

CHAPTER-4

Monday was interesting, to say the least. Thomas imagined everyone could tell what he'd done at the party. In his Econ Class, the collie who assisted the teacher was Brukammer, and Thomas sank in his seat as the guy looked the class over. He had the image of golden fur in his face while his mouth was filled. And he was hard again.

Tuesday Limbani grinned at him when they're eyes met in their class. Then in his history calls a red panda stared at him for a full minute before going back to his books, which had left Thomas trying to remember if there had been a panda at the party, or if stories were already spreading. Would guys seek him out to get blown now? He stifled a moan as he got hard again.

Wednesday it was a badger who looked him over licked his lips, grabbed his crotch and walked on. It happened so fast Thomas almost convinced himself he imagined it.

Thursday was almost too much for him. His international politic class was taught by the hyena, Chima, and Thomas could only imagine him parading there naked his giant cock slapping his thighs with each step, growing harder and harder until it was standing up. And Thomas was suddenly extremely thirsty.

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"And then there are the dreams," Thomas said as he fired on the wall of zombies approaching. "It's like these guys aren't satisfied haunting my classes, they're haunting my dreams, all hot and sexy and hard and—" he glanced at his crotch, then cursed silently, he shouldn't have thought about that.

The golden tiger in the small window on the top right grinned, as his character on the screen lobbed an explosive at a pack of zombies. "Sounds to me like you need to jerk off more."

"When?" Thomas replied, switching weapon. "Where's the machine gun ammo on this map?" he fire the magnum at the closest

zombie. "You know my house. It's near impossible to do it here and not have someone hear or smell the result. Do you want me to tell you how often Roland does it?" he asked at Paul's dubious expression. He nodded to the wall his bed was against. "There's no more than a quarter inch separating our bedroom and he'd loud."

The door to his bedroom opened. "You think he's the only one who's loud?" Judith said, poking her head in. "Running the shower doesn't exactly cover your "yes, harder, poke me Paul, I love you Paul. I think you're even louder than Victor was."

"Judith!" Thomas yelled, reaching over to grab the pillow from his unmade bed and throwing it at his sister while Paul laughed.

He caught it. "I'm just happy at as the one daughter of the Hertz, I have my own bathroom. I'm terrified of smelling yours." She threw the pillow on the bed. "Hey Paul, don't let my brother molest you too hard." She closed the door.

"You so need to have a lock on your door," Paul said, snickering.

Thomas looked at his screen to find he was dead. His sister's distraction had cost him the game. "And keep dad from checking in on me to make sure I'm studying? He'll never allow it."

"What is he going to do when he wasn't in on your doing the nasty with some guy?"

Thomas shrugged, his ears burning. "Knowing him, he's going to ask for that guy's grades, then his plan for the future and then rework his class load so it's more efficient." He paused, and grinned. "Then, he and mom will compete with us for the loudest lover award."

Paul shook his head. "I'll never get how comfortable you are with the idea of your parents doing it. I know my mom had guys she had fun with, but—" he shuddered "—I don't want to think about it."

"It was that or die of embarrassment. My folks have no problem telling us what they've done when they were younger."

“Oh my God, really?”

“Not the details,” Thomas said in mock offense. His best friend already knew that, since he’d shared a few meals with his family. “But I have too much of an imagination, so yeah, I had to get comfortable with the TMs if my parents.”

Paul shook his head. On the screen his character was putting up a valiant effort, but alone against the horde he was losing ground, then he was overrun and the zombies walked into the building, and their scores appeared. Having lasted longer, Paul had the highest one, but they played co-op, so Thomas didn’t mind.

“But yeah, the frat guys have been making my days and nights difficult. I *almost* regret going to the party now. At least before, when all I had were fantasies, I didn’t spend my days hard.”

Paul raised and eyebrow and tilted an ear. “That bad, really?” he leaned back in his chair. “You know, I can help you with that, if you want. I do owe you for the blowjob on the drive back.”

It was Thomas’s turn to raised an eyebrow, although his cock made its agreement to Paul’s offer known. “You really want to come over and risk my dad walking in on us? Or worse, Judith?”

