

## CHAPTER-17

Thanksgiving quickly gave way to December and seriousness. Research papers needed to be handed in, studying became the thing to do, instead of sex. Thomas had been as surprised to see Olavo tell Limbani 'no' to an offer of sex than he had been the first morning at the frat, when he learned that an offer to wash his back meat a lot more than just that here.

The one guy who, Thomas was not surprised, kept the sex going was the monkey. Every evening he had a different guy in his room and either fucked them while reading a study tome perched on their shoulder blades, or had them between his legs as he types a paper, or fucking him bent over what Thomas had initially thought was some sort of ergonomic desk chair; now ... it might just have been some sex chair that Limbani was using for his desk.

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Thomas exited his room, bleary-eyed from screen light. The research papers were written and emailed and he was confident he'd gotten all the addresses right. If not, hopefully if one ended up in the wrong professor's inbox, they're forward it to the right one instead of simply returning it to him.

"Sorry," Yating mumbled, barely avoiding Thomas as they crossed path in the hall, Thomas heading to the stairs, the panda turning into the second-floor lounge. He watched him for a second and let the disturbing quiet register. It was amazing the things he'd gotten used to, like constant moaning and groaning. At least the smell of sex still lingered in the air.

Wow, now that was thought he never expected to have.

He made it downstairs without encountering anyone else. Felix was in the living room, pants on, reading. Gilbert had printouts of something Thomas wasn't sure he wanted to know. His fear was that he was grading the chemistry papers and that Thomas would see him red-mark the paper he'd just now emailed.

He turned into the kitchen and stopped, watching the panda assemble a sandwich.

“How did you get here from the lounge so quick?” Thomas looked back into the hall as if he’d be able to see it from where he stood and confirm Yating was still in there.

The panda looked over his shoulder and grinned. “Secret passage.”

Thomas opened his mouth to protest, but decided that it wasn’t worth it. Maybe there were secret passages, maybe Yating teleported here and would vanish again as he watched. Thomas was too tired to care if the lack of sex was causing reality to warp.

What he needed was coffee so he could go back to studying.

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Thomas looked over his answer to the chemistry exam. None of them jumped out at him screaming they were wrong, but none also inspired confidence. It was time to admit that the sciences weren’t for him because he didn’t have much of a head for them, and not because taking one of them as his major meant his father would have more reasons to hover over him.

Thinking of his father made him look at the door to the classroom, expecting to see him there. He’d be busy supervising his own class of exam takers. Looking over this class, it was nearly empty; the teacher seated at the desk, well, someone who wasn’t Gilbert was, so Thomas figured it was the teacher. Not that he’d know what the man looked like. The armadillo had been in charge of nearly all the classes, with someone’s recorded voice giving the lectures.

Gilbert was walking the classroom. The armadillo at initially ensured no one cheated, but not just looked bored as he collected the exams from the departing students.

Thomas glanced at the empty desk next to his. Paul had finished a while ago, possibly as soon as they’d sat down to start the exam. Thomas wasn’t sure, he’d been too busy trying not to freak out

that he'd fail.

He handed his exam to Gilbert, how simply nodded, and exited.

"How did you do?" Paul asked, making Thomas jump. The golden tiger grinned. "That good?"

Thomas swallowed his heart back down. "What are you still doing here? And I'm think I passed. But barely. I am not made for this."

Paul gave Thomas a one arm hug. "Don't be so hard on yourself."

Thomas gave Paul the stink-eye. "No, I'm certain Hard sciences aren't for me."

"Then you have narrowed your selection a little more. I think your dad would call this progress."

"Please don't mention him. You might end up summoning him."

"Eric Hertz," Paul recited. "Eric Hertz, Eri—"

Thomas clamped his hand over the tiger's muzzle. "I am serious. You have no idea the powers Helicopter Dad has."

Paul chuckled. "At least you aren't worrying about the exam anymore."

"Good," Gilbert said, exiting the classroom with a handful of students and looking at his phone. "Because we have something else to worry about." He looked up. "Hey Paul. I need to take Thomas with me. A certain monkey is freaking out about his upcoming exam and we have half an hour to sex him out of it."

"You want to come help?" Thomas asked as the armadillo dragged him away.

"You two have fun. Tell Limbani hi for me... if your mouth isn't filled."

