

Summer Fun

Jimmmmy Lee Starbird and Levon Starbird are © Roochak

Roland's summer break had not been going well. Such was to be expected, what with having to stay with his folks and all, but that didn't mean Roland had to be thrilled about it. After all, the whole reason he'd bothered to go to college in Wisconsin was to get away from his folks back in Alabama. Try as he might, he just wasn't able to make the best of it, and even a long walk in the woods didn't seem to be helping. He flicked his twin vulpine tails in slight frustration, trudging along through the heat. Even in a T-shirt and shorts he was very hot.

"Hello there!" said a voice. Roland shook his head and turned to look. A glasses-wearing rodent was standing near him, smiling and waving invitingly. Roland wasn't sure, but if he had to guess, he'd say the rodent was rat/mouse mix. The rat/mouse had a large tribal tattoo on his upper left arm. The rodent was also wearing a tight-fitting sleeveless shirt and close cut off jeans. Roland thought it was awfully brave to dress so gay in such a homophobic part of the world. The rodent's sandals flapped against his feet as he jogged up beside Roland.

"Saw you walking all by yourself. 'S a shame to be walkin' by yourself. My name's Jimmy Lee. What's yours?" The rat/mouse had a slight southern accent, which made his voice sound a little folksy and unrefined. Jimmy extended his hand, and Roland shook it idly. He always felt so uncomfortable and shy around new people, especially if they were cute.

"I'm Roland," said the fox, putting his hands into his large pockets. He stared at his feet, trying to avoid looking at Jimmy's butt. Those pants were sinfully tight. How did Jimmy get into them, did he paint them onto his body or what.

"Where are you from?" asked Jimmy. Jimmy seemed to completely ignore Roland's shy demeanor, and seemed determined to make friends today.

"From Wisconsin I guess. My folks live here, but...I don't." replied Roland.

"Wisconsin? That's a long ways away!" said Jimmy. "I'm from Tuscaloosa. You know where that is? It's about a hundred miles that-a-way." Jimmy pointed, as if Roland could clearly see the town through the trees and mountains that gave Oak Mountain park its name. "I got a scholarship to go to UAB, though, and so I guess I live in Birmingham now..."

"What are you studying there?" asked Roland. He had not yet raised his head, and felt embarrassingly shy. Jimmy's persistence wasn't helping. Did this guy want something from Roland or was he just really lonely?

"I'm studyin' computer sciences. Well, that's my major...Really I'm studying everything I can. I'm sure as hell not going back to Tuscaloosa, but I'm not sure what I should study to get me the hell out of here." Roland nodded lightly. So he and this fellow had something in common, they both wanted the hell out of here. Only Roland had been more successful. On Wisconsin indeed.

"I'm a bacteriologist myself."

"What's a bacteriologist from Wisconsin doing down here?" asked Jimmy. Jimmy had somehow managed to cram his hands into those tight pockets and was positively bouncing down the trail. The way he was smiling and showing off to Roland was blatant advertising.

"I wonder how he knows I like guys..." thought Roland. "I wonder if maybe I just look gay?" He shook his head and finally made eye contact with Jimmy. Jimmy's smiling face was extremely cute. "Well my parents live here, the dorm closes down over summer and I wasn't able to find a good apartment to sublet. So I kinda had to go home...I hate it, I'm just not a warm-weather person and my folks, well...There's a reason I go to school in WI." Jimmy seemed to know what Roland was talking about and nodded knowingly.

"Maybe I should join ya up there...Is it nice?" Jimmy's flirtatious ass wiggling stopped, something which relieved Roland in one way and disappointed him in another.

"It's all right...I mean, it's cold, but the people are nice. Not a lot of jobs there though."

"Not a lot of jobs anywhere these days," said Jimmy. "Fucking economy."

"Yeah, I guess that's true..." Roland returned to looking at his shoes. He wondered if he'd killed Jimmy's enthusiasm.

"So tell me..." the mouserat asked, changing his tone into something distinctly naughty. Without warning he reached over and grabbed Roland's crotch, his hand giving the fox a firm squeezing grab. Roland gasped and went wide-eyed, surprised to note that he was completely aroused and that even through his loose pants the mouse had given him a firm grab. "Tell me...Is this all for little 'ol me, or do you have a girlfriend?"

Roland shook a little, but didn't make any genuine efforts to get away. He blushed through his fur as Jimmy led him through some trees and bushes by tugging on his penis. "Jeez man, are you crazy? We're in a fuckin' public park..." said Roland. Jimmy just giggled.

"You and I both no that no one ever bothers to take this trail... Plus doesn't it thrill you that ya might get caught?" said Jimmy. Roland scowled to himself, wondering how the rodent might have known about his exhibitionism. The gay thing probably had reason to it, but the exhibitionism had to just be a lucky guess. When they were out of sight of the path, Jimmy immediately started working Roland out of his pants and underwear, squeaking with delight as Roland's large pink dick came bobbing out into view. "Wow, you're a big boy aren't ya?" The rodent dropped to his knees, working over Roland's erection with soft and experienced hands. Roland let his eyes go half closed,

flicking his tails and looking down at the rodent. This guy was good, and Roland knew it would be best for him to just sit back and enjoy this.

