

## *Rework-9*

Thomas stepped up to the door with trepidation. He'd never done this before, and he wasn't sure how his father would react. Let alone the news he had for them. Before his hand reached the handle, the door opened and the rat on the other side looked at him severely. His father glanced over Thomas's shoulder at the pickup parked at curb, and the armadillo waiting there.

"Why don't you come in?" Eric suggested, the tone and him moving out of the way, making it far more than an offer.

He stepped inside and turned to his father. "Dad," he started as the door closed.

"Where were you?" his father demanded quietly.

Thomas swallows and tried to find a way to explain how he'd... what, been fucked to oblivion? Just woke up this morning, and only the realization they'd reach his parent's house had finally chased the daze the night had left him with?

"Your mother and I worried, Thomas," his father said, turning to face him. "We understand that you are an adult now, that you won't tell us everything you do, and I respect that. But you never even message us, Thomas."

"I'm sorry. I lot track of time."

His father's tilted ear spoke loudly to what he thought of that excuse.

Well, he might as well break the rest of the bad news now.

"I'm moving out."

An eyebrow went up.

"I've been accepted in a frat and they're letting me moving now."

"Which one?"

"Sigma Theta Gamma."

The other eyebrow when up.

"Dad, I'm eighteen. I'm in college. It's time I experienced life on my own." God, did that sound pitiful.

He couldn't read his father's expression. Then the rat nodded.

Thomas hesitated, and when his father said nothing, he headed for his bedroom, looking in the kitchen, expecting to see it filled with activity. Sundays tended to be something of a free for all in the mornings in there.

He pulled the suitcase out of the closet and started putting stuff in it. It wasn't take large, so he only put the bare minimum in; a week's worth of clothing, his PJs.

He stared at the nearly filled suitcase.

It really had happened. The frat, the guys, the once in a lifetime sex—no, that better not have been that. Thomas was going to recreate that kind of euphoria again, somehow. The moving in with thirteen hot, sexual guys who promised to—

"You know," Judith said, "I really should be pissed at you right now. Without you here, Dad's going to go back to helping me with my Masters[what stated of her education is Judith in?] on top of helping Roland with his football career."

Thomas looked at his sister, causally leaning against the door frame. He blinked, what she'd said seeping in.

She burst out laughing. "Oh man, just what did they do to you all night?"

"Nothing," he hurried to say, her outburst reminding him who he was speaking with.

His older sister rolled her eyes. "Come on, Thomas, I heard you tell Dad about Sigma Theta Gamma. Everyone knows about them, and you were there for the entire night. You expect me to believe that the most wanton hot gays on campus just sat around and offered you coffee all night?"

Thomas fixed his eyes on the clothes in his suitcases as his ears burned. If he'd even suspected the kind of night that had been in store, he would have left a message for his parents before leaving. Part of him has suspected it was a prank. They'd fuck him, have a laugh and send him home. But somewhere around the eighth guy, things got really intense, hazy, and somewhat surreal. He hadn't been the only one moaning or having sex. Then, he'd woken up in someone's bed, with several someones in it, and until Henry reminded them there were things to do, Thomas had been fucked again.

There was no doubt that they'd made him one of their frat brothers.

What else should he bring? He added his wireless controller and headset. The chargers, he couldn't forget those. He pointedly ignored Judith, watching him. He wasn't going to breakdown and tell her anything just because she didn't go away. He pulled the set of sheets out from under his bed and put that in the suitcase. Anything more?

"So, if the hot armadillo Dad's interrogating one of them?" Judith asked, "or some decoy because they knew to expect the Hertz inquisition?"

"What?" Thomas closed the suitcase. He'd told Laurence to stay in the truck especially, so this wouldn't happen. He put this backpack with his class book over his shoulder and grab the suitcase. Judith got out of his way and he was down the stairs.

"I understand you concerns, Mister Hertz, but—" Laurence said, as Thomas reached the bottom.

"It's Eric, please," his father interrupted him, irritated. He only let people call him Mister Hertz if they were his students and on campus. He was him and he wouldn't let anyone get away with it.

"But," the armadillo continued without skipping a beat, "since it was our decision to have him move in now, we figured it would be unfair to ask him, or you, to cover the dues this year. Henry will be happy to speak with you about next year or anything you want regarding Thomas's stay.

Thomas froze in place as Laurence looked his father up and down, a smile forming. Eric was too focused to notice the appreciative expression and Thomas really wished he could have not watched someone checking his father out. Hurrying to look away, he saw Roland just inside the living room, listening in. His younger brother noticed him, glared angrily and spun, vanishing from his sight.

