

Jimmy Goes North

Jimmy Lee Starbird is © Roochak

Roland shuddered in the snow. True, he was used to the cold by now, but what he thought would be a five minute wait had ended up being almost half an hour and he had not dressed properly. He kicked idly at the cold Wisconsin snow, the powdery white flying out in all directions as his foot hit it. He loved snow, though everyone else hated it, and found it inconvenient only in that it got the floor muddy. And in times like right now, where he had foolishly not dressed for it. The fox sighed, checking his watch again and flicking his two matching tails. Jimmy Lee was quite late now, and he rubbed his black-furred hand through his blonde hair in impatience. Much longer and he'd have to go back inside and warm up for a bit.

It was just then that a silver Union Taxi cab finally pulled up in front of Roland's dorm. Roland looked relieved when he leaned forward and looked at the occupant in the back, and saw the familiar gray-fur hair and big glasses of his mouserat friend Jimmy Lee Starbird. The mouserat flung open the door and bounded out with his innate cheeriness, the kind of upbeat happy that will either drive you crazy or thrill you to no end. Grabbing only one small bag out of the back of the cab, he shut the door and the driver drove off. Roland noted that Jimmy's coat was brand new, a size too large, and not zipped up. Clearly Jimmy had no idea what he was doing visiting his friend Roland up in Wisconsin. Roland extended his hand to Jimmy, but Jimmy kissed him on the cheek instead.

"Hiiiiii!" said Jimmy. Roland winced. Jimmy's voice was high and effeminate, and sounded much younger than he was. There was a lot about Jimmy that made him sound young and effeminate, and Roland wondered how much was acting and how much was Jimmy's natural state.

"Hello yourself, handsome. How was your trip?" asked Roland, gently guiding Jimmy out of the cold. The mouse was clearly chilled, but didn't seem eager to show it. "Wow, all he's wearing under that coat is a sleeveless tee," mumbled Roland as he waited for the answer. "This mouserat has no idea what things are like around here."

"It was fine, I had a seat on the plane by this really nice guy, and we chatted, got to know each other..." Roland nodded, not really listening. "And I got to join the mile high club..." Roland suddenly perked up.

"Mile...high..." Roland stuttered.

"Yeah, those airplane toilets are really small. I can't remember the last time I rode in a plane, but those are SMALL! If I'd known, I'd have charged more than \$50. I almost sprained my leg." Roland groaned, clapping a hand to his face.

"Always on the job, aren't you Jimmy?"

"Well a boy's gotta eat, ya know...This trip is expensive. Gotta save costs. Like cab fare. That's why I was late." Roland groaned again.

"Don't tell me, you didn't..." Roland half got his request, as Jimmy didn't tell him anything. Instead, the mouserat jammed his index and middle fingers into his mouth, bobbing and sucking voraciously.

"Mfff! Mnn, mahh mahh MFFFFFF!" said Jimmy, making exaggerated facial expressions and sound effects as he sucked on his fingers. "I left him a tip too." Jimmy curled up his two fingers and began licking the knuckles like they were balls. Roland grabbed Jimmy's dry hand and began to drag him towards the dorm.

"C'mon, let's get you in out of the cold, you little whore." Inwardly Roland chuckled. He would never admit it, but he really liked his little whore-friend Jimmy.

Roland unlocked the door to his private dorm room and showed Jimmy inside. To call Roland's room small was a bit of a misnomer. At 8' square, he'd have had more room in the state prison. And you took into account that he had a bed, his clothes, his TV, his desk, his mini-fridge, and even his bike crammed into such a small space, you really had to wonder how Roland managed in such tight quarters. And yet he moved about the place as though it wasn't small or cramped at all, and didn't seem to notice that everywhere he moved he bumped into something.

Roland's belongings weren't all that was in the room though. Sitting on the desk chair in front of the computer was a black panther, grinning at Jimmy and Roland. When Roland came in the big panther stood up and gave Roland a big hug. "I was wondering if you'd frozen to death out there, Roland," said the panther. He looked over the fox's shoulder, giving Jimmy Lee a big grin. "So is this that friend of yours you've been telling me about? The one who went to all the fuss and bother to get here?"

