

## Chapter One

“Someone help me!” Niel yelled as he ran to where the car had slid to. Roland hadn’t been where it had been, so he had to have been dragged with it when the vole had done whatever it was he had with his staff. “Roland’s trapped under it!”

Under. He had to be under. He did what he could not to think about how he’d been standing between before the car when that metal barrel had collided with it. He had to have thrown himself down at the last moment, even if Niel hadn’t seen it happen.

Grant was next to him as Niel tried to pull the car up. Who they needed was Hubert, so what was the collie waiting for? Thomas joined them, along with others. He was whispering under his breath frantically.

Niel caught Roland’s name multiple times there, and the tone was pleading. He understood how he felt. Niel wanted to plead with someone, anyone, for his best friend to be okay, so Thomas had to be frantic.

Niel heard a high pitch sound just before Jacques joined them and use some of Thomas’s blood to write on the wreck of the car. The sound came again and Niel looked down. Motion next to the car, like a stick figure waving their arms. Niel shook his head to clear his vision, but the form was still there.

“Roland?” he asked, dropping to a knee.

“Finally,” the tiny rat yelled, his voice faint and high pitch.

“Roland!” Thomas exclaimed, scooping up his tiny, naked brother. “You’re alive!”

“Looks like we know what my power is,” Roland replied.

“I am so glad you’re alive. Mom and dad would have killed me if you’d died.”

“They wouldn’t have done that,” Roland said.

Thomas looked around. “Okay, the ground by the barn’s clear. You can get back to your normal size there.”

“About that,” the tiny rat said. “I’ve been trying to do that since getting out from under the

wreck.” He hesitated. “I think I might be stuck at this size.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The humor of Roland’s predicament didn’t last. There were a lot of injuries and a few deaths, the worst of which, for Thomas and Jacques, was Hubert. His body was found under another car, a broken transmission shaft through his chest. Not long after that, Victor came running, Orinda at his side and the twins in tow. He hugged Thomas and apologized over and over for having hidden, instead of trying to help. There was an instant of panic as the older rat looked around, asking after Roland, who grabbed onto the edge of Thomas’s shirt’s breast pocket and pulled himself over it.

Instead of running off at the display of power, Victor hugged Thomas again and cried. Then Victor and family were escorted aside and everyone else returned to looking for more dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Niel?” Thomas asked. The Raccoon was sitting against the barn, facing the setting sun, exhausted. “How about I take you home?”

“Shouldn’t you see to the others first?” the Mercier who had arrived too late had taken as many as they could to the hospital, and more have followed, but those with minor injuries were still there.

“After this, I’m good for one teleport. Then I’m going to be out of it for a few hours, no matter how much sex I get. So I’m getting you home so you don’t miss classes.”

Niel snorted. “Classes don’t seem all that important right now. Not after the way we lost.”

“As stupid as it might sound, this isn’t your fight, or even mine. Vic was staying here because the magic protecting that staff was supposed to also keep him and his family safe. Grant never expected it to be attacked by the Chamber.”

“Who are those people? I never got an answer.”

Thomas rubbed his face. “Grant is the one who really knows. As far as I’ve worked out, they’re from two sides of the same faction who are at war over the staffs, but it’s actually a lot more complicated than that. Grant and that vole have a history, and that’s about all I really know.”

Niel nodded. “Roland?”

“Still about an inch in height. He’s with Vic and his family; the twins are having a grand time chasing him with some of their figurines. Jacques doesn’t think it’s permanent, but we need people who’ve studied powers to be sure.” He sighed. “Now I kind of wish he had gotten super speed. I already lost him three times. One of the Mercier nearly stepped on him. Everyone is going to the Dumier estate as soon as they arrive. That’s the only safe landing spot I have left in the country. The vole’s departure did a number on the front and inside of the barn and I don’t know if that’s enough to screw up my ‘intimate knowledge’ of my landing spot, and I’m not testing it now.”

Niel nodded, a reflex rather than understanding. He didn’t know how Thomas’s power worked, so he took him at his word. He stood. “Is anyone else coming?”

“No, you get the travel the Thomas Express all by yourself this time.” The rat placed a hand on Niel’s shoulder and before the raccoon could respond to that stupid name, they were in Minneapolis, and the Kuno was making sure Niel was busy.

\* \* \* \* \*

It shouldn’t be this easy, Niel thought, for everything to go back to normal after that day. A part of him insisted his life should have stopped. The destruction and the deaths should just have brought everything to an end.

