

CHAPTER-23

Thomas walked up to the Sigma Theta Gamma feeling his father's eyes on his back.

He'd have preferred to get Paul to drive him, but Eric had insisted, and his stuff was already in the car. Thomas considered it a miracle he'd even convince his parents to let him get back to the frat. They'd wanted to keep him until he looked better, but he'd reassured him the guys would look after him as well as they would. His father has scoffed at that, but he'd given in.

"Thomas, welcome back how were..." Henry trailed off and stopped as he exited the kitchen. "What happened to you?"

"Nothing," he replied.

"Thomas's back!" someone yelled from the living room, Gilbert, or maybe Laurence, maybe. The drawl was right for either of them, but Thomas was still tired from lying on a hospital bed for days and couldn't fully place the voice.

Heads poked out of the living room, followed by bodies, naked or partially dressed. Olavo, Madoc, Firmin, Laurence.

"I fine," Thomas said, barely keeping the exasperation out of his voice.

"You don't look it," Laurence said.

Madoc was before him, pushing the jacket off Thomas's shoulder, then pulled the shirt off before he could protest and studying his body. "How the fuck did you lose so much muscle mass in a few days?" he demanded. "Didn't you do any of the exercises I gave you?"

Thomas batted the hand away. "Cut me some slack, okay?" he snapped, and continued before he could stop himself. "I'd love to see you exercise when you're forced to lie on a hospital bed for three days after ending up in a Montana cave in the middle of winter and nearly

freezing your cock off.”

Madoc pulled him into the living room while Olavo grabbed Henry and went into the kitchen. Thomas sighed and dropped onto the couch.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have snapped.” His suitcase was taken from him, and Madoc sat next to him. “It’s just been a sucky break over all.”

Firmin sat on his other side, snuggling against Thomas and a hand rubbing his chest. “Well, I’m glad you’re back.”

“Me too,” Madoc said. “Sorry for going all coach from hell on you.” He nuzzled his neck.

“It’s okay,” Thomas replied with a contented sigh, then chuckled as Laurence undid his belt before raising Thomas’s legs and pulling the pants off him. Behind the armadillo, deep in the kitchen, Thomas saw Olavo and Henry arguing. The capybara pointed in their direction, said something and the bat gave a shake of the head with his reply, causing Olavo to storm off and out of view.

Then Thomas was distracted by hands running over his body.

“You guys have no idea how lucky you are my parents even let me come back. For a while it sounded like they were going to tie me to my bed to make sure I didn’t disappear again.”

“I didn’t think you were into that stuff with your dad,” Laurence said, and Thomas rolled his eyes.

“First my brother, now my dad? Do you guys have some weird fantasy about me performing incest? Keeping it in the family is your thing, Rowling.”

Firmin chuckled, rubbing Thomas’s side while Laurence ran his hands on the insides of the rat’s legs.

“We put it in any guys who offer themselves,” the armadillo replied.

"I don't see you putting in me," Thomas said with a chuckle and looked at the other two. "Honestly, if I'd known all it took to get some foreplay in here was for me to almost die, I'd have done it sooner."

"That sounds like a dare to me," the badger said.

"Yeah, we can't have him get used to *that*, can we?" Laurence raised Thomas's legs over his shoulders. "He might start thinking we're all romantic and stuff."

"That isn't what I—" the rest was lost in a moan as the armadillo pushed his slick cock in Thomas's ass, then Madoc was nipping at his nipples and Firmin was sucking him off.

Oh yeah, it was good to be home.

* * * * *

"Come on," Paul said, "the class wasn't that bad."

"Huh? Oh no, just..." he trailed off. Returning to school had helped take his mind off the Christmas holiday, but it hadn't made him forget the oddity of it all. Then the way Ettore had said what had happened to him might be related to his family. He'd almost asked Madoc what that meant, but had decided the best thing to do was just put all of it behind him.

If only his mind would cooperate.

