

Playing a Dangerous Game Part 4

After that grand introduction of his, he disappeared inside. I took one more sweep of the entrance to his estate before I plunged myself into the unknown. Once inside, I immediately noticed the huge portrait of Cedric hanging over the fireplace in front of me. *Gezz, talk about vain.* I looked around the room. Marble floors shone as if recently polished; carved silhouettes stood in practically every corner. The only light in this room was from a small lamp next to the lush looking couch and the fire blazing in its altar. Cedric then came into view. I noticed how his hair was loose around his shoulders. It looked elegant and fixed even though I knew it wasn't. He was busy doing something bent over a table. He looked so simple, I felt like a fly on the wall, watching him. I was about to go to him when he turned and looked at me.

"Oh, Lance. James will show you to your temporary room." He then turned and vanished into the inner workings of this home. I paced around the sitting area that he was just at. I shivered as the feeling of being alienated hit my soul. I walked to the couch, but didn't sit down. I hated being alone in this huge silent house. I didn't have to suffer too long, thankfully, before James came and rescued me. He took me right around a corner and up some stairs. From the top of the stairs we took a right and walked until we couldn't anymore. From there, we went into a room that was furnished like a social sitting area and from there we went into a short hallway. He stopped at the door at the end of the hallway.

"Welcome to your new room." James then swung the door open. In the room was lavish furniture. There was a four poster bed in front of me, which was huge. There was also a couch and sitting area placed in front of an imperial fireplace. Plants decorated every corner and table top. This room alone cost a fortune.

"Fuck!" I exclaimed before thinking. Once I remembered that James was there I clambered my mouth shut. I looked at him. He was beaming and seemed to not even have heard my exclamation. He motioned me in. When I stepped in, my feet sunk into the plush carpet. James walked over to the fireplace and began the tour of the bedroom. He pointed behind me.

"There's the bathroom." He swiveled to his left and pointed to gift basket on the side table next to the bed. "Feel free to eat that, just don't spoil your appetite for dinner since Cedric has arranged something special, but I'll get back to that in a minute." He then pulled a little remote out of nowhere and pointed it to the wall above the fireplace. a panel opened up and a flat screen plasma T.V. ejected from the wall. "This is the television. The awesome thing about this baby is you can rotate it to where you are in the room!" He beamed as he demonstrated this like it was the best thing since sliced bread. Once he finished he looked at me and smacked his forehead with his hand, "Oh! I almost forgot, there are clothes for you on the bed," he pointed to the bed, "change and Cedric wants you back in the parlor, the little room you passed through on your way here, by five." He looked at his watch, "You have one hour." I raised my eyebrows. James shook his head. "I know. Cedric can be demanding, but he's a good person. "His face shifted, becoming serious," Don't be late." James then left me in the alien room.