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Thomas walked out of the Studies for Success exam and a weight lifted off his shoulder.

Done.

That was it until January. Not that he was exactly free, but he no longer had to worry about doing the exams. All that was left was worrying about the results he'd get. Not that many classes caused that. Chemistry was the big one.

He hesitated before turning his phone back on and was not surprised at the conversations going on via text. Limbani was monopolizing it, again. Unlike Thomas, whose exam had been spread evenly over the exam period, the monkey's had all ended up bunched at the end. He was on his fourth exam without a break other than sleep. And he was getting desperate.

Sex Monkey: Help!

Chemistry Lad: Can't. Grading papers.

Lad's Brother: I'm helping Henry doing repairs at the house while you're all out of here.

Not who you think I am: got my own exam coming up, studying

Red and white: studying

Distinguished: can you wait half an hour? I'll be free then.

Sex Monkey: I'm going to be dead by then

Muscle lover: there are nearly a thousand guys here, pick one.

Sex Monkey: I don't need a guy I need a brother!

Thomas read on, bases on the timestamp, this had gone on for

the last ten minutes, with Limbani getting more desperate, but for some reason he wouldn't grab a random guy.

Maxium-T-Hertz: I'm done with my day and still at the uni.  
Can I help?

Otterly better than you: thank Balls. Go take his phone away.  
This chat's supposed to be for serious conversations!

Sex Monkey: yes! Get here now!

Sex Monkey: sex is serious conversation topic Chouteau!

Otterly Better than you: not when you get so picky. Madoc  
said it 1000 guy around you.

Maxium-T-Hertz: where is 'here'? Are we at least in the same  
building?

Sex Monkey: Hubert H, second floor, east ride restroom.

Muscle Lover: ride restroom <laughter> oh that is so you  
Limbani.

Maxium-T-Hertz: I'm in Carlson, 2 minutes and I'm there.

Sex Monkey: Hurry! I need SEX!

Thomas muted the chat and hurried. Getting fucked by a  
desperate Limbani would be a good way to celebrate the end of his  
exams.

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The restroom was vacant, except for the pacing, naked, hard,  
monkey. Before Thomas opened his muzzle, Limbani dragged him into  
the first stall.

"What took you so long?"

“The walk,” Thomas answered, doing his best not to laugh as kneeled before the monkey.

Limbani grabbed him by the arm and pulled him up. “What are doing?”

“I figured I’d suck you off while getting out of my clothes and you can fuck me after.”

Limbani stared at Thomas uncomprehendingly. Thomas wondered if the delay had broken the monkey.

“I don’t need to fuck you,” Limbani finally said. “I need you to fuck me. It’s been days since I’ve had anyone fuck me. Why is everyone so damned busy with exams?”

Thomas focused on the important statement. “Me, fuck you?”

The monkey turned and offered his ass “Yes! Do you need an Orr here to get you going?”

“Okay, I have no idea what that’s about.” He looked at the ass and remembered to undo his pants. “Look, I’ve never topped before.”

“Then here’s your chance. Please,” the monkey whine, tail raised high.

Was he even a top? Thomas wondered. He was hard, but then again, like Limbani, it had been a while since he’d cum. Probably way longer since the monkey couldn’t go more than an hour, it seemed.

“Okay.” Thomas took one of the lube packets he carried. “But tell me if I’m doing this wrong.”

Limbani rolled his eyes. “It’s fucking. You can’t do it wrong. Hurry up.”

Thomas lubed his cock and reached to lube the monkey’s hole, only for Limbani to back against him, pushing Thomas against the door, grab his cock, align it and push.

Limbani moaned deeply, and Thomas swallowed in surprised at the heat surrounding his cock.

“See,” Limbani said, voice melting. “It’s easy.” He moved his ass against Thomas’s crotch. “Now, all you have to do is grab my hips and fuck me.”

Thomas caught his breath and took hold of the monkey’s hips. He moved hesitatingly at first, worried Limbani wouldn’t like it, but the monkey’s moaning prodded him forward, so he readjusted his grip and pushed him into the monkey’s legs were spread around the toilet bowl and hands rested against the back wall.

Thomas thrust faster. This wasn’t bad. He changed the angle and Limbani let out a nearly soprano scream of delight. This was fun. He pounded the money’s ass. This was... something. He fucked Limbani, and the monkey begged for more.

