

## *Rework-12*

“What,” Thomas stammered, staring at his sister, “are you doing here?”

“What?” she replied, leaning about the door frame in such a way that her hips jutted to the side and her breasts were pushed forward by pressing against her arm. Thomas had seen guys’ brains leak out of their nose when she positioned herself like that. “I can’t visit my little brother in his frat filled with hunky guys?”

Thomas saw the door across the hall open, but what was behind it didn’t register quickly enough for him to act in time. He saw the capybara’s hear, fur still wet, as he jumped out off the bed. His sister had turned, letting him see that, as expected, Olavo was naked, by the time his foot was on the floor. The capybara’s jaw joined it there as Thomas’s hand closed on his sister’s arm.

“Cover yourself,” he told his frat brother. “It’s time for us to go,” he told his sister, ignoring the capybara’s offended glare directed at him, and pulled on his sister’s arm. Only to have it slip out of his grasp as she moved.

“Thomas,” Olavo said “who—what is she—”

“I’m Judith,” she replied, posing—actually posing, hips to the side, arms under her breast Thomas couldn’t believe his sister did that here, in his frat. “I’m his older—” She looked the capybara up and down. “—and definitely better sister.”

Olavo simply stared at her.

“I swear,” Hubert said, the door to his room opening down the hall, “Next time I’m tying you down.” The collie stepped out, naked and his gold fur matted with cum. “And I’m going to muzzle you so I don’t have to deal with this constant ‘but this is how I saw it happen’ crap.”

The monkey exited, laughing, also naked and with cum in his fur. Limbani’s laughter came to a sudden stop as he turned and saw the three of them in the hall. He looked from Thomas, to his sister, to Thomas again as if he was trying to comprehend some impossibility.

“Hi,” Judith said, adding a small wave to the greeting, while looking the two of them up and down. She startled at the shriek the monkey let out, before hiding behind the collie.

Thomas wished he was a turtle so he could just hide where he stood as three more doors opened.

“What’s with the screaming?” Felix demanded, stepping out of his room. He was naked too, of course, but his fur was dry. He stared at Judith. “Who the fuck let a girl in here?”

His sister leveled her gaze on the naked otter. “Honey,” she said, her tone becoming the definition of condescension, “if you think I’m a girl, do I have things to teach you.”

“Girl,” the otter replied, straightening and covering what Limbani said in his native language. “I’m not interested in anything someone like you thinks they have to say.”

“Judith, you have to do,” Thomas said. He might not understand what the monkey was saying, but he made out enough of the tone to get that he was scared.

“Why?” she asked, doing a full turn, arms extended, and forcing Olavo to step back to avoid being hit and showing herself off to what seemed like half the frat that had stepped out of room. “This is so much fun.” She paused and smiled at the two armadillo and Thomas cursed inwardly. “Okay, you guys are officially putting to shame the Gopher’s team of three years ago, when I dropped by their locker room. Thomas I am jealous that you get to see so much sausage everyday.”

Couldn’t anyone cover themselves up, especially those sporting an erection? At least Chima wasn’t among those present. After his sister’s reaction to the Wild Frat video, there was no telling what she’d do when seeing that cock for real. He had to get her out of here before the hyena, or just any of the other guys, did show up.

She smiled, looking over Thomas’s shoulder. “Well who do we have here?”

Dreading the worse, Thomas looked over his shoulder. Madoc stood at the top of the stairs. He had his shirt on, but the pants were in his hands, and like the others in the frat, the rat didn’t seem to know underwear were a thing. He was looking assembly, more perplexed than surprised.

“Hey, Mad,” Gilbert called. “Since you’re about the only one here I know’s been with one. She a girl or a woman?”

Madoc looked around Thomas’s sister as if she didn’t matter and gave the armadillo a, ‘Are you really bothering me with that question?’ look.

“Actually,” the collie said, “he’s not the only one.” Hubert walked by Judith, leaving Limbani without protection. The monkey fled up the stairs. “Yat,” the collie called as he pounded on the door next to Thomas’s. He pounded again when there was no response.”

“What?” the panda demanded, ear buds in a hand. “I’m studying.”