I stood there for a few moments before moving. I looked at the clothes on the bed. They were very soft despite their looks. There was a white shirt with a v-cut neck and there were some very nice black pants. I didn't know what they were made of, but it wasn't denim. Along with the shirt and pants was a black fitted jacket, shoes and socks and a belt. They too, were also all black. It all looked insanely casual, but classy and refined at the same time. I pulled my shirt over my head getting ready to put the new one on when out of the corner of my eye I saw a wash rag and a towel neatly folded on the far side of the four poster bed. I looked to the bathroom to my right. *"Perhaps a quick shower wouldn't hurt."* I slid off my shoes and socks and padded over to the bathroom. It was huge, but I was used to that by now. The shower could be a room all on its own. On the wall in front of the shower was a mirror that covered the whole wall. I examined myself in it. My blue eyes shown out against the orange and black of my face; my pink nose shown wet while my ears stood firm at attention. My head gave way to a stocky neck which showed the way to my muscular chest. I flexed my arms, finding pride in my muscles. *"I wonder what Cedric would think..."* The sudden thought surprised me. I stared in the mirror for a few moments. *"What **would** Cedric think?"* I turned my back to the mirror and tensed my back, flexing. I swished my tail teasingly. A smirk invaded my face. I grasped my firm ass. *"How do you like that Cedric?"* I quickly turned back around to face the mirror; sly thoughts forcing their way into my head followed by heat in my loins. I began feeling of my chest, arms and abs while randomly flexing and posing. I watched as the bulge in my pants grew and grew. *"Like what you see Cedric?"* I slowly trailed my hands down my chest, dragging them across my abs and grasped the rim of my pants. I licked my lips. I undid the button and took my merry little time undoing the zipper; fully hearing each and every tick. My pants dropped to the floor. I stood there tempting the mirror with my near naked form. I beamed at the sight of my underwear barely able to contain me. I pinched my nipple and slid my other hand in my underwear. I zeroed in on the movement in my boxers. Up and down up and down. I pulled my hand out and grasped the waistband of my underwear and slowly slid them off. I imagined Cedric's eyes lighting up at the sight of me. With the soundless fall of my underwear, my full nine inches sprang free from their cotton prison. I grasped my endowment and began to swell with pleasure. *"Like the show Cedric?"* I let go of my now firm nipple and began kneading my nutsack; telling my cum factories it was time to release their sweet nectar. My sizeable manhood pulsed and my knees weakened. I took a step back and propped myself up against the shower door. I imagined Cedric in front of me with his hair unbound and hanging wildly down his back. He pressed himself closer to me, crushing his body into mine. I felt his prick next to mine. I exhaled in bliss as his tiny hands worked mine and his shaft together. I reveled in this pleasure until suddenly it stopped. I looked down to see a evil look in his eyes. He turned around and presented his tight bun to me. My eyes snapped open when my legs buckled again. *"Fuck, I need to sit down somewhere."* I let go of my pride and walked the best I could to the bedroom. *"The bed would work, but then people could tell I had lain on it."* Feeling desperate, I spied the couch. I positioned myself on the couch, propping my head up with pillows. Not being able to stand it anymore, I picked him up, causing a little squeal to escape his mouth; that sweet mouth. I carried him over to the couch. I sat him down in front of me and pressed myself close to his face. Getting the hint, his little paws wrapped around my stick. He teased me expertly and before I knew it, he was bobbing back and forth. *"Yeah, lube that shit up good, bitch."* He continued for a bit before pausing, *"My dick too much for you? Well if you think its*

big now, you're really about to scream." Without missing a beat, I picked him up, laid down on the couch and positioned him on me. The moment I entered his tight tail-hole, he began to blush. He moved deeper on to my rod, gasping with each new inch. Unable to wait any longer, I began to thrust and pound him. He let me take control. His perfect canine cock seemed to glow with pleasure. I was expecting it to erupt any second now. With Cedric taking over the bouncing, I licked my paw and began giving him the attention he deserved. He gave me the absolutely most adorable gasp when I grasped on to him. Realizing what he had just done he blushed even deeper which in turn, made me want him even more. Not long after, I felt the familiar buildup in my balls, signaling my limit. We both finished in a single glorious moment of passion and lust. I opened my eyes when cum erupted from me. I realized just how good my fantasy had been when I coasted my chest, abs and loins. Not to mention my hand. I crawled off the couch just as the stiffness entered my joints. I waddled to the bathroom, feeling very old, to wash my lust away.

