

Storyboard-32

Paul looked around, trying to orient himself.

Even without the last few weeks' teleports, Paul wasn't inexperienced in them, but normally, Thomas's arrival locations were inside a house, or a room, usually a bedroom. The few times they were elsewhere, Thomas was so drained as a result, Paul had to fuck him back to functionality.

Thomas was still standing and moving, heading for the entrance to the cavern, where the light streamed in, so this was a place he was used to, but why would Thomas have a landing stop in a cavern set up as a hermit's home?

He joined Thomas at the entrance and looked out into the wilderness. This was at into a broken side of a mountain, and through the light trees, he saw a quad deer glance in their direction before bounding away.

Then it clicked.

"This is your fortress?"

The rat smiled. "It is pretty solitary up here."

"When you told me about it, I was envisioning something more out of Superman's place."

"Never been to the arctic, but yeah, this is where I come when I need to get away from it all." Thomas went back in and, after taking a second to admire the trees, Paul followed him.

Lights came on at the flick of a switch attached to the stone wall by a bed and Thomas grinned at Paul's canted ear.

"Solar panels up the mountain with broadcast power. Totally not power-efficient, but I didn't feel like running cables from there to here."

The cabinets were rough-hewed wood, as was the table. The bench was out of the stone wall, with cushions. There was even a basin with a few plates stacked on a shelf with glasses.

Out of a cabinet, Thomas took a bottle and poured a few fingers of the content into two glasses, handing Paul one.

Paul raised an eyebrow. "So, what's up? Because I can think of a few different places, you could have taken me for a drink." He sipped the scotch.

"How are you doing?" the rat asked, sipping his own drink

Paul smiled. "Didn't we have that talk a few days ago?"

"You mean the one your father walking in on? The one where I was getting to the point I'd tie you to the bed, so I use you to my satisfaction?"

Paul looked down, then headed for the couch. "Yeah, I guess that's the one I mean."

"That would be the one where you then ran off to your mom, only to have her end up in the hospital again, after having your father show up at her doorstep."

Paul looked into his glass. “You’re forgetting having Dietrich influence you because of me.”

Thomas shrugged. “It wasn’t that big of a deal, really.” He chuckled at Paul’s stunned look. “Big muscular tiger fucking me. Oh, how horrible, however shall I get away.”

“You didn’t have a choice.”

Thomas raised an eyebrow. “Teleporter here. If there’s one thing I always have, is the choice to run away. I’d have paid for it, and eventually, I’d have had to be fucked by him, but I didn’t mind it happening.” He took a sip. “I’m happy he redirected my attention. It wasn’t the right time for us and not the right way.” He tapped his chest. “Which is why I’m wearing this.”

Paul nodded, not feeling particularly better at the reminder he was a radiation hazard at the moment, but comforted in the knowledge his best friend was protected. He took a long swallow.

“You even get on the dance floor expecting to be dancing a nice waltz, only to have a Bollywood dance number erupt instead? And then just as you’re finally finding your footing in that, it’s a mariachi band that takes over, then it’s Breakdancing, with some Salsa thrown in to make me think I’ll finally be able to catch a breath.”

Thomas chuckled. “Can’t say I have. You’re the dancer after all, not me. But I get what you mean.”

“That’s what it feels it’s been like since I agreed to give Shila a ride out of San Francisco Bay.” He swirled his glass and watch the light reflect and refract in the amber liquid. “I just want all this to be over so I can have a night’s sleep without having to worry about what I’m going to wake up to.” He drained his glass, and they were silent for a few seconds. “Out of curiosity, did you bring Dietrich to my mom’s?”

Thomas shook his head. “They have a few private jets, and since you had an escort from Steel Link, all he’d have to do was make a few calls to know where you were heading.”

Paul nodded. He had told Ernest.

“I was in France when you were on the bus. That’s where I came from when I picked you up for here.”

“Getting Jacques home. How pissed is he?”

“He’ll get over it. I could have left him in Central America to make his way home and explain why to his dad. I also spoke with Firmin’s father.”

“Oh fuck,” Paul muttered. “I am so sorry. I was so wrapped up in my problem, it never occurred to be available to go there with you.”

Thomas’s look was one of confusion. “Why did you think you should have been there?”

“What do you mean, why? He was at the lake because of —”

“Stop. Don’t you even think of saying because of you.”

“Well, I was going to say because of what I helped make happen, but —”

“But nothing Paul. This talk wasn’t your responsibility. Or being there to support me, but I do appreciate you wanted to.”

“I still haven’t gotten the guts to call the families of the men who died at the lake.”

“Then don’t.”

Paul started at Thomas. “They—” he raised a hand to cut off the rat’s protest. “Where under my command. That makes it my responsibility to inform their family.”

“That’s bullshit. Which one of them told you that?”

“None of them. It’s just—”

“Bullshit, Paul. You’re not a military officer. Or an officer of any kind. You were there as a representative for your family. Have Aaron call them. That’s who they work for, who their superior is.”

“No. It’s my responsibility.”

“Paul, it isn’t. None of this is. Yes, I love that you took part for me, but if you think that’s what’s best, you have to walk away. You have that luxury.”

“You have met my cousins, right? And I’m not leaving you to deal with this alone. How did Firmin’s dad take it?” he asked with a tone and a look that kept Thomas from pushing the issue.

The rat sighed. “It was complicated. Because of his power and attitude about it, Firmin was a bit of a pariah among his family. A few months ago I noticed how he was always me. The few times I saw him take another form, it was someone else. At that point, I couldn’t even recall when I’d seen him as a badger. I confronted him about it, then took him home so I could sit him and his dad down.”