The collie motioned to Judith. “Girl or woman?”

The panda rolled his eyes as he leaned forward to see. “Guy—” He froze. He looked her up and down. “Woman,” he said, licking his lips. “Definitely a woman.”

Thomas was before his sister as the smile form on the panda’s muzzle. “Hey, no eying my sister.” Yating stepped fully out of his room, exposing his hardening cock. “No, no, no. You don’t get to get hard watching my sister.” He stared at the cock, the obvious reason it was now at full mast and a few gears in his brain slipped. “What are you doing getting hard, you’re gay.”

Thomas winced at the slap to the back of the head his sister gave him. “Did you just imply I’m ugly?”

“No.” Thomas rubbed where she hit with a hand and pointed to the other. “I’m stating that he’s gay.”

“Bi, actually,” Yating replied, stepping close to the two rats.

“That’s one of the reason we keep him around,” Hubert said. “Just in case one of the sororities attempts a raid.”

“Of course,” Laurence said, “they’ll have to line up at his door for a good long while until he’s gone through all of them.”

“What is the other reason we keep him around?” Gilbert asked.

“It’s because you cream yourself just from me pounding you ass,” the panda replied,

not looking away from Thomas's sister, which pressed him against Thomas's chest and almost against his sister.

Thomas did take that last step when the panda groped him, doing his best not to think of what was pressing against his back. Then he swallowed the moan as Yating nibbled on his ear's pavilion.

"Wh yare you letting that happen?" Felix demanded.

Yes, someone stop this. Thomas did not want to be the filling in this sandwich.

"What is going on here?" Henry demanded from somewhere at the back of the hall. The dark tone made Thomas move, uncaring of what he was rubbing against in the process, and pressed himself against the wall. He wished his door was closer so he could disappear in his room, like the armadillos had done. The other guy were also against the walls, giving the bat, wearing only a smoking jacket and standing at the bottom of the stairs to the third floor, a direct view to the red panda and Judith.

"Who let her in?" Henry asked.

"That'd be me," Firmin answered, standing three quarter of the way up the stairs to the ground floor and grinning like this was the most entertaining thing he'd seen in a long time.

The bat rubbed between his eyes. "And exactly why did you do such a thing?"

The badger shrugged way too casually, as far as Thomas was concerned. "She'd his family, why wouldn't I?"

"Because we have rules," Henry stated, which earned him another shrug from Firmin.

"It's fine," Judith said, turning to lean against Yating, who wrapped his arms around her. "I really don't mind the whole nudist thing you have going."

The bat leveled his gaze on her, then to Thomas and added a raised eyebrow.

Thomas shrugged. He was not getting in the middle of that, not matter the kind of threats that look might imply.

"Then," Henry said, "let me remind you all, since some have clearly forgotten, that we have rules for when family visits. Their arrival is to be announced loudly, so that any brother knows not to enter the foyer unclothed. You are to turn the guest light by the stairs to alert anyone leaving their room of the same thin, and then you send someone to fetch the brother in question why you chaperone the guest to the foyer." He glared at the badger. "What if it had been Thomas's mother? How would she ahve reacted to our ways?"

"You're kidding, right?" Thomas blurted in disbelief before he stopped himself.

His sister snickered as Henry slowly turned his attention to him. Thomas looked pleadingly to Judith.

"Oh no, you are the one who opened his mouth. Have fun."

Thomas sighed. "My sister is definitely our mother's daughter, but she a tamer version of her." He paused as Yating didn't quite suppress a moan. He didn't want to know what his sister was doing. "The first thing she did when she found out I spent the night hear was congratulate me. The second was ask for detail, which I didn't give." Thomas's ears burned. "I don't know if Laurence said anything, but my mom was basically getting in my

dad's pants in front of him." He paused again at the panda's barely bit off groan. "If she'd have one problem with what's going on in here, it's that no one's writing it up so your grandkids will have something to read about when they're of age."

Henry stared at Thomas in confusion. Yating's, not even attempted to be quiet, moan pulled the bat's attention away. "Please stop that," he said tiredly.

Judith stepped to the side, innocently licking her hand clean and revealing the panda's leaking cock.

