

Part 7: Bastards

(In which Xavier is a bastard, Kristoph is sweet, and Teri is a wageslave.)

-Kristoph-

“Cupcakes.”

I stared at the white stripe of fur running down Xavier’s black muzzle, between the sorrel pools of his eyes. “What?”

The skunk folded his eyes as he looked back at me. “It’s like this, husky. You make a tray of cupcakes, WITH frosting, and time it so that Teri gets home from his stupid part time job just as you’re putting said frosting on.” With one paw, Xavier pushed a slip of paper across the table, towards where I sat. “If he gets confused about it, say it’s for your football team or something.”

I scowled at him. “I’m not on a sports team, and don’t call me by my species. That’s kinda rude, man.” I folded my arms, looking down at the recipe. Marbled red velvet cupcakes with red cream cheese frosting. “I think I get what you’re going for, though. Way to someone’s heart through their stomach and all that. But isn’t baking something for someone kind of, um, Stereotypically gay? Like a doting housewife or something. I’m not like that.”

I watched as Xavier’s eyes rolled. “Ugh, please don’t get insecure on me now. Isn’t your whole PLAN some bizarre convoluted machiavellian mating dance strategy based around indirectly worming your way into Teri’s heart anyway?”

I fidgeted in my seat, poking my pointer fingers together. “W-Well, uh, I wouldn’t really put it like that myself, but I guess you could look at it that way...” I turned my head, unable to look Xavier in the eyes. I stared out the window instead, at the bright blue skies. “I mean, he as much as made it clear he’d say no if I just asked him out.”

“I’m not finding fault, you goob.” Xavier rubbed his forehead with his left paw, closing his eyes. “Teri likes you. He wouldn’t put up this much of a fuss if he didn’t care. But he’s been keeping people at arm’s length since the breakup with Samson. Worse still, you saw him at his absolute worst and got hurt because of it. He HATES showing anyone something that real about himself. Because as much as he tries to seem strong, social, seductive, and fabulous on the outside, he’s worried that inside he’s just a mass of sharp, gnarled, ugly roots. And that he’s going to hurt you if you get close enough to see the real him again.”

I sighed. I’d been trying to avoid thinking about the night Xavier and I’d seen Teri at his lowest. It hadn’t just been a bad moment for the tiger, of course. I’d hit someone. In sheer anger. I’d apologized, of course, but it still wasn’t something I liked dwelling on. “E-everyone has things about themselves that they don’t like to dwell on.” I watched a cloud drifting by.

Xavier coughed. "Yeah, but Teri's all twisted up about it. YOU make him happy, but he's going to play the martyr and refuse to accept the chance to be happy with you because he hurt you once before. You found out that the pretty pretty rose bush has thorns, and now it's going to cut itself down to try and make amends to you." He leaned over across the table and poked at my chest. "That means it's on YOU to wear down the wall he's built up. Which is exactly what your strategy is for, right? Which means..." He pointed down at the recipe resting under my paws.

I raised an eyebrow. "Yeah but, *cupcakes*? Really? Does Teri even **like** sweets?" I put special emphasis on the word "like" in that sentence.

The skunk raised his paw up. "Trust me. I've lived with the stripey swishy ponce for the past year and known him for longer than that. You make cupcakes with the tools we have here at the apartment, and you'll be taking a **SLEDGEHAMMER** to that wall of his."

"Well... Ok. If you say so..." I mumbled out.

-Teri-

With one paw I pushed the apartment complex's front door open. "Eughh..." My exclamation dragged into a low grumbling noise as I walked across the entrance hall, stripey tail dragging behind me along the ground. If I was in any other mood, I'd be worried about it collecting dust. But I was too tired to care. "I hate my stupid part time job." Working at an outlet store seemed like it'd have been the perfect job for me. That was until I discovered that Karl's sold more than just clothes, and they expected me to work wherever they needed me. Hours in the back wings of the store moving heavy pallets of merchandise took their toll on me.

With a whimper, I walked upstairs, climbing flights towards the apartment. "I just want to crawl into bed... Wait. Nice long luxurious bath first. With some peach scented bath oils. Pamper myself a bit first." The idea was enough to perk my ears. "That does sound nice..." Stepping into the hallway, I reached a paw to my left pocket to find my door key, while watching the signs for apartment 423. I had it in my grip once I reached the front door. My spirits were starting to perk up as I turned the key to open the door. In just a few moments, I'd be getting nice and hot and-

"Gah! It broke! Ugh, there's frosting everywhere!"

And then, all of a sudden, it wasn't just my spirits that were perking up.