After removing the evidence of my lucid actions, I quickly dressed in the clothes that were given to me. I hastily made my way to the parlor. I opened the door and shuffled in, "Sorry I'm late Cedric! I was –." The excuse faded when I realized I was talking to an empty room. "*Whew, I'm not late!*" I hated being late. It not only caused people to wait on me, but it also made me look stupid. I walked to the nearest table and sat down. The table cloth felt fine and had yellow sunflowers etched into its white background. It looked odd in this house full of fine things. "*It was my mother's,*" I could hear him say, "*She loved sunflowers.*" I looked to my right and noticed a rooster sitting on a shelf, "*and roosters. I don't understand why she liked that dreaded fowl; stinky things they are.*" Cedric went on to say. I smiled at the play going on in my head. I looked around the room noting the tea set set out on the other table, a china cabinet full of plates covered in sunflowers and roosters. This whole room felt off in Cedric's house. It seemed more at home in a country cottage somewhere; where the house felt intimidating and sometimes cold, this room felt quaint and warm. I noticed pictures on a counter in the far side of the room. My curiosity got the best of me. When I got to the pictures, I examined the closest one to me. It was a picture of Cedric I could tell; a younger one, but Cedric none the less. The next picture baffled me. It was a picture of a human female. She was holding a baby, but I couldn't see it. The final picture was recent. It had Cedric in his racing suit standing smiling beside a beefy lion in a similar suit. The lion was smiling cheesy and holding a trophy with Cedric. Down in the corner of the picture signed in eloquent handwriting was: *My good friend Leon. I will never forget you.* I picked the picture up. "*This had to have been Cedric's old protector...* A pang of hurt washed through me. He looked like a good fellow. Cedric obviously thought a lot about him. The scene in the locker room flashed through my mind; Cedric standing against Joshua definitely, fire burning in his eyes. His voice echoed: "*You're the one who killed him you bastard!*" Then Joshua holding Cedric by the throat, "*Watch your tongue kid! It's not my fault he was weak and your fag partner.*" I looked back at the picture in my paws. They didn't act like they were together. They simply seemed like they were best friends who just won something together. A feeling of silliness hit me hard. I was summing up their whole relationship, whatever it was, in a captured moment. With as protective as Cedric was of himself, how was I going to tell what was

what between them? But...then again, there was a huge amount of expression in this picture. Cedric's face was a perfect expression of happiness; a little too perfect. Something about it seemed forced; like it almost wasn't real. So what felt wrong about Cedric? What was with Cedric? The questions couldn't sink in. They wouldn't sink in. Why did I even want to know? Why did I care? He doesn't want to tell me a thing that's fine with me. This kid should feel privileged to know that I like him. I've had people falling over themselves to get with me, so why the fuck wasn't he?! I focused on Cedric's face. Why the fuck wasn't he?! WHY!? Why... I looked deep into his eyes. The anger faded away. I saw it again. The sadness. This time I was sure. He was...is being; tormented on the inside. Something happened to him. Maybe it's not that he's hiding emotion, but that he's afraid to show emotion. The accusation stung my mind. As ridiculous as it sounded, it felt true. The grandfather clock beside me gonged, making me yelp in surprise. I stared at the face of it, a cold sweat forming. *Get it together Lance.* I focused on the time. *Eight o'clock, he's thirty minutes late. Where was he?* I carefully put the picture back and walked to the double doors that lead to the front of the house. Before I walked out, I glanced back to where the picture sat. *Cedric...*

I pushed the thought from my mind; I had a host to find.

Before I could get to the bottom of the stairs, I heard Cedric's voice. "What do you mean they moved it forward?" A gruff voice entered the conversation,

"The council told us that out of an appeal for the time of the race, they agree that it seemed unfair to wait so long for the next one."

"And what about my situation?" Cedric responded.

"That's what I asked. They responded saying that it was each team's responsibility to be able to race, not theirs. Those who cannot participate will forfeit their rank."

"That's just like them, I swear. Who complained?"

"They wouldn't tell us; however, Joshua and Cameron were, conveniently absent."

"This has Joshua's stink all over it."

"I agree. It was, after all, Brown, White and Blue teams who came up with the date to begin with. Red didn't want anything to do with it." Cedric sighed,

"Yes. Anyhow, thank you for letting me know Vince, I appreciate it."

"No Problem." Vince answered.

"Well, I must be going; Lance probably thinks I forgot about him by now. Tell Cecil I said hey."

"Will do." I heard the door open then close. A moment of silence. James's voice broke the ice.

"What are we going to do Cedric? There's no way Lance will be ready in time."

"Exactly what we can do. We are going to have to train him as much as we can in the next two months. He won't be ready, but there's apparently nothing we can do about that." Then nothing. "Anyways, Lance must be getting hungry. He is a big boy after all; Retrieve him for dinner for me James."

"Yes sir, but what of his lodgings? The place you prepared for him near the stadium won't be ready for about here more days."

"Oh that's right. I had thought we would have more time." Silence followed as Cedric thought for a moment. "Ah ha! I've got it!" Cedric exclaimed.

"What? Tell me." James pleaded.

"Never mind that. Cancel the order for lodging there, I have an idea."

"And what may that be?" James questioned.

"Don't worry about it. I have everything already ready." I heard Cedric walk away. "I hope so, I really do."

