

CHAPTER-10

“On your six,” Thomas said calmly, looking through the scope. In the distance, Paul rolled out of the approaching enemy’s line of fire, turned, and unloaded an entire magazine in the canine in the blue and pink uniform of the enemy.

“Thank’s Overwatch,” Paul answered, vanishing behind a burning car.

“Marian, Donna, Sit-rep,” he instructed.

“Approaching the enemy objective,” Marian answered. “Nathan, you ready to cover me? They have two shooters protecting it.”

Thomas turned to scan that section of the field, but buildings were in the way. He stopped as Nathan replied to Marian, and Donna said she was good. A player in the best-pressed uniform the game (I think we should change the previous zombie came for this shooter, to establish that even before the Frat Thomas took down Felix in it a lot) allowed became visible and Thomas smiled.

“There you are.” The assassin had sped out of sight immediately on respawning this time around. Thomas centered the reticule and fired. The assassin dropped. Thomas had to imagine the head exploding because the game didn’t go for such gory detail. “And that makes number four, Mister Fel-Lou-Max.” Thomas loved snipping.

“You ever going to give him the chance to play?” Mark said. “Donna,” he hurried to call, “I need healing.” He cursed. “Where did that shooter come from?”

“Give me a sign,” Donna replied calmly.

Thomas scanned the field and caught the green flash Mark let out. The one-time emergency beacon every player had for situations like this. It let Thomas see the other sniper perched on a lower building and took him out.

“Your shooter’s down,” He said.

“Thanks.”

Donna reached Mark and proceeded to heal, only to be shot down in the middle of it. Cursing, Thomas searched for the shooter as Mark was taken out. He saw the immaculate uniform moving from one car to the other.

“How the hell did you get there from your spawn so quickly?” Before he could fire, the assassin was hidden again. They knew he had height and line of sight on them. They were probably calling his location to their teammate, but Thomas knew where they were as his own were engaged with them.

The assassin’s head poked over the overturned car and Thomas shot the head off again. “And that’s five for this game. Sit-Rep.”

“Marian’s nearly there,” Mark called, “two minutes and we have this.”

“Don’t get cocky,” he replied. “Their assassin knows this map. I almost missed taking him down this time.”

The door to his bedroom slammed the wall. “I have had enough!” The otter yelled and Thomas startled, nearly dropping his controller as he spun in his chair.

Felix Chouteau stood in the doorway dressed only in an Anti-Vision T-shirt and glaring murder at Thomas. “You, Mister T-Top-Topper(feel free to come up with better handles), are cheating!”

Thomas stared at him, trying to figure out how the otter knew his game handle, then noticed the slim earpiece with the extended microphone, and the two-part controller in each hand.

“What?” in his peripheral vision he saw the “killed” message flash red, and he cursed Felix for the distraction, turning back to the game, only for his chair to be spun so he’d face the otter again.

“Don’t ignore me, Hertz. There’s no way you could have pulled

that last shot without a cheat. Come clean or I'm reporting you."

Thomas batted the otter's hands away. "Back off, Chouteau." He heard no one in his headset, which meant that on top of costing him the game, the otter had caused him to get disconnected.

"I will not. There is no way you can have beaten me with that!" Felix motioned to what Thomas had on his head, a bulky headset and the four years out-of-date handset. "I have spent too much on my gear to be taken down by a cheater."

Thomas was on his feet, pushing the otter away. "I didn't cheat. You can't sneak worth shit. Don't blame your lack of skill on my years of playing Shoot-Em Down."

"You are a freshman," the otter growled, "and not even one of us. There is no way you can't have beaten me."

"Oh, come on. The quality of the gear means nothing compared to actually playing." Thomas fought against looking down. Was the otter was getting hard?

"I have been playing. Me and my team have been training for months!"

Thomas snorted. "Try the years me and my friends have been playing."

Felix let out an exasperated growl and reached for Thomas. "I will show you who is the better man here—"

"That's enough," Laurence said from the doorway, his Texan drawl thicker. "And he is a brother, don't insult him like that. Also, I can't believe you two are getting so excited over fake shooting."

"That is not what I meant, and you know it! He's a cheater!" Felix said, hand on Thomas's collar.

"Just fuck him, Fel," Laurence said, rolling his eyes. "It's not like the freshman is going to bitch about it, right?" the armadillo looked at Thomas.

Instead of answering Laurence, Thomas stared at Felix. "You're Fel-Lou-Max?" He couldn't stop the chuckle. "Ah man, I must have taken you down like twenty times over the last few weeks."

"You cheat!" The otter yelled, but was pulled away from Thomas.

"Okay, this is getting out of hand," Laurence said, holding on to the otter. "How about we resolve this in a definite way?"

"Rematch," Felix demanded, glaring at Thomas.

"I said definite," Laurence said before Thomas could agree. "Like for real, no for fake. You against Thomas. Real guns, real targets. You win, you get to fuck him, Thomas wins, and I get that honor."

"I'm not shooting at Felix with a real gun," Thomas said, as the looked the otter gave him was uncomfortably smug.

"Not shooting at each other," Laurence replied. "Shooting at targets, best score wins."

"Wins you," a voice came over the television's speakers with a snicker. "Oh man, how *hard* are you going to try to lose?" Paul asked.

