

CHAPTER-8

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

“What, I can’t come visit my little brother in his frat of hunky guys?” As Judith smiled, the door behind her, leading to the frat’s communal showers, opened and a wet Olavo stopped in the doorway, mouth dropping open as he stared at Judith’s back. She began turning and Thomas was off the bed, chemistry book landing on the floor.

“Oh, no!” he grabbed his sister’s arm. “Cover yourself,” he ordered the capybara. Olava simply turned the stare on him while Judith looked him up and down, licking her lips.

“Time to go,” Thomas said, placing himself before his sister.

“Thomas,” Olavo said, “what is—”

“I’m Judith,” she said. “His older and better sister.”

The capybara looked at her, a confused expression on his face.

A door opened. Further down the hall. “I swear,” the collie exiting from the bedroom said his fur matted with cum, “the next time, I’m tying you down and fucking you how I want regardless of what you claim you saw.”

The monkey exited the room after Hubert, his fur also matted, and froze when he turned in their direction. Limbani shrieked and hid behind the collie. Hubert stared at Judith as more doors open.

Thomas hung his head. There was no avoiding the commotion now.

“What’s a girl doing here?” Felix asked, in an offended tone.

Judith turned to the otter and crossed her arms under her breast in that way Thomas had seen her practices as they came in, back before they were, well, as impressive as they were now.

“Honey,” she said in a syrupy tone, “if you think I’m a girl, Do

I have things to teach you.”

“Icky!” Limbani yelled and Thomas tried to figure out if the monkey was overacting for effect or he was that unused to a woman seeing him naked.

“Judith, you need to go.”

His sister smiled. “Why?” she motioned around them. Half the frat was in the hall now, with every guy, except Thomas, naked. Laurence and Gilbert were both hard and in the same doorway. “I haven’t had that much beefcake since I went to the Gopher’s locker room three years ago, and believe me, they weren’t putting this much sausage on display.”

Thomas groaned and was happy for one thing. Chima wasn’t there. He could just imagine what his sister would say on seeing that cock.

“Well, hello there,” she said in her ‘now there’s a catch’ tone, and Thomas spun. Madoc had joined the crowd, shirt on, pants in his hand.

“You’ve been with one, right?” Gilbert asked the rat. “Is she a girl, or a woman?”

Madoc stared at the armadillo, but before he replied, someone raised his voice.

“Yat! Get out here. We need your expert opinion!” then Hubert banged on the panda’s door.

Yating opened it, an annoyed look on his face. “What’s so important, I’m studying.”

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

The panda rolled his eyes. “Guy —” he began, then stopped on seeing Thomas’s sister. “Woman, definitely woman.” The panda licked his lips, looking her over.

Thomas moved before Judith. “Hey, no eying my sister.” He

stared at the panda's stiffening cock. "Definitely no getting hard watching her." He paused. "Wait, you're gay. How are you getting turned on by her?"

Judith slapped the back of Thomas's head. "Are you saying I'm ugly?"

"He's gay." He pointed to the panda, who now had a leering smile.

"I'm bi," Yating said.

"Yeah, there's always one," Hubert continued. "We keep him around so we can know when someone of the female persuasion is around, if they are a woman or a girl. I mean we're all gay, so how else will we know?"

"You keep me around because when I pound your ass, you cream yourself," Yating replied without taking his eyes off Judith.

"Stop talking about sex!" Thomas yelled. "My sister can hear you."

"Thomas," she said. "You do remember what household I live in?"

He opened his mouth to say this was nothing like their parents talking about their exploits. This was in the present tense. But a distinct clearing of the throat stopped him. He'd learned not to ignore it.

"What is going on?" Henry asked as silence fell. The guys moved against the walls to give the bat, standing at the top of the stairs, a view of the scene. "Who let her in?" he demanded.

"I did," Firmin answered, leaning against the wall with the others, but smiling.

"And why did you do such a thing?" Henry asked.

The badger shrugged. "She'd his family, so why wouldn't I?"

"Because we have rules?" Henry said, tone darkening.

