

Chapter One

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Niel hated the thing. He'd lost track of the number of times he'd woken up because a night erection had been squeezed to death and its cries of pain. He'd never thought he got that many of them, but he had the irritability of lack of proper sleep now to prove it.

Showering had been another problem. Niel wasn't one to jerk off in the shower. He'd have to get up early enough to allow that and be on time to practice, but trying to clean it had caused just enough sensation he'd gotten another erection strangled out. He had no idea if it was clean enough and he didn't care.

He'd showed up to practice early enough to make the coach happen and had not done one thing differently than he normally did, except maybe glare at the seniors when they snickered at the freshmen with their new jewelry. He leers are them harder and didn't react to the cock cage strangling more erections.

They were not going to break him.

Not only that, he decided as he watched them and the coach preen at the shame and pain the others reacted with. Even Brenden kept himself covered as much as he could in the locker room. But he was going to make a point of having as much fucking sex as he could in that month. He considered arranging for them to be recorded and then having the clips broadcast so that each of them had to see how much fun he was having in spite of their little gift. Show them that Niel Leslie was still getting more tail than all of them put together.

Once he was away from them and had enough academic stuff to do that he had to cool down, he realize that would come back to bite him in the ass in no time at all. Not to say of what it would put his partners through; if he could even get one of them to agree. Even the Frat guys would hesitate to make themselves a show for his revenge.

Still, the part about having the sex, that he was sticking with. Which was why he was stalking the library. If he couldn't find someone here, he'd have to wait for after classes and a trip to the frat before heading home.

He smiled when he saw the ram. Grinned when he didn't even have to approach. The ram looked up and saw him, smiled. Niel gave a side bob to the bookcases and Luke nodded. Niel headed to the Ancient Rome section paced as he waited. A long five minutes later, the ram appeared.

Niel had him against the wall and almost reached to undo the tail strap when he remembered he needed to check something.

"You said that you prefer bottoming. That means you're willing to top, right? I really need you to top right now."

Luke hesitated. "I, yes, but I don't really have a lot of experience doing it."

Niel grinned and had the tail strap undone. "Oh, you don't have to worry about that. Get out of those, sit down and I am going to give you something of an education on what power-bottoming is all about." He took the packet of lube from his pocket, then was out of his pants.

The ram stared at the cock cage and Niel told him not to worry about it. To not worry about anything other than what the raccoon took. Then Niel was sitting on Luke's lap, bouncing and kissing him.

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Niel moaned around the cock he was sucking on as the capybara plowed his ass. Olavo was moaning, both from fucking the raccoon and being fucked by Bart. Unless the bison had finished and someone else taken his place? Niel had been too busing sucking the cum out of the guys to pay attention. All he wanted was a few hours of mindless sex.

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"Oh fuck," Niel moaned in a mix of pain and delight as Erwin ran his fingers over the cock cage without touching it. Over the five first days of the month, he'd sort of gotten used to the cage, he'd even slept through the whole previous night without being woken by an erection, and most of the orgy he hadn't gotten hard either, but this? Fuck, if this kept up, Niel thought his cock would either shatter the metal cock cage, or it was going to die of suffocation.

Whichever it was, it would be worth it.

Like every member of the Society over eighteen, the rabbit had a power. And while not a flashy or a power sought after, Erwin liked it and enjoyed using it. Erwin could clean stuff. He passed his fingers over whatever was dirty, and his power dislodged the grime and did... something. It went away. What the process also did, at least to Niel's cock, was tingle in the most erotic way he had ever experienced.

When Erwin stopped, Niel slackened and panted. Now, all he was left with was a painfully restrained cock and the knowledge it was finally, properly, clean.

"Marry me," the raccoon demanded.

"Make the offer again once that thing's off, and we can discuss coming to a satisfying

arrangement.”

“Wait a few days,” Olavo said, gently running a hand through Niel’s chest fur. “The ecstasy of being free might cause you to make a major lapse of judgment in making a contract with a Noble.”

“Oh Fuck you, Medeiros,” the rabbit replied with a laugh. “The soon-to-be dictator doesn’t get to call my family crooked.”

“I said no such thing.”

“But all the Nobles are lawyers,” Peng said, “so you have to know there isn’t much honesty there.”

“And think about it,” Kuno added. “With your power, you are the perfect guy to not be a lawyer and still be worthy of the family name.”

Niel snickered.

“What?” the rabbit demanded as more began laughing.