"Did I miss something?" Donna asked, and Thomas's ears turned crimson. They couldn't have heard everything. He looked at the screen, and the icon for him being connected to the team chat was still active.

"Oh, you have missed so much," Paul replied, still snickering. "Thomas no longer has to wonder if he likes kissing guys now that the consequences aren't a black eye."

The silence in his headset was because he'd disconnected that, not from the chat. Instead of letting the embarrassment crush him, as Felix looked to be enjoying his situation too much, Thomas smiled.

"Tell me, is this game a Sigma Theta Gamma only thing, or can others participate, like Paul for example?" he was a much better shot than Paul, so at least he wouldn't end up last.

“How did Thomas score a frat?” Mark asked.

“On his back,” Paul answered. “And Thomas, I’m passing on the invitation. As fine as I’m sure your ass is, I think two guys fighting over it, is plenty.”

“What are you talking about?” Thomas asked “They aren’t—”

Paul’s laughter was so loud the speakers squawked. Laurence was covering his mouth as if he was stifling laughter. Felix was looking at Thomas in disbelief.

“What?” Thomas asked. Which only made Laurence bend over with laughter.

* * * * *

“Aren’t there shooting range closer to the house?” Thomas asked, getting out of Laurence’s pickup. They were nearly half an hour south of Minneapolis. Three spots over, Felix got out of his car, a deep red sports model from General-Ford. He didn’t know enough about cars to tell much more than it had to be expensive. And unlike Laurence’s dirty and banged-up truck, the car looked show room ready.

Only three other vehicles were parked on the dirt lot. Three pickups that had seen better days.

“Definitely.” The armadillo lifted the truck-bed cover and took out a long case from it. “But this one is the closest that meets my requirements.”

“And what are those?” Felix asked, looking into the truck-bed as Laurence closed the cover. Thomas peeked too and caught sight of other cases secured to the bed. Some looking a lot like the gun safe his grandfather help in his living room.

“The right kind of requirements,” the armadillo replied.

“Not going to lend me something from your arsenal?” the otter asked, and received an offended look from Laurence.

"They have perfectly acceptable rifles here," the armadillo said. "For you." Inside the squat and wide building, Laurence smiled as he looked around. Thomas peeked at the armadillo's crotch, expecting to see a tent, and received a roll of the eyes when he looked up. "I'm not that kind of Rowling."

Which meant there was one who was? Thomas wondered if he wanted to know who?

"Hey Hugh," the armadillo called to the antelope behind the counter. "My friends need a rifle each. They have a score to settle."

"Mister Rowling, it's a pleasure to see you again."

"Laurence," he replied with a sigh. "If we've had sex, you get to drop the mister, I told you."

The antelope looked around in embarrassment, but it was only the four of them in the store. "Yes, of course. I'm sorry. Do you have any preference?" the store clerk asked Thomas and Felix.

"The most expensive one you have," the otter replied.

"Do you have a Nosler S320?" Thomas asked. It was the model his grandfather had him use when his family went hunting at the cabin.

"Make that the 487," Laurence said. "This is a shooting range, not a stunning one."

"A rifle's a rifle," Thomas said, repeating his father's comment when his grandfather would go on about the quality of this versus that rifle.

"That's," Laurence said and sputtered, "that comment would get you kicked out of my family."

"Everyone knows, the best costs the most," Felix said. He missed the disappointed look Laurence gave him as he studied the rifle the clerk placed before him. "What is it?"

"A Remington Elite 229," the antelope answered without

emotions and Thomas thought he purposely kept his tone neutral.

“And there’s nothing more expensive?” Felix asked, not looking impressed.

“I have a 452 with gold plated stock, but it’s basically this rifle with more decorations.”

“Give me that one.”

“Sir, I—”

“The 452. Please.” That last word sounded like it hurt Felix to say and once the clerk was out of sight the otter rolled his eyes and mouthed “can you believe this?” Thomas kept silent as he didn’t think the otter cared for his opinion. Laurence also stayed silent.

The clerk returned with two rifles. The one he handed to Felix looked good, Thomas had that to say about it, nicely polished, with the gold filigree extending beyond the stock. The one he handed to Thomas had seen more use. It was scuffed and scratched. Part of the stock had been patched with wood putty and no one had bothered trying to make it match.

“I’m going to need a case for this,” Felix said.

“The range is just at the back,” Laurence said.

“And after? I’m not carrying this around in the open, it would get scratched.”

“Felix, you do get this is just practice, right? You don’t have to buy the rifle.”

“Are you seriously telling me not to buy a rifle?” The otter looked at the armadillo in disbelief.

Laurence looked at the rifle, then shrugged. “It’s your money.”

“Exactly.”

The clerk produced a case for it, and then Felix paid. Thomas’s eyes went wide at the size of the number.

“Don’t worry about it,” Laurence said. “I’m covering your rental.”

Thomas lowered his voice. “How *good* is that rifle?”

Laurence looked at Felix’s purchase again and shook his head. He didn’t lower his voice when he said. “A weapon is no better than the person holding it.” Then he led the two of them to the back.

