

Chapter 04

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

"I thought you said this was a legal party," Brenden said, watching the ghoul vanish in the distance.

"It's what I was told."

"So that wasn't alcohol in the cup?"

"Only if they want this to be legal." Neil paused before adding. "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, then a third. "And dancing. Definitely my kind of party."

"And guys hitting on you?" the raccoon stepped through the door and a... robot? Nearly bowled him over. At least there had been enough foil there for them to be one.

"Please." Brendon motioned to the black dress, the loose bracelets and clip on earrings. He shook his head for the dark brown head fur extensions to dance. "In this crowd, it's the women who are going to be all over me."

Niel looked at the ensemble and asked the cougar. "Who are you again?" He dodged the offended slap.

Brenden straightened. "Do not act like I've never shown you a picture of Tina Turner; the dive of the millennia." He raised a finger to stop Niel's amused reply. "I'm going to put her discography on your phone, and set it so it's the only thing you'll be able to."

Niel clamped his mouth shut. Unlike many on the team, Brenden didn't count on his position as quarterback to take him to greatness. He was aiming for a masters in information technology, and he was already a good slicer. So the threat had to be taken seriously.

He looked Niel over. "At least *I* put work into my costume. What are you again?"

"A pirate," Niel replied. He'd come across the cheap tricorne hat on a shopping trip with his dad. They'd been out refreshing their winter wardrobe. The cheap plastic sword had been easy to find, and Steward had offered an old vest, stating he didn't want it back so Niel didn't have to worry about what he did while in it. His father had winked. Or out of it.

Steward had been surprisingly lax on finding out Niel was gay and already sexually active as part of the whole 'team water spiked with sex drugs' thing that had been used to cover up the truth. He'd made Niel promise to be safe when picking partners, and to inform him if any of them mistreated him.

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

Brenden groaned and whatever reply he might have planned on giving was buried by the music and the loud voices.

The underage Halloween party at the Eagle Club had been advertised 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 openly have sex without consequences, he'd decided to celebrate it.

The lighting was garish, the music so distorted by the volume Niel had no idea what it was supposed to be, and the costumes went from amazing, to ridiculous, to, in one, no two cases, non-existent. Although, maybe the exposed breast on one and cock on the other *were* the costume. He decided not to check, not even the cock.

He paid for a solo cup each of juiced for him and Brenden, delivered one, then headed for the dance floor to mix it up with the guys there.

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Niel kissed the jaguar in the black and white dyed fur as they ground their crotch together. They were shirtless, revealing that his partner had gone to the extent of dying on half of his body back, and the other white all the way down to his belt. He'd explained the old science fiction show it was from through a slower dance, but Niel hadn't paid attention. All he wanted to know was if the dye job went on below the waist and how much rubbing together it took for it to transfer into the raccoon's fur.

The jaguar pulled Niel off the dance floor and into one of the unoccupied booths. Then they were kissing again, a hand reaching into Niels pants. The raccoon smiled in the kiss and thrust in the hand. Going for a pair with a looser waistband was paying off. He reached back and undid the jaguar's tail strap, then his hand was in, and squeezing the ass.

Niel was who broke the kiss this time. He leaned into the black side's ear and still had to raise his voice to be heard over the noise. "Do you think we're going to get in trouble if I fuck you right here?"

The jaguar looked at Niel in surprise, then had his muzzle against the raccoon's ear. "Don't you know? The owner's a perv. Stories go that he gets off watching guys fuck in his club. So long as you don't mind there being a recording, no one's going to complain."

This was private property, so they weren't breaking any laws, and what would anyone do to him with it? Try to shame him? Niel would have to see if he could get a copy. He'd never watched his performance, and he was curious.

He pulled the jaguar's pants down, grinning as the black and white continued well past the waistline. He'd even painted his cock half white and half black.

He had them past the knees when someone called, "Niel Leslie?"

"Yeah," Niel replied, looking over his shoulder. He wasn't worried, but the only reason someone might seek him out by name was that Brenden needed assistance. Before he made out who it was, a bag over his head plunged the world into darkness. Then he was pulled away from the jaguar.

"Sorry, buddy," a different guy said. "But this guy's late for his curfew."

"Let go of me!" he fought out of the grip, but before he could pull the hood off or step away, he was caught in a strong bear-hug. Niel had been training as part of his football playing since the start of highschool, so he wasn't weak, but whoever held him was stronger.