“That right,” Thomas said, barely recognizing his voice. “You want this, don’t you?” He fucked the monkey hard.

“Oh fuck, more!”

“Yeah, this is where you belong, isn’t it? With my cock deep in you.” Thomas thrust in and out, the sneer beginning to hurt, but he didn’t care. After all the fucking he’d been on the receiving end of. Limbani was finally getting what he deserved.

Limbani swore in his native tongue, and Thomas smile, he was fucking the English out of him. This was where Thomas belonged. As the top, as the one dominating him. As the one in charge. No one but *Him* could fuck like this.

This orgasm hit harder than any Thomas had experienced. His scream was such the building had to shake. The pleasure was his right. Taken because he said so.

Then Thomas staggered back, his legs nearly buckling under him. The closed door holding him up. Fuck, what had that been? What that what fucking felt like? No wonder the guys at the frat never seemed to get enough.

Limbani panted, hands still on against the wall. The toilet was covered with cum. “That, has got, to have been the, best fuck, evar!”

He looked over his shoulder. "Where have you been hiding this?"

Thomas had no idea how to answer. "I don't know what happened." He looked at the ass, realized he was still hard and the uncertainty left again. That ass belonged to him. He was still hard, so he was going to fuck it —

Limbani's phone beeped an alarm. "Fuck! I'm going to be late for my exam!" He moved Thomas from the door. "You are a lifesaver. I feel amazing. A true brother." Before Thomas could grab the monkey and pull him back inside the stall, he was gone, grabbing pieces of clothing off the floor and putting them back on.

Thomas growled, then stopped. He'd growled? He didn't growl. Why was he— the monkey was gone. He had no one to fuck.

What did it matter? He'd gotten off.

"More," He growled. He needed more. If not the monkey, then he knew who else needed to satisfy him. After all, that was what they were for. For his pleasure.

His smile turned feral as he button up his pants. Yes. He was going to take his pleasure from his brothers, those who had been put on this earth for him. He was done worshipping them. It was time for them to worship him.

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## CHAPTER 1.5-17

Thanksgiving quickly gave way to December, reminding everyone that finals were a thing. Research papers needed to be handed in, and studying suddenly became more important than sex. That was borderline blasphemy at this house, and for none no more than a certain monkey.

It was a surprise to no one that Limbani kept the sex going even during cram sessions. If he was fucking you, you better like a ten pound college textbook balanced on your shoulder blades. He talked more than one person to suck him off while he typed on the computer. And once, when Thomas walked by his room, the rat saw him being fucked while working on the computer as he was sitting in that unusual ergonomic desk chair of his.

But still, he was only one very active body in an otherwise quiet house.

#####

Thomas walked out of his room, bleary-eyed from staring at his screen. His English research paper was written and submitted to plagiarism dot com, getting a green light and getting forwarded to his teacher. Hopefully it would meet their exacting standards. If it didn't... well it was only worth half of his final in that class, so as long as he didn't get a zero he'd still be able to pull out a decent grade.

"Sorry," Yating mumbled, barely avoiding Thomas as they cross paths in the hall, the rat heading downstairs and the panda

towards the second-floor lounge. Thomas watched him for a moment as the disturbing silence registered. Even with all the sound proofing in the rooms, someone always left their door open enough to allow the sounds of pleasure to drift into the halls. Now... there was just the comforting smell of days old sex in the air.

...wow. That was a sentence he never expected to ever think.

Once he got downstairs he glanced in the living room. Felix was reading, with his pants on which while showing off his slim toned form still registered as abnormal. Gilbert was going over printouts of stuff Thomas was pretty certain he shouldn't get close enough to read; the last thing he needed was to get accused of cheating in his worst class.

The rat proceeded into the kitchen and stopped, watching the red panda assemble a sandwich.

"How did you get here from the lounge so quickly?" Thomas said, glancing back into the hall as if he'd be able to see through the floorboards and see Yating still upstairs.

The panda looked over his shoulder and grinned. "Secret passage."

Thomas opened his mouth to protest, but ended up closing both it and his eyes and shaking his head instead. Not worth it. Maybe there was a secret passage, maybe Yating could teleport and would vanish in front of his eyes right in front of him. Maybe the lack of sex in the sex house was warping reality.