At least Paul didn't push. He'd asked without Thomas bringing it up as they walked to their first class of the semester, one of two they shared this time since, unlike the previous one, they'd sat down to build a better matching schedule. Stories of his vanishing act had made it out of the frat house, and if Thomas could figure out who had done it, he'd make them pay, but none of them admitted to doing it.

"Did you hear the latest?" Paul asked as they got in line for the food counter.

"Do I even want to know?" Thomas replied.

“Turns out, you were kidnapped by aliens, who probed you thoroughly.”

The rat rolled his eyes, making his food selection. “You’re just making that up.”

“Nope,” the golden tiger said. “Heard it from Julian, who heard it from his sister, who heard it from that weird guy who’s always hanging out by the library steps but no one’s really sure if he has classes here.”

“His name is Nalo, and he has classes. He’s an engineering major. I don’t know which one.”

“How do you know that?” Paul asked, paying for his food.

Thomas paid for his and followed the tiger to an empty table before answering. “We talk between fucks.”

Paul stared at Thomas, then looked at his ears. “Where’s the usual blush? Are you actually getting used to over sharing?”

“This is you I’m talking with. This isn’t over sharing. I just never had much to talk about until last semester. There was only so much I could say about my jerking off sessions back then.”

“True. So, if it isn’t aliens probing you, and if it is, you need to make sure they take me too next time. I want myself some alien probing.”

“Are you going to have time to get to know them well enough before they start?” Thomas asked.

“It’s aliens, I can make an exception for them.”

Thomas chuckled. “Don’t let Limbani know that. He might decide fooling you into thinking you’ve been abducted is easier than learning to dance.”

Paul chuckled. “You do have to admire his tenacity.”

“I prefer admiring his technique, endurance, and the way his cock feels in me.” Feeling mischievous, Thomas ran a foot up the inside

of the tiger's leg until he was rubbing his crotch.

With a roll of the eyes, Paul pushed the foot off. "It isn't because you've shown me what you can do now that you top that the cafeteria has suddenly become an appropriate place for this kind of stuff."

"You do remember what frat I'm part of, right? Anywhere is appropriate."

"So, if not aliens, then you were kidnapped by a group of evil scientists who did experiments on you to turn you into some sleeper agent ready to molest all of us on command. That or it was the FBI because you're actually part of the mob and you've been keeping it from me all these years. I won't forgive you if it's that one."

"That one's not funny," Thomas said, remembering Ettore's words and the implications in them.

"Sorry," Paul said after studying Thomas's face. "You want me to go on?"

"It's probably best you don't," he replied, seeing his father approaching. "Parent incoming."

"Yours or mine?"

"Since when does your mom hover around you?"

Paul's comeback was changed to "good morning Mister Hertz," and an innocent smile.

"Hello Paul. How are you doing, Thomas?"

"I'm good. Heading to the library after lunch to get some studying in."

"That's good, keep up the good work." Eric headed to another table where he talked with another group of student.

"Keep up the good work?" Paul repeated. "Who was that? What happened to Helicarrier Hertz? Was he somehow disarmed?"

“Me and Dad had a talk over the holiday; before my incident. He’s been giving me more space. I think the only reason he checks in on me still is that he’s worried I might vanish again.”

“Roland must be overjoyed to be receiving all that extra attention.”

“I don’t know. It isn’t like my brother talked to me before.”

They fell silent, and it quickly turned uncomfortable, so to break it, Thomas asked. “So, you and Olavo, how is that coming along? Is he a good enough of a dancer yet?” He smiled as Paul was the one to groan this time.

Thomas moaned as he plowed the bat’s ass, his legs over the rat’s shoulders. Fucking one of his frat brother was definitely a great with to end the week, or start it, or anytime in the middle, Especially after having rebuilt his endurance and stamina so quickly, even if it had taken a daily workout session at the gym with Madoc.

Thomas raised his head and let out a yell as he came, then looked at the bat, panting.

Henry looked at him, head canted thoughtfully. “So, he finally said. You really don’t remember what happened to you over the holidays.”