The tiger chuckled. “I was thinking of at school. You know where Jackson is, right?”

“The hall? Sure.” Thomas looked at his friend suspiciously.

“The third floor restroom in the north wing is hardly frequented, I can meet you there tomorrow at ten, you don’t have a class then, right?”

Thomas nodded. “How do you know we can... you know, there?”

Paul grinned. “You aren’t the only one who gets pent up, Thomas. And it seems that unlike you, I do look for ways to relieve the pressure.”

Thomas bit his lower lip. “Paul, why didn’t you ask me to

help you with that? I mean I did it in the car, so I know you're okay with me doing that."

Paul laughed. "Come on, it's not like I planned those things. I just used the time I had available to relieve the pressure. And believe it or not, I do want to know what sucking cock is like. So, how about it?"

Thomas swallowed as he imagined the golden tiger's head bobbing up and down on his lap. "Oh yeah," he said, his cock painfully hard.

As Paul said, the restroom was deserted when Thomas entered it. He washed his hands, because he felt like he needed to do more than just get sucked off there, then he went in the third stall since the first two felt too obvious.

He tried to sit while he waited, but he was too nervous. This was basically doing it in public. That happened to other guys, guys in stories. Not him. Of course until a week ago, sucking cock was also not something that happened to Thomas.

He chuckled nervously. Well, college was a time for new experiences, wasn't it? He sat again, stood, checked the time. Paul was late. He knew his friend wasn't standing him up, but he'd expected a message letting him know about it.

The stall's door opened as Thomas put his phone away and he opened his mouth to ask Paul what had taken him so long, but the monkey grabbed Thomas by the collar, turned and shoved him against the closed door.

"Limbani—" he started, but the monkey kissed him hard. Then his belt was undone, a hand grabbed his ass before undoing the tail strap.

Thomas pushed the monkey back, trying not to panic. "Limbani, what are—"

"Shut up," the monkey growled. "I'm hungry, you're hard,

and I'm going to suck you dry."

"How —"

"I said shut up."

Thomas's pants fell to his knees and the monkey pulled the underwear down. Had Paul sent him in his place because—a hand closed around his hard cock and gave it two pumps, ensuring his brain shut down.

"Fuck I've been craving that thing of your since the party," Limbani said, dropping to his knees.

Thomas smiled, looking down at the monkey's head. Before he could tell him to start, the moaned as the monkey closed his mouth on the tip. "Oh fuck." How could pure heat feel this good? The mouth moved up and down and Thomas banged his head on the door as he let out a grown, but didn't care. Limbani tightened his lips on his cock and Thomas held his head still as he began thrusting.

When the monkey tried to pull away, Thomas kept him in place, thrusting harder, faster. Fuck, he needed this way more than he thought. He plunged his cock in deep and let out a scream with the orgasm. Then he was panting, the only thing keeping him up the door and the monkey.

Limbani pulled away, licking his lips and grinning. "I knew you needed it."

Thomas rolled his eyes. Sure, the money 'knew things'. They were both eighteen, so they were both always horny, how mysterious that Limbani knew that about him.

The monkey pressed his body against the rat's "Feeling better?" Thomas nodded. "I'm glad I could help." He grinned again. "In fact, I'm so glad that I had a talk with Henry, and considering what you've shown you can do during the party, I was able to convince him to offer you a room at the Sigma Theta Gamma, with all the..." he grabbed Thomas's still hard cock. "Privileges that come with bunking with us."

Thomas nodded dumbly. He didn't quite understand what the monkey was saying. There was a hand stroking him.

"Now, there is one catch," Limbani whispered. "A certain ritual we need to put you through, to make sure you...hmmm... can fit properly."

Thomas nodded, then stopped, the words finally sinking in past his cock. "That." He swallowed. "That sounds a lot like a hazing."

Limbani smiled. "Well, it's only that if you complain about what we're going to do to you, isn't it?" He leaned in and lowered his voice even more. "Otherwise, it's just another party. One where you're the center of the attention. Of all our attention." He took Thomas's hand and places it on his hard cock and the rat moaned. "So, can I expect you to be over tomorrow? Let's say six?"

