

# Reaching for the Stars – by Haátsse Apxan

## Chapter 27: Wolf's Day Out

*Warning: This chapter contains too much Kevin, but this time he's not horny and really adorable...ish*

-

The day was kind of miserable, but it was an ideal condition for him. The sky was cloudy, making it a perfect time to go out and enjoy the city without the blazing sun. The chilly autumn breeze was there, but nothing his fur couldn't handle.

Yesterday, Kevin had asked him to go out. Tom just agreed with him since Kevin was trying to get some "time alone" with him. "Wolf's Quality Time", he said, "wolves gotta take care of the pack". He chuckled; since when was he in the same pack as Kevin anyway? He was a lone wolf, in and out.

Well, he wanted some fun, too. Despite the large wolf population in the city, Kevin was the only other wolf he knew well. It was also Saturday anyway, so he agreed to go out.

Also, for some reason Kevin asked Vilkas, too. He wasn't a wolf, no matter how similar he was to one. He wasn't opposed to that, though. Vilkas was a good guy, and he was certain he'd "protect" him from Kevin if the red wolf tried to wink wink at him. While he did not believe that the red wolf would do that, at least not much, it would be amusing to watch Vilkas putting him in his place.

Headset, done. Power bank, done. Tom closed his small bag and put it around his body. He was ready to go.

He glanced at the room again. Should he bring his staff? The mafia operation that Rodrigo was a part of didn't usually patrol the city, but that didn't mean they wouldn't be out there. That encounter a week ago was unexpected; his shoulder still hurt.

Perhaps it would be better if he brought the staff.

But they were going to have fun. He didn't want to make them worry. Besides, it would be a chore to handle the staff if he, for example, got on the bus. Lain was out for today so there was no one to nag at him.

He let out a sigh and closed the door, locking it and putting the key in his pocket.

"Hey, Tom. Going somewhere?" someone slapped his arse.

Tom jolted and turned around. Kyle was grinning at him, his fluffy tail lazily waving around. The wolf growled low, but it only made the snow leopard laugh.

The wolf just turned around and sighed. This dorm was filled with temptations, lots of them. Kyle was one of them, he was super hot and a stud. Like Kevin hot but more bad boy.

Unfortunately, he was also slutty. Tom didn't regret thinking of him that way. The snow leopard seemed to be hypersexual, and Tom could count with his hands how many nights he saw Kyle getting home without bringing someone with him. He wouldn't have a problem with that if Kyle could keep it to himself and be at least considerable.

Yeah, fuck no. He refused to have anything to do with him.

He stepped down the stairs and exited the building, giving Martin a wave as he passed by him. Martin only lived one floor lower than him, which was good because if he got bored out of his mind, he could just barge into Martin's room like the fox did to Tom's room whenever he was bored.

"Took you long enough." Vilkas said to him as he walked closer to the duo.

Tom just smiled sheepishly and adjusted his t-shirt. He felt tiny compared to the two, not just in size. Kevin was wearing a tight t-shirt with an opened jacket (also tight) which really left little to the imagination, and while Vilkas was more moderate with a casual shirt, his defined figure was still noticeable. Tom though... he looked like nothing. He had one or two tight clothes, but he wasn't really comfortable wearing them outside.

"You weren't wanking, were y—ack, what the fuck!"

The grey wolf laughed a bit as Vilkas flicked Kevin's ear.

"No talking shit to the innocent wolf."

"The fuck! That's how we speak, asshole!"

The husky turned to him. "*Tiesa*, Tom?"

Tom shrugged. "*Yah*, true, *sih*."

"See?"

Tom rolled their eyes while Vilkas crossed his arms.

"And don't speak in tongues, please," Kevin rubbed his abused ear. "I don't speak Vilkasiu or Wkwklandish."

They looked at each other, then laughed and walked away from the red wolf.

*"Ar turétume kalbėti anglų kalba?"*

*"Ga usah. Biar Kevin bingung aja."*

Kevin ran to catch up to them. "Oh wow I can't fucking hear you! Louder, please!"

The duo laughed.

"So," the grey wolf said as they walked the university complex exit. "what's the plan, mates?"

"Wanna watch a movie?"

"There's nothing interesting."

"How about getting something to drink and going to the city park?"

"How can you drink in the park?"

"Not *drink* drink, twat."

"Grabbing some snacks first?"

"I'm full."

"Don't snack before midday, dude."

"How can you ask us to go out without a plan, Kev?"

"Ehh that's my natural ability."

-

Eventually, they decided to just start the day by just going shopping. These were men he was hanging out with, so Tom knew he wasn't going to stand for hours outside a shop like he did when he went to the mall with Lucy and Ellie.