"It's fine," Judith said. "I really don't mind what I'm seeing."

The bat turned his gaze on her, and after letting out a breath he said. "Be that as it may. We have rules about who is allowed inside for a reason. What if it had been Thomas's mother, who had come to visit?" he motioned around. "What would she have said to such a display?"

"You're kidding, right?" Thomas asked before he could stop himself.

Henry raised an eyebrow as Judith covered up a snicker behind her hand.

Thomas looked at her.

"Oh, no," she answered the look, her snickering increasing. "It's all yours."

"Care to explain that statement, Thomas?" Henry asked.

He sighed. "If you think my sister's bad? She has nothing on our mom." Judith was beside Yating now, whispering something in his ear. "She'd be ecstatic at this sight. She'd probably ask for a show."

Henry seemed to have trouble replying, and finally ran a hand over his face with a sigh. "Please stop that," he told Judith, who was running a hand down the panda's chest. "Why are you here, exactly? I can not believe it is because you were looking for amusement."

"Judith," Thomas called, knowing his sister would only be too happy to ignore the question. "He's talking to you." How many times had he seen that? His sister with a guy on the living room couch, going way too far for a public space. Not that their parents worked hard at getting her to stop. That was Thomas's job since he figured Roland had been too young to get first-hand exposure to those kinds of shows.

"Oh, I was going to invite my brother out to dinner to celebrate joining the frat, but now I'm thinking it can wait."

"I know a great place," Kuno said, as Henry's expression darkened again, this time even more. "Thomas, take your sister to the

entryway and I'll get dressed. Yat, you wanna come?"

"Please?" Judith asked the panda. "Don't leave me alone with the gays."

* * * * *

"How do you know about his place?" Thomas asked as they entered the restaurant. A woman in a suit stood behind a desk, eyeing them. Only Kuno was dressed in a way that she might let him in. Wearing a suit of his own. Thomas was in jeans and a shirt, his sister in a similar ensemble, and Yating in a designer version of the same.

"We, I mean my family, come here a few times a year. Really great food. Kuno Richard," he told the hostess. "My family's table, if it's free."

The woman's expression shifted, smiling. "Of course, Mister Richard, right this way."

"Your family has a table here?" Judith asked.

"You're a local?" Thomas asked.

"Saint Paulite," the margay replied. "I thought you knew."

Thomas had noticed the lack of an accent, but he wasn't the only one in the frat. "I thought everyone was from out of state."

"Let's get back to the 'you have a table' in the restaurant," Judith insisted.

"My family has tables in a number of restaurants," Kuno answered as he seated himself in the large semi-circular booth. A dozen people could easily fit in it. "It makes impromptu celebrations easier, since by agreement, our table will always be the last to be occupied."

"How do you get something like that to happen?" Thomas asked, sitting next to the margay and making space for his sister, who sat on the other side of the semi-circle, next to Yating. He took the menu and looked at it.

“Money,” the margay answered before turning to the hostess. “Red wine, I’m leaving it to your sommelier as to what’s best at the moment.”

With a nod, she left them.

“Where are the prices?” Thomas asked, flipping through the pages. Maybe he had to go online for those?

“Don’t worry about it,” Kuno answered. “This is my treat. Yating, Miss Hertz, I’d recommend making a selection before you launch into other activities.”

“That means stop making out, Jude,” Thomas said, rolling his eyes.

“If you’re jealous,” his sister answered, peeling herself off the panda, “just go at it with your friend.” She looked at the menu.

Thomas’s ears burned. “We’re in public.”

His sister rolled her eyes.

“Are you sure about it, Kuno?” Thomas indicated the menu. “I don’t want this to cost you too much.”

The margay smiled. “Don’t worry about it. Once I graduate, I’ll take you to a place where you can really worry about the cost of the food. Just enjoy the food and company.” Thomas startled when the margay patted his leg, squeezed it, then let go. “Which part are you from?”