After "overhearing" Cedric's little conversation, I scrambled back to the rooster and sunflower room to avoid being caught. James found me sitting at the tea set table propped up with my eyes closed. He promptly apologized for Cedric being late on account that he "had a meeting that couldn't be turned down." Now I was sitting at this big ass table that was the size of Cedric's limo. Okay, so that's an exaggeration, but it was pretty damn close. Cedric went all out for a little dinner. There were candles, music coming from somewhere and the smell of food taunted the shit out of me. *Where the hell was he?* Just as I was about to get up and walk to the kitchen, I heard footsteps. I could tell these were careful footsteps; Precise...and guided by intention. *Cedric.* My stomach knotted. Around the corner he walked. His entrance was perfect. He was perfect. He wore small frame square glasses down his nose. He had styled his hair so it fell across the left side of his face and the rest lay down his back. He had sparkly studs throughout his hair. On his torso, he wore a halter top, shoulderless with trumpet sleeves. It started as a light blue then faded into a deep, rich, royal blue. On his legs, he wore cream-colored flares. His feet were nestled by black sandals. However, out of all that, the thing that stood out the most was a fem that lay at the base of his throat. It was a tear-cut sapphire that was attached to a black solid leather choker. He walked to the end chair and sat down.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting Lance. There was something that needed my attention and simply could not wait. I hope that you will accept my apology." I just nodded my head. "You must be starving and frankly, so am I." He then clapped his hands. The room exploded in a frenzy of people. I saw

a otter, panther, panda, okapi, bear, possum and even a bull. They all were bringing massive amounts of food to the table. I swear I had never seen so much food in one place at the same time; besides a store that is. The otter came up and placed these fancy forks and spoons, two knives and a plate. The bear then waited for everyone else to leave except the panther that stood by the wall. He placed a bowl of soup on my plate,

“Bon appétit.” He then did the same with Cedric. Cedric immediately dove into his soup. I looked at my three spoons. “*Which one do I use? I know it matters...*” The bear and the panther left and silence filled the room. I heard Cedric put his spoon down.

“Lance,” I looked up. “There’s something I want to ask you. Well more like propose.” There was a moment of silence, “I want you to live here with me.” My breath caught in my chest. I stared at him, dumfounded. “It would be for the best really,” he tossed his hand to the right, “It would give us a chance to really get to know each other, which is the mark of a really good team. Once a team gets to the point of predicting each other, then and only then will they reach the top.” he looked at me. I looked down at my soup. “oh dear.” He exhaled. “Look Lance, I realize that this is a lot to absorb, but you accepted the job of being my Airblade partner. You may have not have done it verbally, but your actions told me so. I feel like you’re here for more than just the money. You don’t feel like you’ve gotten yourself in over your head do you? I certainly hope not, as Vince said, you have a certain fire in you that—”

“I’ll do it.” I looked up. He had a guarded expression on his face. “I want to be your protector.” A smile crept on his face,

“Wonderful,” He exclaimed and clasped his hands, “I knew you wouldn’t let me down.” He started eating his soup again. I fumbled with a spoon in my paw. *Is this one it?* I picked up another one, *Maybe it’s this one...* I set it down hard. *Fuck it!* Cedric was spooning his soup quickly and gracefully into his mouth. He had his fingers expertly twirled around the handle of his spoon. That’s when I noticed it. He had hands; not paws. Suddenly the picture of the human woman flashed through my mind. Thoughts started storming in my head.

“Cedric, tell me about your mom.” He tensed, I could tell. He looked up at me, clearly caught off guard.

“My mom?” He questioned. I nodded,

“You want us to get to know each other more. Let’s start by you telling me about your mom.” he carefully set his spoon to the side. He looked off to his right. “My mom was a strong woman; Iron willed and very determined. However, she was a little naïve and spontaneous. She typically didn’t think things through.”

“She sounds human.” He looked at me sideways; studying me. I held my gaze. He turned to me.

“Yes. She was human. My father was a fox,” He gestured to himself, “as you can tell.”