Thomas nodded, then he was moved and was sitting. The door opened and he was alone in the stall, pants and underwear around his ankles, cock hard and leaking as he work at processing what he'd agreed to.

The door opened again and a golden tiger entered, looked at him and grinned. "You know, I knew you needed this, but I didn't really it was this bad." He dropped to his knees, smelled Thomas's crotch, then shrugged and took the rat's cock in his muzzle.

"Oh fuck!" Thomas exclaimed and grabbed his best friend's head and fucked it with abandon.

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CHAPTER 1.5-4

Thomas went to class on Monday thinking that anyone and everyone would have known what he had been up to. That didn't turn out to be the case, but he did walk into his Economics class to confirm that yes, Mister Brukhammer was indeed his graduate instructor. Thomas was distracted the entire time by images of golden fur in his face while his mouth was full. He exited that class hiding a hard on.

Later that Monday he found out during History that the margay was indeed in his class, because of course he was. Thankfully he wasn't the actual teacher, so the rat only had to deal with the feeling he was being stared at for an hour.

Tuesday was of course time for Studies for Success with Limbani, and while Thomas may have just been imagining that Richards fellow staring at him, the monkey was very obvious and grinning like a mad man. Thomas was very surprised he didn't grab him after class to do something... and maybe a little disappointed.

Only change Wednesday had from Monday was the Chemistry Lecture, which he thought he was in the clear for but then a badger checked him out while he was between classes, noticed Thomas noticing him, and reacted by licking his lips and grabbing his crotch before walking away. That was the return of the paranoia that everyone at the school knew what he did last weekend.

Finally, after getting through another class with Limbani's eyes on him on Thursday, he walked into his Chemistry lab only to look at the armadillo graduate

instructor and recall that his last name was Rowling... same last name as Laurence. Of course he didn't remember enough of the night to know for certain if he was part of the frat, but that didn't keep his imagination from giving him another hard on.

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“And of course they're the dreams,” Thomas said as he fired on the wall of zombies encroaching on their location, “It's like they're not satisfied with giving my dad competition on hounding every waking moment of my life, but I've had three wet dreams because of them. Just their naked bodies grinding against...” He glanced down at his crotch and mouthed a curse. Need to not give that guy motivation.

The golden tiger in the upper right hand of the screen raised an eyebrow as his character lobbed explosives across the screen. “Actual wet dreams? Weren't you sucked off twice this weekend? That can not be normal.”

The rat shrugged as he continued mowing down wave after wave of the undead. “Royer's are known to be insatiable, and dad can actually keep mom satiated. I guess that's finally kicking in or something.” He gritted his teeth as his character ran out of ammo finally.

Paul smirked, though at which situation was unclear, as his character came to Thomas's rescue with a katana. “Well my friend, your solution should be obvious. You just need to jack off more.”

“When?” Thomas exasperated as he switched to the magnum. “Where's the machine gun ammo on this map?” As

he was reduced down to firing precision headshots at the zombies he continued, “You know my house. The walls are paper thin and we have no locks on the doors. I’m not going to be like Roland and just do it in my room.”

The door to the bedroom opened as his sister Judith reclined against the frame in her extra long t-shirt. “Yeah, and if you start taking more than two showers a day your fur might start falling out.” She blocked the pillow thrown at her with reflexive ease. “Though at least you’re better than Victor; he often fell on his tail mid orgasm.”

Thomas fumbled around on his bed, looking for more ammunition, as Paul openly laughed. “Judith! This is a private conversation.”

She caught the next pillow with similar practiced ease. “I’m just saying I’m happy I grew up with my own bathroom, that’s all. I have no idea how that one room survived three boys growing up in it.” She tossed the pillow back at her brother. “Hey, Paul? Try not to break my brother when you finally ride him? I kinda need him for at least the next two years.” And with that she’s out, closing the door behind her.

Thomas pulled the pillow from his face and turned back to the game... and yeah, the distraction caused them to completely wipe . “I love her, but Judith alone makes me jealous of you being an only sibling sometimes.”

“Oh, I understand. One Judith is enough for the entire world, much less having one in each family,” Paul said as he put down his controller. “Though maybe you should just take a page out of Roland’s book and not care about who knows you’re doing it. Or, you know, maybe your parents book

instead.”