Jimmy slipped a green, mint-flavored condom out of his pocket and rolled it out over Roland's dick. "Safety first!" giggled Jimmy before he started stuffing his face. Roland had to bite his lower lip to keep from crying out. The mouse barely bothered with a warm-up, moving his tongue around and around the tip of Roland's shaft even as he sucked hard. Roland reached out for a tree to brace himself on as the mouserat sucked and bobbed away, pushing Roland deep into his muzzle and throat. Jimmy stopped only occasionally, and then only to move down and slip Roland's balls into his mouth. Roland sucked air in through his teeth, closing his eyes and moaning a little.

"Ahh my god..." said Roland.

"Just 'Jimmy' is fine, thanks," said the mouserat with a chuckle. He gently slid Roland's dick into his mouth, then slowly guided Roland's hand to the hard dick as he slid off. "Hold into it for a moment..."

Roland was disappointed at first when Jimmy slid away from his cock, but that didn't last long. Jimmy was standing in front of Roland, staring at the fox with a look of burning lust. Slowly, as if moving to invisible music, Jimmy started to dance, thrusting his hips with each imaginary beat. His shirt slid up, his hands caressing carefully molded abs and pecs. His pants slid down, then off, revealing his erection. It was pretty good sized for someone who was half mouse, half rat. Jimmy squeezed it gently.

"You're the one making it like that, Roland..." said Jimmy. He rubbed it a little, giving off exaggerated moans, before slicking off the pre with two of his fingers. He slid them into his mouth, sucking and slurping on them like he couldn't get enough. Roland just stood there wide-eyed and open-mouthed, nursing his hardon eagerly. Jimmy's face was serious and his breath came in pants. He turned around slowly, and then began to lay himself belly-down on the side of an embankment. His eyes never left Roland's. He reached back with one arm and began to spread his cheeks, looking over the other shoulder. His sandals and pants lay at a heap below him.

"Come over here and fuck me, Roland. I want you to come over here and fuck me. I want you to fuck me in the ass, and fuck me hard because that's the way I wanna be fucked."

That was more encouragement than Roland really needed, and he didn't bother waiting for more. Abandoning his pants, he stumbled over to Jimmy, his dick in hand. After pausing a moment to aim and adjust himself behind the rodent, he slowly pushed into Jimmy's tailhole. It was loose and slick. Clearly a lot of other boys had been here.

Jimmy moaned loudly as Roland slowly sunk his meat up the rodent's ass. Roland closed his eyes and gritted his teeth, groaning as he went in. Loose though it was, it felt quite nice around his cock, and as it was the only tail he'd had in weeks, it felt even

better. He reached around Jimmy's waist and started yanking the rodent up on his cock as he thrust. Jimmy seemed to love it, even as his glasses went flying. The harder Roland seemed to pound, the more Jimmy seemed to love it, and so Roland kept it going at a fever pitch. He let go with one of his hands just long enough to give Jimmy a firm smack on the ass. Jimmy moaned aloud, gripping and tearing at the leaves in front of him. "Ya like that doncha?" asked Roland. "You like havin' that big foxcock up your ass, like getting' spanked..." Roland yanked on Jimmy's tail a little as he pounded, enjoying the chance to jostle the submissive mouserat around a little.

"Fucking yeah...Unf...Don't stop, don't fucking..." Jimmy panted, looking over his shoulder at Roland and reaching back to rub at his own cock. Roland reached around to help out; their hands clumsy due to Roland's fervent pounding. "I'm gonna fucking..."

Jimmy didn't finish that sentence; instead he let out a long low moan, muffled by his gritted teeth. His dick shot out blast over blast into the leaves below him. Roland finally slowed down, taking a few deep breaths as he let himself rest inside Jimmy's ass. He oohed lightly and closed his eyes as he filled up the condom. He slowly pulled out, grinning.

It was then that he heard someone applauding behind him. Shocked and embarrassed to be noticed, he turned quickly to see another rat/mouse hybrid standing over his pants and shoes. The rodent looked too similar to Jimmy Lee for them not to be related, but this one looked significantly less friendly. Jimmy's sudden change in attitude, despite a raging afterglow, was proof.

"You fucking fucker! What the hell are you doing here Levon?" asked Jimmy as he frantically tried to find his glasses, sandals and pants.

"Ma and Pa sent me to town to try and figure out why the fuck you weren't comin' home for the summer. As for findin' you in the woods, well, I just followed the stink of faggot." Levon's voice was a harsh southern drawl that gave off an abundance of hate and an absence of brains.

"Oh fuck you Levon!" Said Jimmy, who had given up on his attempt to clothe himself. "You're a fucking faggot, or at least half of one, and so is Dad! At least I fucking admit it instead of fucking every girl I find or marrying some drunken whore!" This seemed to incense Levon, who quickly pulled a small switchblade out of his oversized pockets. Roland was worried at first, but was a little relieved to see how small it was and how poorly Levon seemed to wield it. Clearly Levon was not a fighter, and the knife was just for show. Still, even in the hands of an idiot a knife can be dangerous, and Roland stayed on his guard.

