minutes of arriving. Today was Roland's ceremony, so they were all keeping themselves for him.

So, Niel decided, they were just like the frat led him to think. Not that he'd ever complain about it.

Paul was pulled into the conversations. It seemed that Thomas's best friend was just as mysterious to them as Niel had been. Paul seemed amused by the attention and answered questions.

He'd known Thomas since they were kids. When to school together and it wasn't until Thomas got his power that their lives stopped intersecting as much. Thomas had left the university, while Paul had been offered a scholarship to study at the San Francisco University and he'd accepted. It meant he spent more time with Madoc and Trevor than Thomas these days, but even if he hadn't been with them, Paul added with a chuckle, he would have found a way to come and offer Thomas all the support he could on his brother's big day.

"Support," one of the pandas, Liuxian, snickered in accented English. "That is what they call being there to be fucked when Roland is here for all of us?"

Paul gave a coy smile behind his glass.

"He's here for Thomas, not Roland," Niel explained.

"We are all here for Roland. He will end the ceremony with His strength, will we all be his to dominate. Then we will all enjoy one another." The panda looked Niel and Paul over. "Many times."

"It's okay," Paul told Niel, who was about to protest. "I was there for two of Roland's ceremony. I know how he'll be. But you should change your expectations when it comes to me. I'm not in the habit of having sex with strangers, which we still are."

"But you are a man," One said. Niel couldn't recall his name. "You are a friend. You have sex with friends."

"You have sex with enemies too," Paul grumbled in his drink and Niel tightened his lips to keep from smiling. He wished he had a drink to hide behind, but the broth Nadia had offered him was still making its way through him and he didn't want to risk adding anything to that. "I'm friends with Roland and Thomas," He said, then added. "And Olavo, Trevor, Madoc, Gilbert, Laurence, Kuno, Felix, Firmin, Yating, Yahui, Chima, Hubert, Jacques," he sighed, "and even Limbani. But I would appreciate it if the rest of you were to not make any advances on me. Always telling you no will ruin the mood."

"How can you not want sex with me?" the deer asked, taking off his pants. People had arrived in various states of undress and only too off what they had if they had a reason. Like now, Niel figured.

Paul looked him over and gave a shrug. "I don't know you."

Niel looked the deer over and thought Paul was being overly picky. The guy had a nice, thick cock.

"I will introduce you to me." The deer took his cock in hand, stroking it hard and took a step toward Paul who stepped back, looking annoyed. Niel interjected himself.

"If he isn't interested, you leave him be."

"Will you get to know me?" the deer asked Niel. He was fully hard, his cock had doubled in length, going from nice to impressive.

"Happily, but that doesn't mean you can push yourself on anyone. Even if he's a Friend of the Society."

Behind him, Paul let out a long sigh. "I appreciate the intervention, Niel, but this isn't going to work. I've lost track of the number of times I've had to explain this to one of them, and even those who

respect it, still think it's weird." He looked at the deer. "I am not interested in having sex. It is not about you, it is about me. I understand that you think it's weird that I want to get to know someone before I'll get in bed with them, I deal with that even outside the Society, but it's how I am. Having you insist you can change my mind will not work."

The deer opened his mouth, but one of the pandas spoke sharply in Chinese. Niel turned of face Paul. "I'm sorry."

"What for?"

"I sort of thought like them."

The tiger smiled. "At least you didn't offer to prove me wrong. You have no idea how many guys think like Xinya over there. That if they show me what they're packing I'll suddenly see how wrong I am. It took Madoc threatening to stop fuckign the guys at the gym he works at before they'd leave me alone when I visit."

Niel question about that was interrupted by a red panda running it, leaking cum from his cock and ass. "Incoming!" was all he said before a muscular rat was in the room. Roland had a nearly demented look on his face as he took in the crowd and that was not improved as a grin slowly formed on his lips.

Niel had seen pictures of quads who had rabis and, other than not foaming at the mouth and hard cock that looked bigger than what Niel remembered it to be, he could wonder if Roland might not have caught it.