The shooting range looked like what Thomas had seen in movies. A large and deep room with their area separated into individual stalls with a counter. Laurence went to the vending machine as Thomas settled in his stall and looked the rifle over. The weight was close to what he was used to, and the sight seemed decent.

Laurence placed five magazines on his and Felix’s counter, and then the one on Thomas’s left. “They’re auto-w rack, so just put the magazine in and you’re ready to go. Ear protection in first.” The armadillo indicated the large headset hanging on the wall before taking plugs from his pocket and putting them in his ears. “You both get one magazine to familiarize yourself with your rifle, then the next four are calculated, the highest score wins. You argue and you’re disqualified, which means you don’t take part in the reward.”

Thomas was impressed at how clear Laurence’s voice was. He’d expected to barely hear anything he said. He placed the rifle to his shoulder and fired. The hand at his back kept him from being thrown off his feet by the recoil.

“You okay?” Laurence asked, while Felix smirked.

“I wasn’t expecting that.” Thomas rubbed his shoulder. He’d have a bruise, for sure.

“It’s the main difference between a sporting rifle and a real one.”

“A stunner rifle is as real as this one,” Thomas replied.

“The fact you don’t need a license to own one says differently,” Laurence said with a slight smirk.

“My grandfather has a license.”

“A hunting one, I expect. Which is to allow him to take down bucks, not for his hunting rifle.”

“Are we going to shoot?” Felix asked. “Or is this just delaying tactics before you give up and hand me your ass?”

Thomas put the rifle back to his shoulder, readjusted his footing, then changed it as Laurence gave him instructions. And fired once. The recoil was strong, but now that he expected it and he stood to take it. The rifle barely moved. The sight was a little off, he thought. When he turned to ask Laurence, the armadillo was giving Felix instruction on how to stand, to which the otter rolled his eyes.

“I do know how to shoot.”

“I know you’re an expert at firing your load, but that’s a rifle,” Laurence replied. “Not quite the same time.”

“I can wreck an ass a lot easier with my cock,” the otter replied, then put the rifle to his shoulder and fired four times in quick succession.

Thomas took his time with the other ten bullets, getting a feel for how the rifle responded. Not that different from the one his grandfather taught him to use once he took the recoil into account. When the magazine beeped empty, he took it out and put another one in. Felix was impatiently waiting for him.

“Okay, four magazines, forty-eight bullets.” Laurence tapped a code on each of the stall’s walls. “The point system is standard. The closer to the center, the more it’s worth. Unfortunately, I can’t tell the range not to display it, so it’s going to be over your target for everyone to see. Don’t let that distract you.” He then moved to the stall on Thomas’s left and took a rifle out of the case.

“Oh Law, just to be clear,” Felix said, peering around the divider. “When I win, I get the rat’s ass, that means you get nothing.”

“Sure, I’ll just take my turn at the house. Now stop delaying and start shooting. The rifle, not your mouth,” Laurence added,

putting his rifle to his shoulder. Thomas looked around the partition, but the otter was already sighting at his target.

Thomas did the same, taking his time. After his first magazine, Felix was ahead, as was Laurence. He couldn't hear the gunshot, so he didn't know how many bullets he'd used already, and he did his best not to worry about the score. No matter what, he was getting fucked, and for as haughty as the otter was, he was a good fuck.

As he fired the third magazine, Thomas noted the score on the otter's target wasn't going up anymore, while Laurence's ticked up fifty points every few seconds. Thomas surpassed Felix's by the time he put the fourth one in, but was nowhere close to Laurence's. He felt the otter's glare as he kept firing, taking his time with each shot even if it was clear he'd won.

He put the rifle on the counter and looked at the scores. Forty-eight bullets, with the center shot worth fifty. It meant Laurence had missed none of his shots. Thomas's grouping wasn't tight, but a lot tighter than Felix's. He turned to face them.

"I was done in half the time," Felix protested as Laurence took off his pants.

"It wasn't a speed shooting contest," the armadillo replied. Thomas stared at the hard cock, then noticed motion as a woman further down was staring at them before rushing to leave. "Out of your pant, Thomas."

"Laurence, I think we should wait until we're at the house. That woman just went to complain."

The armadillo looked at the closed door and then at Thomas again. "We're fine. This is private property and I have an arrangement with the owner."

"And how much did said arrangement cost you?" Felix asked, sounding amused.

"I'm not discussing money with you, Felix. I'm not interested in who has more of it."

“Isn’t that what those who can’t compete always say?”

“Whatever,” the armadillo said, then to Thomas. “Out of your pants. Unlike some people at the house, I don’t like ripping clothing off.”

Thomas looked at the door, then trusted Laurence and got out of his pants, putting them on the counter with the rifle. Then he was lifted to sit on the edge.

Felix pulled his cock out.

“No fucking me,” Laurence told the otter. “You said the loser didn’t get off here so put that away.”

“That was if I—”

“You don’t change the rules on me, Chouteau,” Laurence said bluntly. “Put that back in, go sit, and once we’re at the house, you can enjoy Thomas.”

Felix put his cock away as the armadillo pressed a lube slicked finger in Thomas’s ass, making him gasp, and left the range.

“Don’t worry about him,” Laurence said, moving the finger in and out. “He’s probably going to fuck Hugh.”

“I wasn’t,” Thomas gasped, “thinking about him.”