“Minneapolis,” Thomas answered, and then they were chatting about the cities, their families, and small events they considered noteworthy. Miraculously, as far as Thomas was concerned, Judith joined the conversation, and Yating added to it with comparative things he’d experienced growing up in Taiwan. Thomas was surprised at how much they had in common, but the panda was quick to point out that his family wasn’t typical because of their wealth and, there he faltered, other things.

The server arriving with a bottle of wine for Kuno to approve

and then serving each a glass before another server took their order kept Thomas from pressing for more details. Almost as soon as the order was placed, Judith pulled Yating out of the booth.

“Great,” Thomas grumbled. He hoped his sister was going to be discreet. He didn’t want her to get them thrown out of a restaurant where Kuno’s family had a table. He began sliding to the end. Stopping his sister now was the best thing to do, but Kuno’s hand on his thigh stopped him.

“Where are you going?”

Thomas nodded toward where the panda and his sister had vanished. “To keep my sister from getting you thrown out of your own restaurant. You have no idea what she’s about to get up to.”

The margay smiled. “My family doesn’t own the restaurant. If we did, I could be much more blatant and not worry about the result.” Before Thomas could ask what the margay meant, the hand on his thigh had moved to his crotch and Thomas swallowed a yip of surprise.

“Kuno.” Thomas swallowed again as the margay undid the rat’s pant button. “I don’t think...” he whined slightly as the hand slipped inside.

Kuno frowned, pulling Thomas closer to him and more to the center of the semi-circle, where, Thomas realized, the odds of anyone noticing what was happening were lower.

“Two things,” the margay said, his hand slipping under the underwear. “One, please stop wearing underwear, they’re inconvenient for moments like these.”

“You didn’t comp—” he closed his muzzled as the margay squeezed his cock. Thomas looked around in near panic at being caught and at how turned on he was.

“At uni, I was able to just take everything your wore off you,” Kuno answered the incomplete question. “This is different. And two, you have a hand of your own. Be a good man, and put it to good use.”

Thomas stared at the margay. "Are you—" he bit his lower lip to stifle the moan as Kuno stroked Thomas's hard cock.

"Reciprocation is always appreciated."

This could get them landed in jail, Thomas thought. But that wasn't enough to keep him from reaching for the margay's pants, undoing the button and zipper, and then struggling to get the cock out. Kuno wasn't the largest of the frat, but he was already hard, which complicated getting it out enough to stroke it. But the margay didn't protest the handling, leaning back and moaning softly.

Thomas's hand shook as he stroked Kuno's cock, looking around.

"Relax," the margay said, eyes closed. "So long as we don't fuck on the table, no one will bother us."

Thomas couldn't relax, but he definitely enjoyed the pre-meal entertainment. Enough so that when his sister and Yating returned, she tilted an ear at his blushing ears and sniffed the air.

Once they were all settled, their meal was delivered and Thomas wondered for a moment as the coincidental timing that they'd all had the time to reach their climax before the food was ready. Then he was too busy enjoying the food.

OUTLINE-8

Chapter 11

###

Fraternity House, Thomas, Judith, Sigma Theta Gamma: Mood:the master of the house is sent for a loop

Thomas is surprised to see his sister [if we are going to play the 'there are naked guys around her' kind of thing, it feel like this would work better if they were in the hall, Thomas running into Judith as he was going to the kitchen or something like that. We do lose the her just walking in his room scene, but it isn't like there would be a lot of naked guys unless they are all crowding the doorway to look at her Hmm... I was more thinking it doesn't stay in the bedroom. But we can flow with what works best.]. Not angry, but shell-shocked on the verge of panic. The fact that she seems to be cool with most of the guys [speaking of the guys, how would they react to having a girl in their midst? or that she's ogling them? It would certainly not be universal. Some would just roll with it. Otherwise might take it as a turn off. And still others might react like you commented down below.] being naked [And we have discussed that this probably would include Thomas to some extent.] while Thomas is the one panicking about his sister seeing so many of the guy's junk doesn't resolve many things. Eventually Henry steps in and asks who let the girl into the frat, and Firmin confesses because they are siblings so of course he didn't think twice about letting her in.