The bat sighed. "Alright. Why exactly are you here? I refuse to believe it's just because you enjoy sowing chaos."

"Oh," Judith said, timed to the snap of her finger. "I was going to invite my brother to dinner to celebrate joining your frat. But—" she leaned against the panda and ran a hand along the inside of Yating's thigh. "But he was studying, so I can just—"

"Learn some patience before you ruin dessert," Kuno said as he stepped out of room as if he owned the hallway. "I know the perfect place for dinner. Thomas take your sister to the foyer while I get dressed. Yat, if you want come, you—"

"Oh, he's cumming alright," she replied, grabbing onto Yating's cock and starting down the all. Before they took two steps, Thomas was pulling his sister away from panda and Henry had grabbed the panda's arm to keep him from going along with his sister. The hand slipping off was enough to cause Yating's well primed cock to go off.

The panda leaned against the wall with a relieved sigh. That ended as the bat glared at him. When that glare turn on Thomas, he moved, pulling his sister—he was no longer holding her. She was a step away, licking the cum out of her arm fur, while wiping what had landed on her blouse with a moist toilet.

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"How do you know about a place like this?" Thomas asked as they entered the restaurant. A woman in a suit stood behind a desk, eyeing them. Only Kuno wore anything resembling proper attire for where they were in the form of a gray suit. Thomas was in the khakis's he'd already had one and had hurried changed thrown a polo over his shirt and added a tie Madoc had handed him after Kuno told him the name of the restaurant.

Judith had on a short rise blouse and daisy dukes. Yating wore skin-tight jeans that left nothing to anyone's imagination and a sleeveless turtleneck with foreign graffiti on the front and back. Thomas had pointed out it was too late to try to impress his sister after what had happened, but the panda had simply grinned.

"We, I mean my family, come here a few times a year," Kuno said as they stepped up to the desk. He smiled as he presented his driver's license. "Kuno Richard. My family's table. If it's free, of course."

The hostess's expression went to shock, before turning into a warm smile after looking at the license.

"Of course, Mister Richard. It is available, if you'll all follow me."

"Your family has a table here?" Judith whispered, amazed. She looked around at the fancy tables and even fancier patrons. This was the first time Thomas thought his sister looked mildly uncomfortable with how she was dressed.

“You’re a local?” Thomas asked.

“Saint Paulite,” the margay replied, smirking. “I thought you knew.”

“I thought everyone at the frat was from out of state.” He hadn’t heard an accent from Kuno, but he’d figured that meant one of the neighboring states.

“You two can talk about that later,” Judith said. “I want you to go back to this ‘you have a table’ in this restaurant.” She’d raised her voice and people looked in their direction, only to focus again on their food as the hostess motioned to the large semi-circular table in the corner booth.

“We keep a table in a number of restaurant across the twin cities,” Kuno answered, searing himself in the center of a banquet that could easily sit a dozen. “It makes it easier to have impromptu celebrations, since part of the agreement includes our table being the last one to be occupied.”

“How do you get any restaurant to agree to that?” Thomas sat next to the margay. Yating sat on the other side and, of course, Judith sat next to the panda.

“Money,” Kuno answered. “Red wine,” he told the hostess. “I’ll leave which one to your sommelier’s judgment.”

Thomas taped the table and the menu appeared. “Where are the prices?” he asked on noticing that missing detail.

“Don’t worry about that. This is my treat.” He turned to the other two. “Miss Hertz, I’d suggest you and Yat put in your selection before you start knocking boots.”

Thomas stared at the margay. Had he really said that?

Judith smiled. “If you’re jealous, you can always grab a taste of my brother. Mom always said Hertz make for the best appetizers.”

“I happen to know the Thomas is indeed quite tasty,” Kuno replied.

“We’re in public,” Thomas muttered, his ears burning. His sister rolled her eyes while the margay chuckled and patted his leg. “Are you sure about this, Kuno?” Thomas asked, indicating the menu. “I don’t want this to cost you too much.”

