

Rework-11

Thomas glanced at the closed door, again, as Limbani's moan echoed in the unused chemistry lab, again. The fear of being found out was distracting him more than the chemically sterilized smell the room had. Thomas had his hard cock in his muzzle, while Kuno had his buried in the monkey's ass. The margay was pounding with abandon, while Thomas's fucking of the muzzle kept being distracted by the worry anyone could walk through the unlocked door. It wasn't enough for him to lose his erection, but it did slow his release.

Not that Limbani was complaining.

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Thomas had lost count of how often he'd had sex on Campus since joining Sigma Theta Gammas, which was quite the feat since he'd only moved into the frat on that Sunday, and it was Thursday. Thomas had been fucked in storage rooms, under bushes in the parks, a maintenance room, a teacher's office, and the gym; so many places in the gym.

If he stopped to think about it, which Thomas tried to avoid doing, it was amazing they hadn't been caught in the act by the faculty, security, or simply other students. There had been the one close call, in the gym's sauna, when someone had walked in on them, but it had turned out to be Hubert. The collie was naked, hard and simply smirked as he grabbed Thomas by the hip, raised it so he could push his cock in his ass, and proceeded to fuck the rat while Thomas got over his chock and went back to sucking off Limbani.

When not taking into account the so many sex sessions with the Adesida monkey, who redefined what insatiable meant, Thomas's campus life hadn't changed overly so in the last five days. His courses still happened, his father kept showing up unexpectedly when Thomas wasn't in class.

Unless he was with Limbani. The monkey seemed to have some magical ability to render Thomas unfindable by his father when they were having sex.

Since he couldn't have the monkey fuck him all the time between classes—well, probably not... might be best not to run it by Limbani in case he decided to try it—the elder Hertz kept dropping by to ensure Thomas stuck to the militant study schedule he'd created for him.

Thomas had bitched to the guys that Monday over dinner, since it had felt like his father was on him every minute Thomas wasn't otherwise occupied, and the other had sympathized, but when Thomas had asked for help in keeping his father off his back, he'd received shakes of the head, except for Laurence and Madoc.

The armadillo had had that dreamy smile which made Thomas worry he'd offer to help, since he wasn't sure exactly how the man would go about keeping his father busy. Madoc's expression had been distant, but he'd shaken himself out, and said it was nothing when Thomas asked later.

So they wouldn't help, but at least they let him complain about his father then, and on Tuesday, when he called right after dinner to check that Thomas had read the assigned

chapters for his economic's class the next morning, then on Wednesday, Eric was there, while Thomas enjoyed his lunch, reminding him of the importance of proper note taking during lectures.

If the guys had enough, they shut Thomas up by putting a cock in his mouth. Which provided the rat with another form of unleashing his stress. Until the party, Thomas would never have thought of sucking cock as stress relief, especially not one he would take to so avidly.

Getting fuck he got, with the endorphin release an orgasm triggered, but there was something about angrily sucking a cock that was almost cathartic. It let endure the on the spot quizzes, reminders to study and question his father asked to ensure Thomas didn't spend all his time being frivolous.

Which Thomas didn't. After all, Limbani had other things—guys?—to do than Thomas.

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Thomas grunted and held on to the monkey's head as he came, his cock pulsing in the muzzle. As his orgasm ebbed, Thomas whispered a, "Fuck."

"As you wish," the monkey said, grinning as he got off the lab table. Before Thomas could react, Limbani had a packet of lube in hand as he moved behind the rat. He stared at the packet, trying to work out how the monkey had gotten it, since their clothes were halfway to the other side of the room.

"Does he ever stop?" Thomas asked the margay who was leaning against the table facing him.

"Why do you think I agreed to let you join?" Kuno replied incredulously. "Not one of us was prepared to have an Adesida in the frat. After your exploit during the party, I figured you'd be a great help to keep him sated."

"Stop complaining," the monkey said, "you all love it."