\* \* \*

All Thomas knew was that he needed coffee so he could reexamining all his study notes for the upcoming tests and compare them against his books to make sure he didn't miss anything.

#####

Thomas looked over his answers to the chemistry exam. None of them screamed out to him that they were wrong, but they rarely ever did. It was time to admit that hard science wasn't for him, and not just because it would give his father more excuses to hover over him.

Thinking of his father made him reflexively look at the door, but of course he wasn't there. He was either giving his own students their exams or grading said exams. Looking across the room, it was nearly empty. A professor was seated at the desk in front, someone who Thomas didn't even recognize given how far back he sat in the lecture halls; the old bat could be propping up a scarecrow and playing recorded messages for all Thomas knew.

In any case, he was done, and he didn't want to be accused of cheating, so he raised his hand to signal the instructors walking the halls. The person who responded happened to be a somewhat bored Gilbert, and the rat handed the armadillo the test before gathering his things and walking to the door.

"How did you do?" Paul asked the second Thomas exited the room, making the rat jump. The golden tiger grinned. "That good?"

\* \* \*

Thomas forced his heart back into his chest. "What are you doing here? And I think I passed. But barely. Don't think I'll be joining you down the chemistry rabbit hole."

Paul gave Thomas a one armed hug. "Don't be so hard on yourself. And don't worry, I had one test at seven with my next at six. I got loads of time to kill on campus."

"Good for you," Thomas said, exasperated, "But I'm certain. The hard sciences just aren't for me."

"Then you've narrowed your selection a little bit more," Paul said with a grin, "I think your dad would call that progress."

Thomas winced as he repressed the urge to glance over his shoulder. "Please don't tempt fate. You might end up summoning him."

"Eric Hertz," Paul recited. "Eric Hertz. Eri--"

Thomas clamped his hand over the tiger muzzle' "I'm serious. You have no idea the powers Helicarrier Hertz has."

Paul chuckled as he pulled away his friend's arms. "At least you aren't worrying about the exam anymore."

"Good," Gilbert said, exiting the classroom with a handful of students and looking at his phone. "Because we have something else to

worry about." He looked up. "Hey Paul. I need to take Thomas with me for a bit. A certain monkey is freaking out about his upcoming exam and we have half an hour to sex him out of it."

"You want to come?" Thomas asked as the armadillo grabbed his arm and started dragging him away. "I'm sure to have at least one orifice free for you to use."

Paul waved. "You two have fun. Tell Limbani hi for me before he shoves his sausage down your gullet."

#####

Thomas walked out of the Studies for Success exam and a weight lifted off his shoulder.

Done. Pass or fail, it was now done.

At least until the next semester began in January. Still, no more exams for the rest of the week. He just had to distract himself from worrying about the results; not that he worried about many other than Chemistry.

Knowing the perfect distraction, Thomas turned on his phone and checked the frat's chat room. Sure enough, Limbani was already monopolizing it despite only being out of the exam a few minutes before Thomas. The arcane algorithms of the university computers had put the majority of Limbani's tests at the end of the week, the exact way Thomas was weighted towards the front.

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This meant the monkey was stressed with half of his exams still waiting, and he was getting desperate for relief.

#####

Sex Monkey: Help!

Nuclear Lad: Can't. Grading papers.

Lad's Sidekick: I'm helping Henry with repairs while you're all on campus.

Not who you think I am: Got my own exam coming up. Studying.

Red and white: Studying.

Distinguished: Can you wait half an hour? I'll be free then.

Sex Monkey: I'm going to be dead by then.

Muscle Lover: There are nearly a thousand guys on campus. Pick one.

\* \* \*

Sex Monkey: I don't need a guy. I need a brother!

#####

Thomas read on. Based on the timestamps this had gone on for the last ten minutes, with Limbani getting more desperate, but for some reason he wouldn't grab a random guy.

#####

Maximum-T-Hertz: I'm done with my exams and still on campus. Can I help?

Otterly Better than You: Thank Balls. Take his phone away when you do. This chat is supposed to be for serious conversations.

Sex Monkey: Yes! Get here now!

Sex Monkey: Sex is a serious conversation topic Chouteau!