“Glad to hear it,” the armadillo said, removing the finger and lining up his cock. “I’m not a fan of the guy I’m fucking screaming someone else’s name.”

“You don’t have to—” Thomas groaned as the armadillo’s cock stretched him. Then he held on to Laurence as he was fucked hard and long. Thomas screamed the armadillo’s name through his first orgasm and was incoherent by the time the second came along.

As he came down from it, he felt the cock in him pulse and Laurence was grinning at him.

“I am never going to get enough of this,” Thomas said.

“Then you are definitely a brother,” the armadillo replied. “Not that I doubted it. Anyone who takes as much of Chima’s cock as you did and comes back for more is Sigma Theta Gamma, regardless of which family he’s from.” Laurence gently pulled out, and all Thomas felt was a loss. He enjoyed being fucked; a lot.

The armadillo cleaned them using wipes from a pack he took from his jacket, then dressed. Thomas was a little slower, his legs wobbly. By the time he had his pants on, Laurence was putting Felix’s rifle in its case, a disapproving expression on his face.

By the time Laurence took his already put-away rifle, Thomas was steady on his feet. He was amazed at how quickly he was getting over getting pounded out of his mind now. Madoc’s training was paying off in more than his shirts getting a little tight.

“How was Felix?” Laurence asked the antelope, as he paid for the use of the range.

“Competent,” Hugh answered. “I’m not a fan of pissed-off fucks.” Thomas leaned in to see the amount, but Laurence turned his phone away.

“He’s a sore loser.”

“And because of that I’m the one who’s sore,” the antelope replied.

“I’ll make it up to you.”

The antelope smiled. “You always do. This Saturday?”

“Can’t. Me and Gilbert have plans. He’s dragging me to test something. You busy Sunday?”

Hugh smiled. “I would definitely prefer worshiping you over some guy on a cross. My place at nine?”

“I’ll be there.”

Thomas took Felix’s case as Laurence reached for it.

“He’s going to want that, you know that, right?” The

armadillo said as they headed for the exit.

“I figure, I’m going to ride with him, so I can give it to him.”

“You really want to do that? He’s going to be pissy the entire drive. Chouteau isn’t a good loser.”

“I’m going to keep him from complaining.” Thomas grinned at the surprised look Laurence gave him. It might be a mistake, but Thomas felt good and while he didn’t want to get fucked by someone driving, he wasn’t done having fun. And sure, sucking off Laurence on the way back would be fun, but not as much as bossing around a needy otter.

Felix waited for them by his car. “About time.”

“You could have left,” Laurence said.

“You have my rifle.”

“You could have come and taken it.”

Felix rolled his eyes. “And bother you and your boy toy?”

“Watch your tone,” Laurence said. “He’s a bother.”

“It’s okay,” Thomas said, which earned him a suspicious look from the otter. “I’ll see you at the house.” He headed for Felix. “I’m riding with you.” He offered him the rifle case.

The otter looked at it, then him. “Put it in the trunk.” The trunk opened.

Once he was seated in the passenger seat, Felix eyed him. “What are you planning?”

As an answer, Thomas reached for the otter’s pants, undoing them. “Drive,” he ordered, reaching in for the cock. He wasn’t surprised that it was already stiffening. He didn’t know what it was about the frat, but everyone in it could get hard again really fast. Even him.

Felix smirked. “Well. I’m glad to know you can respect me.”

The car smoothly pulled out.

Thomas hid his smirk and wondered how long until the otter was cursing him instead. After all, it would be what, an hour, an hour and a half until they were at the house, and Thomas wasn't planning on letting Felix cum until the car was parked in the garage.

He took the head of the cock in his mouth, smiling.

This was going to be such a fun drive.

CHAPTER 1.5-10

“On your six,” Thomas said calmly. Through his scope he watched as Paul rolled out of the approaching enemy’s line of fire, turned, and unloaded an entire magazine into the canine in the blue and pink of the enemy.

“Thank’s Overwatch,” Paul answered, vanishing behind a burning car.

“Marian, Donna, sit-rep,” he called out, scanning the field.

“Approaching the enemy objective,” Marian answered, “Nathan, you ready to cover me? They have two shooters protecting it.”

Thomas turned to scan that section of the field, but buildings were in the way. He stopped just as Nathan replied to Marian and Donna called that she was good. A player in the best-pressed uniform in the game’s customization options had become visible and Thomas smiled.

“There you are.” The assassin had sped out of sight immediately on respawning this time around. Thomas centered the reticule and fired. The assassin dropped; pity this game didn’t allow for gory details like exploding heads in the options. “And that makes number four, Mister Fel-Lou-Max.” Thomas loved snipping.

“You ever going to give him the chance to play?” Mark said.

“Donna, I need healing.” He cursed. “Where did that shooter come from?”

“Give me a sign,” Donna replied calmly.

Thomas scanned the field and caught the green signal flare Mark let out. More importantly he saw the enemy sniper react to it, only to be picked off by the rat. “I’ve got you covered.”

“Thanks,” Mark replied as Donna reached him. The healing action started to process, only to be shot in the middle of it. Thomas cursed, searching for the shooter as Mark was taken out. That’s when he saw that immaculate uniform moving from one car to the other.

