

CHAPTER-13

“So, that was the history mid-term,” Thomas said, reaching under the bed and pulled a shirt, pants, socks, and underwear that were far too big for him. Who in the frat wore underwear other than him? Had one of the guys brought someone to his room to have sex? Why? And if they had, why hadn’t they told him?

“Sounds like you passed,” Paul replied. His mother said something too low for Thomas to understand, then Paul’s was muffled as he answered her. “Sorry, she wants me to tell you history’s important, especially the boring parts.”

“My dad called her, didn’t he?” He looked at the pile of clothing on the bed. Had everyone he’d had sex with left a piece of clothing? Should he keep them, bronze them as souvenirs? “I’m starting to think he’d roped in everyone I know to keep me studying.”

“Even your brothers?”

Thomas chuckled. “Well, at least three have offered to tutor me.”

“Right,” Paul drolled, “because their idea of tutoring you would improve your grades.”

“I think they’re serious, it’s not like they need excuses to fuck me.” A knock on his door frame made him look over his shoulder. Gilbert was in the doorway, tapping his wrist to hurry him. Thomas indicated the pile of clothing.

The armadillo stepped in, but instead of taking the pile, he grabbed a shirt and left with it. Maybe he should leave it in the hall for the guys to take what was theirs. Maybe in the future. Today, it would just get Henry to yell at him. Right now was clean-up time up to prepare for the party.

“Anyway, the real reason I called,” Thomas began.

“You mean you didn’t call because you missed me?” Paul

asked. "I am hurt."

Thomas rolled his eyes. "I've seen you every day, sucked you off every other and last weekend I finally gave in to your incessant demanding and let you fuck me." (if you think the two of them fucking should be reserved for s 'special' on the page occasion, feel free to remove it.)

"Wow, you make it sound like I forced myself on you." Paul seemed to have trouble not laughing. "What a monster am I?"

"Anyway, the house is having their post mid-term exam party (should that be this night, or in a few days? If tonight, why would Thomas have waited to ask Paul?) I thought you might want to come, and see the dance moves some of the guys have been working on."

"The horizontal tango isn't a dance."

"Actually, I mean really dance. Limbani's been practicing something that requires him to be standing."

"Clothed?"

"Well, it's Limbani, you can't ask too much of the monkey."

Paul chuckled.

"Firmin, of all people, seemed to actually know how to dance."

"Why do you say 'of all people'?"

"He's turned into something of an asshole ever since I beat him in the shootout."

"Don't you think it's more because you kept sniping him in Shoot-em Down?"

"I didn't know it was him."

"You do now, and it's not like you stopped."

Thomas grinned. "Well, it isn't like I can take scream at him

here. He'd a sophomore (I can't find anywhere it states what year he's in.) but yeah, so, you're coming?"

"I'm going to pass. Willis's frat is having a party. And there are more." Paul seemed to search for the word. "Infamous parties then Sigma Theta Gamma, I could attend."

"More infamous than our party?" Thomas sputters. "How can that be? Anyone who stays for the hold thing leaves walking funny."

Paul laughed. "Yeah, but they do leave sober, and the cops haven't been called to your frat."

"So you'd prefer to attend a party where someone would be getting you drunk, or you might end up in jail. Noted. I'll pass the message on to Limbani."

"Please don't. He's accosted me a few times at school to offer to relieve my stress. He can be quite insistent."

"Yeah, determined is definitely our monkey. So you and Willis are serious?"

"Serious might be too strong of a term, but we've gone on a few dates, there's been a dance."

"And?"

Paul chuckled. "I don't dance and tell, you know that."

"Alright, then I hope you have a good party. I need to get back to helping ready the house for ours. Something about making sure nothing personal is within reach unless we don't mind losing it. There's something of a memento gathering contest."

"It's to prove you've actually had sex with a Sigma Theta Gamma guy."

"Isn't saying it enough? I mean, all one has to do is offer themselves and we'll go for it."

"You'd be surprised at the number of guys who claim to have had sex with your frat and haven't had the guts to actually go

through it.”

Thomas opened his mouth to claim that was impossible, then closed it. While he would never claim to have done it when he hadn't, he could remember how intimidated he'd been at the idea of being in a house with all of them initially.