There the canine stood, Kristoph in all his muscular glory, a sculpted statue of muscle and fur. He is back was slightly bent as he loomed over a tray of cooling pastries. The scent of buttercream and cocoa was in the air, the sweet smell bringing my nose alive as I took the

scene in. Good lord, if I pressed myself up against him, would he smell just like that? The big gray husky was clad only in a pair of blue jeans and some yellow rubber gloves. Clutched in one of those gloves was a ruptured pastry bag, pale pink frosting dribbling out of a rip on the backside of it onto the green tile floor below. There were speckles of frosting all over his muzzle. But that wasn't the only place. The pink sugary paste had gotten all over his broad, burly shoulders and his toned, shapely chest.

"Ugh!" Kristoph looked down, making efforts to try and wipe rosey-hued frosting off of his chest with his paws. The attempt only managed to smear it around his abs, salmon goop sticking into his whitish gray fur. "And this is a recipe that hardens as it dries, isn't it? Gah!" He growled, a low rumble as he muttered to himself with an annoyed expression on his face. I took a step forward into the room, closing the door. At the sound, he jerked his head up to face me, a faint whimper escaping his lips as our eyes locked. "Oh, you're home! Teri, I hate to ask, but can you help me clean up before it dries? Otherwise I'll be brushing frosting out of my fur for days..." He gave me a nervous chuckle, voice fluctuating in pitch as he scratched the back of his head. I don't think he realized he was still wearing the gloves. That is, unless he *wanted* to get frosting in his hair.

My tongue flicked ever so slightly against my lips as I looked at the frosting against his chest. "Clean. Yes. I could clean you ALL over." the words stumbled out of my mouth without any thought on my part. My eyes were derailing my thoughts as they busied themselves following the spattered trail of frosting still dribbling down his taut chest. Some of it was even dripping down onto a bulge along the center of his pants. I found myself wondering if any had gotten underneath them as well. Meanwhile, my mind was running at a mile a minute with fantasies as I took another step forward. My tongue slid along my lips, as my stomach growled. I actually hadn't had dinner yet, and now I had the opportunity to slake two hungers just by eating him all up. I couldn't stop imagining myself cleaning him up. Sliding my tongue up and down every inch of his muscles. Hearing him moan in pleasure as I groomed his delicious flesh. Down within the depths of the blue satin panties wrapped around my booty, a stiffening cock twitched. Yeah, I could clean him up all right.

"I'm really s-sorry to ask, I know you just got home." Kristoph was stammering. "Xavier said this p-pastry bag was reusable, and I didn't see the tear in it, and-" He whined as he tried to scrape more frosting off his chest. He was getting the red goop all over his chest. Such a messy boy. I took a few steps forward towards him, eyes locked on the prize, a hungry growl escaping my mouth.

And then, the hateful reality of the moment hit me in the head. I bit my tongue and shook my head to clear the naughty thoughts out of it. What the heck was I doing?!? I was poison to that puppy, and I damn well knew it. "I'm sorry, Kristoph!" I darted around the island counter in the center of the kitchen. "I mean I still stink from work, a-and I'd just make you dirtier and I really need a nice *cold* shower!" I turned to stop looking at him, with some difficulty, and darted for the bathroom. The door was open. No one was inside. Good. I needed a nice long, hard soak after

all this. Kristoph said something behind me, but my head was too fuzzy to really be paying attention. I slammed the door behind me and locked it. A good soaking with water would clear my head. And if it didn't, there were other ways...

With the shower running and the door locked, there was an unbreakable barrier between me and the outside world. Kristoph's voice was drowned out by the running water. Steam and mist killed the scents of cocoa and cream. As I stepped into the bathtub and felt the warm water washing over my bare fur, all I could see was the white porcelain of the shower tiles. A soft huff escaped my lips as I closed my eyes. The world would go on around me, but here in the showers, I could enjoy a moment of pure isolation. Which, as the throbbing piece of flesh between my legs reminded me, I badly needed.

I had almost pounced on Kristoph right there.

I was reaching my limit. The last two weeks had wound me as tight as a spring around that canine's finger. I sat down in the shower, letting my spine arc along the groove of the bathtub. I ran a paw up my right thigh, feeling the sensations of my own caress with a soft sigh. "If he'd been a jerk or inconsiderate or something this'd be much easier..." I murmured, mostly to myself. But that wasn't it. Kristoph hadn't done anything wrong. It wasn't his fault I swooned when I saw him doing sit-ups shirtless. He cooked, he cleaned, he tried to contribute... He was easy on the eyes, friendly, and completely oblivious to the fact that I kept checking out his taut, muscular butt. He even smelled nice. Especially after all those situps and squats and pushups and... "Nnngh. Stupid sexy puppy."

My paw, slick with water, wrapped around my cock. Since he moved in, long showers had been an almost nightly occurrence. I wasn't going to get together with Kristoph. I wasn't. I promised myself I wasn't going to get into a situation where I could hurt him again.