Tom walked slowly, occasionally looking at the shops. He wasn't much of a spender; he preferred only getting what he needed then going back home. Sometimes the impulse was there but he always made sure whatever he was buying was worth it.

His gaze went to a new phone in a phone shop. It looked shiny.

He glanced away. It sure looked nice, but his current phone was still functional even though he bought it more than two years ago.

"That's the new phone they've been talking about?" Kevin asked them.

Tom chuckled. "Yeah. It costs a thousand. I'd prefer getting a new laptop instead."

"But don't you want it?" asked Vilkas.

"Well, who wouldn't?"

Kevin leant closer and threw his arm around the grey wolf. "You want a new phone, boy?"

Tom held back a laugh. Beside him, Vilkas snorted.

"Daddy, I want a new phone." His tail wagged playfully.

"Hmm, should daddy get you a new phone?" Kevin released him and gripped his chin in thought.

Tom took hold of the larger wolf's arm. "But daddy! I've been a good boy!"

"Maybe you should convince daddy more tonight." He grinned. "You're free tomorrow, right? Tonight you're gonna sleep late."

They saw the shopkeeper's disgusted face, then they laughed and walked away with their tail wagging happily.

Vilkas just rolled his eyes. "Sorry, they're crazy, I know that." He said to the poor shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper just faked a smile at the husky.

The husky caught up with them and said with a playful smile. "You two are disgusting."

"Kevin's been rubbing off on me."

They laughed.

As they entered the supermarket part of the mall, they looked around a bit. What was it that they wanted to buy again?

Kevin looked around, excited. He looked like a seven-year-old in his first shopping experience. Vilkas, however, looked bored and unenthusiastic. Tom couldn't blame him, though, this place was massive.

"This is why I don't like going to supermarkets." The husky let out a sigh.

Kevin put his arm around his neck and gave him the cart. "Cheer up, dude! There's lots of stuff here!"

"Yeah, too lots." said Vilkas with a sigh, pushing the cart.

Tom just chuckled when he saw the red wolf's tail wagging enthusiastically as he led them inside.

It didn't take them long before they were engrossed in stuff. He just now realised he needed new things, like glasses and a lamp. His supply of paper cup and shampoo was also out, so he picked them and put it into the cart

Vilkas, now seemed a bit happier, led them to the bread section. He took several loaves into the cart, along with jams and a half kilo of flour. Tom also put a package of sprinkles into the cart.

"Bread with sprinkles on it is the best." He said as they walked away from the bread section.

Kevin and Vilkas stared at him curiously.

The smaller wolf looked at them and shrugged. "What?"

"Why do you put sprinkles on bread?"

He waved his hand as if it were obvious and walked away as his tail wagged happily. "It's an Indo thing."

Kevin looked at Vilkas who just shrugged.

Next, they headed to the processed meat section. Kevin almost put one of each package into the cart, only to be slapped on the shoulder by Vilkas.

"Hey!"

"You wanna get fat?"

The red wolf looked at the packages in his hand, then slumped. "Right." He walked back and put them in their previous location.

"This one seems good, though." Tom said, a package of meat in his hand.

Vilkas took it away from the wolf's hand and gave him another one. "This one's better, it's my usual."

Tom stared at it, then put it in the cart. "Well, you're the boss."

"Can we get some fish?"

"Where are you going to keep it? You've got no fridge in the dorm."

"Oh, yeah."

"Besides, I still have some left anyway."

Tom missed cooking some fish for himself; he missed cooking for himself. It's been a while since he cooked something.

He just shrugged the nostalgia away and followed the two canines to the milk section.

After that, they went to the men's fitness area. Tom thought Kevin would be joyous to be here, but he was wrong. The red wolf inspected everything he picked, sometimes talking to Vilkas who was equally serious.

"How much fat does this have?"

"It says 3 per cent, but this is made from plants."

"If it was made from plants then how could it have 3 percent fat?"

"This one has less, but it's made from meat. It also has less protein though."

Tom looked at the duo who were still engrossed in thought. He never thought he'd see Kevin being serious, *ever*. The red wolf was always easy-going, *too* easy-going. His tail was hanging limp, his face full of thought.

It proved that he still didn't know everything about him. Kevin had a serious side, too, he just never showed him that. Maybe because they had never been in a serious situation before, or they didn't have the reason to be serious.

Eh wait, they *did* talk seriously when they first went out, but that was it.

Although he knew Kevin now no longer saw him as prey, he still wasn't sure what did he think about him. This Walking Sin was... well, hot, and god didn't his clothing do a bad job of hiding what was underneath, but he didn't see him in a sexual light anymore. Sometimes he did but often not.

