

Courtship Part 3: Old Flames

By: Terinas Tiger

A few minutes had passed after the kiss, and the two of us had found an unlocked janitor's closet. I looked around the hall to make sure no one was coming while Samson checked inside to make sure we weren't walking in on an unsuspecting sanitation specialist. "This is fucked up. You know that, right?"

He walked in, his tail pressed against the back of his sweater. "Agreed, it's fucked up. Coast's clear, though." He curled a finger, beckoning me in.

I shut the door behind me and locked it. "Damnit. I still don't know why I'm going along with this." I put a paw on his shirt and started pulling it up. He looked like he'd gained some more muscle definition around his abs since I last saw him.

"Probably for the same reason I am." Once his sweater was on the floor he moved his paws down to rest against my ass, kneading my cheeks with his thumbs, back and forth. I let out a light sigh of pleasure. "Because I'm lonely and pent up."

"Aaah... Dang it..." I shuddered and squirmed, trying to avoid raising my voice. The Student Center was mostly deserted until the fall term, but there were still janitors and the odd summer course student that used the place. Samson and I'd been caught in public before. I didn't want that to happen again, and especially not because I was being noisy! I arched my back, pushing against his paws. "You're a jerk, but you're good with your hands." I pulled off my shirt, tossing it aside.

"And you're a brat. But a sexy one." He scowled and we kissed again, as I pushed my tongue into his muzzle. Our bodies pressed close, as my paws wrapped around his body, stroking down his tail. The kiss went on for a long time, as we held each other, feeling our cocks rubbing against each other through our pants. I was enjoying myself way too damn much.

Eventually the two of us came up for air. Samson was stroking my right thigh, and looked into my eyes. "Do you still have all the same sensitive spots, I wonder?" He grinned as he traced a finger around my thigh towards my cock. I let out a soft huff, my toes curling. "Yup... that one's still there." He kept stroking back and forth right along that patch of flesh.

"Nnnngh..." I squirmed, closing my eyes and feeling my panties getting moist. Samson moved his other paw up my body, tracing fingers up along my waist and my chest. "Don't do that, Samson! I don't wanna make too muchhhhheeeheeeheeeheee..." I squirmed as he tickled at me, right under my arm. My face contorted as I tried to keep from making any loud noises.

Samson broke into a grin. "Sorry, I just forgot how fun the faces you made during sex could be." He chuckled and petted at my chest, leaning in to lick and kiss and nibble at my neck.

"Sammy! Stooooop..." I felt my pulse quicken as I pushed him gently away from me. "We don't have time to enjoy ourselves here." I looked into his eyes. "Do you wanna get caught again?"

He looked back, the smile fading from his face. "Yeah." He looked away. "Yeah, you're right." He looked away. "I guess I just missed this. I missed you." He turned his back to me. "I didn't come here to fight, I swear. But since high school, I haven't had anyone I really felt as close to as I was with you. I've dated a bit. But I haven't met anyone else I felt like I could talk to. Someone who was more than just a fun fuck."

I scowled. "We're not getting back together, Samson. You burned me bad." The sexual haze had faded. The moment was gone.

"I didn't expect-" He stopped himself. "I just wanted my friend back."

"Dammit..." I closed my eyes and walked forward. "I'm still pissed at you. But maybe we can at least make peace with each other." I pressed my body into his back, wrapping my arms around him and reaching into his pants. I groped around for the bulge that was still in there. "Let's see how things go." I stroked at his cock, hearing him taking deep breaths. While I gripped his slick shaft with one paw, the other paw was undoing the front of his jeans. I rarely topped for anyone. It wasn't that I didn't enjoy it, but I enjoyed catching much more than I did pitching.

But I had some frustration to work out with Samson.

I felt his pants and his underwear drop to the floor. Samson looked back at me, his eyes widening. "Wait, you've never-" I moved two fingers up to brush along the head of his cock, already slick with precum. The rest of his sentence melted into incoherent noises.

"People change, Samson. Do you have any objections? My free paw was unzipping the front of my khaki shorts, letting my cock poke free. The erection had already pushed out of the top of my panties, and poked out. I slide the undergarments away as Samson shook his head. He was just as eager as I was. "Then bend over... and lift that tail of yours."

Samson complied, his enormous white squirrel tail raised and curling at the top. I'll admit, I've always had a thing for a big tail. If only Xavier wasn't sadly straight; he and Samson shared the same enormous, pillowy tail. I moved my paw away from his cock and began rubbing at his tailhole. I had barely ever touched Samson down there before. He was tight. "Tch..." I smirked, pushing two slippery fingers inside him, and rubbing back and forth, spreading them out to stretch the squirrel's hole. I could hear him snort. Samson was trying his best not to cry out or moan. He was probably gritting his teeth too, if I knew him at all. I spread my fingers all over, even inserting a third, to make sure he

was nice and stretched down there.