“How the hell did you get there from spawn so quickly?” Before he could fire, the assassin was hidden again. They knew he had height and line of sight on them. They were probably calling his position to his teammates, but Thomas knew they were all already engaged with the rest of his team.

The assassin’s head poked over the overturned car and Thomas planted a bullet in it again. “And that’s five for the game. Sit-Rep.”

“Marian’s nearly there,” Mark called, “Two minutes and we have this.”

“Don’t get cocky,” Thomas replied. “Their assassin knows this map. I almost missed taking him down this time.”

* * *

The door to his bedroom slammed to the wall. "I have had enough!" The otter yelled and Thomas startled, nearly dropping his controller as he spun in his chair. Felix Chouteau stood in the doorway, dressed only in an Anti-Vision T-shirt and glaring murder at Thomas, "You, Mister Maxium-T-Hertz, are cheating!"

"What?" In his peripheral vision he saw the "killed" message flash read, and he cursed Felix for the distraction. He tried to turn back to the game, only for his chair to be spun so he'd face the otter again.

"Don't ignore me, Hertz," the otter raged. "There is no way you could have pulled that last shot without a cheat. Come clean or I'm reporting you."

Thomas batted the otter's hands away. "Back off, Chouteau." He heard no one in his headset, which meant that on top of costing him the game the otter had caused him to get disconnected.

"I will not. There is no way you could have beaten me with that!" Felix motioned to Thomas's hands, and the rat bristled. Sure, his controller and headset were maybe forty dollars a piece but they weren't bargain bin. "I have spent too much on my gear to be taken down by a cheater."

Thomas was on his feet, pushing the otter away. "I didn't cheat. You can't sneak worth shit. Don't blame your lack of skill..." the rat paused. "Wait, you're Fel-Lou-Max?" That would explain how he knew his gamer handle, and not to mention the ultra thin headset and mike. And was that Platinum G Pro in his hands?

* * *

The otter grinned viciously, "Yeah, take a look at real quality gaming equipment. The equipment of a pro who takes the sport seriously."

"Oh come on. The quality of the gear means nothing compared to actually playing." Thomas fought against the urge to glance down. Was the otter getting hard?

"I have been playing," Felix snarled. "Me and my team have been training for months!"

Thomas rolled his eyes, "Well me and my friends have been playing for years."

Felix let out an exasperated snarl and reached for Thomas. "I will show you who is the better man here--"

"That's about enough of that," Laurance said from the doorway, his Texan drawl on thicker than usual. "First off, he's a brother, so don't go insulting him like that. Also, I can't believe you two are getting so excited over fake shooting."

"That is not what I mean, and you know it. He's a cheater!" Felix said, hands still on Thomas's collar.

"Just fuck him, Fel," Laurence said, rolling his eyes. "It's not like the freshman is going to bitch about it, right?" The armadillo eyed

the rat.

Instead of answering Laurence, Thomas grinned sheepishly. "So just to be clear you're just going to be wrecking my ass just for the past game and not the other twenty times I've shot you in the past few weeks?"

"You cheat!" The otter yelled, but was pulled away from the rat.

"Okay, this is getting out of hand," Laurence said, holding on to the otter. "How about we resolve this like men."

"Rematch," Felix demanded, glaring at Thomas.

"I said like men," Laurence said, plucking both controllers from them and tossing them on Thomas's bed. "Like for real, not for fake. You against Thomas. Real guns. Real targets. You win, you get to fuck him. Thomas wins, I get that honor."

"I'm not shooting at Felix with a stunner," Thomas said, as the otter wore an uncomfortably smug grin.

"I said real guns, but not at each other." Laurence replied. "You'll be shooting at targets, the best score wins."

"Wins you," a voice came over the television's speakers with a snicker. Nathan?

* * *

“Oh man, are you going to be trying to win or to lose?” Marian asked.

“Did I miss something?” Donna asked, and Thomas’s ears turned crimson. They couldn’t have heard everything. But there it was, at the corner of the screen, the icon for his live chat. He only lost connection with his headset. How had they known to stay quiet all this time?

“Oh, you have missed so much,” Paul replied. “Thomas no longer has to wonder if he likes kissing guys if it doesn’t come with the consequences of a black eye.”

Thomas was about ready to go under the bed and not come out until finals, but Felix seemed to be enjoying this way too much. Fuck, even Laurence was trying not to snicker. “So, is this just a Sigma Theta Gamma thing, or can others join in? Like, Paul, for instance?” If this was a game between Laurence and everyone else, Thomas knew who would win, but Paul only needed to beat the rat and otter for Thomas to finally get his friend to fuck him.

“How did Thomas score a frat?” Mark asked.

“On his back,” Paul answered, “And Thomas, I’m passing on the invitation. As fine as I’m sure your ass is, I think two guys fighting over it is plenty.”

“What are you talking about?” Thomas asked, “They aren’t-”

* * *

Paul's laughter was so loud the speakers squawked. Laurence was covering his mouth to keep from exploding with laughter, and Felix was looking at Thomas in disbelief.

"What?" Thomas asked, which only made Laurence finally outright lose it.