Maybe they were really friends now. He never imagined some hot, handsome, hella gay jerk of a jock like Kevin would want to be a friend with him, but here they were. Kevin might touch other people a lot like how he did to Max and Vilkas, but not him. Maybe it was because of how their first meeting went; Kevin doesn't touch him much... at least according to the red wolf's definition of 'much'.

Often, he thought of Kevin as his younger brother. He was problematic at times, but somehow he listened to him. Perhaps it was because Kevin thought he was indebted to him because of that "almost-rape" incident, but Tom never thought it would make him this... obedient.

Seriously, the red wolf was a rebel. He even ditched a match just because he was bored. *He ditched a match just because he was bloody bored.*

However, when Tom said something, he always followed, often with sarcastic remarks, annoyed grunts, or even explicit innuendos but he followed. Could it be true that Kevin actually looked up to him as a big brother?

Well, he was one year younger than the grey wolf, so there was that.

It also meant he could tell him to do anything, which meant he had control over him, which meant he would obey everything he said, which meant... well... theoretically... he could tell him... to bend over and open wide.

The thought occurred to him several times, but he always dismissed it. Heck no! While he was sure the bigger wolf wouldn't turn that down, even would gladly do that, he didn't want to abuse his power!

Tom looked at the red wolf again. He was hot, but he no longer saw him sexually. Maybe it was like him and Octo, whom sometimes he thought was a living god statue. He wouldn't turn him down if the panther asked for a fuck, though. He trusted him, but the big panther seemed to be straight and he saw him as a big brother, so it would be weird if they really did that.

If Kevin asked him to do it now, would he turn him down? Kevin even told him he would bottom if he asked for it, something that really turned him on.

"Tom?"

The voice woke him up from his daydreaming. The grey wolf looked up to find the two canines looking at him.

"Ya?"

"Which one do you think is better, this one or this one?" Vilkas said as he showed him two big bottles of protein powder.

Tom tilted his head in confusion.

"This one is more concentrated and tastes better but pricey, while this one tastes worse but cheaper and goes better with workouts." explained Kevin.

He raised his brow, were gym animals like them really asking a no-good fitness practitioner like him?

"Um, you two go to the gym often?"

They nodded.

"If this one go better with workouts, then I think it's better."

Vilkas looked at the packages, then put the one he chose into the cart and the one he discarded back to the shelf. Kevin just nodded.

"Were you two really asking me about that, mate?" asked the grey wolf with an amused chuckle.

Kevin shrugged. "You're smart."

"But I'm not *smart* smart. *Kan* I only go to the gym like once a month or when you or Max dragged me there."

"You know stuff." replied the red wolf absent-mindedly.

Tom just rolled his eyes.

They then walked to the cashier. Fortunately, he brought enough money today, their stuff cost more than he thought it would. However, just before he could take his wallet out, Vilkas had already given the cashier his credit card.

He put his wallet back and took the paper bags after the husky paid for it. "You have a credit card, Vil?"

"Yeah, it's my own." He replied sheepishly. "I have a job, so they approved my registration request."

"Asshole. You never told me you had a job." Kevin said.

The husky shoved him. "I did, fuckface, you just keep forgetting it."

"I'm not thinking about you having a credit card since you're rich af, but the job?"

"Go fuck yourself, Kev. Or just lemme do it already."

"Where do you work?" Tom asked him.

Vilkas looked away. "Erm, somewhere."

Both wolves squinted their eyes.

"I just have a job, okay? That's nothing you should worry about."

Kevin grinned. "Does this job need abs? You've been telling me you want abs."

"Yeah." he then jerked. "I mean, no! *No!*"

They laughed while Vilkas walked away ahead of them, yelling that he was hungry.

"He doesn't have abs?" Tom asked Kevin as they watched Vilkas' tail wiggling in annoyance.



"Well, he had, just not as defined as mine." He looked down, then back at the husky. "A few months ago he really wanted to get abs so he asked me to train him more. Now I feel a little proud whenever I see his more defined abs." He chuckled, then turned to Tom. "You want abs, dude?"

The smaller wolf shrugged. "I'd like to but it's too much work."

"Ya gotta enjoy the process, man. It's not an instant one. Besides, I can really help you 'enjoy the process'." Kevin said with a seductive grin.

"Thanks, but I'd like a trainer who won't bite me." Tom's tail batted him, which made him laugh.

"But you already got them, though, just not really defin—heck, you're actually pretty muscled for a guy your size. You already got a flat stomach, you only gotta bulk it up more."

"How did you know that?"