Thomas groaned. “Really, now? You’re going to go all inquisitor on me while I have my cock in your ass? No, I don’t remember. I really wish you’d all just forget about it. Fuck, at this point I wish I could forget myself.”

“No, that’s not what I mean, I—” the bat stopped and shook his head. “Never mind. I know you don’t really want to talk about.” He pushed Thomas off and next to him. “Get on your stomach, I know just how to take the edge off from that problem.”

“You know, fucking isn’t the solution to every problem,” Thomas said, as Henry lay on top of him, grinding his cock between the ass cheeks.

The bat leaned in and nuzzled Thomas's neck as he pushed his cock into the rat's ass. "Oh, I find that it is part of solving just about every problem I ever had."

"No biting," Thomas said through the moan that escaped him.

"I won't, no worries." The bat thrust hard, and as Thomas cried out, he thought he felt a prick at his neck, but it had to be his imagination. Henry had said he wouldn't do it, and Henry always did what he said. He was a really good guy that way, always respecting other's wishes. No wonder he'd been elected to be the head of the household.

Thomas wondered why he and Henry didn't fuck more often. This was only their what, second time doing it since he'd joined the frat? No, third, if he counted the time he'd sucked off the bat at the first party. Henry was always so busy.

But he was such a good top.

Why hadn't he and Thomas fucked more often? He'd have to remedy that in the future, but for now, he enjoyed being fucked by an expert. And he was right, he didn't feel worried. So he'd nearly frozen to death. He hadn't; that was the important part. The blackout didn't matter either. Eventually they'd find out what had happened, and Henry would make it all better than too. Like he had every previous time.

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CHAPTER 1.5-23

Thomas walked up to the Sigma Theta Gamma house, feeling his father's eyes on his back.

He'd have preferred to get Paul to drive him, but Eric had insisted and his stuff was already in the car. Thomas considered it a miracle he'd even convince his parents to let him get back to the frat. They'd wanted to keep him until he looked better, but he convinced them pampering wasn't what he needed; he just needed time.

"Thomas, welcome back. How was..." Henry trailed off, stopping in his tracks in the kitchen doorway. "What happened to you?"

"Nothing," he replied flatly.

"Thomas's back!" someone yelled from the living room, either Gilbert or Laurence. The drawl was right, but after spending days in a hospital bed and then hours in the car, he was just too tired to tell them apart.

Heads poked out of the living room, followed by bodies both naked and partially dressed. Olavo, Madoc, Firmin, and Laurence.

"I'm fine," Thomas said, barely keeping the exasperation out of his voice.

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“You don’t look it,” Laurence said.

Madoc was before him, pushing the jacket off Thomas’s shoulder, then pulling the shirt off before he could protest and studying his body. “How the fuck did you lose so much mass in just a few days?” He demanded. “Didn’t you do any of the exercises I gave you?”

Thomas batted the hand away, “You try exercising when you’re stuck in a hospital bed for three days after getting lost in the middle of the Montana wilderness and almost freezing your cock off.” Thomas grit his teeth at the outburst; he needed to get away from people.

Thomas tried to trudge up the stairs only to be group manhandled into the living room. In the struggle to maybe go against the flow, the rat noticed Olavo grab Henry and head into the kitchen. Someone eventually took his suitcase from him and the rat found himself deposited on the couch.

Thomas looked at the wall of bodies keeping him from getting up. “OK, I’m sorry I snapped. It was just a sucky winter break.”

Firmin sat on one side of him, snuggling up against Thomas and rubbing a hand along his chest. “Well, I’m glad you’re back.”

“So am I,” Madoc said as he dropped in on the other side, nuzzling Thomas’s neck. “Sorry for going coach from hell on you.”

* * *

Thomas gave a contented sigh, "It's okay." Then Laurence started undoing his belt and pulling off his pants, which got a laugh from the rat. Behind the armadillo, deep in the kitchen, Thomas saw Olavo and Henry arguing. The capybara pointed in their direction, said something, and the bat gave a shake of his head. That sent Olavo storming off out of view.