Instead, after the middle of the night sex with the guys of Sigma Theta Gamma, he slept for a few hours and had gone to class. As far as his dad was concerned, Niel had flown back from Argentina on Sunday and spent the time with the guys. They'd argued about why Niel hadn't called to let him know he was back. He'd almost told him about the attack in France, but to explain what he was doing there would mean talking about Jarod, and he was not ready to do that with his dad.

Normal now meant meeting up with Limbani after his morning drill. The monkey had jumped at the chance to be Niel's ensured daily sex. He had even tried to talk the frat into having Niel move there so they could all get in on ensuring he always had enough sex, but Kuno had vetoed the idea. They all liked Niel, but they weren't letting someone who wasn't from a family in again.

Not after Thomas.

In between his classes, Niel made his own hook-ups happen. It wasn't because he needed it once a day, he was limiting himself to that. Olavo had told him he couldn't stock them up. And Niel had just looked at him and challenged the Capybara to have sex only once a day since that was all he too needed to survive.

And within a few days, it was normal, and it was too easy to think of France as some strange nightmare that hadn't really happened. Until he got a message from Roland via Thomas, since he was still one inch tall, telling him about the things he was getting up with.

Way too many of those messages came with pictures. Niel was accepting of sex in all its strange forms, but... well, he realized that the idea someone the size of Roland would find ways of still doing it... was taking some getting used to.

Still, things were now normal enough he was here in the library working on his ancient Rome paper, trying to find something on it the teacher hadn't already read papers on a hundred times. Most of the Caesars were out, even the least known would be the subject of a paper because someone had wanted to do a paper on Julius, but decided he was too famous and went looking for the most obscure one.

Maybe he could talk about the roads? He could use the 'all roads lead to Rome' phrase in it and get points for dropping modern expressions in the paper. He'd noticed the teacher liked using them.

Was it a modern expression? A quick search online told him it went as far back as the twelfth century. Not modern at all, but it gave him an idea of how to approach his paper. He could go at the roman empire sideways; see what other proverbs and saying it had spawned that still resonated today.

He was in the Ancient Rome section, looking for a specific philosopher's book since the internet had mentioned a few modern sayings linked to it, when someone else stepped into it. Niel paused, recognizing the Pallas Cat, and wondered what he was doing here. He'd know if he was a history student, even from one of the other years, and there weren't any other reasons to come to this section, except...

"Hello," Fedor said, "Saw you come this way. Wanted to say hello."

Niel smiled at the accent. He'd forgotten how thick it was. "You waited until I was all the way back here to want to say hello?"

The pallas cat smiled. "May have heard stories of Ancient Roman exploits."

Niel walked toward Fedor and the cat met him halfway. "And you somehow knew this is where I was coming?"

The cat ran a finger down the raccoon's shirt. "May have heard of Niel's own exploits among

Ancient Romans.”

Niel cupped Fedor’s crotch. The cat was already hard. “You’re looking for a repeat of the party?”

Fedor frowned. “Party was good.”

Niel chuckled and unzipped the cat. “You were really good.” He pulled the cock out and stroked it. Hard, thick, and longer than average. He remembered how good it had felt. Now he was curious how it tasted. He drooped to his knees and swallowed the cock to the root before the cat said anything. Then he was too busy moaning to try.

The pants dropped as Niel deep throated the cock and he took hold of the balls, impressed with how thick the fur was there too. A squeeze had the cat thrust in his muzzle with a grunt. Then a hand on his head held him in place as Fedor took over. The cock moved in his muzzle, going deep, then shallow and deep again. The grunting intensified, the thrusting became more urgent, then cum was filling his muzzle. A lot of it and Niel had to quickly swallow. When Fedor let go of his head, Niel stood.

“I do same?” the cat asked, still panting.

Niel smiled. “If it’s the same to you, I would like a go at that ass of yours.”

“Not the same,” Fedor replied, frowning. “You suck me. The same is I suck you.”

Niel stifled the laughter. “It’s an expression, Fedor. It means ‘if you don’t mind’.”

“English is strange. Russian is more straight.”

Niel covered his muzzle, this time needing the help to keep the volume down. “I think you mean straightforward.”

The pallas cat looked about to say something, then shook his head. “Fucking me is fine.”

Niel grinned and turned the pallas cat around and sank in his finger into the thick ass fur. “I love this,” he whispered.

“You can give massage,” Fedor said. “After fuck.”

Niel grinned and took the packet of lube out of his pants before dropping them. “Try not to be too loud,” he whispered, then slowly pushed his lubed cock in the pallas cat’s ass.

#

\* \* \*