“Before you go,” Paul said while Thomas was lost in thought, “have you figured out what your major's going to be yet?”

“What?”

Paul laughed.

“Did my dad call you?”

“Maybe?”

Thomas groaned.

“Don't worry, as far as I'm concerned, a Liberal Art's degree is as valid as any other.”

“If I'm okay settling with a low-paying job.”

“Don't let your dad's pressuring keep you from making any decision. Go for what you want. Not what he thinks is best.”

That was easier said than done.

“Anyway, I'm going to let you go to your orgy proofing. Have fun.”

“You too.”

Thomas terminated the call and looked around his bedroom. Maybe he could cover everything with plastic sheets.

“Welcome to Sigma Theta Gamma,” Thomas told the ermine vibrating in place before him. “ID please.”

The ermine handed his student ID while trying to look around

the rat. He was going to be disappointed. Only he and Laurence were visible, and both were dressed. Thomas in the dress shirt and tie he'd gotten for his graduation, and Laurence in an impeccable business suit.

Thomas moved as little as he could, his shirt tight enough he was afraid he would rip it. He couldn't believe he'd bulked up so much in a couple of months a shirt that had fit well before the summer was now in danger of exploding.

When he was told he'd have door duty, he expected to be handed a bathrobe and told to only keep it close as much as he had to so the police wouldn't be called. Not that anyone at the door would call them. They were here to see naked guys at the minimum.

He handed the ID back and motioned for the ermine to enter. "Laurence will mark you and you, then you can go to the kitchen for a drink and move about. Any closed door is off-limit," he'd been given the script to say, but didn't expect anyone who'd entered to have listened.

The ermine stepped in and Thomas moved back to block the doorway as a pair of identically dressed donkeys stepped forward. Thomas couldn't keep himself from licking his lips. He hadn't had twins yet.

"Welcome to Sigma Theta Gamma, ID please."

They both moved in unison. Oh, what fun he could have with them.

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"We're at capacity," Thomas said to the next guy in line. "Sorry, the next party will be before the holidays." He and the six still in line complained, one even pulled out a hundred-dollar bill to be let in.

"We're at capacity," Laurence said, stepping behind Thomas, close enough the erection pressed against his ass, and Thomas pushed back as discreetly as he could. "Better luck next time." He pulled the

rat back and closed the door.

Thomas leaned against the armadillo. "Finally." He reached for his collar, but Laurence caught his hand.

"One thing left to do." He dipped the brush in the bowl of ink, there was hardly any left, and expertly traced designs where flesh met fur on his wrist.

"I'm a brother, I don't need to be marked."

Laurence smiled. "I just want to make sure no one confuses you for a party crasher in all the confusion." Before Thomas could offer another objection, the armadillo kissed him, and he reciprocated.

"I am like this part." Thomas grinned and started to unbutton Laurence's pants.

"I'm taking him," someone said, Grabbing Thomas's arm and pulling him away from the armadillo. Thomas and Laurence protested, but the naked Hubert kept pulling.

"Let me undress at least," Thomas said.

"Nope, I need you dressed."

"We have an intruder!" Thomas yelled. "Someone's trying to pass themselves off at Hubert and demanding I stay dressed!"

The collie gave Thomas an odd grin and then they were in the second living room, the crowd of naked guys parting to let them reach the table. "Here's the next victim." The collie pushed Thomas in a chair and only now did he notice the green felt on the octagonal table and the cards and the guys in various states of undress.

Except for Olavo, who was still fully dressed. The capybara frowned at the collie. "I thought you were with..." he trailed off and shrugged. "Welcome to the game. The game is strip poker, the loser loses clothing until there's only one left and he gets to lord it over all of them." Olavo grinned.

Thomas looked around. The only other brother at the table

was Madoc, who had lost his shirt.

“I’d have expected Limbani to want in on a game like this.”

“He keeps trying,” Madoc said and Olavo shuffled the cards. “But he doesn’t get that strip poker requires you to wear clothing.”

Thomas chuckled. “Maybe we should have a game of reverse strip poker for him. Start naked and anytime you lose you put clothing on.” He grinned at the horrified expression he got. “You guy know I don’t really know poker, right?”

