

Playing a Dangerous Game Part 2

"Yes sir, right away sir!" James and the others scurried away to do the fox's bidding, which in turn left me alone with him. As I watched James disappear, I imagined myself running after him yelling *"Wait for me! I'm coming to!"* As the little fantasy was going on in my head, I hadn't even noticed that the fox was examining me with those eyes. God! What was it about him that affected me so? The fox then snickered.

"Does my gaze truly affect you that much Lance?" *"Wha..Whah...What?! Could he really read me that well?"* I began to sweat a bit. "No matter," He swished his tail. "We better be going, don't want to make James wait *too* long." With that he turned on his heel and walked away. I followed like he had me on a leash.

He lead me through door after door. We walked in silence; him in front of me. As we were walking I noticed the sleek skin tightness of his suit, how it followed every single curve of his body; and he had so many. I loved the broadness of his shoulders and how his sides curved in then gave way to his shapely hips. I also loved the way he walked. He twisted his hips from side to side but not in a *"I'm a woman way"*; more in a *"I'm in control"* way. His tail seemed to have a mind of its own, gently swaying from side to side as if taunting me with his plump ass. I only noticed the ramblings of my mind when my member responded with gentle heat. I quickly changed my thoughts.

"So...ummm... I just realized I don't remember your name." He tossed his head ever so slightly to the left.

"I never told you." He walked up to an elevator and pushed the call button. *Oh God*, I thought to myself, *not an elevator; anything but an elevator*. It has been an ongoing fantasy of mine to have sex in an elevator. Speaking how attractive this fox is and how damn horny I am, I'm in trouble. My member then took this time to betray me feelings. I shifted just as the ding echoed though my ears. *Oh God, just....just relax*. The fox stepped through the doors and looked at me. "Well?" I reluctantly stepped forward. *Breath, just breath it will be over soon*. I started breathing a little heavy. I hope the fox didn't notice. "Cedric." I looked at the fox. "My name. It's Cedric." He was leaning against the wall of the elevator, arms crossed and looking very sexy; especially with his hair falling across his face. My heartbeat soared. I must have had a funny look on my face because the expression in his eyes changed, transforming from studying to bewilderment. His brow furrowed. Fearing being exposed, my hands flew to my growing crotch. This action had the adverse effect of drawing attention away from my member to the fox's eyes following my hands. He must have know what was going on because he leaned off the wall and his mouth popped open as if he was going to say something but instead just stared at me. *Perhaps he wants to see*. I slowly drew my hand from my crotch so he could see my growing manhood. His eyes widened a bit then he looked at my face, questions all over his face. The air was stagnant and heavy. I took a step forward. He stood his ground. My heart was pounding. His face was expressionless. I was going to explode. I could almost touch him; I could smell his wonder mixed with my arousal. My mind was giddy at the thought of my fantasy coming true!

Then the bell rang and the door opened...

Damnit! The word was the first to enter my head. The fox still stood there as if there was more to be said; then suddenly he turned and walked out the elevator, leaving me there to deal with my lust. After a moment talk to myself and my hard-on residing, I followed him into the lobby of the complex.

Upon closer inspection I discovered that this wasn't the lobby that I had first come to. We weaved through crowds and he led me to a door that he punched a number into the keypad with even looking at it and walked through when the door released. He held the door open for me. His eyes no longer held their mystical enchantment, they were just.....eyes. *I must have scared him. Shit! I just ruined my chances with this guy all because of my smuttiness. Look at him Lance! He's a classy fellow, why the hell would he choose to have sex in an elevator much less with a whore like me.* I cursed myself. I was no more than just a horny dick looking for ass. *He'll probably be so careful around me, that we will never be anything more than business partners.* I took the door and met his eyes. He turned away from me and walked into the room without any emotion. The room I noticed was a locker room. *A locker room? Why are we here?* Then I looked at him and noticed that he still had his suit on so he was probably going to change. I watched his movements. They were stale and careful. Not the careful precision that they were before but, more like he was hiding himself.

"Hey hey, Cedric my man." I heard an overly cocky sounding voice to my right. Cedric's head snapped up and he turned around. When he saw the source of the voice his shoulders slumped and a very desperate tone entered his voice.

"Joshua." He breathed, "Please go away. I don't need or want to deal with you right now." His voice was dry, void of emotion.

"Hey come on man, don't treat your best bud like that." A hawk walked into my line of sight. Muscles rippled across his body and he towered over Cedric. There was a sarcastic look in his eyes; his beady little eyes that just felt wrong. He felt wrong. I knew that this person was or would never be a friend of Cedric. I took a step toward them. My movement must have cause attention because the bird looked up and his eyes lit up with amusement.

"So," he slurred, "this is your new protector. A little pudgy around the edges isn't he? Such a pity; your last protector was better." He said in a condescending tone. He was mocking the death of Cedric's late partner. I was developing a major dislike of this guy.

"Don't you talk about him! You were the one who killed him you bastard." Cedric snarled. The avian turned and in a lightning fast motion took Cedric by the throat.

"Watch your tongue kid! It's not my fault he was weak and your fag partner." Cedric then kicked at the bird's crotch, but was too slow to connect. The avian, as a counter measure, let go of Cedric's throat and grabbed his left wrist and twirled around behind him, which caused him to pull his arm into an extreme angle behind his back.

"Let him go!" I warned. I moved toward them. The bird looked up.