The red wolf licked the side of his muzzle. "You taste great."

When Tom realised that he was talking about that incident, his face instantly turned red and he looked away. "*Mati kek lu.*"

Kevin's laugh made some passers-by turn their heads to them.

-

They didn't take the bus after they left the mall since Vilkas' flat was not really far from there. After exploring the mall after lunch, they wanted to get some snacks to eat, but when the husky said his flat wasn't far from here, Tom was adamant on making some food. Instead, they bought some snacks and ate them on the way.

Good thing he didn't have to carry his groceries. Kevin said himself that "wolves gotta take care of the pack", didn't he? So, Tom handed him his groceries. The red wolf didn't want to, of course, but after a few remarks of big strong muscled lad and wolf pack later, he begrudgingly obliged. Vilkas just looked at them and laughed.

He didn't really buy much anyway; it shouldn't be heavy.

"Hey, there's a basketball court."

Tom looked to where the red wolf was pointing. True enough, there was a basketball court there.

"Yeah, sometimes I play here. You wanna play some?"

"Why not? It's a nice way to warm up to autumn." Kevin turned to him. "You wanna play, Tom?"

The grey wolf shrugged, "Okay, but go easy on me."

"No promises." snickered Kevin, while Vilkas just gave his shoulder a pat with a smile.

They put their bags down near the entrance. Tom took his phone out, then plugged it into the power pack when he saw its battery was low. It seemed he might need a new phone. When he stood back up, Kevin was out of his jacket.

He turned away and instead ran to take the ball on the corner of the court.

"Hey, Tom, bring two!"

"Yeah!"

Walking back with two balls, he threw one to the red wolf and put one aside. Kevin was already in his position while Vilkas was sitting next to the bags with a snack.

Sometimes he wondered why did Kevin even wear a t-shirt when it was going to show his body anyway.

Kevin turned to the husky. "You're not playing?"

"Later. Go warm up first." He pointed at Tom. "Besides, Tom's playing, so don't be an ass and go hard on him."

"An ass, huh?"

"At least I use mine, while yours is just for show."

"Doesn't it look good?" the red wolf turned back and wiggled his tail to show his shapely backside.

Vilkas rolled his eyes. "Yeah, whatever."

Kevin laughed, then he dribbled the ball lazily. The grey wolf just gave out a chuckle at their interaction.

"So," said he when he was face to face with the grey wolf in the middle of the court. "you know how to play this, right?"

He played a few rounds before, but he didn't know the rules and regulations. "Um, yeah? Just dribble the ball and throw it to the ring, right?"

"Right, but it's more complicated." He threw the ball to him with a grin.

Tom took it and looked at it. *Just dribble and quickly throw it to the right, right? I always played it that way. Dribble, dodge, pass, throw.*

"Show me what you've got."

The grey wolf let out a breath, then dribbled it for a bit. He then walked towards the ring behind Kevin, and when he was close enough, he stopped dribbling and threw it.

It went in flawlessly.

"Go Tom!" shouted Vilkas.

Giving his shoulder a pat, Kevin laughed. "Man, that's cool. You played some before?"

"Not really, just some rounds with makeshift balls and rings. It's been a very long time." He turned his head. "But it's just dribble, pass, throw, *ya?*"

"Pretty much. Now, show me some more." He bent down and picked the ball, then took several steps back. "Throw the ball from here."

Tom complied. He took the ball and shot it. It missed the ring by a centimetre.

"You're cool! Just a little bit more!" shouted Vilkas again.

He chuckled bashfully. "T-thanks."

Kevin took the ball again and smirked at him. "Now, let's get some challenge. You make a shot against me. I'm just gonna block you, I'm not gonna try to take the ball."

The grey wolf nodded. Okay then, his serious mode was on. But then Kevin lifted his t-shirt to wipe his face, making him fluster again.

"Tom, anytime now."

Oh right.

He dribbled the ball as Kevin took his stance. Okay, both sides were empty, though Kevin's position made him ready to go anywhere. The ring was quite far for him to make the shot from here.

Okay.

Tom dashed to his right side, ball in hand. Sure enough, Kevin reflexively moved to block him. The grey wolf then quickly spun his foot and changed his direction to the left. He passed Kevin through the spot he had been before.

Kevin seemed to be surprised. Tom kept running to the ring, but still anticipating Kevin. Right when he was at shooting distance, Kevin appeared, and it made Tom jump backwards while still dribbling. He chuffed, then dashed to the corner of the field and shot the ball.

It went in.

Tom smiled in happiness. He took the ball and went back, only to see both Kevin and Vilkas staring at him, surprise on their faces.

"Um, what?"

