

## *Rework-14 (Sept 29th)*

Thomas looked over the work, comparing it against the reference material so that when his chemistry professor reported to his father, he'd only have good things to say.

It looked good.

But then again, he'd been going over his work since getting back from campus not long after lunch with Paul, and it was now—he checked the time—past three. Wouldn't exhaustion make anything and everything look good after so many hours? He stretched, feeling joints pop. If he'd known this would be so involved, he should have checked if Paul was willing to help him out. He could definitely ass a blowjob or two as payment.

He snorted, then chuckled. Okay, using something he gave away for free as a form of payment might not be the best value here. But then again, he and Paul hadn't done more than

—  
“Good. If you're chuckling to yourself, you have to be done. Get out of those clothes.”

Thomas saved his work as he looked over his shoulder at the other rat. “Madoc? Is now really a good time for sex?”

The rat in the doorway dressed in gym shorts and a tank top raised an eyebrow. “Haven't you been here long enough to learn that the only bad time for sex in here is the study block, and that's hours away still.” He craned his neck. “Just what are you working on, anyway?”

Thomas raise the manual that he'd been reading from to show the cover. “Chemistry. I need to work had it twice as hard as my other classes, and with my dad getting reports on —” he caught the bundle of clothes Madoc threw. “What's this?”

“What you need to wear to give your brain a break.”

Thomas took a moment to match that to the lack of innuendo coming from the rat. Usually, when one of the guys said he needed a break, they were already naked and not offering... Gym shorts and a t-shirt similar to what Madoc wore. Might be his too, considering they were three size too large for this rat. Nope, Thomas found the Cabela tag still attached to both.

“You know, you should have asked for my size before spending money on this. It's too big.”

The smile Madoc gave him was filled with the lust Thomas had come to expect from the guys. “Oh, once I'm done with you, they are going to fit you perfectly. As will the new wardrobe you're going to have to get.” He licked his lips. “For now, just hold them so they don't fall off.”

“Or don't?” Thomas offered as a way of testing where this was really going.

“You want me to get you a belt?” the rat replied, all lewdness gone. “Now, get out of those, and in to them.”

Thomas offered them back. “Hopefully you can get your money back, because I don't want you to waste your time. I've had to accept that I didn't have the gene to look like you a

long time ago.” Even before Roland had started filling out and showed Thomas how lacking he was.

“Bull Shit.” Madoc put so much emphasis on the word it sounded like two of them. He took his phone out of the biceps strap and walked over to the desk. He showed Thomas the picture of a muscular rat in his underwear. “What do you see?”

Thomas looked at the mostly black torso and white lower body. The division was lower on Roland than it was on Thomas. “What are you doing with a picture of my brother?” Thomas focused on face to avoid noticing how well-defined those muscles were under that fur, or how well filled those underwears looked. Roland looked tired. And, dressed like that, it meant he was on his way to a shower.

“Your sister sent it to Yat, and he knows what I like, so he shared it with me. But all you’re doing is getting turned on instead of answering my question. What do you see?”

“I’m not—” Thomas sputtered, only to have Madoc wave his protest aside.

“Okay, here’s what I think. You ‘accepted’ that you’re a bean pole while wondering why it was the rest of the guys in your family got muscles. I mean, from what I hear, your older brother’s also muscular, right? And I’ve checked out your dad on campus. He’s not a bean pole, so it was being okay with it, or becoming jealous of your family. How close am I?”

Thomas did his best not to react to the part Madoc was right about. Victor wasn’t the wall of muscles Roland was, but he was still Mister Universe compared to Thomas. Fuck, even Judith was more toned than he was.

“Sorry,” Madoc said apologetically. “I didn’t mean to rub you nose in this. But I had to say it to make my point.”

“Which is?” Thomas asked bitterly.

Madoc pointed to the picture of his brother. “Don’t you want to look like that?”

“What? You think I didn’t try? I did have gym class in high school, you know. Then, in one year, Roland turns into that. So it’s clear I don’t have what it takes.”

“But do you want it?”

“What does it matter what I want, if I can’t have it?”

“Even if you didn’t have any of the same genes as your hot brother.”

“Don’t call my brother hot,” Thomas tried to snap.

Madoc smirked. “Which you do. With the right trainer and training regiment, you can bulk up.” He grinned. “With me, as your trainer, if you’re willing to actually work at it, I can make him jealous of you.” He nodded to the phone.

Thomas rolled his eyes. “You’d have to be able to perform magic to make that come true.”

Madoc’s smile was... suspicious. “Magic comes to those who reach for it.”

Thomas tilted his head dubiously.

“Look Thomas. I’m not some snob who’ll turn his nose up at a twin offering himself.”

“I know.”

The rat smile. “But I can’t help keep my A game for the hunks. So, do you want to

experience me when I'm really going wild, or what?"

Thomas swallowed. If he'd barely managed not to get hard staring as his nearly naked brother, the memories of sex with Madoc had fixed that, and the idea it could get better...

"Glad to have your answer," the rat said, putting his phone back in the bicep sleeve. "Now, out of those, and get in to that, or you're never going to feel my cock in that so tight ass of yours."

Thomas was naked before the other rat started smirking. He was pretty sure Madoc was joking; he didn't think any of the guys in the frat could pass up an ass. But the simply possibility he was proved enough for Thomas not to be willing to risk it.

And if it was possible to get even wilder sex out of it than what he'd experienced with the other rat? And what was the worse that could happen? Madoc being proven wrong? He wasn't going to withhold sex for that, was he?