Henry has a bit of a problem with this, as Judith might seem to be OK with things, they can't just go around letting anyone's family come into the frat house unsupervised. What if it was his mother [relating indirectly to his mother, you have Eric marked as "Other" in his sexuality, so it's plausible ther would be stories of his experimenting with guys? Maybe. It is more "other" because he is by all appearances a straight man, who gets mind whammed by Henry to be gay, and

afterwards it becomes questionable what he is or was all along. Nurture versus nature gets complicated when mind control is involved.]... to which either Judith or Thomas would respond she'd be even more down with it. Which is actually enough to shell shock Henry for a moment. During which time Judith hits on one frat mate after another, until someone outs Yating [if we wanted to go for humor, we could have the guys being all hicky and someone pulling Yating out of wherever he and and using him as a shield against Judith While that feels like it would be a riot, I can't put my finger down on any particular guy who would act like that.] as being bisexual by asking if she's actually attractive for a woman.

Henry gets his voice back, and asks what Judith is even doing there as Thomas is obviously freaking out too much to have invited her. She says that she's here to take Thomas out to celebrate joining a fraternity. Kuno interrupts and says that's a great idea, and he knows just the place. Yating's invited too.

###

St Paul Restaurant, Thomas, Judith, Yating, Kuno: Mood: eating out, and eating him

Thomas never realized Kuno was local too. Or kinda. The University sits right on the border between the twin cities, so both Minneapolis and St. Paul lay claim to it. Still, small world.

Kuno is taking them to one of the restaurants frequented by his family. Not owned by his family, he's not going to be able to treat them to something that high class until he's graduated and earning [insert number here] figures. But people of all classes of life deserve an opportunity to unwind with good food and maybe knock a few boots.

There will be casual small talk. A lot of bonding from being from the same city on three of the dinners' parts, while Yating gets to be grilled

a bit on Taiwan for comparison[We had conversations about this that never got added to the notes, so it's important to remember that the Xu and their counterparts share a bit of an enclave. Meaning we don't have to be too concerned with Yating's youth being typical for real Taiwan culture.]. Eventually Yating and Judith excuse themselves... and Thomas eventually gets worried at how long they are gone and heads after them... only to be stopped by Kuno who reminds him what they are probably up to... and demonstrates to the best of his ability... which yes, means they have sex not quite in the open but still pretty close to it.

CHAPTER 1.5-8

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

“What,” she said, leaning against the door seductively. “I can’t come visit my little brother in his frat of hunky guys?” As Judith playfully pouted, the door to the frat’s communal showers opened across the hall and a wet Olavo stepped out. In that moment three things were in motion at once; Judith slowly turning around, Thomas leaping off of his bed, and Olavo’s mouth hitting the floor.

“No you don’t,” Thomas said as he grabbed his sister’s arm. He glanced up at the still stunned capybara, “Cover yourself.” Olavo simply redirected his stare at Thomas.

“OK, time to go,” Thomas said as he peeled his sister off his door frame.

“Thomas,” Olavo said cautiously, “What is-”

“I’m Judith,” she said as she skillfully spun out of Thomas’s grasp and stood cheerfully in front of the capybara. “His older and better sister.”

This did not dispel the capybara’s confusion.

A door further down the hall opened. “I swear,” said the collie who strutted out stark naked with his fur matted with cum, “The next time, I’m tying you down and fucking you how I want regardless of what you claim you saw.”

* * *

Limbani exited the room after Hubert, his fur also matted, and froze when he turned in their direction. The world paused as if to decide what would happen... and then Judith cheerfully waved, causing the monkey to shriek and run the other direction to hide behind the collie. This not only caused Hubert to turn around and notice Judith, but also caused more doors to open.

Thomas tried to collapse in on himself. There went trying to avoid a scene.

“What’s a girl doing here?” Felix asked in an offended tone.

Judith turned to the otter and crossed her arms under her breasts. “Honey,” she said, turning the sass up to eleven, “if you think I’m a girl, do I have things to teach you.”

Limbani said something in his native language , though it didn’t sound like a swear this time. Honestly, was he overacting for effect or was he this phobic about a woman seeing him naked.