The panther was dressed simply, although his jeans and T-shirt were skin tight. Tight enough to where the jean fabric strained as he moved his toned legs, and to where his nipple piercings could be seen jutting up against his tight black T-shirt. "My name is Sean," said the panther. "Roland's said so much about you." Sean extended his hand for a handshake, but Jimmy Lee grabbed it and kissed it instead, following his action with a flirty giggle. Roland rolled his eyes, but Sean just smiled. The panther had found someone of his own sort in Jimmy, and even though Sean was at least a head taller than the little mouserat their movements and mannerisms were surprisingly similar. Clearly Roland liked his guys from a very specific mold.

After ensuring the door and blinds were closed, they all sat themselves down, Sean returning to the chair while Roland and Jimmy crammed themselves on the bed. It was tight quarters, and even if

they hadn't been so keen on intimacy they would be falling all over one another. Roland took advantage of the situation though, and every time his hand strayed to Jimmy's ass he made some idle comment about how he was sorry his room was so small but that housing was expensive in these parts. The boys grinned and laughed, exchanging small talk and each waiting for someone to make the first move. When no one did for several minutes, Jimmy took the initiative, hopping into Roland's lap with more than a little grinding.

"Well I dunno about you boys, but after being out in that cold, this room feels awfully hot..." said Jimmy, tossing his coat off into the corner. The mouserat had a tribal tattoo on each upper arm, and a smaller one encircling the base of his long hairless tail. Roland reached forward and stroked Jimmy's arms up and down before nibbling on his ears, making the mouserat shudder. "So ahh...I've been thinking I'd just strip down, if you two don't mind..." Roland and Sean shook their heads and grinned. Clearly, no one minded.

Jimmy got up, leaning up against the door as Roland and Sean looked on from where they were sitting. In his typical striptease fashion, Jimmy began to peel his shirt and pants off bit by bit, carefully setting his glasses on top of the nearby TV. But Sean was impatient, and started to unzip, standing up and moving towards Jimmy. "I hate to be rude to a friend of Roland's, but that fox boy hasn't fucked me in days, and I could really stand to get some," said Sean. Jimmy giggled, moving his mostly-unclothed form towards the big panther. He dropped to his knees, helping the panther get his pants and boxers down to about knee level. Jimmy grinned, curling his tail in excitement when he saw Sean's erection.

"Oh FUCK, Roland. He's as big as you," said Jimmy as he eagerly reached out towards the dick in front of him. His hands flittered for a moment, and like magic he whipped out a condom and started to roll it out onto Sean's erection.

"Candy cane stripes huh? Nice touch," said Sean, as Jimmy began to lick the peppermint-scented condom. Roland unzipped his pants and joined in, his dick waving and bobbing only inches away from Sean's. Jimmy slid on a second condom, this one light green.

"Spearmint?" asked Roland. Jimmy just stuck it in his mouth.

Jimmy grinned and suckled on both dicks, working them hard with both his mouth and his hands. He licked and sucked one, then the other, working them over and filling his mouth with the mixing of artificial flavor and latex. It was certainly easy to tell that Jimmy was in his element, and that he loved it. His tongue and lips were never at rest, whether they were working a shaft or balls, and his hands were wherever his mouth wasn't. He grinned wide, making more than the necessary sound effects. Roland and Sean groaned lightly and grinned with major excitement, both of them thrilled by Jimmy's enthusiasm.

It was a bit of a tight fit, but somehow they managed to all cram into the small space of a bed, Sean slowly sinking into (and then pounding) Jimmy's ass while the mouserat took off Roland's

condom and gave him some real serious licking and sucking. "Sorry (slurp, slurp) for the condom use earlier, you just know how I like to play safe," said Jimmy to Roland between bobs. Roland just waved it off.

"Its ahh...Its fine. Condoms are sexy anyway," said Roland. He rested his hands lightly on the back of Jimmy's head, pressing down with encouragement. Jimmy needed little of it, and Sean needed even less, as he grabbed Jimmy's ass with both hands and pushed the mouserat hard on his cock, pounding incessantly. Sean sucked in air between his teeth, groaning as he pounded away at Jimmy's ass.