"Listen, you fucking queers, I was gonna let you get off Scott free, but now you're gonna fucking pay..." he held up two wallets. Roland clearly recognized one as his own, a fact that made him growl. "You're little gay fox boy is gonna suck my dick, or else I'm gonna keep both your goddamn wallets." Jimmy Lee made a grab for the

wallets but Levon swung at his brother with his switchblade. It missed Jimmy by over a foot, but Jimmy acted as though he'd almost been killed. Roland stepped in before Levon could hurt anyone.

"Okay, fine, but you do realize you're just confirming what he said, having me suck your dick like that," said Roland. Levon's face screwed up into a childish scowl, like that of a schoolyard bully who's just been had by his intended victim. He stamped his foot and swung his arms, almost dropping his knife and the wallets as he threw his little temper tantrum.

"Fuck you! Fucking fuck you! Fucking suck my dick you little shit! Do it or I'll fucking cut you!" said Levon. Roland almost laughed. The mouserat's anger was so childish it was almost funny. Roland must have smirked, because Levon began to unzip his pants with an "I'm fucking in charge here" look on his face.

Levon's member was small compared to that of his brother. It was hard as a rock though, and Roland had no doubt it was his earlier performance that had turned the mouserat on so. Levon still fuming, Roland idly walked over to the mouserat and started rubbing the erection with his hands. He dropped to his knees and slowly slid it into his mouth as though it belonged to a close lover instead of a childish homophobic wanna-be thug. He myrred around it, twisting his head this way and that as he suckled.

Levon was clearly enjoying himself, as well as having trouble keeping his balance while still holding onto two wallets in one hand and his knife in the other. Multiple times he closed his eyes in pleasure only to snap them wide open again as he almost lost his balance. He oohed and aahed as the fox at his groin slowly worked him towards orgasm. For hate-sex, it was really quite good.

Then Roland did something that made Levon scream loud enough to be heard almost throughout the entire park. Roland slowly slid off, grinning and spitting out a tiny splat of blood. Levon dropped his knife and the wallets and grabbed his crotch, his face white with pain and fear.

"Oh come on, that was barely even a little nip..." said Roland. This was true. He'd barely even broken the skin; just enough to remind Levon that he was a carnivore and had very pointy teeth.

"YOU FUCKING BIT ME! YOU FUCKING QUEER, YOU BIT OFF MY FUCKING DICK!" said Levon. The mouserat tried to walk backwards towards the path while zipping himself up, but mostly he just stumbled around a lot. From what Roland could see, Levon was barely bleeding if at all, and was making a lot of fuss over nothing.

"I'll fucking get you for this, Jimmy Lee Starbird!" said Levon as he finally managed to get back to the trail. "I'll fucking get you! I'll fucking tell Dad you're a faggot! I'll fucking..." Levon didn't finish his sentence, as Roland stood up, still naked from the waist down but now armed with Levon's switchblade. He expertly slipped it around, snapping and whipping it into a silvery blur of motion. Roland was now happy he'd paid such close attention in

martial arts class. Levon took off, running too fast to shout out any more threats and curses.

Jimmy Lee run up and clutched Roland around the waist, his face a mix of fear and concern. "Oh my God Roland, did he cut you? Please tell me he didn't cut you. And you didn't really bite off his dick did you? I mean he'd DESERVE it but-" Roland stuck a finger up against Jimmy's lips, silencing the fast-talking rodent.

"Look he's totally fine, I just gave him a little nip to put him in his place. He's got no business stealing people's things or waving a knife around at somebody." Roland idly trotted over to where his pants and underwear were and began shaking off the dust and leaf debris before putting them on.

"You don't think...He'd go tell my dad about...Well, you know?"

"I don't think it matters. You're here on scholarship and even if your dad's a complete idiot its going to be hard to believe that a little shit like Levon is telling the truth about anything. That little fucker needs to grow up..." Roland bent down to pick up his wallet and instantly realized it was a lot thinner than it ought to be.

"Fucking fucker! He took all the cash and credit cards! He may be a little shit but maybe he isn't a complete retard..." said Roland with disgust. "Fucking..." Jimmy bent down to pick up his own wallet, which he didn't seem to need to check for theft. Clearly it had been empty well before Levon had taken it. Mad as he was, Roland couldn't help but check out Jimmy's nice ass as he bent over.

"I'm sorry my brother did...what he did and all..." said Jimmy. Roland shrugged.

"It's totally not your fault, don't worry about it," said Roland. "Look, he didn't take more than thirty bucks cash, and its not like it's the first time my credit card's been stolen." Jimmy still looked despondent. Roland smiled and put his arm around Jimmy. "Look, why don't we go back to your place and do something that's totally free and lots of fun?" asked Roland.

"Like what?"

"Like what we were just doing, only behind locked doors...I'm still eager for more of that ass of yours..." Roland's arm slid from Jimmy's shoulder down to his tight pants, squeezing and groping lewdly. Jimmy blushed.

"Y...Yeah...Sounds great..." the little mouserat said. They both hiked back onto the path and headed back towards the parking lot.