“I don’t think knowing how to play would help any,” the calico cat seated to Thomas’s right said, taking the cards Olavo distributed. “He’s a shark.” He nodded to the capybara, who grinned.

“He’s a capybara,” Thomas replied, distracted by looking at his cards. Two jacks were good, the others were low in a mix of suits. He sighed heavily.

“You’re not supposed to make it that easy on me,” Olavo said.

“Yeah,” Madoc said, his face neutral, “you’re supposed to be here to help me get him naked.”

“That isn’t going to happen,” the capybara replied. “I am the king of poker.”

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Olavo cursed as he took off his socks, glaring at Thomas. “That isn’t how you play poker,” he complained.

“I don’t know what you’re complaining about,” Thomas replied. “You’re still wearing something.”

Thomas had lost his underwear on the last hand. He’d disappointed everyone in the room when he’d taken off his pants before that to reveal he still didn’t go commando. Madoc had rolled his eyes and made a comment about getting Gil to burn all of Thomas’s underwear.

“You realize you’re the only one to have cost him clothing,

right?" the calico said. He too was naked, and Olavo had instructed one of the watchers to get under the table to edge him when he'd lost his hand after getting naked. Edging seemed to be how Olavo lorded his victory over the others. Four of the eight players weren't currently incapacitated by being kept at the edge of orgasm.

Thomas was hard at the idea of that kind of torture and utterly surprised to have lasted this long. It wasn't like he was trying to win or to lose. He'd simply leaned into his inability to have a poker face by overacting every hand he got, without care for the cards. It had caused laughter and somehow thrown the capybara off his game enough he was now flustered.

Thomas kept with the act, gasping so loud as he looked at his card the moans vanished for an instant, then he leaned to the calico and whispered. "Look at these." To the now moaning cat whose eyes were closed. When he grinned at Olavo, the capybara glared back.

This time Olavo wasn't thrown, and when he laid down the straight, to Thomas's two pairs, ace high, he grinned and stood. "On the table," he demanded. "Your ass is mine."

"What, you aren't going to get me edged like the others?" Thomas replied, chuckling. "Am I special?"

"Oh, you're a special kind of pain in my ass," the capybara replied, stepping around the table, "which is why you're getting my cock up yours."

Thomas bent over the table. "At least have someone suck me off."

The capybara got an evil glint in his eyes. "Madoc, how about you edge him while I fuck him, since he seems to feel left out?"

Thomas groaned. That wasn't what he'd—

He groaned deeply as Madoc's mouth closed over his cock. Then Olavo pushed his cock into Thomas's ass and the rat decided he'd lost this in the best way possible.

In short order, the living room was filled with the sound of

sex.

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Thomas yawned and pulled a ham out of the fridge. "Why?" he asked, unable to add anything. The coffee wasn't even ready yet. This was torture, plain and simple.

Somewhere around two in the morning, Thomas had noticed the volume of guys thinning while he was moving on someone's cock. Around four, the moans had diminished and the sex still happening was on the floor, or the couch, or some of the beds, despite the doors having been closed when the party started. By then, Thomas was slowly grinding up and down on Chima's cock.

At six, he'd been ready to crash, utterly sexed out. But he'd been dragged to the kitchen by Yatin and Firmin and given instructions to cut the ham in small cubes.

Were they really going to trust him with a knife in his state?

"It's the house's responsibility to feed anyone left when morning comes."

"So You dragged me because I'm a freshman? Where Limbani and Kuno?"

Firmin offered him a toothy grin. "I dragged you because I like you so much."

Thomas groaned, but the coffee machine dinged so the otter was spared his cursing as he hurried to fill a cup and breathing the wonderful aroma.

Mildly more awake, he set about slicing ham while Yatin cut vegetables and Firmin mixed eggs. They might have to feed everyone, but it seemed it was going to be a simple breakfast.

Over the next three hours, no sex happened, which eventually Thomas was sufficiently awake to be amazed at. They fed the guys who staggered into the kitchen, and the coffee machine worked non-stop. Then someone from the frat would hand clothing to the party-

goers and escort them to the door. Thomas realized no one cared who got whose clothing when the twin donkeys left wearing clothing that didn't match.