"I—" Thomas started to protest, only to have his voice go high pitch as Limbani pushed his cock in his ass. Once hilted, Thomas panted and looked down. "How am I hard already, again? Did you guys—" The cock pulling out turned his question into a grunt, then it was pushed in and his attempt at finishing it was a curse.

The margay smirked as Thomas stretched on the lab table and decided to let the monkey have his fun. Kuno stepped around the table as Thomas closed his eyes to enjoy the cock moving in his ass..

Limbani wasn't the only guy from the frat, or guy period that Thomas had had sex with over the week, he was simply the only one to show up unannounced, drag Thomas, and this time Kuno, to an utterly inappropriate place, and for them to fuck. With the others, there was a message, a plan, an out of the way, known to be unused location, and specific time.

Thomas yelped and cursed as a mouth closed over his cock. He looked down and Kuno was on his knees, the entirety of the rat's cock in his muzzle. He sucked hard, and Thomas moaned.

"You guys are going to be the death of me," he whispered, then groaned as the

monkey and margay seemed to time their move and his cock his the back of a throat as the other one went deep in his ass.

But fuck, was he going to die smiling.

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Paul leaned in as Thomas sat next to him after placing his tray of food on the table. He sniffed and tilted and eyebrow. “Again?” the golden tiger asked, grinning.

Thomas’s ears burned as they folded back. “Why do you think I wanted us to eat outside? I need to air out.”

“So, just went do you get anytime to study? I thought the campus was where you’d put in your time.” The tiger grinned again. “Since I can’t see you getting in any of that when you’re at the frat.”

“You’d be surprised. Henry enforces a two-hour study time during which he’d been not hear anything sexual, or it’s a chastity belt for the culprit.”

Paul paused, club sandwich to his mouth. “You’re serious, a chastity belt?”

Thomas nodded. “I don’t think it’ll fit most of the guys at the frat, but I’ve seen it.” He added mustard to his turkey wrap. “It certainly keeps Limbani in check. Which is funny. Considering how he goes on about knowing stuff, you’d think he’d be able to know when Henry’s close enough and not make any sounds.”

Paul coughed as he chews, then gave Thomas a glare. He drank, then swallowed. “Limbani, not making a sound? You remember when I met you in the Jackson Hall restroom? I could hear him all the way to the hall. I’m amazed no one came to investigate. If you want my guess, he is prescient, and he saw that bat lock him up good and that’s what scared him chaste.”

Thomas smiled. “I guess that’s as good an explanation as any.”

“So, that’s what your life is like now? Studying and sex?”

“Of course not, I—” Thomas closed his mouth as he went over what he’d been up to since moving in on Sunday. Not taking into account meals, he. No, even those tended to involve someone, usually the monkey, ending up under the table for dessert. “It’s the first week,” Thomas finally said. “So it isn’t like we’ve had time to do anything else. I’m sure we’ll socialize over the weekend.”

“Socializing,” Paul said with a bemused grind. “That’s certainly one word for it.”

“Speaking of socializing, did you hear anything from Nat? How is he doing on the east coast?”

“You mean outside the last game? Not really. I get the sense he loaded his classes, and that’s keeping him busy, but he hasn’t said anything.”

“I hope he doesn’t burn out.”

“He’s too much of a jokester for that,” Paul replied. “You think Marian’s going to come back?”

Thomas winced at that idea. “I hope not, not if what we suspect with her mom’s real. At least in Omaha, she can’t touch her.” Marian had never come out and said it, but because of how invasive his father had become over the summer, he’d recognized the signs that her mother also kept a close eye on what she did, but with the way Marian didn’t like being

touch, they all suspected her mother might get physical with her disapproval, but none of them had been willing to push the issue before they went their separate ways.

“Mark, on the other hand,” Thomas started, then jumped out of his seat when Eric basically appeared on the other side of the table.

“Thomas,” His father said, “Tell me you’ve reviewed the material from yesterday’s lecture, you know it’s going to come into play in your lab in,” he checked his phone, “fifteen minutes.”

