

## CHAPTER 05

Minneapolis, January 13th

Thomas cursed as he saw the van in the driveway of his parent's house and hid behind the car in the driveway to avoid being seen. He was in Mister Armon's driveway, two houses away, and across the street from his parents. He wanted to hit his head against the car. How hadn't he considered that? Chima had been at the closest stop, of course, they'd send someone here.

Gilbert, by the van.

He could just see it, his mother and father tied to chairs, looking at each other in fear and want as the armadillo brandished burning fireworks to get them to say where Thomas was.

He shook himself. His imagination was running wild. Gilbert wouldn't do something like that. He kept shaking, and he realized he was shivering uncontrollably.

He couldn't stay out here. It was already a miracle he wasn't frozen stiff.

He considered knocking on Mister Armon's door, as it was the closest, but the old man would call his parents no matter what Thomas said, and with Gilbert there... he looked further down the street, but that same reasoning applied to Paul's house. His mother would be there, and worried about Thomas's state, she would call his parents.

It wasn't like he could explain why she needed to wait until his Gilbert was gone before calling. "Hi, Ms. Heeran, yeah, I suddenly discovered I can teleport and now my frat brothers have gone crazy and are hunting me across..."

He looked at the house again.

Could he do it?

He couldn't see his bedroom window from here, so he moved along the street, doing all he could to be inconspicuous in his t-shirt and jeans. He was behind a car park on the side of the road when he sat the form step to the living room window and was elated to notice it was a rat, then he dropped as the bulk on the frame registered.

Fuck. Gilbert wasn't alone, he'd brought Madoc.

\* \* \* \* \*

Minneapolis, October, 9th (date can be adjusted if you feel that's too much time passing)

Thomas swallowed as the other rat lathered his body. More like tactilely analyzed it, using working in the fur wash as an excuse. His flat chest, non-existent abs.

"You need more muscle mass," Madoc said.

"This was just the first sess—" he went utterly still as the rat's hands reach Thomas's cock which was definitely not the largest one either of them had seen. He lingered there, stroking it to full mast and rubbing the balls, and Thomas bit his lower lip to keep from making any sounds. The gym's shower stall definitely wasn't the place to get caught being jerked off.

Just as he thought he wouldn't be able to keep the moaning in, the stroking stopped. "Madoc?" he asked the rat's back.

"Hurry and rinse off," the rat replied, sounding way too satisfied with himself. "The others are waiting."

As the door to the stall closed, cutting Madoc from view and impressing on Thomas how, no, he wasn't going to get an orgasm unless he did it himself, he hurried to rinse and sluice most of the water out of his fur, then hurried to join the other rat on his way to the locker room.

"You could have finished me off, you know," he told Madoc.

“Sorry,” the rat replied with a smirk. “I’m not Limbani, and as impressive as your stamina’s been recently, you have limits.”

“Is that like the money-tree parable or something?” Thomas asked as he followed Madoc. “I’m the tree and if everyone takes more than I can dish out, I’ll die? Because of that’s the case, let me tell you that I don’t mind going—this isn’t the locker room.” He looked around at the tiled wall and towels stacked on shelves. “I think I’ve been here before.”

Madoc sighed. “Figures the monkey beat me to my favorite spot.” He pushed a door open and heat escaped it. Not as much as sauna should generate, but Thomas decided that was for the best as he followed him in and saw the six hunks fucking on the bench.

The only one he recognized was the giraffe who’d stop by as Thomas was doing Lat pulls under Madoc’s supervision. Now he knew what he’d been inviting the rat to.

“You made it,” the giraffe said, but looking at Thomas.

He swallowed as his tail twirled around his leg.

“Madoc,” he said as the other kept him from backing out. There had been nothing with quite this many guys since the event that had been his hazing, well, a trip to heaven. He’d been with two and three guys at the frat, and there was the fivesome that had involved Gilbert, Laurent, Kuno, and of course, Limbani. But this was upping that number and—

Madoc pushed him to an open spot on the bench. “You worked hard during that first session, so now, it’s time for your reward.” He sat Thomas, lifted his legs over his shoulders, and pushed his cock in. Thomas’s moans joined the others, only cut when a muzzle pressed against his. Not Madoc, the giraffe. Hands roamed his body, more than just the rat fucking him, and when a mouth closed over his cock and Thomas screamed in the ongoing kiss as he came.

With a tweak of Thomas’s nipple, the giraffe broke the kiss, and before the rat caught his breath, there was a cock at his lips. He eagerly sucked it in and then the guy—all Thomas saw was white fur

—took care of the thrusting.

With a grunt, Madoc came, and no sooner had he pulled out that another, thicker, cock was inside him. Thomas moaned as his cock was sucked again. The white-furred guy thrust harder, then was still as he filled Thomas's mouth with cum.

"You have got to be kidding me!" the yell nearly had Thomas biting the cock and choking on the cum. Then he was trying to flee, but white fur was still pressed against his face and no amount of pushing moved him. And the guy fucking him wasn't stopping.

"How many times do I have to tell you, Madoc, to message me when you're starting one of these?" Thomas managed to angle his head and see the stocky, older, naked rhino in the doorway. "I had to hear about it from Jerry."

"Sorry," Madoc replied, and Thomas found him on a higher bench, with his legs over his shoulder and the giraffe fucking him. "It wasn't going to be a group thing, but there were already here. Thomas is a brother I'm starting to train. Thomas, meet Hector. He'd the football coach."

Thomas's breathing slowed with the realization everyone knew everyone else, so he didn't bolt up and away when white fur, a polar bear, moved off his face.

"I'm calling this capacity," the rhino said, latching the door. "It's a good thing none of you remembered to do that because if I had been locked out, I'd have made the team pay for it." He leveled his gaze on them. "And made sure they knew who's fault it was."

The one fucking him, a buffalo, grunted as he came, and sat on a bench.

"Thomas is it?" the rhino said, taking the buffalo's place. "It's a pleasure to meet you." He pushed his cock in and Thomas's reply was taken away by the rough fucking.

Okay, if this was how every training session was going to end, maybe he could find a way to clear a spot on Monday, Wednesday,

Faith

and Friday like Madoc wanted him to do.