Before he could give it any more thought, Thomas was distracted by one more pair of hands running over his body.

Thomas melted, "You guys have no idea how lucky we are that my parents let me come back. For a while, it sounded like they were going to tie me to my bed and make sure I didn't disappear again."

"I didn't think you and your dad were into bondage," Laurence said.

Thomas rolled his eyes, "First off, keep whatever Hertz incest fantasies you have to yourself. Second, even if me and my father did decide to do it, mom would insist on watching. So add that to your fantasies and see if they survive."

Firmin chuckled as Laurence face-faulted for a moment. It didn't take long for the armadillo to recover, and once again Thomas had six pairs of hands roving over his body.

"OK," Thomas said as he felt the last of the stress leave him, "I'm loving the foreplay, but is there any reason you're only breaking it out when I almost died?"

* * *

“And that sounds like he’s done,” the badger said.

“Yep, can’t spoil him too much,” Laurence said as he raised Thomas’s legs over his shoulders. “He might start thinking we’re all romantic and stuff.”

“I didn’t mean I’d had-” and the rest was lost in a moan as the armadillo pushed his slick cock into the rat’s ass. Soon after Firmin deep throated Thomas’s own cock, while Madoc went wild on his nipples .

Oh yeah, it was good to be home.

#####

“Come on,” Paul said, “Class wasn’t that bad.”

“Huh? Oh, no, just...” he trailed off. Returning to school had helped take his mind off the Christmas holiday, but stray aspects of it kept creeping back into his mind. Like how Ettore thought it was something related to the Lewistons. He almost asked Madoc, but decided it was better just to put the whole thing behind him.

If only his intrusive thoughts would agree.

At least Paul didn’t push. He’d asked without Thomas

bridging it up as they walked to their first class of the semester, but didn't bring it up again. Which was good, since they managed to sit down and match two of their classes last winter during registration. This would be a rarity as they moved onto higher classes, so it would be a shame if it turned out to be a hassle.

Of course, just because Paul wasn't talking about it, didn't mean the student body wasn't. "Did you hear the latest?" Paul asked as they got in line for the food counter.

"Is it at least plausible this time?" Thomas responded. Someone, either Judith or one of the frat brothers, blabbed. That was the only answer as to why theories of what happened to Thomas were circling the school's rumor mills. As much as he didn't want to think one of the brothers would betray him, at least then he could fuck and make up; Judith was beyond reproach.

"Turns out," Paul continued, "You were kidnapped by aliens, who probed you thoroughly."

The rat rolled his eyes, making his food selection. "You're just making that up."

"Nope," the golden tiger said. "Heard it from Julian, who heard it from his sister, who heard it from that weird guy who's always hanging out by the library steps but no one's really sure if he has classes here."

"His name is Nalo," the rat stated dryly. "He's an engineering major. I don't know which one."

* * *

“How do you know that?” Paul asked, paying for his food.

Thomas paid for his and followed the tiger to an empty table before answering. “We talk between fucks.”

Paul stared at Thomas, then looked at his ears. “OK, have you been replaced by a pod person? Because we are not getting a normal Thomas just let slip something sexual in public reaction.”

Thomas rolled his eyes. “It’s a cafeteria. Unless some stranger comes and sits down right next to us this is hardly public.”

“True,” the tiger said as he started on his food. “So, if it isn’t aliens probing you, and if it is, you need to make sure they take me too next time. It’s on my bucket list.”

“Are you going to have time to get to know them well enough before they start?” Thomas asked.

Paul’s ears flushed, “It’s aliens, I can make an exception for them.”

Thomas smirked, “Don’t let Limbani know that. He might decide fooling you into thinking you’ve been abducted is easier than learning to dance.”

* * *

The golden tiger chuckled, "You have to admire his tenacity."