“Yes dad,” Thomas said, trying not to grit his teeth as he sat back down. “Do you need me to recite the whole chapter?”

“No, that won’t be needed, I trust you. Have a good day, I love you, son. Have a good day too, Paul.” And Eric walked off.

“Love you too, Dad.”

Paul snorted. “Oh, that did not sound convincing at all. Maybe I should call him back so he can hear that tone?”

“Considering how his love is getting stifling, this is the best I can manage at the moment.”

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Thomas ducked the Monkey’s hug as he stepped into the house and made a beeline for the stairs, ignoring Madoc calling him as he passed the kitchen.

“You have to stop,” Jacques stated.

“Oh, Get off my case,” Firmin replied dismissively as Thomas paused in the livingroom’s archway. “I didn’t do anything.”

The badger shoved a newspaper in Firmin’s chest. Thomas only saw enough to recognize the banner of the Minnesota Daily. Firmin looked at it and grinned.

“There you go, you can see right there I didn’t do that.”

“You think—” Jacques paused as he glanced in Thomas’s direction. “Tu pense que t’es brilliant avec sa? Quece qui va se passer lorsqu’il vont portez plainte?”

“You’re blowing this out of—”

“En francais,” Jacques motioned to Thomas. “Be ca, c’est pas rien. C’est tu sa qu’tu veux? Etre ordoner a la maison? To pense tu que je veix etre celui regler ton conte? Tu te rapelle que c’est my job? Que si tu vas trop loin avec ca, c’est moi qui doit matre certain que sa arret? Qu’est qu’il est arrive au petit gars tranquil qu’il m’a ete introduit durant l’ete?”

“Qu’elle gars tranquil?” Firmin snapped. “J’pas quelqu’un qui rest dans ton ombre, si t’es pas heureux avec sa, appelle moi pere he he di lui de venie the fourer.” The badger looked in Thomas’s direction and threw his hands up. “Regard se que t’as fait.”

“Maybe you should move on?” Henry told Thomas, who jumped. “This is someone private. But don’t worry, I’ll make sure they settle it.”

Thomas nodded, trying to work out what that had been about. The anger was clear, his French was nothing close to up to the task of dealing with it, but Firmin had done something, or Jacques thought he had, and it was Jacques’ job to take care of him.

He paused midway to the next floor as he realized they’s switch to French not

expecting him to understand it. He debated if his high school French classes qualified as understanding, then decided he owed them at least the admission he'd made out a few things. He turned to head back down, only to see a grinning Limbani talking his first step up the stairs.

Thomas turned and bolted for his room, ducking under the naked red panda.

With the door closed, Thomas breathed easy in the quiet. He was amazed at how good the sound proofing was in the frat. He's felt the vibration of the bed hitting the wall when Chima had been fucking a visiting guy the previous night, but hardly heard anything.

He looked down at the tent in his pants as that memory brought back the one of that morning in the showers, Thomas against the wall, held up by the hyena's arms, and the thrusting cock in his ass.

"No, you don't get a vote," he told his cock and pushed the memory away. He had studying to do now, because two hours wouldn't be enough and he couldn't know when one of the guys would barge in and sweet talk Thomas into sex with their naked bodies.

At least the weekend was almost here, and it would be his first one without Eric hounding him to study instead of enjoying his time. Well, at least on Saturday. He didn't put it past his father to arrange for Thomas to get studying in as part of Sunday dinner.

He took out his phone and made a list of the items he needed to make sure to bring back with him. The TV was at the time of that list.

That done, he started his study playlist, flopped on the bed and pulled up the chemistry texts and started reading. He was halfway through the chapter, when the door opened. Thomas sighed and turn, readying himself for the naked persuasion, and found himself looking at Judith, staring back at him, eyes wide with shock. He fought the urge to check he was wearing his pants.

"Why are you dressed?" she demanded, "and how come there isn't some naked hunk in your bed?"

And now Thomas noticed the phone his sister hurried to move behind her back as she gave him her patented 'I'm the older sister and you can't pin anything on me' grin.