But in the showers, where I could allow myself to believe I was the only person who existed in the world for a few moments? In those confines, I could let my lust run wild. Closing my eyes, I imagined Kristoph: entirely naked, not an ounce of fat marring those tight abs as he stretched his arms out in front of me. Phantom paws traced down my back as he embraced me. In my mind, I felt him get close. He was still messy with the icing, and needed someone to clean him. My tongue flicked out again and again, licking along his furry chest. I imagined what it would taste like: A blending of the salty, sweaty taste of the husky with the sweet, creamy icing crowning his flesh. My hips wiggled in the tub as my paw began to rise and fall along the length of my shaft, gripping it gently. Warm water kissed my nipples as I felt a shudder run up my spine. For a moment I imagined it was my phantom lover returning the favor, lapping at each spot on my chest with a warm, slobbery doggy tongue. The pace of my stroking quickened.

My other paw was still free. But not for long. I rolled over on one side, my Phantom Kristoph moving with me, grinding up against my back. Two fingers pushed up against my crack as I imagined his cock pressing in, spreading my cheeks. "Nnngh... Kristoph, do me hard..." I

whimpered as “he” pushed inside me, my fingers spreading to stretch out my tailhole. My breathing was loud and pronounced, deep breaths in and out. In and out. My paw beat against my meat faster and faster, gripping tightly... I almost yowled as I lost control. My spunk shot up like a geyser, spattering down around my cock, as I slumped down against the shower.

I needed a few minutes to catch my breath after that. Yawning, I relaxed and let the water wash me clean. Physically, anyway. The yawn turned into a sigh. “Dang it, I don’t know how much more of this I can take...”

-Kristoph-

The sound of the shower filled the apartment. I allowed a few moments for Teri to get his clothes off and get inside the shower where he wouldn’t be able to hear me before grabbing a moist dishrag and using it to wipe the frosting off myself. After a cursory cleaning, I strode down the hall past the bathroom and into Xavier’s bedroom.

The skunk was laying on his bed, sociology textbook in his hands, nose poked towards it. At the sound of his door opening, Xavier looked up and scowled at me. “Ugh. Wet dog smell. Leave the door open, please.”

“You’re evil, you know.” I growled at him, paws on my hips.

Xavier didn’t even bat an eyelash. But as he turned a page on his textbook, his muzzle broke out into a wicked grin. “Which is more evil? The person who just envisions the plan, or the person who actually executes it?”

I squirmed, whimpering a bit. “Yeah, but I didn’t figure out you weren’t talking about bribing him with food until it was too late. We don’t actually own a reusable pastry bag, do we? You just made a tear in a plastic one and left it for me to find.”

“Uh *huuuuuuh*. See, this way your reaction was genuine. Your acting’s wooden.” At last, the skunk turned around to look at me, narrowing his eyes. “But if I may ask: just whose idea was it for you to work shirtless? My plan was just for him to catch you making cupcakes.”

My face fell, as I squirmed a bit, wringing my hands together, the rubber gloves squeaking a bit. “It gets too hot in the kitchen when we’ve got the oven on, ok?!? It’s just more comfortable this way.”

This provoked a snort from Xavier. “*Suuuuure* it is.”

“So should I be concerned that a supposedly straight guy is putting so much thought into seducing our gay roommate?” A soft huff escaped my lips. I couldn’t look him in the eyes.

The book slammed shut. Xavier snarled, turning his head up to lock eyes with me. “For YOUR sake.” He pointed at me. “If I’m being evil, it’s because the tension between you both is annoying me.” He bared his fangs. “I’d sooner try to mate with a soda bottle than Teri. He’s not my type of guy. But he’s my friend, and I want to see him happy, even if he has to be dragged into it. And you’re my friend too. The sooner he breaks, the sooner the stupid sexual pressure between you two drains away.”

I coughed, matching his glare with one of my own. “And this has nothing to do whatsoever with him mocking you about wearing brown striped socks this morning?”

Xavier coughed. “He and I do like to pick on each other, in our own ways, and it’s amusing to mess with him like this. It’s fun to watch, and as long as he’s being flustered with you, he’s less focused on distracting me from studying. So, yes, it is both getting him off my back **and** sweet payback, but mostly it’s helping you both. It can be multiple things.” He sounded annoyed, but he turned to look away from me, unable to keep meeting my gaze. Was he feeling guilty about tricking me? I had trouble reading the skunk most of the time.

A moment of silence passed as I considered his words. Xavier coughed.

I broke the silence after a moment or two. “Let’s just agree that this plan is making manipulative bastards out of both of us and accept it.”

Xavier grit his teeth, squirming and looking back down to his book. “Yeeeeeeah, maybe we should lay off Teri a bit.”