Still, even if she might be Limbani kryptonite. “Judith, you have to go.”

“Why,” Judith said with the sweetest smile before spinning around with his hands wide, causing guys to have to step out of her way. Half the frat was present, and everyone but Thomas was naked. Fuck, Laurance and Gilbert were still hard as they gazed on from the same doorway. “I haven’t had this much beefcake since I went to the Gopher’s locker room three years ago. And believe me, they weren’t putting this much sausage on display.”

Thomas groaned. At least Chima wasn't present right now. There was no telling how Judith would react on seeing that cock. Still, anyone could walk in at any second.

"Well, hello there," Judith said as another rat walked up the stairs to prove Thomas's point. Madoc stood in shock at the end of the hall, shirt still on but pants in his hand.

"Hey, Mad? You've been with one, right?" Gilbert yelled from the sanctuary of the doorway, "Is she a girl or a woman?"

Madoc gave Judith a flat disinterested appraisal, and then gave the armadillo raised eyebrow that screamed 'are you really asking me this'.

"OK, let's call in the expert then," Hubert said as he walked past Judith to the only closed door in the hallway, leaving Limbani to flee upstairs. Pounding on the door the collie yelled, "Yat!"

It took a few moments for Yating Xu to open his door, but when the red panda did he was pissed. "What? I'm studying."

The collie motioned to Judith. "Girl or woman?"

The panda rolled his eyes, "Guy-" he started only to stop on seeing Thomas's sister. "Woman. Definitely... woman." The panda licked his lips as he slowly took in the beauty before him.

Thomas didn't waste any time moving between the two

of them. “Hey, no eying my sister.” He stared at the panda’s stiffening cock. “Definitely no getting hard watching her.” Brief pause as the cogs in the rat’s brain moved. “Wait, you’re gay. How are you getting turned on by her?”

Judith slapped the back of Thomas’s head. “Are you saying I’m ugly?”

“No, but he’s gay,” Thomas said, pointing at the now leering panda.

“Actually I’m bi,” Yating said, getting up and close to the rat.

“Yeah,” says Hubert as he went to join the armadillos by their door. “We keep him around in case one of the sororities tries to raid. Though they’d have to form a line unless they brought strap ons .”

“You keep me around because when I pound your ass, you cream yourself,” Yating replied without taking his eyes off the rats. He was chest to chest with Thomas, forcing the young rat to back up into his older sister. The red panda didn’t stop there, though, as he groped his hands slowly down the front of Thomas’s pants while nibbling on his ear in such a way Thomas was certain he was locked eye to eye with Judith. Oh please don’t tell me we’re doing this!

“What is going on down here?” Henry’s voice echoed from the top bottom of the stairs to the third story. All the guys, including Thomas, instantly went to either side of the hallway... of course Thomas and Yating went to opposite sides and both tried to grab Judith, leaving her standing right in the bat’s line of vision. “...right. Who let her in?”

* * *

“I did,” Firmir answered, a big smile on the badger's face. He had been rather silent and distant during all of this.

The bat pinched the bridge of his nose. “And why did you do such a thing?”

The badger shrugged, “She’s his family; why wouldn’t I?”

“Because we have rules,” Henry stated, his tone darkening.

“It’s fine,” Judith said, managing to pull out of Thomas’s grasp and twirl into Yatting’s arms. “I really don’t mind the whole nudist colony thing you have going.”

The bat turned his gaze on her, looked at Thomas with a raised eyebrow only for the rat to shrug at him, before finally sighing as he walked down the hall towards the badger. “Be that as it may, we have rules about what to do when family visits. You’re to announce it loud, so any brothers know not to enter the foyer unclothed, turn on the guest light by the stairs to alert anyone leaving their rooms the same thing, and then send someone else to get the brother in question while you chaperone the guest in the foyer .” Now face to face with Firmir he looked the badger in the eye, “What if it had been Thomas’s mother? How would she have reacted to our ways?”

“You’re kidding, right?” Thomas blurted out before he could stop himself.