“You can clean stuff,” Niel replied, “so you can launder all that dirty money Olavo implies your family has.”

The rabbit rolled his eyes. “You guys realized that each of your families uses lawyers on a nearly daily basis and that MM&J are the best, which means my family is nothing compared to them.”

“Don’t most of your work for them?” Gagan asked.

“Exactly, if we were as crooked as your think, they would be working for us!”

“Isn’t that exactly what the secret mastermind would say to hide the fact they were actually controlling the company?” Niel asked.

“Shut up,” Erwin replied with a laugh, “or I’m not cleaning your cock again.”

“And it’s a real threat,” Kuno said.

“And I am truly horrified at the idea of not having a clean cock for a month,” Niel replied in what he thought was an appropriately terrified voice. Or not, judging by the laughter he caused.

“Why not simply take it off?” Razeen asked, while slowly stroking Limbani. The monkey seemed to have found, if not a match, at least a fan in the jackal. Razeen enjoyed making Limbani cum in a variety of ways.

“The lock makes that tough.”

Razeen shook his head. “I can remove it easily.”

“Is that your power?”

“No, that is what lockpicks are for.”

“Isn’t that just living up to the stereotype that everyone from the middle-east is a thief?” Erwin asked.

“What would the lawyer have against that?” the jackal replied. “And if you are going to live up to anything. Why not make it exactly what people expect? It gives you more time for much more satisfying activities.” He swallowed the cock, making the monkey scream, then was eagerly swallowing.

“I might have said yes a few days ago,” Niel said, “maybe even yesterday.”

“What happened?”

“I don’t want to admit defeat,” Niel replied simply. “They’re being assholes about it, but they’ve been pushed to it by the coach, and to take it off is going to be admitting that found the thing that hurts me. I know I’m just rationalizing it, but that’s what it feels like to me. Like he’s targeting me personally

because I get more than he does or something and everyone else just got caught in the crossfire.”

“A cum covered crossfire,” Limbani said dreamily.

“So I’m going to keep it on. Having Erwin able to clean my cock makes that more bearable. And I am going to have so much fucking sex that it’s going to make his fur fall off if he ever hears about it.”

“Excuse me,” Kuno said, eyeing him suspiciously, “but Niel Leslie is going to go one month without topping anyone?” He scoffed. “A hundred said that before the end of next week he has it off and has his cock in someone’s ass.”

“Are you saying I’m a top?”

“I’m saying you’re versatile with one hell of a slant toward top.”

“I say he will last at least two weeks,” Olavo said.

“Are you guys seriously betting on if I’m going to hold out or not?”

“Well, I say my man Niel will hold out,” Erwin said. “Not only that, but I’m willing to put five hundred on that belief.”

Niel narrowed his eyes at the rabbit. “Thank you, I think.”

“You’re welcome, and don’t worry anytime you feel like topping, come see me and I’ll state under oath that you only bottomed for me.”

“You don’t think I can do it either, do you?” Niel replied, getting to his knees.

“I said no such thing,” the rabbit replied solemnly.

“Well, fuck you!” Niel pushed the rabbit on his back. “Actually, someone fuck me, while I suck this asshole’s cock dry.” Before the rabbit could protest, or express his approval, the raccoon had him moaning. Then someone had their cock in his ass.

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“Question,” Kuno said, rubbing the soapy water in Niel’s back fur.

“Answer!” Tayang replied and started laughing as if it was the funniest thing ever said.

“Why are we bothering with showers with Noble around?”

“Hey, you start taking me for granted, and I’m going to have to charge for use of my power.”

“How many cock up your ass for a full-body clean?” Kuno asked.

“Including internal?”

“You can do that?” Limbani asked.

“Wait.” Niel frowned. Trying to recall something from his historical medicine textbook. “Does your power remove bacteria too?”

“And someone knows a threat when he ears it!” Erwin exclaimed.

“I don’t get it,” Limbani said.

“The inside of our body’s filled with bacteria that work to our benefit,” Niel explained. “If he kills all of them, it’s not going to be pleasant for you.”

“Can he kill someone that way?” Gagan asked. “That would be one cool way to be an assassin.”

“I don’t think so. The textbook only documented the case where it was discovered that antibiotics were causing problems because they were also killing our internal fauna. I don’t remember it mentioning anyone dying.”

“Anyway, why would you want to give this up?” Bart said, then grunted and Razeen moaned. Kuno began grinding against Niel’s ass. “He does have a point.”