"I prefer admiring his technique, endurance, and the way his cock feels in me," Thomas said before getting a mischievous impulse from all this talk of the monkey. Silently he ran his foot up the inside of the tiger's leg until he was rubbing the crotch.

Rolling his eyes, Paul pushed the foot off. "He's inside you all right. But just because this is practically private for conversation doesn't mean we can do whatever we want here. No matter how great a top you are."

Thomas grinned, "You're forgetting what frat I'm in. Anywhere is appropriate for them, and I'm learning all their secrets."

"Speaking of secrets," Paul took back control of the conversation, "if it's not aliens the next on the list was you were kidnapped by the CIA to be turned into a sleeper agent that will molest people on command. That or a bunch of evil scientists wanted your blood to extract and replicate the secret of Sigma Theta Gamma and are even now putting it into the country's water supply. And if not that then it was the FBI because your aunt is marrying into the mob and they want you to seduce your future uncle-in-law."

Thomas winced, "That one's not funny." Especially because it all but summoned Ettore's words to Thomas and all its possible implications.

"Sorry," Paul said after studying Thomas's face. "You want me to go on?"

* * *

"It's probably best you don't," the rat replied, seeing his father approaching. "Parent incoming."

"Yours or mine?" Paul asked nonchalantly.

Thomas raised an eyebrow, "Since when does your mom hover around you?"

Paul's comeback was changed to "Good morning Mister Hertz," and an innocent smile.

"Hello Paul," Eric said before turning his attention towards his son. "How are you doing, Thomas?"

"I'm good," Thomas responded in a neutral positive tone, "Heading to the library after lunch to get some studying in."

"That's good, keep up the good work." Eric headed to another table where he talked with another group of students.

"Keep up the good work?" Paul repeated. "Who was that? What happened to Helicarrier Hertz? Was he somehow disarmed?"

"I'm not sure," Thomas responded, "Before the incident, we had a talk, but then the incident happened and... I'm not certain if he knows how to care without it being smothering."

* * *

They fell silent, and it quickly turned uncomfortable, so to break it up Thomas asked, "So, you and Olavo. How is that coming along? Is he a good enough dancer yet?" He smiled as Paul was the one to groan this time.

#####

Thomas moaned as he plowed the bat's ass, his legs over the rat's shoulders. Fucking one of his frat brothers was definitely a great way to end the week... or start it... or just anytime during the middle. Especially after having rebuilt his endurance and stamina so quickly, even if it had taken daily workout sessions at the gym with Madoc.

Thomas raised his head and let out a yell as he came, then looked at the bat, panting.

Henry looked at him, head canted thoughtfully. "So," he finally said, "you really don't remember what happened to you over the holidays."

Thomas groaned. "Really, now? You're opening up the inquisition when I have my cock up your ass? No, I don't remember. I really wish you'd all just forget about it. Fuck, at this point I wish I could forget myself."

"No, that's not what I mean, I—" the bat stopped, and shook his head. "Nevermind. I know you don't really want to talk about it." He pushed Thomas off, "Get on your stomach, I know just how to take the edge off."

* * *

The rat rolled his eyes as he got in position, "You know, fucking isn't the solution to every problem," Thomas said as Henry lay on top of him, grinding his cock between the ass cheeks.

The bat leaned in and nuzzled Thomas's neck as he pushed his cock into the rat's ass. "Oh, I find that it is part of solving just about every problem I have ever had."

"No biting," Thomas said through the moan that escaped him.

"I won't, no worries," the bat thrust hard, and as Thomas cried out, he thought he felt a prick on his neck, but it had to be his imagination. Henry had said he wouldn't do it, and Henry always did what he said. He was a really good guy that way. Always respecting others' wishes. No wonder he'd been elected to be the head of the household.

Thomas wondered why he and Henry didn't fuck more often. This was only their what... second time doing it since he'd join the frat? No, third, if he counted the time he'd sucked off the bat at the first party. Henry was always so busy.

But he was such a good top.