With the last of the party-goers gone, the fourteen brothers sat around the table, cups in hand.

Henry raised his cup of tea. "And I proclaim this party to be another success." The other raised theirs and joined in the toast. The bat stood. "And as master of the house, I claim Thomas to start this celebration."

The rat only had time to finish his cup before Olavo and Kuno lifted him off his chair and laid him on his back on the table.

"Do you guys ever have enough of sex?" Thomas asked, laughing.

"That is sacrilege of the highest order," Henry stated as he raised Thomas's legs over his shoulder. "For that infraction, I proclaim you the bottom of all bottoms. No getting off this table until every one of your brothers had gotten off in you."

"Oh poor miserable me," Thomas said in a theatrical tone, arm over his forehead.

With a smirk, the bat pushed into him.

Sometime later, it was decided that fucking Thomas wasn't enough of a punishment, and now he was bent over a chair. With a cock in his ass and extremely large cock in his muzzle, Thomas felt contented.

He was happy. He was where he belonged, with whom he belonged. He glanced up at Chima and the hyena smile at him. For an instant, Thomas felt something was missing, but it didn't last. He was with his brothers, being fucked, being fed their cum.

Maybe it wasn't perfection yet, but it was close enough for Thomas.

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CHAPTER 1.5-13

“And that was the history mid-terms,” Thomas said, reaching under the bed, pulling out a shirt, pants, socks... and underwear far too big to be his? Who in the frat wore underwear other than him? Had one of the guys brought someone over and crashed in his room instead of their own? And why hadn’t they told him?

“Sounds like you passed,” Paul replied from the television. His mother said something the microphone didn’t fully catch, and Paul muted it when he responded. Once it was back he said, “Sorry. She wants to tell you history is important, especially the boring parts.”

Thomas rolled his eyes as he continued to grow the pile of clothes on his bed. “My dad called, didn’t he?” Almost certain he had gathered everything, Thomas looked at the pile and sighed before grabbing his hamper and separating what was his and from what was someone else's. Were people intentionally leaving their clothes in his room?

Paul chuckled, “Not everyone who's concerned about your grades is in league with your father.”

Thomas laughed, “Tell that to the three brothers who have suddenly offered to tutor me.”

Paul rolled his eyes, “Right, because their idea of tutoring would improve your grades.”

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“You realize they don’t need to make excuses to fuck me, right?” A knock on his doorframe got his attention, and he found Gilbert in the doorway tapping his wrist. Thomas in return pointed to the pile of clothes that weren’t his.

The armadillo stepped in, but instead of taking the pile he just grabbed a shirt and left with it. Maybe he could just leave it in the hall... or maybe he could fasten Henry’s chastity belt to his waist himself. Poking his head out the hallway Thomas yelled, “Guys, come and get your stuff or I’m tossing it in the dumpster!”

“Anyway,” Thomas began as a herd of frat brothers made their way in and out of his door, “To the real reason I called.”

“You mean you didn’t call just because you missed me?” Paul asked, “I’m hurt.”

Thomas rolled his eyes, “I see you every day, suck you off every other, and finally got you to fuck me last weekend.”

Paul stuck out his tongue, “All you had to do was say please. But seriously, what’s up?”

“What’s up is you haven’t gotten back to me on if you want in on the post mid-term party,” Thomas responded as the rush of people behind him thinned out, “I know it’s more infamous than the freshman party, but some of the guys have been practicing their dance moves.”

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Paul rolled his eyes, "The horizontal tango isn't a dance."

"Actually, I mean real dancing. Limbani has been taking lessons from Felix of all people," Thomas said, noticing the otter right behind him and taking a moment to exchange flipped birds with him .

Paul shook his head with a grin, "Glad to see you two have fucked and made up."

Thomas shrugged before checking his sheets to make sure no one left anything behind. "It's the Shoot-em Down matching making's fault for constantly putting us up against each other."

The tiger chuckled, "You could just stop sniping him."

"And not perform the best I can for my team," the rat said as he started properly making the bed. "Anyway, you're dodging the question."