Thomas groaned as he fell back on the bed. “Dude. You know the entire reason I try to be subtle about it is the way my parents just drop what they’re doing and do it whenever ... and sometimes wherever, unless you’ve forgotten.”

Paul winced, ears folding back. “Kinda hard to. My mom still isn’t open to the idea of inviting them to dinner at our place. Anyway,” the tiger continued, changing the subject, “Are you ready for another round?”

Thomas checked the time. “I better not. I got like... ten minutes before dad returns home with Roland from the gym.” The only saving grace with this whole helicARRIER parent mode Eric had entered into was that he had to still split his time between two sons, and even with apparently no sleep he could still only be with one at any given moment.

“OK,” Paul said, putting down his controller, “Then let’s use the time we have left to tackle problems we can easily resolve.”

Thomas sat back up and hit a few buttons on his controller, closing the game and maximizing Paul’s little head to full screen. “And just what did you have in mind?”

The tiger leaned in closer to his camera conspiratorially, “Just let me blow you.”

Thomas stared, blinked, and then burst out laughing. “OK, yeah... that would be the perfect solution. If only it doesn’t solve the time and location problem that still exists with jacking off. Or are you really willing to have Judith walk

in on us while your head is between my legs?”

Paul looked at the rat incredulously, “I am basically your chauffeur these days, you know.”

“Yes,” the rat responded as he crossed his arms, “As the driver. I could maybe think of blowing you off in that situation, but not the other way around.” Thomas held up a finger for Paul to keep his silence for a moment as he added, “And don’t mention the parking lot, they have cameras, other people just walking by, and this would be in broad daylight.”

The tiger pursed his lips, “OK... how about this. You know where Jackson is, right?”

Thomas thought for a moment, “As in Jackson Hall? Sure.”

“The third floor restroom in the north wing,” Paul started explaining, “People rarely go there. I can meet you there tomorrow at ten. That’s right between your two classes, right?”

The rat raised an eyebrow, “And you know about this magical sanctuary how exactly?”

The tiger flushed slightly, “Let’s just say you’re not the only one feeling flustered after last weekend.” Then that awkwardness turned to a Chesire grin, “But hey, you can even do me again afterwards if you want.”

Thomas thought about such a mutual exchange going on, and then looked down at his painfully hard cock. “...I know I should be more coy about this, but yes. I want.”

Just as Paul said, the restroom was deserted when Thomas arrived. He washed his hands, mostly because some timid part of his brain said he needed an excuse to be in here instead of just being sucked off, and then got in the third stall to wait.

He tried to calm his nerves, but it wasn't happening. This was, for all legal intent and purposes, in public. If a teacher caught them they could get expelled. If a student caught them and decided to report it, the same. Of course, if they decided to join in instead.

The rat chuckled as he finally sat down. OK, that only happened in stories. Besides, doing it with a stranger when he was supposed to be here for Paul wouldn't be fair. Though knowing Paul he wouldn't complain.

Thomas waited a bit... and some more... and then eventually stood up to get out his phone. OK, it wasn't that far past ten, but the minutes were stretching into hours. What was keeping Paul? If he messaged to say he canceled...

The stall door started to open as Thomas put away his phone, but before he could open up his mouth a pair of hands grabbed him, spun him around, and shoved him against the door. Thomas blinked as before him wasn't a very playful tiger but instead a maniacal monkey.

"Limban..." the rat tried to say, but the monkey kissed him hard and sloppy, all the while undoing his belt and tail strap. Before Thomas knew it he was in his underwear with his pants around his knees. It was when the monkey got rid of that

offending undergarment by ripping them them off that Thomas got his mind back in gear.

“Wow...” Thomas said, pushing against the monkey, “Dude, what is wrong with you?”

The monkey blinked and pulled back, seemingly shocked. Apparently he was not used to being told no all that often. “Don’t you...” he pointed down towards Thomas's rock hard cock, “Aren’t we...” Thomas was pretty certain it wasn't the English barrier; instead, he might have just broken Limbani's brain.