Why hadn't he and Thomas fucked more often? He'd have to remedy that in the future, but for now, he enjoyed being fucked by an expert. And he was right, he didn't feel worried. So he'd nearly frozen to death. He hadn't; that was the important part. The blackout didn't

matter either. Eventually, they'd figure out what had happened, and Henry would make that better too. Like he had every previous time.

OUTLINE-23

Chapter 26

###

Fraternity, Thomas, Sigma Theta Gamma: Mood: You should count yourself lucky my dad let me come back

Coming back in for the spring semester, Thomas still feels a little out of it. His lack of energy is noted by his fraternity brothers. Madoc in particular will ask how did he lose so much weight so quickly. Thomas will respond, possibly a bit too harshly, that he spent half a week in the hospital after being discovered freezing to death in the Montana wilderness; a little atrophy is to be expected[there should be a conversation between Olavo and someone else(henry?) seen but too soft to be heart Thomas will be pointed at. the conversation will end with a clear negative and Olavo will leave, pissed.].

He'll flop into one of the couches after that, and after a moment apologize for misdirecting his frustration at Madoc. The winter break fell apart after Christmas; he's actually kinda lucky his parents allowed him out of the house again.

The boys care, though one can excuse them for expressing that care a bit more physically than most. Like, seriously, I need to get hospitalized for you guys to practice foreplay? The answer to that is to just pick up the pace, to which Thomas doesn't mind. He really missed this place.

###

Campus[note to self, need to keep in mind that Thomas is a bit down from this point. mostly brooding over what happened.], Thomas, Paul, Eric: Mood: can you believe what they say happened to you?

Thomas and Paul were actually able to sit down and plan courses together during early registration, so they are sharing two classes rather than just one this semester. They know it will be short lived, though. Unless Thomas chooses either a biology or chemistry focused major, Paul will start having more and more specialized classes as the semesters go on.

Paul is of course interested in what happened, but rather than bugging Thomas about something he proclaimed that he doesn't know anything else about, he instead brings the most outlandish of the tabloids that have picked up Thomas's story to their lunch together. Thomas tries to say they aren't that funny... though some of them are so off the wall they are worth a spit take.

Their lunch is interrupted by Eric [another scene that might shift a little. not really that the actions would change, but the explanation would have a little more to it now], who is just checking up on Thomas... seeing if he's OK... and yeah, just disappearing again. Thomas notices Paul's look, and he says that yes, his father has been progressively more like that since the incident. It's actually kinda unnerving; it's like Eric blames his helicopter parenting on what happened... but what happened was beyond Thomas's ability to control, so how could his father have any involvement?

Paul doesn't know what to say, so Thomas eventually changes topics to asking when he's next seeing Olavo. That at least is a topic that has a side of spice to any awkwardness.

###

Fraternity, Thomas, Henry: Mood: And now back to your regularly schedule sex scene... or not.

A new year, the same routines. Normality begins to establish itself, with the only change really being that Thomas tops now. Case in

point as we open the final scene of the chapter with Thomas plowing Henry. After Thomas has climaxed, Henry ruins the afterglow by saying that Thomas really doesn't have any memory of what happened.

Mood entirely gone, the bat has to smooth talk things over for a bit with Thomas before nipping the rat on the neck and taking his own turn on top. Thomas can't complain; Henry and him aren't as close as some of the others, but boy does he know his way around sex.

Ultimately, Thomas's plan is to put the winter break behind him. He'll show his father he can maintain his study schedule and maybe even declare a major... and things will get back to normal. After all, it was just one small little unexplained event. How much fallout could it have[as the authors, I think we need to establish, is this Thomas actually planing, or Henry adjusting his memories? he had Thomas' cum and put some in him, so Henry is in a position to alter things as he wants. I'm not sure why he'd want to, but we need to make sure we know what direction we want it to go into. That is a very good question. In context of writing this, I just thought of it as Thomas's decision, but you are right that we can't overlook Henry's influence.]?