“Hey Niel, aren’t you guys playing Madison over the next weekend?” Peng asked. “What? I am supportive of our team. I stay up to date on their games.”

“Yeah. Not looking to that four hours bus ride with all those seniors razzing on us.” He moaned and leaned back against the margay as he pushed his cock inside him.

“So that’s what, two full days without sex? Is there someone on your team who can fuck you?”

“Can we talk about this later? I have this cock up my ass right now that I really want to enjoy.”

But the question was in his head now. The one guy he knew was willing to fuck another guy was a freshman too, so in a cage. Even if one of the seniors was willing, it would give Niel blackmail material.

He grunted at the hard thrust from Kuno. “Focus,” the margay said.

Right, he was getting fucked right now. He’d deal with the away game when it happened. It should be simple enough to find a fan there for a quickie. It wasn’t everyone around the football industry that was taking part in No Nut November, right?

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Niel was going to kill someone.

He’d gotten up early, like a full hour before the coach would come banging on his door so he could meet up with a fan in the locker’s shower and have a quick one before they’d get going. But the coyote hadn’t been there, and when Niel had turned around, a grinning bear had congratulated him for being so eager for the trip that he came in this early and put him to work packing the stuff they’d need. The coach let it slip while they worked that he’d had to chase off a trophy seeker who’d managed to get into the locker room, somehow; and that because of that, he was going to change the code on all the doors again.

If the bear hadn’t been grinning the entire time he said that, Niel might have been willing to give him the benefit of the doubt as to if he’d actively cock blocked him or it had been an accident.

Before the coach left to go wake the rest, three of the seniors showed up and they kept him busy enough he didn’t even have time to call the coyote to explain what had happened.

Then had been the dreaded bus ride. He’d gotten lucky in that the assistant coach was on his bus and, by all appearance and subdued behavior, wasn’t in on the treatment the seniors had put the Freshmen through. Now that he thought about it, Niel couldn’t recall seeing him in the locker room before and after the practices and games since the start of the month.

As soon as they’d arrived, and before Niel could consider sneaking to the field’s gym, in case there was someone there looking for a nice ass, like one of the opposing players, the coach calling a pre-game meeting.

So here Niel was, in his gear, on the field, looking at the opposition, pent up like he couldn’t remember ever being, and definitely ready to kill someone for what he was being forced to endure.

At least, he had halftime to look forward to.

With a nasty grin, he waited for the ball to be in play, then set to demolish the opposition.

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Niel raised his head from between his legs as the halftime announcement sounded. That last tackle had sent him off his feet and left him with a case of vertigo. So he’d been sitting for the last fifteen

minutes, waiting for it to pass.

He stood and was steady enough he didn't need help accompanying the others to the locker, where the coach gave a rousing speech about the game, or maybe the dinner he'd had the day before. Niel was eying the door and counting how long he'd have to find someone to fuck him before they were going back to the field. This was going to have to be the quickest quickie he'd ever had.

As soon as the coach was done, Niel was up and out the door.

"Where do you think you're going?" Coach Horgar demanded before Niel had taken four steps away from it.

"For some fresher air, it stinks in there." Niel barely kept his tone civil. Every second he was kept here meant—

"Really? Don't you mean you're going off to get laid?"

Niel rounded on the man. "What do you fucking care?"

"It's November, the team—"

"Oh, fuck off with the team. This is about you getting your jollies, not team support. I don't see the seniors in cages. You honestly expect me to believe they aren't getting laid? That you aren't? Or is that the point? You can't get any, so this month is your excuse to make us suffer with you?"

The bear snorted. "Kid, I get laid. More than you, I expect."

Niel tilted an ear. "Unless you got it four times yesterday, I doubt it." He smirked at the surprised look on the coach's face. "Now, unless you have something worthwhile to tell me, I have less than five minutes to—"

"In the locker room, now."

"Hey, the game doesn't restart until—"

"You aren't here to get a cock up your ass. You're here to help the team win, to get better so you can have a career in the NFL."

"Who fucking said I want that?"

"Then why are you here?"

"I'm here because I'm a good enough player I was offered a scholarship. If that pans out into the NFL, who knows, I might do for it. But unlike most of the guys in there, I'm not hanging all my hopes on it, so how about you fucking give me space to breathe and wait until I'm not playing as well as everyone else before you shove your nose into what I'm doing in my personal time!"

"Coach Horgar," a woman called from down the hall. "Two minutes before your team needs to be on the field."

The bear grinned at Niel. "I guess it's game time."

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