"I don't think that you're in any position to tell me what to do pussy cat." He sneered and pulled Cedric's arm even further back. Cedric winced in pain and bit his lip. That was it; I had had enough of this crap. I gritted my teeth and rushed forward to Cedric, but was quickly cut off by a crocodile appearing out of nowhere. He grabbed me by the arm and used his body to push me into the lockers.

"I wouldn't do that if I was you." He hissed at me.

"Well good thing I'm not you!" I turned and used his body weight against him; using the momentum to fling him over my shoulder and slam him into a bench. With the croc dispatched I turned my attention back to Joshua. I rushed a few steps forward then suddenly a huge clawed hand was in my face. I hardly had time to blink before the hand shoved me away and its twin grabbing Joshua's hand and wrenching it free from Cedric's wrist. Startled and a little staggered it took me a moment to gather my surroundings. When I was able to focus again, what I saw surprised me. There, in front of me, was a huge wolf. He had Joshua pinned to the wall with his arm while snarling in his face.

"Go. Leave now." He growled. Joshua was gasping for a breath. After a moment or two of watching him flounder, he roughly tossed him to the side like the garbage he was. He stood up and scowled at the wolf, then slowly walked to the door.

"Come on Cameron, let's get out of here. These slugs aren't worth our time." The croc, who was still on the floor, slowly got up and moved to the door with Joshua; they both then disappeared. I looked back at the wolf. He glanced at me then to Cedric.

"Are you hurt Cedric?" He asked in a gruffy tone, but I could tell it was easily filled with genuine concern. Cedric struggled to his feet all the while clutching his left shoulder.

"No, I'm fine Vincent. Thanks." His response was full of pain and hurt. He was hiding his discomfort. My heart suddenly grew for the little fox. This sport must be so full of physical pain and yet he was strong. I shook my head. This little guy just keeps reeling me in. Vincent's expression changed to one of concern to understanding.

"You don't have to lie to me Cedric. I can tell your shoulder is hurt. Let me see it." Without further talk, Vincent walked forward and took Cedric's left arm and held it very carefully. Cedric didn't protest in the slightest. He began to rotate Cedric's arm. When he reached up, Cedric gasped in pain and I thought I saw a tear. Vincent crouched beside him. He was still taller than him.

"It just looks like it's strained nothing more. Put some ice on it when you get home and everything should be alright." Cedric looked at Vincent in the eyes. The weight on my heart lessened when I saw that sparkle in Cedric's eyes again.

"Thanks," he smiled, "Really. Thank you Vincent."

"Vince." The wolf said playfully. Cedric smiled.

"Vince." he repeated. The wolf stood up.

“Take care of yourself champ.” He then playfully took his fist and touched it to Cedric’s cheek. He turned and walked straight to me. His eyes weren’t hostile in one bit. “So you’re his new protector?” I nodded, having to look up to meet the wolf’s eyes. The wolf drew his mouth to a tight line and nodded shortly. “I see a fire in you, kid. Protect him with all your strength.” He then moved past me and left. I looked at Cedric.

“Who were the assholes?” I asked rather bluntly. Cedric looked at me a flash of anger.

“Oh those two? The hawk is Joshua, Red Team’s Protector and the crocodile is Cameron, Red Team’s Runner. Rank Two in the tournament.” He opened the locker that had white and gray splattered on it and a picture of a shoe with wings. He took out some clothes and a pair of tennis shoes. “Both of them hate me.” Without letting me ask why he continued. “They see me as the underdog, not deserving of Rank Three.” *Rank Three? Damn! No wonder he has so much respect.*

“And what about the wolf? Who was that?” Wonder filled his face, as if he was off in another place.

“That was Vincent—or Vince I should say.” He smiled and compassion filled his voice. “He’s the whole reason I’m here.” He looked at me after setting his stuff on a bench. “He was my mentor when I was rookie. He taught me everything I know. He’s Team Blue’s Protector. Rank One, and a father if I ever had one. A distant look filled his eyes. “My father was and still is a drunk. He never really has had nothing to do with me. It was my mother who made sure I got what I needed to succeed.” He focused at me again with his mouth pulled to the side. “It may surprise you, but I didn’t come from a rich family. All that I have I worked for. My mother sacrificed her well-being to make sure I had a future.” He turned his head to the side. “I just kind of wish she was here to see me now.” There was a moment of silence as Cedric remembered his mom. I just listened, waiting for him to talk some more. He looked down at his clothes and began fumbling with them. “But that’s a story for another time. We really need to get to James so we can buy you some more clothes.” He then reached up behind his back and I heard the sound of a zipper. Then as if remembering something he stopped and looked at me. “Uh, you can wait here. He reached down and gathered his things and disappeared around the corner. I sat down the not destroyed bench. I thought about all he had told me. He’s a real trooper; so much determination to prove himself, but for what and why? Why would someone push themselves so hard? Money? Fame? Friends? No, Cedric wasn’t here for that. He was here for something far more personal, I just hoped he would keep me around long enough to find out. Not that I was nosy or anything, there was something about that fox that made me want to know more; just more about him. Where did he come from? What was his childhood like? What’s his whole name? I laughed at myself for wondering the last bit. My mind babble must have been going on for some time, because I hadn’t even noticed Cedric appearing in the doorway wearing his “new” outfit. He looked at me and I was glad to see a little bit of mystical sparkle in his eyes again. “So let’s get going. Oh and I hope those are your walking shoes because I’ve been told shopping with me should be considered an Olympic Sport.” He walked past me and flung the door to the lobby open. He didn’t even pause to see if I was behind him.

Of course I was.