* * * * *

"Aren't there shooting ranges within the city limits?" Thomas asked, getting out of Laurence's pickup. They were nearly half and hour south of Minneapolis. Three spots over, Felix got out of his car, a deep red sports model from General-Ford. Thomas only knew enough about cars to know it was expensive, and polished to a shine to be showroom ready unlike Laurence's well ridden ride.

Only three other vehicles were parked on the dirt lot. All three pickups.

"Definitely." The armadillo lifted the truck-bed cover and took out a long case from it. "But this one is the closest that meets my requirements."

"Not going to lend us some or your arsenal?" Felix asked, looking into the truck bed as Laurence closed the cover. Thomas peeked as well, and saw several other cases, including something that looked like his grandfather's gun safe built into the truck.

* * *

Laurence rolled his eyes, "Renting and selling good quality rifles were one of my requirements."

The walk into the squat wide building was a short one, and once inside Laurence smiled as he looked around at all the rifles along the wall... because geeze there were a lot of them. "I'm not that kind of Rowling." The armadillo stated as he caught Thomas glancing at his crotch.

Thomas needed to work on his subtlety. Also, did that mean there were Rowlings turned on just by gun?

"Hey, Hugh," the armadillo called to the antelope behind the counter. "My friends each need a rifle. They have a score to settle."

"Mister Rowling," the antelope beamed, "It's a pleasure to see you again."

"Laurence," he corrected with a sign. "If we've had sex, you get to drop the mister, I told you."

The antelope rolled his eyes. "Yes, of course, I'm sorry. Do you have any preferences?" the store clerk asked Thomas and Felix.

"The most expensive one you have," the otter stated firmly.

"Do you have a Nosler S320?" Thomas asked. It was the model his grandfather had him use when his family went hunting at the

cabin.

“Make that the 487,” Laurance said. “This is a shooting range, not a stunning one.”

“A rifle’s a rifle,” Thomas said, quoting his father’s comment from whenever his grandfather would go on and on about the quality of one rifle versus another.

“Tha,” Laurence sputtered, “that comment would get you kicked out of my family.”

Thomas just shrugged. Good thing he was a Hertz and not a Rowling. Glancing over at Felix, he saw the otter studying the rifle in front of him. “What is it?” the otter asked.

“A Remington Elite 229,” the antelope answered without emotion.

“And there’s nothing more expensive?” Felix asked, not looking impressed.

“I have a 452 with gold plated stock,” the antelope answered with forced neutrality, “but it’s basically this rifle with more decoration.”

“Give me that one,” the otter said with no hesitation.

* * *

Here a touch of wariness entered the antelope started to say, "Sir, I-

"The 452," Felix said firmly. "Please." That last word sounded like it hurt Felix to say, and once the clerk was out of sight the otter rolled his eyes and mouthed 'can you believe this'. Thomas kept his silence, as did Laurence.

The clerk returned with two rifles. The one he handed Felix looked good, with it's fine polish and gold filigree extending beyond the stock. The one he handed to Thomas had seen more use. It was stuffed and stretched, with part of the stock having been patched with wood putty.

"I'm going to need a case for this," Felix said.

"The range is just at the back," Laurence said.

"And after?" the otter retorted. "I'm not carrying this around in the open. It would get scratched."

"Felix, this is just a shoot off. Besides, do you even have a-" the armadillo stopped what he was saying when he saw the otter hand over a piece of documentation to the antelope.

Hugh inspected it before nodding, "Your owner's registration and case will be ready for you after your match... sir." Payment was

made, and Thomas's eyes bulged at the number that displayed on the register.

"Don't worry," Laurence whispered when he noticed. "I'm covering your rental."

In the same hushed tone Thomas asked, "How good is that rifle?"

Laurence looked at Felix's purchase again and shook his head. In a normal conversation tone he responded, "A weapon is no better than the person holding it." Then he led the two of them to the back.

The shooting range looked like what Thomas had seen in movies. A large deep room with their area separated into individual stalls with a counter. Laurence went to the vending machine as Thomas settled in his stall and looked the rifle over. The weight was close to what he was used to, and the sight seemed decent.

Laurence placed five magazines on his and Felix's counter, and then one on Thomas's left. They're auto-wrack, so just put the magazine in and you're ready to go. Ear protection first." The armadillo indicated the large headset hanging on the wall before taking plunges from his pocket and putting them in his ears. "You both get one magazine to familiarize yourself with your rifle, then the next four are calculated, the highest score wins. You argue and you're disqualified. Which means you don't take part in the reward."

Thomas was impressed how clear Laurence's voice was even with the headphones on. He'd expected to barely hear anything he

said. He placed the rifle to his shoulder and took a stance like he was used to when shooting a buck. Line up the shot and... fire. A hand at his back kept him from being thrown off his feet by the recoil.

"You okay?" Laurence asked, while Felix smirked.

"I wasn't expecting that," Thomas said as he rubbed his shoulder. He'd have a bruise for sure.

"It's the main difference between a sporting rifle and a real one," the armadillo said.

"A stunner rifle is a real one," the rat said flatly.

"The fact you don't need a license to own one says differently," Laurence said with a slight smirk.

Thomas chose not to bring up his grandfather's functional classic rifles. That last thing the rat needed was for the armadillo to fall out of lust with his father only because his grandfather was the bigger dill.