The rat sighed. “Yes, I’m horny. Yes, I wouldn’t be against you sucking me off. But...” Thomas finished as he grabbed the monkey's head with both of his hands before Limbani dove onto his dick like it was their last meal on Earth. “You are going to apologize for destroying my underwear first.”

The monkey blinked, briefly got that distant look in his eye again, but this time he winced. Before Thomas could ask about that, he looked up with large, puppy dog eyes that no one who isn’t a canine should be allowed to possess. “Sorry?”

Thomas sighed and let go of his head. You just couldn’t stay mad at him, but it was suddenly very understandable why he had a handler most of the time. The rat looked down, and the monkey was still looking up at him with those big old eyes. Definitely criminal to be on anything but a canine. With a wave, Thomas said “Go ahead.”

Thomas likely should have prepared himself a bit more than that before unleashing the kraken, because Limani went

down on him, and hard. It felt like the monkey may have just deepthroated him in one go, but the rat couldn't tell as his eyes were almost completely rolled back as his entire body arched in pleasure, his head banging against the door without a care.

That went on for a little bit as the monkey worked up and down the rat's shaft, keeping his mind turned off with pleasure, but then he started to pull away just a little too much and something in Thomas's mind snapped and suddenly he bent back over and slammed his hands back on the sides of Limbani's head, this time keeping him on his cock.

Limbani didn't resist at all as Thomas started face fucking him. Fuck, he got into it, working his lips and tongue just right that it was barely any time at all before the rat was screaming in an orgasm. It felt like the monkey was sucking him for about forever, but time was an illusion and eventually all things had to stop.

Thomas panted, trying to stay standing as Limbani pulled off him, but having to be caught by the monkey as his limbs were just noodles no matter how pumped he felt right now. "OK, that was the Thomas I remember from the party," Limbani said with a grin as he seated Thomas on the toilet.

Good that someone remembered, "Just what are you doing here, anyway?" Thomas asked as his breath returned to him.

"I know things," Limbani beamed with an innocence that stood in contrast to the carnal act they just did together. He broke the picture slightly as he bit his lower lip, "Though I guess Henry is right when he says I don't know everything.

Still, you were here, and we did it, so I still count it as a 100% track record. ”

Right, the whole sex prophet thing. “Right, well if that was it, you need to clear out before Paul gets here. It looks like I’ll just be doing him.” Not that there wouldn’t be another time. Fuck he was horny these days.

“Oh, no.” Limbani says, “I’m actually here for another reason. See, the guys have been talking about you, and on top of your performance it was kinda let known that you were looking to join a fraternity.” Thomas raised an eyebrow, feeling he knew where this was going but knowing it also couldn’t be going there. “And... well there were some diehards for tradition who tried to stand their ground, but after a week of debate it was eventually decided that we should go ahead and bend things a little for someone as... eager as yourself.”

Thomas stared blankly at him for a bit, “I’m being allowed to join Sigma Theta Gamma.”

The monkey nodded. “Including being allowed to move into the frat house.”

Thomas did his best to keep his face neutral. “What’s the catch?”

Limbani's smile was wide enough that if Thomas didn’t know an actual feline he’d accuse him of being a Chesire. “We like you to swing by this Saturday to put you through a certain ritual. You know, just to really convince the diehards that you have what it takes to be with us.”

* * *

Thomas stared up at the monkey, swallowing before he spoke. “That sounds a lot like hazing.”

Limbani sighed in exasperation. He bit his lip again, got a distant look in his eye again only to wince in pain again, and then held up his finger for Thomas not to talk while the monkey thought. Thomas could tell when he was done because Limbani positively beamed.

“Thomas,” the monkey said with a smile, “You know the type of guys we are. You know what we like.” The monkey’s hand moved down to the rat’s thighs, where his member was slowly coming back to attention. “You can just imagine what type of ritual we would put together for you. Hazing or not. Prank or not.”

Yes, Thomas could definitely imagine. His rock hard rod was all the proof they needed for that.