"Fuck, I'd forgotten how good a tight little ass feels," said Sean. Roland chuckled.

"Only because you know you love to have it as much as Jimmy here." Roland's reply made Sean blush, but Jimmy just grinned. Jimmy was getting to like Sean, and was glad that Roland wasn't without a sweet little slut during the school year.

After a few minutes of pounding and sucking, Roland leaned over to Sean and whispered in the panther's ear. Roland's comments made Sean chuckle, and suddenly he leaned forward and grabbed Jimmy, picking him up under the shoulders and holding him up tight. He slid the crook of each of his elbows under Jimmy's shoulder and held him tight, his dick still impaled deep in Jimmy's ass. The mouserat squealed and squirmed playfully, but made no genuine attempts to escape. Roland scooted forward on his knees, holding onto his dick and grabbing a nearby bottle of lube.

"I know we used some to get Sean in there, but if I'm going to join him, we're going to need a lot of it," said Roland. Jimmy started to breathe hard.

"I haven't taken two before...I mean, I think I can do it, but... I've never tried..." Roland just grinned.

"Oh, I think you're slut enough for this. Don't you think he's slut enough for this, Sean?" Sean grinned and gave Jimmy a little bounce, sending him up and then down again on his peppermint-condomed dick.

"I think we should try at the least, the little slut is definitely not satisfied with just me in there." Roland grinned, and gripped Sean's dick, lining himself up against it, and slowly working and pushing his tip against Jimmy's well-lubed hole. Jimmy shuddered, biting his lower lip and trying to relax. Roland was slow, patient, and insistent, and after a few tense moments, all three were rewarded by a relaxed sigh from Roland and a sharp cry from Jimmy as Roland's dick managed to gently slide in.

"It's...tight..." said Roland as he clumsily slid around inside Jimmy. Tight was an understatement. As hard as Jimmy was trying to relax, it was all the mouserat could do to keep from letting himself get hurt. After all, neither Roland nor Sean was particularly small. If anything, they were "well above average" large. Jimmy panted, biting his lower lip and swimming in the mix of pain and pleasure pouring in from his overstretched anus. Still, he let out a loud sigh

of relief when Roland gently pulled out. "Damn, I think we're gonna hurt him."

"Yeah, still, that was a good trick. I don't think I could do that," said Sean. Jimmy grinned, leaning over his shoulder and giving Sean's muzzle a peck. Sean gently bounced the mouserat up and down while still holding onto him, but Roland was nearing his climax and rubbing himself hard as he could. After a few moments of panting, he was coating Jimmy's chest and stomach in globs of fox spunk. Jimmy cooed with contentment, and Sean started to bounce the mouserat enthusiastically.

"Ahhn...C'mon Sean, it's your turn," said Jimmy as the big panther bounced him up and down on his dick. But Sean wasn't ready just yet. Motioning for Roland to get aside, he pulled out and laid Jimmy out on the bed. Picking up his legs and then moving him into a piledriver, the panther began to throw his full weight into every pound, flexing and bending Jimmy with each thrust. Jimmy cried out, groaning and whimpering, and then suddenly cumming, coating his own face and the bed with white jets of his own spunk. It was only then that Sean finally finished, groaning hard as he filled his condom deep inside Jimmy's ass.

The boys laid out over the chairs and beds in the cramped room, all panting, sweaty, and messy. Roland even got up and opened the window for a moment, but Jimmy and Sean protested and he closed it again. It was snowing and windy outside, and even the few inches Roland had opened the window were enough to put a definite chill in the room.

"That was pretty impressive," said Roland after a few minutes of quiet panting. Jimmy seemed content to lie on the bed and cuddle one of Roland's pillows, but Sean was already stretching and beginning to clean himself up.

"Not as impressive as our little trip to the shower is going to be," said Sean. He grinned at Jimmy, who grinned back; although it was clear he needed a moment's rest right now.

"Oh? What did you have in mind?" asked Roland. Sean grinned.

"Well, the handicap stall is rarely in use, and it's more than twice the size of the other stalls, so..." Jimmy just shook his head and rolled to his back. Roland smiled. Clearly, inviting his slutty little friend up north for a week's vacation was a very good idea indeed.