"Dude, you sure you're new to this?" Kevin asked him, disbelief in his voice. "You move really fast, like a pro. Your form's great, too, although it does look random and unpolished."

He blushed. "Um, thanks? I just, you know, dodged you and tried to make the shot."

Kevin blinked, then grinned and gave him a pat. "Now, how about we play seriously?"

Tom looked at him in surprise. "Uh, okay?"

-

"Ahh! Fucking delicious!"

Vilkas happily hummed and took a drink. "Ne, Kev? How the fuck does your food taste so good, Tom?!"

"Eh, it's nothing."

The two canines laughed, then went back to their plates, happily munching his cooking.

It wasn't much, really. He just made them a plate of stir-fried fish, something he quickly mastered because of how easy it was to make. Well, maybe they just didn't have the necessary ingredients. They had to go back to the spices and ingredients section of the supermarket just to buy the required ingredients.

But it was nothing much, really. Just Vilkas' leftover fish, shallots, onions, garlic, a bit of chilli, and tomatoes.

Tom looked over the table and smiled. It was nice to share food.

"Seriously, how did you make this? I need to know!"

"Mate, don't talk with your mouth full." He chuckled.

The husky swallowed, then asked him again. "How did you make this?"

"Um, this and that. Just cut the ingredients, fry them, put the fish in, pour the spices." He pushed his plate away while Kevin and Vilkas were finishing their second ones. "I take it's a cheat day today."

"Every day is a cheat day when you make this!"

Tom chuckled.

"Ah! I'm full!" Vilkas gulped his drink down.

Kevin was already reaching for his third plate, only for the husky to bat the hand and take the food away. "Go eat the rice if you want more."

The red wolf growled at him.

"Anyway, don't eat it too much. You could get a stomach-ache."

"Stomach-ache?"

"You don't usually eat lots of pepper and chili, right? They can make your stomach ache if you're not used to them." He drank the rest of his glass. "I'm used to it, but please don't hurt yourselves."

Vilkas looked at the food, then his ears drooped. "Aw."

"Save it for tomorrow, or if you want you can still eat it, just not too much. Drink some milk if your stomach hurts."

The husky already stood up and put the plate in the fridge. "I'm doing this because I don't want Kevin to finish it."

"Asshole." The red wolf gave him the middle finger. His stomach then rumbled. He looked down. "My stomach does feel warmer."

"Drink some milk if it aches."

Vilkas put a carton of milk on the table.

Kevin poured himself some milk, then drank it. "Tom, that game was really impressive. Seriously, you a pro or something? No one in the basketball club other than Vilkas could keep up against me, let alone me and Vilkas."

"For sure, though, Kevin is right. Your moves were quick and your forms were... well, you were mostly formless. I mean, I can see that you've never played basketball much before. You really looked like you play another sport entirely and you use that instead."

Tom's tail wagged bashfully. "Seriously! But I can learn pretty quickly if I say so myself."

"Too quickly, according to me." The husky laughed.

Kevin's phone then beeped, making them turn their heads.

"Wait," the wolf took it and checked it. "Eh nothing important." He shrugged. "Yo, Vil, we're staying the night here. It's 8 pm already."

"Hell no. Tom of course, but I'm not gonna let you stay over again."

"Oh, come on. You're still mad about that?"

"Your ass or else."

"Tch, fine." Kevin stood up and walked back to the living room.

Tom just stared at them. Thank god he didn't fluster or blush anymore tonight.

The red wolf shouted, "Come on, Tom! Don't miss the bus!"

They both stood up and walked towards the living room.

"You're seriously mad at me for asking for your ass?" Vilkas asked Kevin who was putting his jacket on.

"I don't want to lose my virginity to a virgin stealer like you."

That made the husky laugh.

Tom took his bag and smiled at the husky. "Thanks for today, Vilkas. Sorry we couldn't clean up ya."

Vilkas smiled. "Anytime. Don't worry about it, I'm used to cleaning up Kevin's mess."

"Fuck you."

"Don't forget your groceries."

Tom laughed when Kevin unsuccessfully tried to pick the bags while putting his shoes on.

"See ya 'round, dude!"

"Bye, mate."

"Get the fuck off, Kev. Don't sleep on the way, Tom!"

"I'm gonna lock your locker and throw the key away."

"Dude I have spares."

Tom just chuckled fondly at the way they parted ways.

-

*Notes:*

*Tiesa = Right, true*

*Ar turètume kalbèti anglu kalba? = Should we speak English?*

*Ga usah. Biar Kevin bingung aja. = Nah. Just let Kevin be confused.*

*Mati kek lu = Go die or something*