“So even if it’s all a deceptive ruse, do you really want to miss a chance to go through all the stuff you’re imagining.” Thomas was hesitant, but he eventually shook his head. “So will you come this Saturday so we can find out if you have what it takes to be one of our brothers.” The rat nodded. “Great. Six sounds good, right. OK, see you then.”

And with that the monkey was skipping out of the stall, stepping casually over Thomas’s destroyed underwear. As the door to the bathroom opened Thomas heard him say the words “He’s all primed for you.” And then the door to the bathroom shut, and Paul walked in sight of the open stall door.

Paul looked at Thomas and raised an eyebrow. “OK, I knew it was bad, but do you really need two guys to blow you

off.”

The rat stared at the tiger, before getting up, pulling him to stall with him, and then proceeding to answer that question. Twice. And then wrapping up with a reward for the tiger for good measure.

OUTLINE-4

Chapter 7

###

Campus, Thomas, ???: Mood: Montage

Thomas has an interesting next few days. In class, there is always one member of Sigma Theta Gamma, either as an instructor or student. And in between classes he swears he keeps seeing the others over his shoulder. And while at home during the day things are OK, at night they are in his dreams... wet dreams, too[shared dreaming power? While one of the Society members has that power, this is more just normal normal wet dreams. Which is a dream where there are a lot of hot guys and you wake up mid ejaculation.]

[Which yes, it should be unusual for Thomas to be having those, since a normal guy normally only starts having them after like a month of not having sex. Society guys are more hard wired, though, so his body is adapting.]

###

Bedroom, Thomas, Paul: Mood: this is a private conversation

During a conversation on the phone with Paul, that last part will raise an eyebrow. Hasn't Thomas had time to jack off? The retort is when does he have any privacy to do so? He's not going to be like Roland and do it at home where anyone can hear[and smell]... though that evidence might be disproportionate in Thomas's case since he's the only one who shares a bathroom with his brother[and considering Thomas is wrestling with his attraction to his brother he wouldn't want to leave indication of what he's doing in there I think].

Judith will pop in briefly during this and say Thomas wasn't as subtle

as he thought either... or Victor. Thankfully as the only girl she gets her own restroom. This will earn her a pillow being thrown at her, which she gracefully blocks as she retreats to the hallway.

Back on subject, Thomas continues saying he's pent up at the moment and doesn't really have a cure. Paul responds that he didn't have a chance to return the favor at the party, so he could always blow him. Thomas eyerolls and says finding a place they can actually do it takes them back to the same problem. Paul waves the difficulty problem away. He knows just the right restroom [this would seem to imply that Paul is active sexually,, unless it's a newer developmentI mean... he's virile and therefore jacks off. I don't think he's seeing anyone other than Thomas, though. All his other friends moved away.]in one of the buildings before class starts. He's already used it twice this week. Thomas will ask why he didn't bring this up before, and Paul will snidely remark maybe he actually wants to blow Thomas. With that, it's a date.

###

Campus, Thomas, Limbani: Mood:You are NOT who should be entering this stall

Paul is running late getting to the bathroom. Or at least it feels like it. The longer Thomas stays here waiting in the stall the more he feels like they'll be caught. Before Thomas can text any ultimatums to Paul, the door to the bathroom opens... and Limbani shows his face. There is some very rough and dirty verbal foreplay [are you imagining this with Thomas trying to argue Limbani out and the monkey turning everything into an inuendo?Not entirely certain... was more, Limbani has seen how this happens, he knows exactly what to say... even if it's very corny.]before the monkey sucks the rat off... it's almost like he knew he was going to be here all hot and needy.

With that done, Limani will say he made an impression at the fraternity last weekend. So much so they are willing to bend their normal credentials and let him join[should a c0omment about him

swallowing Chima be made? <chuckles>It certainly wouldn't hurt.], with all the privages like bunking at the frat house. There's just one catch... they have a hazing [reminder to myself, this term wouldn't be used by limbani, but brought up by Thomas]ritual prepared for him. Yes, they're super illegal, but that is only if people find out. Besides, if Thomas's enthusasim from the party carries over to other forms of sex, then Limbani is sure the rat wouldn't want to miss this little ritual even if it wasn't getting him into the fraternity[I think this should end on Paul arriving and apologizing for having been delayed].