"That must have been hard on your parents. It's bad in the human society for a human to mate with an Anthro." he nodded,

"It was, but they both knew what they were getting into; at least I believe they did. According to my mom; my dad was a night of romantic passion back before the global acceptance of Anthros occurred. My mom fell prey to my dad, but they soon fell in love."

"Fell prey? What do you mean?"

"In the area that my mom lived, Humans weren't dominating. She had the misfortune of living near Anthro controlled territory during The Great Transition."

"The Great Transition huh? That was when Bruce McTeir led the joining campaign right? He was one of the first to come out with a Human mate?"

"That's right. He had a Human male mate. Anyways, as you know, the world struggled for years, even after The Great Transition occurred. In this particular area, the Anthros would "assert" themselves over their pervious Human leaders. It was a custom for the Anthro males to..."make love" to the female Humans."

"You mean rape." He nodded,

"Yes."

"That's awful! I take you were a product of this?"

"Well, years after it started of course, but yes. Me and my sister were."

"Wait! You have a sister!?" He smiled.

"Yes Lance. Me and my twin sister. Adrianna Stone. Though I have no idea where she is."

"What do you mean?" He swallowed,

"Well, I and my sister were always together and we were very close, much like twins always are. Although growing up our gender roles were always swapped. She was the masculine one where I was the feminine one. Our friends would always joke that we were swapped in the womb; back to what I was saying. She vanished when she decided to "come out" to the family. I can't really blame her, they gave her hell over it."

"That's stupid. What did they do when you came out?"

"They didn't care about me. I was the golden child."

"So they ignored you because you became something?"

"Indeed." Cedric scooped the last of his soup into his mouth. He looked at me. I closed my eyes when his eyes down cast," Lance, you haven't even touched your soup. What's wrong? It doesn't taste good? You don't like it? I can get you something else." I opened my eyes and raised my hand,

"No. It's not that." He slid back into his chair.

"Then wha-...oh I see." I put my head in my hands and looked at him though my fingers. He was sitting snug in his chair with his arms and legs crossed. "You don't know etiquette." He stood up. "I can show you if you want." he stood there with one hand on the table. I sat up in my chair. He smiled and walked toward me. "It's no problem really. Etiquette is easy." He put his hand gently on my arm; I tried hard not to tense. With me sitting down, it made him slightly taller than me. "First you always want to remember to start inside out on the silverware." He motioned with his hands, "One utensil for each course. When eating soup, scoop the spoon toward you and do not slurp. That's rude. Oh and posture..." He walked behind me and put his hands on my shoulders. "Back straight." he demanded. I tensed my back. "No,no,no,no. Like this." He walked to my side and put his hand under my neck. The motion unnerved me, but Cedric didn't seem to notice. "Your back should be flush with the back of the chair." He then drug his hand down my chest and to my abs. He stopped short of my bellybutton. "Like this. Just relax." *How the hell can I with you feeling all over me?* A rigid protrusion began to develop in my pants. Thankfully, Cedric didn't seem to notice. "Your neck should be straight." he held my jaw and pushed upward, "But you chin should point slightly down for eye contact." His face was so close to me. I could smell his shampoo. His eyes were gorgeous this close. They were brown with flecks of green which gave them a hazel look far away, but a green shimmer and glow up close. I could inch my head forward and him he was so close. My endowment pushed against my pants. Satisfied he leaned away, "And last but not least, the cloth that goes in your lap." *Fuck!* He grabbed a green napkin off the table and with a flick, unwrapped it. I didn't move. He reached for my crotch before pausing. He looked at me, shock all over his face. he stepped back. I reached forward and grasped his wrist. He didn't fight back.

"Please...Cedric. Don't." He just looked me in the face. "Why do you turn away from me? I like you. Don't you like me?" he pulled my hand free before speaking,

"We've only just met." Of course he was right. "Yes," I looked back at him. "The answer to your question. Yes I do." Hope sparked through me. "But," my heart sank, "That doesn't mean I want you. there have been several people who have tried to romance me. Most failed. I was hoping we could be friends Lance. Just friends. However, I'm not sure your will allow that." I didn't know what to say. "Besides we have a lot of work to do." I didn't say anything. Cedric returned to his seat and clapped his hands. The rest of the food was brought in, but I wasn't hungry anymore.

The rest of dinner was a silent blur.