Thomas sighed. Now he'd have to deal with Roland being even more pissed at him when he visited. His brother had to think Thomas was doing this to escape their father, which wasn't entirely wrong, but with Eric working at the university Thomas attended, was

also not a total escape. At least Roland attended high school free of their father's interference.

Before he reached Laurence and could rescue him, he was pulled into the kitchen and hugged tightly by his mother.

"Mom," Thomas started, ready to attempt an apology for not letting her know he wouldn't be home overnight, but when she let him go, her eyes were wet.

"You had a night of sex." She wiped at her eyes. "I am so proud of you."

"What? No." Thomas's ear burned. "I didn't..." well, he couldn't actually lie to her and say nothing had happened. So he closed his mouth.

She smiled with pride. "And you are moving out on your own."

"It's a frat, Mom," he replied, happy for the different subject. "That's barely nothing more than renting a place and having a lot of roommates."

"A lot of hot, horny roommates," she said. "You are going to have such stories for us."

"Mom!" Thomas exclaimed, and he noticed Judith in the hallway watching him, grinning.

His mother took his head in her hands. "Honey, never be afraid of recounting your exploits. Your last name might be Hertz, but remember, you are also a Royer."

Thomas didn't respond, but his ear had to let her know what he thought of that. They were so hot he expected her to want to use them to get lunch ready on.

Royers were like that, very liberal with recounting their adventures. His mother was, as was his uncle Nerio, his grandmother. Judith took after that side of the family far more than the guys.

"I want you home every Sunday for dinner," Nadia said, as if the previous silence hadn't been awkward at all. "If you need anything, call us. Or, God forbid, you decide all the sex you can have isn't for you. Your room will still be here. Just call ahead so me and your father can remove any evidence we were in it first."

"Mom," Thomas said with a sigh. "Can you at last shove my stuff in a box before breaking the room in? You know, if you aren't going to wait for me to come by to pack and store it in the basement?"

She simply smiled at him, stepping out of the kitchen. Thomas followed as she leaned against Eric, her tail wrapping around his and drifting up.

"Nadia," her husband said in a controlled tone, "we have a visitor." He indicated the armadillo, but Thomas noticed the shiver.

She leaned to his ear, but didn't lower her voice enough not to be heard by Thomas or Laurence. "If you're in the mood for a threesome, you know Nerio and his husband have dibs."

Laurence raised an eyebrow at Thomas, who decided now was the perfect time to make their escape, before his mother started explaining the exact nature of his parent's sexual arrangement to a stranger.

"Not so fast," Eric said as Thomas walked by him.

"Dad—"

“Laurence, would you take my son’s luggage?”

Okay, so this wasn’t a last-minute reversal. Thomas handed the suitcase and backpack to the armadillo.

“I’ll wait in the truck.”

Once the door was closed, Eric took Thomas by the shoulders and looked him in the eyes. “Are you certain this is what you want, Thomas? I’m well aware that Sigma Theta Gamma had great placement records, but...” he trailed off. “You are aware they come from wealth, while...” again, he trailed off.

“You’re talking like we’re poor or something,” Thomas replied. “Or that I’m some sort of charity case for them.”

Eric bit his lower lip. “I’m saying that these boys come from families where everything is planned, no matter what they do here. Their success is assured, so they can afford to... enjoy themselves.” He glanced at his wife, who had an eyebrow raised. “I’m not saying you shouldn’t enjoy what’s offered either, but don’t let their escapades distract you from your coursework.”

“I won’t, Dad. I swear.”

His father smiled. “Then I’ll see you tomorrow at eleven thirty.” Yep, Thomas wasn’t getting away from his father entirely. They hugged, then his mother demanded another one, and even Judith came in for one.

“You’re an asshole for leaving home before me,” she whispered.

Thomas rolled his eyes. “And how many offers have you refused from guys wanting you to move in with them?”

“It’s not like any of them could keep up with me,” she said as they separated. They looked to where their parents had been seconds ago and instead heard the hurried steps up the stairs. “Do you have any idea how hard it is to find a guy with the kind of energy dad has?”

Thomas kept his mouth shut. As far as he could tell, he was moving into a household filled with guys who could put his father to shame. He looked around for the missing member of his family, but it seemed like he wouldn’t get to say goodbye to his brother unless he went chasing him down.

“Tell Roland I’ll call him.”

Judith chuckled. “Just make sure you aren’t getting pounded while making that call. You wouldn’t want to make your brother jealous.”

“Not funny, Judith,” Thomas told his sister before heading out.

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“Thanks for the ride,” Thomas said once they drove onto the 964. “And sorry for bring a zombie this morning.”

The armadillo smirked. “Don’t worry about it. We’ve all been sex drunk a time or two. I wasn’t going to let you wander off for the bus and hit on random guys. Besides,” Laurence continued as Thomas tried to chase the images that statement had conjured out of his mind, “Henry figured your father might have questions that shouldn’t wait.”