The cheer that went up as Roland pounced on the red panda, the impact pushing him against the wall, and then proceeded to fuck him told Niel that he was the only one surprised by what was going on.

"An orgy," Niel muttered. "I was told this was going to be an orgy. I know what those are like. And it isn't—" Roland roared and was out of the panda's ass his cock still pulsing cum. "—this."

His best friend looked over the people assembled. No one was wearing pants anymore and they all looked eager for what was coming. So Niel was utterly not surprised when Roland's gaze ended up fixed on him and with hungry, feral, look in his eyes.

He stepped back as Roland stalked in his direction, fighting his instinct to turn and run as fast as he could. Not only was this his best friend, but he'd seen the result of running. The panda might be grinning, but that had looked rather violent.

"There's plenty of other guys more than willing, Roland," he said. "Why don't you work this off on one of them, and then come find me?" At least, Neil thought, no one was shoving him at the sex hungry entity before him. Although far too many look amused. When this was done, he was having a talk with Kuno about properly explaining to him what stuff like a post ceremony orgy entailed. And he was no longer accepted the casual 'oh you know how those go', his friend had answered then he'd questioned how Roland's previous ones had gone.

Niel leg caught on a chair and before he could side step it, that distraction was enough for Roland to cover the distance between them. Then he was on his back with a massive rat on top of him.

It should have been a familiar position. How often had Roland tackled him and they'd end up like this? Although, usually there had been football equipment between them, except in some of the memories the bat gave both of them, of growing up far more sexual, then there had been naked tackles.

He was the way Roland was still over him, eyes fixed on his. They were his friend's eyes, but

also not. Niel couldn't name what he felt as Roland looked at him.

"Mine," Roland mouthed, then he took Niel's legs and had them over his shoulders. The smile as Roland pushed his cock in was less feral, more... welcoming? Then it was gone, and Niel was fucked. It wasn't the violent fuck the panda had received, but it was forceful; the tackle going full in.

Niel would have groaned at the corniness of the thought, but Roland's cock hit his prostrate, hard, and there was an entirely different reason for his groaning. Then Roland roared and was out, leaving Niel wishing it had been longer. He hadn't known Roland could top this hard and he hoped it wasn't going to be a one time thing. He wobbly got to his feet in time to see the rest of those who'd been part of Roland's ceremony enter, Thomas in the lead. He looked particularly proud even if he walked with an odd gait. Considering how Niel's ass felt after this quick pounding and Roland's promise he was going to make it last for those in the ceremonial chamber, maybe he had a reason for it.

When Paul took Thomas's hand and they started making out against the wall, Niel realized he didn't have to wait to get fucked again. Anyone Roland had done was fair game, and Roland had done all there ceremonial attendee. There was a margay who owed him an explanation, and right now he was going to settle for a cock up his ass instead.

* * * * *

"Fuck," Niel groaned as he untangled himself from the sleeping men on the floor. Now he knew why the carpet was so plush and comfortable. But the cleaning bill had to be murder.

He'd gotten his wish, and then some. After Roland had gone through all the men, his hunting had been more targeted and Thomas, Eric and Niel had been at the top of the repeats, or that's how it seemed to him.

He stumbled around the people and out into the kitchen where Nadia and other women were cooking. The clock said thirteen sixteen and Niel tried to work out the date. "Are we Saturday or Sunday?"

"Sunday, honey," one of the panda replied. "There is food on the table in the other room."

He was in the room and the smells had him at the long counter before he remembered he shouldn't eat right now. Actually, he realized nothing bad had happened from the broth, other than he needed to take a leak.

That taken care of he returned to more people in the large room. Some were obviously from the sex room, by the way their fur was matted with cum, but more than Niel expected were well dressed, or had clean fur, or weren't men. After the frat and Olavo's home, it was a little jarring to see such an even distribution between men and women in one room.

"Hubert," he called, seeing the collie. "Is this the norm? Or the exception?"

The collie took a few seconds to look around blearily. "People do tend to dress."

"I mean the men and women."

He shrugged. "Probably the exception, but it varies a lot from family to family."