Shorts, with the string tied tight, and shirt on, he grabbed his phone and followed Madoc out of the room, and immediately had to dance to avoid a collision with Olavo and Firmin as they ran for the stairs to the third floor.

"Are those fire extinguishers?" He asked Madoc.

The other rat shrugged. "Gilbert."

"Should we go help?" Thomas asked when Madoc didn't add anything. He didn't want to just run off if the building was going to catch on fire. Or would it be glowing? Gilbert was working on a doctorate in nuclear chemistry, after all.

"They'll be fine," the rat said as he headed for the stairs going down. "It's probably nothing too big, this time."

"This time?" Thomas hurried after Madoc. "What exactly is he doing in his room? Building a nuclear reactor?"

"Now, wouldn't that be interesting?" Madoc asked in that way that made Thomas unsure if the other was leading him on or not.

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"One more set," Madoc said, and Thomas looked at him in horror. There was no way he could manage another one. The rat motioned for him to get on with it and Thomas leaned back down on the bench, looking up at the bar dangling from the thick rope. With a sigh and took hold of it, and as soon as he pulled down, his arm protested. A ton was just too much for him to pull.

It wasn't a ton; he reminded himself. It wasn't even that much weight. Madoc had pulled in one handed that first time as part of showing Thomas how to pull it down to get the best result.

"Hey Don," a giraffe whose muscles were pretty much about cutting the tight shirt he wore off, greeted, then paused next to them. "Me and John are heading to the sauna. You got time to swing by?"

Madoc looked the giraffe over appreciatively. Thomas would love to be able to do more than steal a glance, but he couldn't afford to lose his focus and have the bar slip. The sound of the weights crashing down would tell everyone he'd failed at this basic exercise.

"Sorry, Martin, but we're just starting the session that will give the world my newest

masterpiece.”

“Starting?” Thomas exclaimed, nearly losing hold of the bar in the process. They’d been at it for forty-five minutes, at least. Just how many of those cursed machines were there?

Martin took in Thomas’s skinny body as the rat concentrated on gently allowing the bar to go up. “It’s worth it.” He flexed a massive bicep. “Trust me. This is all the Doc’s work.” He looked around and leaned in, lowering his voice. “And the after workout reward is worth it just by itself.”

Thomas chuckled and the bar nearly slipped, again. If he had any breath left, he might tell him how Madoc had already rewarded him multiple times without the need for all this pain. Might. He wasn’t Judith, after all.

After the tenth rep, Thomas let go and his arms dropped as if all the weights on the machine were attached to them. “That’s it.” He panted.

“Not even close,” Madoc said, chuckling. Thomas tried to glare the other rat to death and got a water bottle for his effort. “Drink up. You have to stay hydrated.”

“What’s the point?” Thomas took it as he sat. “This is going to kill me way before I get thirsty.”

“It just feels that way.” Madoc squeezed Thomas’s shoulder as he downed the bottle. “This is good for you.”

Thomas rolled his eyes. “Is this a ‘what doesn’t kill me,’ sort of thing?” He took the clean bottle and towel as he stood, then cleaned the bench.

“It’s a ‘you need to take better care of yourself,’ thing.”

“Shouldn’t taking care of myself mean pampering myself with fur product and claw trimming?” He motioned to the others working out. “Are you responsible for all of them?”

“I’m just an undergrad. But even then, no, not all of them are my work.” He looked around, taking in the men and their muscle. Thomas avoided doing that, because he didn’t want to end up in the same situation as Madoc. These gym shorts did nothing to hide an erection.

“Thomas, why didn’t you work out before?” Madoc asked, sounding more serious than Thomas had even heard him. “I’m guessing you’ve seen your father shirtless, as well as your older brother. So you know the genetics are on your side.”

“I told you I did PE.” Thomas gestured to his skinny self and the shorts that kept threatening to fall off no matter how often Thomas tied them. “That’s all I got out of it. Whatever my family has that makes muscles possible, it skipped me.”

Madoc shook his head. “PE’s about giving you healthy habits, not maximizing gain. Do you really think your brother got that way from PE?”

Thomas shook his head. Roland was at school an hour before his morning training to get in that work, then their father pulled him out of bed way too early on the weekend for more training.

“What he achieved takes a lot of dedication. Same with them, and with me.”

“Are you going to a double major, or something?” Thomas asked, not wanting to hear about his brother and how amazing the work it put in was. “I never head of workout training

being part of the forensic sciences.”

Madoc smirked, then was distracted by a lion in a wrestler’s singlet. “Oh no. This is borne of an appreciation of the male form.”

Thomas rolled his eyes. “And the feel of it.”

“Oh, definitely.” Madoc gave a shudder that made the tent in his pants giggle. “And the taste.” He licked his lips. “We can’t forget that.”

“Please don’t mention food,” Thomas said as he took another water bottle. “I’m already getting hungry.”

Madoc smiled. “Oh, no worries there. Once you’re done, I’ll see to it you are properly fed.” He patted Thomas’s back. “But break time’s over. Let’s go back to working your legs.”

“But I already did the leg machine,” Thomas whined, but dutifully followed the other rat.

Madoc laughed. “That one was for your thighs. This one is going to give your calves a workout.”

“You’re going to break every bit of me, aren’t you?”

“But I’ll put you back together so much stronger and buffer.” Madoc leaned in and lowered his voice. “And so very well sated.”

Thomas wasn’t certain if the groan that escaped him was one of pain, or of need. But the erection not hidden at all by his gym shorts, that was most certainly due to need.