"I'm going to pass," Paul finally answered, "Willis's frat is having a party. Besides, the Sigma Theta Gamma midterm party is about the fifth most infamous party of the semester."

Thomas paused in his cleaning to just stare at his best friend, "OK, the only other party we throw is the post finals celebration, so what are those other three doing that has us beat?"

Paul waved dismissively, "Oh, just the usual cocktail of

alcohol, drugs, and orgies that involve all genders. Trust me, I'm not touching those anytime soon."

Thomas just nodded, "So, are you and Willis just friends, or am I going to have to ask Limbani to blow me more while on campus?"

Paul pauses to glance about his room offscreen before responding in a lowered voice, "We had some hangouts that Judith would tease where actually dates, and the dancing is starting to get a bit horizontal. But I've let him know that this is all just casual for me, so last weekend is not going to be the last meeting I've had with that ass of yours."

"Alright, well I hope you two have a good party," Thomas said, finding a family photo that he carefully placed in a milkcrate. "I need to finish party proofing my room. Anything we don't want to lose needs to be locked in the basement ; something about some rival frats having a memento gathering contest."

Paul chuckled, "It's to prove you've actually had sex with a Sigma Theta Gamma guy."

Thomas blinked, "Isn't asking enough? I mean, we're not all as easy as me and Limbani, but any of the guys will at least make room in their schedule if asked."

Paul smiled. "You'd be surprised the number of guys who claim to have had sex with your frat and haven't had the guts to actually go through with it."

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Thomas opened his mouth to claim that was impossible, then closed it. While he never would have claimed to have done it when he hadn't, he could still remember how nervous he was coming here the first two times.

"While I have you all introspective," Paul ambushed, "Have you figured out what your major is going to be yet?"

"What?" Thomas blanched. "Don't tell me my dad is actually conspiring with you."

Paul laughed. Once he calmed down enough to talk, he said, "Don't worry. As far as I'm concerned, a Liberal Art's degree is as valid as any other. But don't let your dad's pressure keep you from choosing something and chasing after it."

Thomas bit back any responses as he rubbed his face. If he had something to choose he would have done it by now.

Paul takes the hint, "Anyway, I'll leave you to orgy proofing your room. Have fun."

"You too," Thomas said before grabbing his phone from beneath the television and terminating the call. He placed that in the milkcrate, followed by his game controller. Then he looked about the room at the posters on the wall, television with keyboard and mouse, and even briefly considered his alarm clock before he realized the one milk crate has nowhere near that amount of room in it.

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Tapping his chin the rat thought, "Maybe I can get Gilbert to help me booby trap my door."

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"Welcome to Sigma Theta Gamma," Thomas told the ermine who was vibrating in place before him. "ID please."

The ermine handed his student ID while trying to look around the rat. He was going to be disappointed. Only he and Laurence were visible, and both of them were dressed. Thomas in his dress shirt and tie, and Laurence in an impeccable business suit.

Thomas wanted to use the suit jacket he got for prom, but the second he tried putting it on it was obvious that wasn't going to be working out for him, mostly due to all the working out Madoc had him doing. Even in just a dress shirt Thomas had to be careful to move as little as possible; he seriously couldn't believe he bulked up so much that something that fit him half a year ago was now threatening to explode if he so much as stretched.

When he was told he'd have door duty, Thomas almost expected to just use boxers and the bathrobe. After all, this isn't the freshman party so they didn't have to worry about scaring people away. But apparently since society demanded their guests arrive in clothes meant the frat wasn't going to embarrass them by already being naked.

He handed the ID back and motioned for the ermine to enter.

“Laurence will mark you, and then you can go to the kitchen for a drink and move about. Any closed door is off limits.” He’d been given the script to say, but aside from the fact the basement door would stay closed he didn’t expect it to hold much water.

The ermine stepped in and Thomas moved back to block the doorway as a pair of identically dressed donkey’s stepped forward. Thomas couldn’t help himself from licking his lips. As sexually charged as the past weeks had been, he’d yet get some from twins. “Welcome to Sigma Theta Gamma. ID please.”

They both moved in unison. Oh, what fun they were going to be.