The last of the stranger he was mentally undressing chased out, Thomas allowed

himself to settle in the seat. “To be honest, I’m surprised he said yes.”

“Why? You’re eighteen. You’re old enough to make your own decisions.”

Thomas suppressed a snort. “Your family’s clearly not like mine. Speaking of which, the other armadillo, he’s a Rowling too, right?”

“Gilbert,” Laurence said, stifling a sigh that nearly stopped Thomas from continuing. He guessed this was something Laurence was always asked.

“And you and him are...?”

“Cousins,” the armadillo finished.

“And... you two do... it?” Thomas didn’t remember seeing them do it together, but after the party and this morning, it was hard imagining any of the guys there stopping themselves from doing one of the others.

Laurence looked at Thomas in surprise, then laughed, looking ahead. “That’s your big question? Yeah, of course we sleep together. Never for why people think that’s strange. Your folks seem pretty open-minded.”

“You’re confusing open-minded with blatant,” Thomas said, shuddering. “You guys are going to have to work hard to outclass some of what I heard they’ve been up to, just in the time I’ve been around.”

Laurence licked his lips, then glance Thomas. He had his eyes on the road again as he readjusted himself.

“Is this the house vehicle?” Thomas asked, more to keep from thinking about that cock which had become highlighted by the tight fabric more than actual curiosity.

“No way. This baby’s mine.” The armadillo patted the wheel. “Bought it when I got my license. Second thing I bought with my own money.”

“What’s the first?” Thomas asked, genuinely curious this time.

“A Remington Wingmaster,” Laurence answered proudly. “I lover that baby.”

Thomas stared, then realization hit. “Right. Your drawl’s so faint I forgot. You’re Texan.”

“You have a problem with guns?” Laurence asked, and Thomas wasn’t sure he is sounded surprised or suspicious.

“No. Grandpa’s big into hunting, so all Hertz knows how to handle a hunting stunner.” The traffic slowed to a stop and Laurence turned to look at the rat. “What?” Thomas asked.

“A hunting stunner,” the armadillo stated, then smirked. The traffic started up, and he shook his head. “I guess not everyone’s lucky enough to be a Rowling.” He grinned. “But don’t you worry, I’ll teach you how to shoot off more than your load.”

Thomas couldn’t help but look as Laurence adjusted himself again. There indeed was little left to the imagination with those tight jeans. He swallowed as he couldn’t help remember he had taken that, twice, at least, even if he didn’t actually remember.

“You can do more than look, you know,” the armadillo said.

Fuck. Thomas looked ahead. He’d been staring. Hard not to, really.

“I’m serious. You can touch it.”

“You’re driving.” The image of him swallowing a cock, stretch across to the driver’s side, came unbidden, his nose pressing into white and golden fur.

Laurence laughed. “Getting blown while driving is the least of what I’ve done in my pickup,” he winked, “and while driving.” Tentatively, Thomas reached for the belt, and the armadillo slid forward to give him better access.

Belt unbuckled, and pants open, the rat reached in and pulled the cock out. Laurence moaned. It was already hard.

“Fuck,” Thomas said, unable to fully close a hand around the cock. “What is it with the frat and everyone being hung?” this was definitely longer than his hand, and he didn’t think putting another body part next to it as a measuring tool would be appreciated.

“We come in all sizes,” Laurence said, “but they can still make you scream. Already did, in fact.” He smiled. “Firmin had you screaming your head off on the altar.”

Firmin had turned out to be the badger who had accosted him outside the chemistry lecture. One of two at the frat. He didn’t remember the badger fucking him, so he couldn’t be sure he had him screaming, but Thomas had done plenty of moaning and screaming that night, as well as in the morning.

He undid the seatbelt and bent across the seat. Even before the tip touched his lips, Thomas was salivating. How could cocks smell so good? He closed his lips around it and moaned. Or taste so good.

“Oh yeah,” Laurence moaned, placing a hand on Thomas’s back.

Thomas swallowed more of the cock, then more, and even more. By the time his nose pressed against the leather stomach, Thomas was amazed he hadn’t gagged. He remembered how he’d done that with Limbani’s cock, and this was bigger.

But then again, there was that video of him swallowing the giant cock to the root. He might not remember doing it, but the experience had stuck. The cock twitched in his throat and Thomas came up for air. Then he went back down, starting a slow bob, enjoying the texture and taste as precum flowed. He licked up, suckled on the tip, which Laurence clearly enjoyed, before swallowing it again. He wasn’t in any hurry; it wasn’t like even on his Sunday, the traffic moved all that fast on the beltway.