Henry looked over towards the rat with a raised eyebrow as Judith suppressed a snicker.

* * *

Thomas looked at his sister pleadingly to back him up on this, but she just leaned deeper into Yatting's arms, "Oh no. It's all yours bro."

The younger rat sighed, "My sister is my mother's daughter, only tamer." He paused as Yating suppressed a moan to whatever Judith was doing to him behind her back. "I'm not certain what Laurence told you, but mom can get my dad to do it anyplace, anywhere. Only problem she'd have with the frat is that you're not maliciously taking notes to share with your grandkids one day."

Henry seemed to have trouble processing this, but finally pulled back into the presence with another stifled moan from Yatting, "Please stop that." He turned to face the female rat, who slid next to the red panda on the wall, with an innocent smile as if she had nothing to do with why the panda was rock hard and leaking pre at the moment. The bat sighed again, "Why are you here exactly? I can't believe it is because you enjoy the chaos."

"Oh," Judith said, as she had truly forgotten, "I was just going to invite my brother out to dinner to celebrate joining the frat. But," she continued as she leaned next to Yatting and teased her hand along the red panda's inner thigh, "If my brother's still studying I can just..."

"Learn some patience before you ruin dessert," Kuno said as he waltzed in on the scene. "I know just the place. Thomas, take your sister to the foyer and I'll get dressed. Yat, you wanna come?"

"Oh, he's cumming alright," Judith said as she reached

down and grabbed Yating's cock as she started walking down the hall. They didn't get more than a few steps before Thomas grabbed his sister and Henry grabbed the red panda and they pulled the two of them apart... causing Yattings well primed cock to go off as people fell to the floor.

The red panda breathed a sigh of relief before catching sight of the bat's darkened expression. That expression moved towards Thomas who winced, but found it had no hold on Judith who was calmly licking her exposed arms clean as she fished out a moist towelette to deal with her clothes.

* * * * *

"How do you know about this place?" Thomas asked as they entered the restaurant. A woman in a suit stood behind a desk, eyeing them. Only Kuno was dressed in a suit of his own. The best Thomas could do on such short notice was khakis and a polo with a poorly tied tie. Judith definitely didn't look like she belonged with her short rise blouse and daisy dukes, and Yating was dressed to impress Judith so it was skin tight jeans and a sleeveless turtleneck with some foreign graffiti on it.

"We, I mean my family, come here a few times a year," Kuno explained as they approached the desk. Looking at the hostess he smiled pleasantly as he presented his driver's license, "Kuno Richard. My family's table. If it's free of course."

After ever so briefly shifting to shock, the woman's expression settled on a smile, "Of course Mister Richard. Right this way."

* * *

“Your family has a table here?” Judith whispered as they walked, eyeing all the fancy tables and even fancier dinner patrons.

“You’re a local?” Thomas interjected.

“Saint Paulite,” the margay replied with a smirk. “I thought you knew.”

Thomas took note of the lack of accent, but that alone still cast a pretty wide net. “I thought everyone was from out of state.”

“Let’s get back to the ‘you have a table’ in the restaurant,” Judith insisted in a slightly louder whisper. They were attracting stares, though Thomas noticed when people saw which table they were approaching there was a flash of recognition in some people’s eyes before they went back to what they were doing.

“My family has a table in a number of restaurants,” Kuno answered as he seated himself in the large semi-circular booth. A dozen people could easily fit in it. “It makes impromptu celebrations easier, since by agreement our table will always be the last to be occupied.”

“How do you get something like that to happen?” Thomas asked, sitting next to the margay. Yating was seated on Kuno’s other side, so of course that’s where Judith squeezed in.

“Money,” the margay answered before turning to the hostess, “Red wine. I’ll leave which to your sommelier’s judgement.” With a nod she left them.

Thomas's attention went to the menu, and immediately frowned. "Where are the prices?"

"Don't worry about it," Kuno answered. "This is my treat. Yattoo, Miss Hertz, I'd recommend making a selection before you start knocking boots."

Judith smiled, "If you're jealous you can always grab a taste of my brother. A Hertz is as good as any appetizer."