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“We’re at capacity,” Thomas said to the next guy in line. “Sorry. The next party will be right after finals.” The guy and the six still behind him complained, one even pulling out a hundred dollar bill to be let in.

“We’re at capacity,” Laurence reiterated, stepping up behind Thomas, so close that his erection pressed against the rat’s ass. Thomas pushed back as discreetly as he could. “Consider this motivation to get here earlier in December.” He pulled the rat back and closed the door.

Thomas leaned against the armadillo. “Finally.” He reached for his collar, but Laurence caught his hand.

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“One thing left to do,” he said as he dipped the brush in the bowl of ink, with hardly a drop left, and expertly traced designs where the flesh met fur on his wrist.

Thomas looked at the design, still wondering how they could trace the exact same intricate pattern every time. “I’m a brother, I don’t need to be marked.”

“It’s also tradition,” Laurance said as he marked his own wrist, “And if you remember your initiation, we’re sticklers for tradition.” Before the rat could comment, the armadillo planted a kiss on him that got messy once the rat reciprocated.

“Can’t argue with tradition,” Thomas said when they finally parted, his hands moving to start undoing Laurence’s pants.

“And I got here just in time,” some said, grabbing both Thomas and Laurence’s arms and pulling them away at a rapid pace. The rat and armadillo tried to protest, but the naked collie kept pulling.

“Could you let us undress first,” Thomas managed to say as he staggered not to trip.

“Nope,” Hubert said, “I need you dressed.”

“We have an intruder!” Thomas yelled, “Someone’s trying to pass themselves off as Hubert and demanding we stay dressed!”

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The collie gave Thomas an odd grin and then they were in the second downstairs living room, the crowd of naked guys parting to let them reach the table. "Here's the next victim." The collie pushed them both towards a chair. Once he was no longer moving, Thomas's brain was able to process the green felt of the table, the cards, and the guys in various states of undress.

Everyone, that is, except Olavo. The capybara was fully dressed and had what might be the smuggest face the rat had seen in his life. "Welcome to the game. The name is strip poker, the loser loses clothing until there's only one left and who gets to lord it over them all."

Thomas looked around. The only frat brother amongst the existing players was Madoc, who had lost his shirt. He smiled at Laurence, "Glad to see I'm not the only one who didn't disrobe quickly enough."

Thomas glanced at Laurence, who was fidgeting in his seat. "What's wrong? It's just a foreplay game."

"You haven't played poker against Olavo," Laurence said as the capybara shuffled the cards, "It's like he's a different person."

Thomas shrugged as the cards started to be dealt. "If you say so. Though a word of warning, the only things I know about poker I learned from movies and TV."

"I don't think knowing how to play would help any," the

calico cat seated to Thomas's right said as he looked at his cards. "He's a shark." He nodded to the capybara who grinned.

"He's a capybara," Thomas replied as he distracted himself by looking at his cards. Two jakes were good, the others were low in a mix of suits. He sighed heavily.

"You're not supposed to make it that easy on me," Olavo said.

"Yeah," Madoc said, his face neutral, "You're supposed to be here to help me get him naked."

"That isn't going to happen," the shark- capybara replied. "I'm the king of poker."

Olavo cursed as he took off his tie and tossed it onto his jacket, glaring at Thomas. "That isn't how you play Poker," he complained.

"I don't know what you're complaining about," Thomas replied. "You're still wearing something."

Thomas had lost his underwear on the last hand. He'd disappointed everyone in the room when he'd taken off his pants before that to reveal he still didn't go commando. Madoc had rolled his eyes and made a comment about getting Gil to burn it all during next Sunday dinner.

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“You realize you’re the only one to have cost him clothing, right?” the calico said. He too was naked, and Olavo had instructed one of the watchers to get under the table and edge him when he’d lost his first naked hand. Edging appeared to be how Olavo lorded his victory over the others. Four of the eight players were currently incapacitated by being kept at the edge of orgasm.

Thomas was hard at the idea of that kinda torture, and utterly surprised to have lasted this long. It wasn’t like he was trying to win or lose. He’d simply leaned into his inability to have a poker face by over acting every hand he got, without care for the cards. It had caused laughter and somehow thrown the capybara off his game enough he was now flustered.