And then, I withdrew my fingers and pushed myself into that massive, fluffy tail. It smelled like cedar. It was the scent I'd come to associate with him. My hand led my cock to him, and I felt myself entering him, pushing in as deep as I could. There's a certain empowering feeling I got from topping someone. It wasn't a familiar sensation, but whenever I entered another man, I felt a strange sort of assertive pride. I was claiming him. He was mine, at least for the moment. I began humping back and forth, taking it slow inside Samson, burrowing my face into his fur. On pure instinct, I curled my body around his tail and found his neck, nipping at it. Holding his flesh in my fangs. The two sensations were enough to cause him to moan. Samson was used to being the top. I wasn't sure anyone had ever done this to him aside from me.

I sped up my pace. I wasn't intent on drawing this out. After a few moments, I growled and felt myself cumming inside him. "Nnngh!" I panted. Flopping against Samson. I spurted three times, feeling my load emptying into him. With a quick gesture, I whipped my hand around to start stroking his cock, leaving myself hilted in Samson as deep as I could get. It took a few moments of pleasuring him before I was rewarded by the feeling of him cumming all over my paw. And also onto the floor. We held that position, resting for a few moments and regaining our strength. What happened next was just clean up. We needed to hide any trace of our activities, and then sneak out of the student center. Fortunately, there weren't any problems with that. Neither of us said anything to the other until we got outside.

Walking along towards the dorm, Samson chose to break the silence. "I'm sorry." He said, his tone subdued.

I looked up at him, ears perked. "Really?" I hadn't actually expected an apology.

"Yeah." He walked a bit ahead of me, stretching his arms out and waving his arms around. "All this? Your life here? I still think it's better that you came here and made something of yourself here rather than following me. But there's about a million ways I could have told you that without hurting you as badly as I did. I panicked, and I convinced myself I needed to do this. I told myself it was for you too, but that was mostly an excuse. It was because I wasn't comfortable with someone depending on me like that. It was shitty of me, how I handled the situation."

I stopped and stared at him for a moment. Samson was looking back at me. He could look me straight in the eyes. "I guess I can accept that almost-a-proper-apology." I gave him a weak smile. "You know, I missed you too." Then I froze, my eyes wide. "Oh shit, are we getting back together now?" I sighed. "Is... is that what's happening?" I was disturbed to find that after one weird fling together, I suddenly held no malice towards my ex anymore.

He stopped, standing right next to me, putting a hand on his head, his eyes wide. "I'm not actually sure. Is this weird? That we're both considering it?" He turned to look up at me. I looked back at him. A moment of silence passed as we each were lost in thought.

We broke out laughing. After a few moments, I wiped a tear from my left eye and shook my head. "No, it'd be weird

if we actually did it.” I folded my arms in front of my stomach, giving a soft sigh and closing my eyes. “We aren’t getting back together, Samson.”

He scratched the back of his head. “Yeah... I kinda figured. I’m still going to University a state over from here, and with all the bad blood between us-” He shook his head. “Look, I wasn’t coming here to do that, ok? I’m out of your life, I get that-”

I interrupted him. "But if you wanted to give me your new number, I think I wouldn't mind keeping in touch." I reached into my pocket and pulled out my cell phone. "How'd you find out where I was, anyway?"

He got out his cell phone. "Oh, I asked your dad." He looked up at me. "Ok, my number's-eeesh." he recoiled a bit. Probably because I was making the most murderous face I could at him.

All the goodwill Samson had earned was revoked. "You had dealings with him?!?" I snarled at him, baring my fangs.

Samson held his paws up in front of his chest. "W-woah. Ok, yeah, I know you two aren't on the best of terms with each other, but how else would I have found out where to hear from you?!? You changed cell phone numbers and we didn't part on the best of terms." He swallowed.

"He wasn't supposed to know how to contact me! He was going to stay out of my life! He said as much when he kicked me out!" I threw my hands up in the air over my head.

"Well, maybe he regretted that decision?" Samson sighed, taking a step back. To be fair, he was staring down an angry tiger. "I'm not gonna defend what he did, ok?!? But he's been keeping tabs on you for some reason. And he asked me to tell him how you were doing."

"Oh, so you're frigging working for him? Spying on me?!?" I folded my arms, growling.

"It was in return for getting your address." He sighed. "Teri, calm down. You're sounding a bit paranoid."

"Paranoid?!? About the man who left me in the street with almost nothing? Gosh, how unreasonable!" I paced ahead of him, grumbling. "What possible reason could he have to care about me? There's no reason for him to keep tabs on me that aren't bad ones!"

"Maybe he misses you too." Samson said, following me. "Or maybe not. Maybe you should ask him yourself."

"It'll be a cold day in hell before I talk to that man again." I grumbled. "But I'm not gonna take that out on you." I sighed. "Just... promise me you'll say no if he wants you to do anything else regarding me, ok?"

Samson grinned. "I can agree to that. Ok, so what's your number?" He asked, as the two of us walked back into my dorm room to mend bridges.