Thomas's ears burned. "We're in public." As his sister rolled her eyes, the male rat looked back at his friend, "Are you sure about this, Kuno. I don't want to cost you too much."

The margay smiled, "Unless you're planning to order the whole menu, that's not likely to happen. My family comes to this restaurant to enjoy ourselves and our close friends," the margay squeeze's Thomas's thigh for emphasis, causing the rat to startle. "We save the really expensive places for negotiations with those who only appreciate money. I won't be able to treat you to one of those until I at least graduate and start contributing to my family's wealth." The margay opened his own menu. "Anyway, Laurence didn't mention which of the twins he was picking you up from."

Calming down, Thomas answered. "Minneapolis." And with that they were just talking. About the city, their families, and those small noteworthy events only locals would take notice of. Miraculously Judith joined in, and without her distraction even Yattoo could add contrasting components with his life growing up in Taiwan. Though the red panda took the time to note his family was well off and very well connected abroad, much like the Richards, so they shouldn't

take his life experience as typical Taiwanese.

The sommelier arrived with the bottle of wine, and the server took their orders, and soon they were left with a glass of wine each and more time to wait... which was just when Judith pulled Yating out of the booth.

“Great,” Thomas grumbled. He would have just hoped that Judith would be discreet, but after the stunt she pulled in the halls... the rat started to slide out of the booth, but a hand on his thigh stopped him.

“Where are you going?” Kuno asked in exaggerated curiosity.

Thomas nodded to where the red panda and his sister had vanished. “To keep my sister from getting you thrown out of your own restaurant. You have no idea what she’s about to get up to.”

The margay smiled, “My family doesn’t own the restaurant. If we did, Judith wouldn’t be allowed in the door and we’d be seated in the center of attention instead of tucked away in the back where we have to use a little bit of discretion.” Before Thomas could even raise his eyebrow in confusion the hand had moved from his thigh to his crotch.

Swallowing a yip of surprise, Thomas whispered, “Kuno. I don’t think...” He whined as the hand slipped inside.

“Sometimes, Thomas, you get stuck thinking about the wrong things,” Kuno said as he pulled towards the center of the booth and reached behind him. The lights dimmed, and Thomas realized someone would have to be looking directly

at them to see what they were getting up to.

“Though yes, sometimes thought is needed,” Kuno continued as he further slipped his hand past the rat’s underwear. “For one thing, you should really lose the underwear. A little spot treatment on your pants is a small price to pay to speed things up in moments like this.”

Thomas could only whine in acknowledgement.

“Second,” the margay continued as he pulled the rat’s cock out of his pants, “Do keep the moaning to a minimum. You tend to be loud, but this is certainly not the place for it.” Before Thomas could vocalize a response the margay slipped below the seats. The rat only had moments to process that the table was slightly further away from the seats right at this spot before a mouth around his cock cut off all higher thought processes.

Without the margay next to him, Thomas wasn’t left with much to stare at other than the open expanse of the restaurant in front of him, reminding him he couldn’t make a sound. He just sat there, gripping the sides of the seat next to him, wondering if it was even possible for him to get off with all this pressure.

He did, though it was with a whine so high pitched it might have caught the attention of any canines within a city block.

Kuno all but materialized next to Thomas, his suit none the worse for wear by some miracle. “Thirdly, do try not to bump the table on your way up. It would be a shame to spill the wine.”

* * *

Thomas blinked, in the middle of fastening his pants. “You want me to... reciprocate here?” The rat wasn’t sure his ears had flushed any harder in his life.

Kuno just smiled mischievously, “Well I don’t think your sister is in any hurry. Do you?”

No. No she wasn’t. And honestly, who was Thomas fooling. The rat slipped below the table, finding it surprisingly spacious if dark. Navigating the near darkness, Thomas moved his head onto the margay’s lap and slipped the waiting cock into his mouth, getting to work.

Judith might be their mother’s daughter, but Thomas was turning out to be their father’s son. His resistance to any proposition of sex was as flimsy as tissue paper.