Despite being at the end of the line, Thomas kept up the act, gasping so loudly when he looked at his cards that the moans vanished for an instance. Then he leaned to the calico and whispered “Look at these.” The cat, of course, had his eyes shut in near orgasmic ecstasy. When the rat grinned at Olavo, the capybara glared back.

This time Olavo wasn’t thrown, and when he laid down the straight against Thomas’s two pairs, ace high, he stood and grinned. “On the table,” he demanded. “Your ass is mine.”

“What, you aren’t going to edge me like the others,” Thomas asked with a chuckle. “Am I special?”

“What you are is a pain in my ass,” the capybara replied, stepping around the table, “Which is why I’m claiming yours.”

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Thomas bent over the table. "Can I at least get a cock in my face? I'm thirsty."

The capybara got an evil glint in his eyes, "Madoc, how about you edge him while I fuck. Since he seems to feel left out."

Thomas rolled his eyes at the theatrics, and was about to complain when a hot pair of lips closed around his cock. Then Olavo pushed his cock into Thomas's ass and the rat decided he had lost in the best way possible.

It didn't take long for the sounds of sex to fill the living room.

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Thomas yawned and pulled ham out of the fridge. "Why?" he asked, unable to add anything. The coffee wasn't even ready yet, which made moving torture, plain and simple.

Somewhere around two in the morning, Thomas had noticed the volume of guys thinning while he was moving on someone's cock. Around four, the moans had diminished and the sex still happening was on the floor, or the couch, or in the bedrooms because of course those doors were never going to stay closed. By then Thomas was slowly grinding up and down Chima's cock.

At six, he'd been ready to crash, utterly sexed out. But instead

he'd been dragged to the kitchen by Yatting and Firmin, and given instructions to cut ham into small cubes.

Were they really going to trust him with a knife in this state?

"It's the house's responsibility to feed anyone left when it comes." Yatting said as he started cutting up bell peppers.

"So, what, you grabbed me because I'm a Freshman?" Thomas looked around, "Where's Limbani and Kuno?"

Firmin grinned, "I dragged you because we're the only brothers who know how to do anything other than burn toast."

Thomas groaned, "My culinary talent, betrayed by the act of following the directions on a box of Betty Crocker."

Yatting laughed, "You should have seen the cumcakes Limbani tried cooking before you joined. Now are you going to start cooking or what?"

Thomas was about to say something when the coffeemaker dinged. Thomas was on it like lightning, and when he downed his first cup he was a new rat. "OK. Let's do this."

Over the next three hours, no sex happened. They fed the guys who staggered into the kitchen, and the coffee machine worked nonstop. Then someone from the frat would hand clothing to the

party goers, and escort them to the door. Thomas realized no one cared who got whose clothing when the twin donkeys left wearing clothing that didn't match.

With the last party goer gone, the fourteen brothers sat around the table, cups in hand.

Henry raised his cup of tea. "And I proclaim this party to be another success." The others raised theirs and joined in the toast. Then the bat stood, naked and rock hard. "And as the master of the house, I claim Thomas to start the celebration."

The rat only had time to finish his cup before Olavo and Kuno lifted him off his chair and laid him on his back on the table. Thomas, for his part, was laughing. "We're celebrating an orgy with another orgy? Do you guys ever get enough sex?"

"That is sacrilege of the highest order," Henry stated as he raised Thomas's legs over his shoulder. "For that infraction, I proclaim you bottom of all bottoms. Not to get off this table until everyone of your brothers has gotten off in you."

"Oh, how shall I ever endure," the rat said as he raised an arm over his forehead and did his best to not break out in a grin... and completely failed.

With a smirk, the bat pushed into him.

Sometime later, when it was decided people were taking too

long with Thomas's ass, the rat found himself bent over a chair; a cock in his ass, a cock in his mouth, and someone's lips around his own member. With this, Thomas felt content.

He was happy. He was where he belonged with whom he belonged. He glanced up at chima, and the hyena smiled at him. For an instant, Thomas felt something was missing, but it didn't last. He was with his brothers, being fucked, being fed their cum.

Maybe it wasn't perfect, yet, but it was close enough for Thomas.