Instead, Thomas focused on the task of learning how to shoot this thing. He raised the rifle up again and readjusted his stance, then changed it as Laurence gave him instructions. He fired once, and while the recoil was still strong he was expecting it now and braced to take it. The rifle barely moved, but the sight was a little off. When he turned to ask Laurence, the armadillo was giving Felix instructions on how to stand, to which the otter rolled his eyes.

* * *

"I know how to shoot," Felix said in exasperation.

"You know how to shoot your little city guns," Laurance replied, "But that's a rifle. Not quite the same thing."

The otter just glared at the armadillo, lifted the rifle to his shoulder and fired four times in quick succession.

Thomas put their arguments out of his mind and focused on his remaining ten bullets, getting a feel for how the rifle responded. Not that different from the one his grandfather taught him to use once he took the recoil into account. When the magazine beeped empty, he took it out and put another one in. Felix was waiting for him impatiently.

"Okay. Four magazines, forty-eight bullets." Laurence tapped a code on each of the stall's walls. "The point system is standard. The closer to the center, the more it's worthy. I can't tell the range not to display, so it's going to be over your target for everyone to see. Don't let that distract you." He then moved to the stall on Thomas's left and took his rifle out of its case.

"Oh, Law. Just to be clear," Felix said peering around the divider. "When I win, I get the rat's ass. That means you get nothing."

"Sure, I'll just hold it till I'm back at the frat. Now stop delaying and start shooting. The rifle, not your mouth," Laurence added, putting his rifle to his shoulder. Thomas looked around the partition, but the otter was already sighting his target.

* * *

Thomas did the same, taking his time. After his first magazine, Felix was ahead, as was Laurence. He couldn't hear the gunshots, so he didn't know how many bullets they'd used already, and honestly he didn't care who won. No matter what he was getting fucked, and for as haughty as the otter was, he was a good fuck.

As started on the third magazine, Thomas noted the score above Felix's target wasn't going up anymore, while Laurence's ticked up fifty points every few seconds. Thomas had surpassed Felix by the time he put in the fourth, but was nowhere close to Laurence's. He felt the otter's glare as he kept firing, taking his time with each shot even if it was clear he'd won.

Last magazine empty, he put the rifle on the counter and compared the scores. With a bullseye worth fifty points, a score of two thousand four hundred meant Laurence didn't miss any of his shots. Thomas's grouping wasn't as tight, but he was a lot tighter than Felix.

"I was done in half the time," Felix protested as Laurence took off his pants.

"It wasn't a speed shooting contest," the armadillo replied. Thomas stared at the hard cock, then noticed a woman, a collie, further down was staring at them. "Out of your pants, Thomas."

"Laurence, I think we should wait until we're at the house," Thomas said between a swallow, "We're kinda not alone."

The armadillo looked behind him at the collie cleaning her

gun. "Jasmine , unless you're going to grow a dick in the next minute could you give us a few? Newbie still got stage fright." The collie shrugged her shoulders and gathered her stuff to leave, and the armadillo looked at the stunned faces of his friends and shrugged himself. "I already said this place met my requirements. Did you think that just meant the quality of the guns?"

Felix shrugged and started to undo his own belt, "Honestly I'm surprised we did this in pants at all if that was the case."

The armadillo raised a single finger up to the otter without taking his eyes off Thomas. "NuUh, Chouteau. You set the qualifier the loser doesn't get any. And that now means you."

Felix looked ready to argue, in fact he almost looked ready to explode... and then he just took his gun and stormed out .

"You realize he's probably just going to go fuck your friend," Thomas said as he finally undid his belt and stepped out of his pants. The armadillo just picked up the rat and put him on the counter, getting out a tube of lube.

"Hugh is a big boy," Laurence said as he started working his slicked up fingers on Thomas's hole. The rat gasped despite himself. How could this be so wonderful every single time? Thomas groaned as the armadillo's cock stretched him, and then he held onto Laurence as he was fucked hard and long. The armadillo had him screaming his name at the third orgasm, and by the fifth he was incoherent .

By the time the armadillo's cock pulsed one last time and he

pulled out, Thomas was grinning like crazy. "I'm never going to get enough of this."

"Then you're definitely a brother," the armadillo replied, grinning back. "Not that I had any doubt. Anyone who takes as much of Chima's cock as you did and comes back for more is Sigma Theta Gamma, even if they aren't from one of the families ." Laurence paused and then winced.

Thomas blew him a raspberry. "Relax. I figured out at least that much." Thomas jumped down from the counter, amazed his legs could function already; another benefit from Madoc's training besides the slightly tight shirts. "Old money families, all gay, from all over the world. Anyone could figure that much out from watching you guys."

Laurence handed Thomas some wet wipes, "Still wish I could take you to see..." the armadillo bit his lips. "Tell you what, you graduate, and I'll introduce you to some people who can really show you a good time."

Thomas rolled his eyes. While sex was a great motivator, getting him to decide a major and then accell at it was possibly the one thing it couldn't do.

Once they were cleaned up and dressed, they headed back out to the counter to find Hugh waiting without Felix present. "How was Felix?"

"Competent," Hugh answered as he rang them up on the register. "I'm not a fan of pissed-off fucks." Thomas leaned in to see the

amount, but Laurence's body blocked his view of the register.