Thomas refilled their glasses. “Went as well as you can expect. Lots of screaming at me to mind my own business. Had to chase Firmin around the world, but I have more practice and stamina for teleportation, so I brought him back and he was too exhausted and had to stay and listen. When I left them, Firmin was out of juices and back to looking like himself, and I hoped they talked.”

Thomas sat next to Paul and leaned against him. “Found out they did when I brought him the news. Firmin never talked about it. He was very... professional, toward me because of it. His dad... fuck, the man barely had time for his son while he was growing up, too busy working for their family. Then Firmin’s powers came in, and he didn’t even bother trying to intervene in how the family treated him. They were finally reconnecting. He was working toward making amends to Firmin, and now he won’t get to.”

Thomas took a long swallow. “Oh, the Mercier are quick to proclaim Firmin a family martyr, now that they don’t have to worry about him and how his existence can tarnish their name, but his father knows better. He knows that nothing Firmin did in all of this had anything to do with the Mercier. He did it because he was a good man.”

Paul nodded. “Yeah, Firmin was a good man.”

Thomas put a hand on Paul’s thigh, rubbing it. “Once this is over, he wants me to visit again, one last time, I’m guessing. He wants to have sex with me in Firmin’s honor.”

Paul barely pulled the glass away in time as he was about to take a sip. “What?”

Thomas chuckled. “Sex is how we, as His followers, deal with stuff like grief, or bad news, or stress.”

Paul swallowed as Thomas’s hand moved to the inside of his thigh. “Thomas, I think that amulet might not be as effective as we thought.”

“It’s working fine.” Thomas looked at him. “This is all me, Paul. It’s me wanting to have sex with you. I want it because we haven’t done it in a while and because I think you need to relax. I mean, when did you get laid last?”

Paul rolled his eyes. “I wouldn’t call what they did to me ‘getting laid’. But it would be when you took me to San Francisco. When I got the gifts, the Orr family grants.”

Thomas looked like he had a revelation. “Oh, so it is a gun in your pocket. You aren’t just happy to see me.”

The golden tiger snorted. “You better hope I’m just happy to see you. I don’t think you want to find out how a gun feels going—”

“Let’s not go there,” Thomas said, then kissed Paul back as he pushed him onto the cushions.

As they kissed, the shirts went flying. There was the snap of a string, then the hard leather medallion was on the floor too. Paul almost protested in reflex, then considered what they were already doing and put it out of his mind in exchange for reaching behind the rat and undoing the tail strap.

Hands full of ass, he ground against his best friend’s hard cock and Thomas moaned. He tried to turn them over, only to hit his shoulder against the stone back of the couch.

“I think we should,” Paul started to say, then they dropped a couple of inches on the bed. “Show off.” He kissed the reply out of the rat’s muzzle as he rolled him onto his back, then let go long enough to pull the pants off him. “How come you never figured out how to teleport out of your clothes?”

“Really? Questions?” Thomas was no longer on the bed, and before Paul could turn around, he was pushed down and landed face first in the pillows. His pants were pulled down enough that Thomas could spread his ass cheeks apart, then Paul moaned as a tongue licked between, then his hole.

As Thomas rimmed him, Paul ground against the mattress, pushing his ass back against the muzzle. “Fuck,” he whispered. “I need you to fuck me.”

Thomas chuckled, but didn’t stop. Instead, pulling Paul’s pants further down until only one of the legs was still on him and he could spread them apart.

Thomas moved down, licking the crack, then pulled Paul’s ass up and reached under so he could lick the balls. Paul raised himself on his knees and Thomas moved under him, licking the base of his cock, then up it, until he could swallow it.

Paul cursed and thrust in the muzzle. He hadn’t realized how much he missed having something hot and wet around his cock until now. Fuck, now he wanted the rat’s ass pretty badly.

Thomas moaned needily, then Paul was rolled onto his back and the rat was climbing over him, panting, need in his eyes. He positioned himself, stroking Paul’s cock, then lowered himself and moaned in satisfaction as Paul’s cock entered him.

Paul groaned and closed his eyes as Thomas moved up and down, loud in his enjoyment. The rat picked up speed, tightening his ass around the cock.

“More,” he whimpered, gyrating as he moved.

Paul grabbed his hips and began thrusting, and Thomas went back to sounds of

satisfaction. Not long after that, Paul was panting and grunting, then he thrust hard and with a groan came.

He opened an eye at Thomas's chuckle.

"Seems like you needed it."

"Fuck you."

"Already did." Thomas tightened his ass. "But feel free to do it again."

Paul chuckled this time. "I don't think I can give you a twofer. I'm not like..."

Thomas's smile turned into a grin. "Someone's starting to understand."

Paul was still hard.

His Society friends could always get it up. It didn't matter how often they came. The only limit was one of physical exhaustion, and they had magic to get around it when they wanted to. Paul had been on the receiving end of that a time or two.

Thomas let out a yelp of surprise as Paul rolled them over again. Then he was back inside the rat's ass, his legs over his shoulder, and thrusting. He smirked as Thomas tightened his ass and wrapped a hand around the leaking cock.

"Doesn't seem fair that I'm the only one cumming."

Thomas tilted an ear. "It isn't that late in the day. I'm going to get to your ass."

"Good thing you're Society," Paul said, smirking, "because I'm going to make you cum a few times before you get your chance."