OUTLINE-13

Chapter 16

###

Bedroom, Thomas, Paul (telephone): Mood: wait, there are more infamous parties?

Thomas is talking to Paul while cleaning up his room. Midterms just ended for most classes, so Sigma Theta Gamma is hosting another party. Thomas lets Paul know he has an invitation; not just because he's his friend, as some of the guys have taken the challenge of "dance with me" serious and have been practicing moves other than the horizontal tango.

Paul passes; the frat's yearly midterm party is about the fifth most infamous party on the campus. Thomas is curious who has them beat, considering they only throw three parties a year. If the question is answered or not doesn't impact the plot much. Still, Thomas hopes Paul is enjoying himself somehow. They hit the midway point of their first semester, they need to recharge for the next stretch. Paul says he's OK; he has some budding friendships in his fellow biochemistry majors. Speaking of which, does Thomas have an idea what his major is going to be yet?

That throws Thomas for a loop, and Paul quickly laughs it off. He isn't Thomas's father, so he doesn't mind if his best friend graduates with a liberal arts degree. But Thomas shouldn't let the pressure from Eric keep him from thinking of possible paths for his future. There isn't much left to the conversation outside of that, though, so they say their goodbyes so that Thomas can get back to orgy proofing his room.

###

Fraternity House, Thomas, Theta Sigma Gamma: Mood: Care to bet

your ass on that?

Thomas feels a little overdressed he takes his freshman roll as door greeter[and ID checkerIt's also important to note that while Thomas will be checking IDs, someone else will be applying the magical mark on the back of the hand. Assuming they're doing it for this party as well.]. Yes, the person at the door needs to be dressed, but given where this party is going he was expecting boxers and a bathrobe. The dress shirt and tie from his highschool graduation feels stuffy... a bit tight [if clothing is already getting tight, is there a reason he doesn't get new sets before christmass?Might be a bit of self projection. I don't cloth shop unless I need to. And tight doesn't in and of itself equate to need.]

[Also money. He isn't employed, after all. His college is paid by his parents, room and board by his roommates. The idea of asking anyone for cloths might be an embarrassment for him.]after all the work Madoc has had him put in at the gym.

Still, being the door greeter has the benefit he gets to see everyone before the blur of sexual bodies take over. There are some returning faces from the previous party, other familiar faces things like Madoc's workout entourage, and possibly even a few teachers. Eventually they reach the houses safe occupancy limits, so a sign is thrown up on the door and it is locked.

No sooner than he has done that, he's dragged off by a naked Hubert, kept from undressing while they move, and then plopped into a chair at a table with half naked guys and a pile of clothes. It's time for strip poker, with the reigning champion a still fully dressed Olavof[do we want to put in a line about Limbany not being allowed to play poker? Limbani is not allowed to play solely because you need to be fully clothed when you sit down.]. It's time to see if Thomas can dethrone the sophomore king.

* * *

The answer is he can't. His tactic of compensating for a lack of poker face by instead acting shocked at every hand actually managed to get Olavo out of his pants when Thomas was dealt four aces, but just mean Olavo had already removed his pants once Thomas has is down to his birthday suit and it's time to fuck him.

From there, the Orgy starts in earnest.

###

Fraternity House, Thomas, Theta Sigma Gamma: Mood: Afterglow
Really? After swallowing all that, you're still hungry?

It was sometime after two that people who weren't fraternity members started passing out. Sometimes after four that most of those hit the floor as well. And at six even the fraternity members stopped, though mostly because they were hosting the party and therefore had one big responsibility... breakfast.

Thomas is with Yating and Firmir in the kitchen cooking, while everyone else helps clear bodies out of the dining area and getting those who are at least somewhat awake to the showers. Despite the fact that everyone is naked with the exception of a few aprons, things are surprisingly nonsexual. Everyone else is fed and given a set of clothes that may or may not be the ones they came in wearing, and with the last guest left the second party of the semester is officially concluded.

Which of course demands a celebration, and which with this group really only means one thing.

In the pause between being spit roasted by one fraternity brother or another, Thomas reflects how while he doesn't know what the future will look like, his present is certainly setting higher bars for what it

Faith

means to be deliriously happy. And for the moment, that's enough.