Otterly Better than You: Not when you get so picky. As Madoc said, there's plenty of guys.

Maximum-T-Hertz: Where are you? I'm outside the exam room but you're already gone.

\* \* \*

Sex Monkey: Hubert H, second floor, east ride restroom

Muscle Lover: ride restroom ;p that's so you Limbani

Maximum-T-Hertz: Got it. I'll be there in 2 minutes.

Sex Monkey: Hurry! I need SEX!

#####

Thomas muted the chat and started on as brisk of a walk as he could. Getting fucked by a desperate Limbani would both be a good celebration and a distraction from his worries.

#####

The restroom was vacant, except for the pacing, naked, and hard monkey. Before Thomas opened his muzzle, Limbani dragged him into the first stall.

"What took you so long?" The monkey demanded.

"I'm about twenty seconds early," Thomas answered, doing his best not to laugh as he kneeled before the monkey.

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Limbani grabbed him by the arms and pulled him up. "What are you doing?"

Thomas shrugged, "I figured I'd suck you off while getting out of my clothes. You can fuck me after." Limbani stared at Thomas uncomprehendingly, and Thomas worried if the delay had broken the monkey.

"I don't need to fuck you," Limbani finally said. "I need you to fuck me. It's been days since I've had anyone fuck me. Why is everyone so damned busy with exams?"

Thomas focused on the important statement. "Me? Fuck you?"

The monkey turned and offered his ass. "Yeah. You don't need an instruction manual or something, do you?"

Thomas looked at the ass and started to undo his pants. "You do realize I've never topped before?"

"Then here's your chance. Please," the monkey whined, tail raised high.

Was the rat even a top? Thomas didn't know, but he was hard. Then again he was able to get hard really easily since... almost since joining the frat. If being hard was all he needed... "Okay," Thomas said as he took out the lube he kept on just in case one of the people fucking him ran out. "But tell me if I'm doing this wrong."

\* \* \*

Lim bani rolled his eyes. "It's fucking. You can't do it wrong. Hurry up."

Thomas lubed his cock and reached to lube the monkey's hole, only for Lim bani to back against him, pushing Thomas against the door, grab his cock, align in, and backed up on it. Lim bani moaned deeply, and Thomas swallowed in surprise at the heat surrounding his cock.

"See," Lim bani said, voice melting. "It's easy." He moved his ass against Thomas's crotch. "Now all you have to do is grab my hips and fuck me.

Thomas caught his breath and took hold of the monkey's hips. He moved hesitantly at first, worried Lim bani wouldn't like it, but the monkey moans prodded him forward. So, with the monkey's legs spread wide above the toilet bowl and hands braced against the back wall, the rat pushed forward.

Thomas thrust faster and faster. This wasn't so bad. He changed the angle and Lim bani let out a nearly soprano scream of delight. Actually this was great. He pounded the monkey's ass. Fuck, why had he waited almost half a year before doing this?

"Oh fuck," Lim bani cried out, "More!"

"Oh you want more?" Thomas asked, barely recognizing his voice. "I'll give it to you with interest." He fucked the monkey hard, thrusting in and out, a wicked grin forming on his face as he paid back

the monkey for an entire semester worth of fucking.

Limbani swore in his native tongue, Thomas forced himself to not laugh. He was fucking the English out of him. He wasn't going to stop there. By the time he was done the monkey was going to lose all interest in his ass and cry for nothing more but His cock in his ass.

Thomas wanted to hold the orgasm back, he wanted this to last as long as possible as he rode the monkey like a wild stallion. But the orgasm eventually hit, and it hit hard. The rat screamed so loud he felt he could have been mistaken for a tiger. The whole building must have heard that... but fuck, he didn't care.

Then Thomas staggered back, only the closed door holding him up. Fuck, was that was topping was really like? No wonder the guys never seemed to get enough of his ass.

Limbani panted, hands still against the wall. The toilet was covered with his cum. "That. Has got. To have been the. Best fuck. Ever!" He looked over his shoulder. "Where have you been hiding this?"

Thomas had no idea how to answer, but he noticed he was still hard, and that ass was still there. "I don't know, but I know we're not-"

Limbani's phone beeped an alert. "Fuck! I'm going to be late for my exam!" He moved Thomas from the door, pausing only to kiss him hard but fast. "You're a lifesaver, but I gotta go." Before Thomas could get the motor control to grab him, the monkey was out of the

stall and grabbing his clothes off the floor. The last thing Limbani said was "Round two in my bed tonight!" And then he was gone.