"Stop fighting." This voice, Niel recognized. "It's only making things harder on you."

"Are you fucking kidding me? It's hours until November!"

How much of a scene could he make before someone intervened? Why weren't the bouncers here already? This couldn't be acceptable behavior in the club.

Which meant his teammates had already arranged not to be bothered while doing this. He cursed, but stopped fighting. He might as well let them get their hazing out of their system. He'd look up the jaguar after, so they could finish this.

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Niel was sat down, and before he could react, his arms were tied to the back of the chair. "Really?" He demanded as someone pulled his pants off. "You guys don't get enough of my cock in the locker room?" He frowned at the lack of chuckling.

The bag was unceremoniously pulled off, and he blinked in the harsh light. He looked around. He was one of twenty guys seated on cheap plastic and metal chairs. Tibs has seen stacked in the gymnasium's storage room. Each one had their hands tied behind, and all were missing pants and underwear. Brenden was the only one not wearing anything, his dress dumped unceremoniously next to him.

The bank of lights over their head created a bubble of around them within the complete darkness.

"We are so glad you could join us on this momentous occasion," a deep voice said ahead of them.

"Murray, is that you?" Jefferson demanded, glaring at the darkness. "You guys know hazing is illegal, right? My dad's going to sue your family so fucking hard for this."

"This isn't a hazing." Something jingled, approaching. "It's a show of support. You heard the coach. We're all in this together." A line of men walked into the light and stopped. All they wore were pants, as if to make a point of the freshmen's being pantless.

"Then I guess you're wearing on to those already?" the hedgehog said. Nodding to the box Sampson held.

The box had something metallic in it that jingled lightly when moved. They weren't wearing pants. Then there was Herley's comment about the Seniors already wearing them. Niel joined in the groaning as understanding sunk in.

"Now, why would we need them?" Ackroyd said, nodding to the box and grinning. "We aren't the ones who showed a complete lack of team spirit, are we?"

"Nope," Markham, on Sampson's other side, said. "We are doing this full bore of our own volition."

"Oh sure. You guys are going to abstain," Brenden said with derision. "The only person hornier than you, Markham, is Leslie. Ten minutes after leaving this place, your cock's going to be in some girl."

"What you believe isn't relevant." Ackroyd cut off the badger's reply and was glared at. "What I am telling you is that we, seniors will abstain, and so will you, freshmen." He smiled toothily. "And that you will prove you're doing it by wearing one of these lovely pieces of jewelry." He took a cock cage from the box in Sampson's arms.

"If that thing touched me," Herley said, "it's not just Jefferson, you'll have to worry about suing your family."

"Are you sure?" Ackroyd asked, and the hedgehog nodded. "Okay, then I guess we'll have to tell the coach about your stash of drugs. You know the policy on drug use for players, right?"

"You wouldn't," Herley said.

"I'd rather not," the boar replied, grinning, "but if you're going to force my hand..."

"Don't you think you're going too far?" Niel asked. "You're already facing a potential lawsuit."

"That's not happening," the badger said. "I mean, anyone here thinks Coach would tolerate a player who throws around frivolous lawsuits out of spite?"

"This is—" Jefferson began.

“Your word against ours,” the boar cut him off. “Well, I guess it’s outs against you and any other freshmen who’ll side with you against the rest of the team... and the coach.”

“It’s just one fucking month,” a senior said. “Just man up.”

“It’s a month without sex,” someone seated snapped back.

For them, Niel thought as the freshmen look from one to another, trying to gauge who’d side with Jefferson. He had more options. He had friends he knew would cover for him if asked.

That didn’t mean he wanted to agree with this. It was wrong, plain and simple. Niel’s problem was that he’d gotten in on a football scholarship. He hadn’t decided yet if that was what he wanted to do with his life. As much as he loved the game, something quieter had a lot of appeal, too. It was why he worked hard in his history class. He’d love to teach that. But if he was kicked off the team, he lost the scholarship.

Ultimately, the decision was taken out of his hand when Jefferson quietly cursed. “Fuck.” He looked at the board. “That think better be clean, Ackroyd. I get anything because of it, and I will sue you personally.”

“Clean and disinfected,” the boar replied proudly. “It’s not like we want you to get sick and miss games or anything.”