"I'll make it up to you," Laurence said with a grin.

"You always do," Hugh smiled back.

As the pair of them walked back outside, Thomas was surprised to see Felix still there, leaning against his car. "Well, look who decided to hang about," Laurence said.

The otter rolled his eyes, "I only just got out of there five minutes ago. Another five and I would have been gone." Felix wasn't in the mood to say much else as he walked around to his driver's seat. Biting his lower lip, Thomas made a split second decision and walked up to his passenger seat.

"We'll see you at the frat," the rat said as he waved to a confused armadillo and jumped into the red sports car.

Felix glared at the intruder. "What are you doing?"

"Kissing and making up," Thomas said as he reached over and undid the otter's pants. He wasn't surprised that cock was already getting hard when he pulled it out. He didn't know what it was about this frat, but everyone in it could get hard again lightning fast. Even him.

Felix smirked as Thomas wrapped his lips around the cock,

“Well I’m glad to know you can show at least a little respect.” The car smoothly pulled out.

Thomas rolled his eyes. It would be so tempting to just edge this otter all the way to the frat, but the rat knew he didn’t have the self control. After all, this was about Thomas’s needs and Felix’s needs just happening to be aligned. Whether the otter was singing the rat’s name in joy or cursing his name all depended on how he felt being milked for all he’s worth.

The hour and a half back was going to be a lot more fun than the ride here.

OUTLINE-10

Chapter 13[Technically not a lot changed in this chapter. Just some polishing of places that were confusing before, adjusting Paul's level of involvement to what we discussed, and adding in Thomas's hunting experience.]

###

Fraternity House, Thomas, Paul, Felix, Laurence: Mood: Stop killing me! I'm dying here

Thomas and Paul are playing the still unnamed shooter game, online with each being in their respective rooms. It's going well, with them having won three games in a row due to Thomas's marksmanship. They are about to que up for game number four, when Felix burst into the room wearing a headset of his own, controllers [note to self, make Felix's gear top of the line, while Thomas' is close to lower middle]still in hand, and rocking a gamer t-shirt with no pants.

Felix apparently knows Thomas's username within the game. Or at least he accuses Thomas of being his username, after which we discover that the person Thomas has been headshotting repeatedly is in actuality Felix[I get the sense that here we would see some of Felix elitist attitude show its face, if it hasn't before now You just basically described half the point of this chapter.]. He seems to be eager to take it out on Thomas's ass... but then Laurence comes in to save the day... sort of.

He chastises them for playing fake shooter games, but if they want some fun then he's willing to show them the real thing. They can even make it a game. If Felix wins, he gets to fuck Thomas. If Thomas wins, then Laurence gets to fuck Thomas. Paul, having overheard everything, will make some remarks regarding the old gypsy switch, but Thomas doesn't mind. In fact he'll ask if this is a Sigma Theta

Gamma only game, or is Paul allowed in. Paul will be quick to decline. As fine as Thomas's ass is he doesn't need to turn this into a three way shootout.

###

Shooting Range, Thomas, Laurence, Felix: Mood: to win or not to win, who do I want to fuck me?

Being a Rowling, the first thing that Laurence did when moving to town for college was find the shooting ranges. The second thing he did was to see which ones were liberal enough for Society standards. So the place the armadillo ends up taking the gang is a little off the beaten path, but still within an hour of the city limits with good traffic.

Laurence provides the guns, all long range rifles... possibly sniper rifles, though that would suggest military grade, and there is no way he'd get his hands on that stuff. Thomas is a bit surprised even assuming it's all hunting grade, as even hunting rifles these days are stun; lets you go up to the target in peace and deliver a clean kill to the back of the neck. Still, Laurence doesn't really hide the fact he's a Texan, so stereotypes makes the suspicion of the disbelief he'd have real bullet "hunting" rifles believable.

The competition commences. And while he's never handled real bullets before, he goes hunting with his family every winter at his grandfathers. So once he gets used to things like recoil and balance of the gun, then Thomas will win no questions asked, get fucked by Laurence... and then suck Felix [would thomas try to avoid Felix once he's exposed to his elitist attitude? I think it's still early for him to confront Felix about it. It depends on how exposed, since he can't really name drop the Society just yet. Also there's a question if Felix is the type of person to turn down sex from anyone at this point.] off on the ride back because he's at the point that stuff needs to be real serious for him to pass up sex, contest or no [Might Felix not give Thomas nightmares about being taken out over and over in the game after this? This might be complicated. I don't see Felix's power working like

the privacy person you're introducing in Book 4. Felix needs to actually be fucking someone to trigger the lucid dreams.]

[That said, since it's Felix's power he can control how much or how little control the other person has in the dream, it is also still a lucid dream. So they might not realize it's a dream at first, but they will be consciously in control of their actions.]

[I'm not saying no. I'm saying it might not go down the way you think it would. One, it would require Felix to fuck Thomas to sleep. Two, Felix can get real vindictive if he wants if he goes this route, with actually head shooting Thomas in a dream battlefield where there is no difference between them and their avatars.okay, with immediate sex being required, this wouldn't work. I was expecting it to be something like only needing to get his cum into Thomas as a link, which would have happend as part of the reward for the shooting contest.].