Thomas growled- then blinked. He was a rat. He didn't growl. Why was he- The monkey was gone. He had no one to fuck.

What did it matter? He'd gotten off. ...but he was still rock hard and couldn't think of anything other than burying it in someone's ass.

"More," he growled again. He needed more. Not the monkey? Fine. There were a bunch of people who owed him a lot of interest for the amount of times they used his ass.

His smile turned feral as he buttoned his pants. He was going to pay a visit to every single one of his frat brothers, and show them the fuck of their lives. After tonight, every single one of them was going to beg for his cock in their ass. And Thomas was more than happy to give it to them.

## OUTLINE-17

### Chapter 20

###

Fraternity, Thomas, Sigma Theta Gamma: Mood: if only sex was one of the exams I have to take.

Time [quick scene of thomas going to the kitchen for a snack and running into Yating when thomas saw him on his way down. when asked how he got there faster the response is "I took a shortcut"] skip again. After thanksgiving there was very little downtime before the crunch for exams started. First off was the research paper for English. That was submitted last Thursday, and it basically will hold half his final exam in that class hostage. Microeconomics was taking place in the computer testing center; same as the midterms so less stress there. So the big worries were Studies for Success, Chemistry, and the other half of English and their proctored exams. All multi hour cumulative tests shotgun throughout the week at times different than their weekly classes.

And that's just Thomas. It is the Sunday night before exams, and the fraternity is still abuzz of people trying to cram in one more chapter of a textbook they should have finished ages ago down their eyeballs before bed. The crunch is so bad, most of the fraternity is wearing pants. Only person still having sex right now is Limbani, and that's only because he has the miraculous ability to fuck someone while reading a five pound textbook nestled on their shoulderblades.

Eventually, though, even the monkey has to call it lights out. Even these guys can't run on sex.

###

Campus, Thomas, Paul, Gilbert: Mood: if I have to take anymore exams

## I might just die

Tuesday. Thomas has already taken down English and Microeconomics yesterday. Today he's taking down Chemistry. Gilbert and the other grad-student instructors are swarming the classroom handing out and collecting tests, and otherwise monitoring for cheating. The actual teacher, whom those students without either binoculars or front row seats might not even recognize, monitors them. Paul is also there, but aside from a greetings near the beginning his eyes are as glued to his desk as Thomas's.

Eventually, Thomas leaves, and Paul is already waiting there for them. The tiger is confident he did well. Thomas has faith he passed... but he's pretty certain right now he isn't going to be tackling the hard sciences as his major. Paul says not to write it off yet, the results might be worth it.

Before Thomas can retort, Gilbert also leaves the classroom. As soon as he turned his phone off silent, he was bombarded with messages from Limbani. He needs Gilbert and Thomas to go spitroast him before his anthropology test.

###

Campus, Thomas, Limbani: Mood: It begins at the end.

Wednesday. Last test, at least for Thomas. Studies for success wasn't so bad. It was a lot of stuff like reading comprehension and a small essay all in the timeframe of the examination window, plus a few multiple choice because of course there was. But overall it was the most highschool like test of the batch... just like all of highschool at once.

So, yeah. Assuming he didn't have a brain fart while writing his research paper, Thomas can relax. Limbani on the other hand had a schedule that was the exact opposite of Thomas, all back loaded

instead of front loaded. So he still has a physics test this afternoon... and is panicking over his phone like the world is ending.

He needs a fuck before his test, and no one can make it in time... aside from Thomas... who, sure, he's been doing this all year. They'll just find a spot, Limbani will pound him and then maybe suck him off and... NO. Limbani is very clear that isn't enough. He doesn't need to have sex. He NEEDS to be fucked.

This takes Thomas aback, but once again he has no reason to say no. It's just that... wow. He did not see his first time topping being in the middle of final exams. Still, it's just sex, and he's been topped enough he should know how it goes. So they find a spot, and due to the pressure of time Thomas gets to it... and during the middle of the act, something clicks. Needless to say he wants more, and not just of Limbani. Thomas's true final examination has just begun.