"It is normal for the Xu and Jian to mix," a red panda said. She was around his age, but dressed and a woman. She gave a small bow. "I am Guan Shu. My family acts as a transition... no, middle ground, between the Xu and their counterpart within the Convent."

Humbert groaned and walked off toward the buffet.

"Do you know why he reacted that way?" he asked.

"Some of the Society families are not friends with the Convent, it is possible his family is such. I

do not know.”

“Why would they object to a convent?”

She smiled. “No, the Convent. They are the woman counterpart to the Society.”

“So He also deals with women? I was told His followers were only men.”

“They are. The Convent follow the Holy Lady of the Womb (if you can think of something better, please change it).”

“That’s a mouthful,” Niel said, grinning.

“It is considered is respectful for those who do not worship Her directly to say her name.”

“And you don’t?”

“My family assist. I was not one of the fortunate to become one of Her follower, but I still have my role to play.”

“Here,” Hubert said, handing Niel a plate with sausage and eggs on it and a mug of coffee. Niel took it and found himself at a loss as to what to do with it. “Aren’t you hungry?” the collie asked, digging into his food, he had the same, but a lot more.

“Not really. I guess you didn’t hear. I life off sex now, and at least for a while, actual food doesn’t agree with me. It’s a transition thing.”

“Cool,” someone said behind Niel as a hand grabbed his plate. “I didn’t want to deal with the crowd.” Roland started eating before he was done talking. “I didn’t realize how hungry I’d get fucking everyone. Multiple times.” He grinned at Niel.

“I guess that’s going to be your power now, fucking all the guys,” Niel said.

Roland snorted. “Don’t do that while I’m eating, I thing I have food up my nose now. And fucking guys isn’t a power, it’s the norm for us. What about you? What’s your power, now that you’re one of us?”

“I…” Niel hesitated. He didn’t want to talk about not aging with so many people around.

“Come on,” Roland said with a grin. “It can’t just be living off sex. That’s like our thing, minus the living off it part.”

“There’s a *phrase* for that,” Hubert said.

“There’s a *phrase* for everything,” Roland replied, “that doesn’t count.”

“I don’t know everything yet. I was hoping the Cuevas would be able to give me more information while I was in Argentina, but you went and had your ceremony early.” Niel grinned at his best friend. “Plans had to changed.”

“Like you’re complaining.”

“I’m not, but it means we’ll have to wait on more information.”

“Who are those Cuecas?” Hubert asked. “I don’t think I’ve ever heard the name before.”

Niel cursed inwardly and searched the room. He located Olavo, but he was in a conversation with an older red Panda, and it didn’t seem to be going well. No going to him for a rescue. What could he say and not expect to get in trouble?

“They’re a family living in Argentina, they’re like me that they are His followers too, but aren’t like the Society.”

“Are you talking about the Orrs?” a red panda asked, looking eager.

“Who are the Orrs?” Niel asked.

“No one you—”

“They’re the people Madoc and Trevor work for,” Roland said and ignored the glad the collie gave him.

Okay, so not a subject to bring up again. “How about you excuse me? I need to ask Olavo something.”

He walked off before Roland could protest. The capybara and Red Panda spoke Spanish. And while the voices were low, the tone was tense. Okay, maybe that was a bad idea too.

“Can we assist you?” the panda asked, a friendly smile suddenly on his face.

Olavo didn’t look happy Niel was there, but it was too late to vanish. “I was wondering if you’d heard from your family. One of them said they’d look into where my father is?”

The capybara closed his eyes, looking pained.

“Why what a wonderful idea,” the panda said. “You should contact your father, young Medeiros, it would be unbecoming of you to leave your friend in such a distressed state.”

Fuck, what had Niel walked into? When Olavo opened his eyes Niel mouthed ‘sorry’.

“It’s not your fault.” He took his phone and called, then he was speaking in Hushed Spanish, occasionally glaring at the panda. Then he frowned. “Are you certain?” He asked in English. “They’ve located him,” Olavo said. “In France.”

“What’s your dad doing in France?” Roland asked. He stood a few steps away, a full place in hand.

* * *