“Unless you’re planning on ordering the whole menu, that isn’t a problem. This is a place we come to when we want to enjoy ourselves and our friends.” The hand squeezed his leg for emphasis. “We save the truly unaffordable places for negotiations with those who only value money. One of those will have to wait until after I’ve graduated and contributed to my family’s wealth before I can think of bringing someone there.” He brought up a menu of his own. “So which of the twins are you from? Laurence didn’t say when he recounted your trip there and back.”

“Minneapolis,” Thomas replied. Then placed his order, and the conversation was about the city, their families. Judith and Kuno, the two local driver, had a long discussion about the construction on the 494, and if it was ever going to end. Yating talked about his family in Taiwan, saying that like the Richards, they were wealthy and had connections abroad. “So don’t expect what I said to be typical of a Taiwanese.

“Limani said something about all your families knowing each other.”

The sommelier arrived, keeping either from confirming the monkey’s statement, then they were enjoying really good wine. And then his sister excused herself, winking to

the panda, who immediately excused himself too.

“Great,” Thomas grumbled watching them head for the restrooms. Nope, he couldn’t count on her to be anything resembling discreet, not after what she’d done at the frat. He started to slide to the end of the bench, but Kuno put a hand on his thigh.

“And just what do you think you’re doing?” the margay asked.

“Keeping my sister from getting you thrown out of your own restaurant. If you think what happened at the frat is the extent of what she’s capable of, you are in for a surprise.” The hand squeezed when Thomas tried to move again.

“We don’t own the restaurant,” Kuno said. “If we did, I wouldn’t have been able to convince the Maitre’d to let Judith in, and we’d be seated in the center so everyone could see us, instead of tucked away in a discrete corner at the back like this.” The hand moved from the thigh to Thomas’s crotch.

He swallowed the yip of surprise. “Kuno,” Thomas whispered, looking around for anyone noticing them. “I don’t think we should—” He whined as the hand slipped inside his pants.

“Sometimes, Thomas, it seems like you get stuck thinking about the wrong things.” Kuno pulled Thomas back next to him. With his other hand, he brought up controls on the table and dimmed the lights. “Like, instead of worrying about what other people think, you should worry about the delays your underwear will cause.”

“I—”

“So I heard. It just takes a little care not to catch anything in a zipper, or you get buttons instead, and as for the other issue underwear helps with, a little spot treatment before throwing your pants in the wash will easily take care of that.” The hand slipped into the underwear. “Think how much easier this would be without them in the way.”

It stroked and Thomas could only whine in acknowledgment.

“Good.” Kuno pulled Thomas’s cock out of the pants. “Now, do keep the sound down. We’re out of any direct line of sight, but anyone can still come investigate unexpected noises, like a certain rat moaning.”

Before Thomas could process what had been said, the margay disappeared under the table. He barely processed that, realizing the table wasn’t as close to the bench as other restaurant he’d been to, before he had to swallow a moan as a mount closed around his cock.

He swallowed, trying to come up with anything to make himself look like he wasn’t getting a blowjob at a restaurant, but he was alone on the bench, looking at the expanse of the restaurant. The back of dinners he saw at the side, as well as the occasional server walking across the space served as reminders he needed to be quiet.

Could he even get off with all this pressure?

The whine that escaped him as he did cum, was so high every canine a block around the restaurant was sure to have heard it. Then he was panting, trying not to fall on the table as he came down.

Kuno reappeared next to him, his suit still perfect, somehow. “One word of advice,” the margay said, as he topped his glass, “don’t bump the table on your way up, it would be a shame to spill this good of a wine.”

Thomas paused in the middle of zipping himself back up to stare at the margay. “You want me to...reciprocate here?”

Kuno smiled mischievously. “Well, unless you think your sister’s going to be back here any minute not, I don’t see why not.”

His sister wasn’t going to be back any time soon. Thomas had heard enough of her retelling to know that once she realized Yating could stay hard after cumming, she was going to enjoy him more than once.

And really, who was Thomas trying to fool. He looked around one last time, then let himself slip under the table. It was surprisingly spacious, and the tablecloth was thick enough to block most of the light. He navigated by touch, finding the already exposed cock, then wrapped his lips around it with a low moan of need.

Judith might be their mother’s daughter, but other than being gay, Thomas was definitely his father’s son. He had no resistance whatsoever to any proposition of sex.