

CHAPTER-5

Thomas looked at the townhouses as he walked toward Sigma Theta Gamma, trying to discern which ones were the ones comprising the frat house. He didn't remember other doors, even if every houses had one from the outside, but the tour had been the very description of whirlwind, and after that, his attention had been on other things.

He'd considered asking Paul to drive him, but Thomas didn't even know if his friend would be allowed to come in and watch, or if Paul would care to watch. Voyeurism wasn't something they'd ever discussed, and while Paul had seen Thomas blow guys, it hadn't sounded like he'd gotten off on it.

The bus stop was at the end of the block and while he'd walked quickly, his pace slowed as he recognized the door, trepidation setting in. Was he the one who was expected to bring protection? How about lube? He reached for his phone, wondering if lubed protection was a thing.

Was this smart?

He rolled his eyes. Sex wasn't about being smart, it was about having fun. His dad would so not approve, and on that Thomas climbed the steps to the house and knocked.

The door opened and a red panda in a black bathrobe with three symbols on the left side breast smiled at him. Greek letters? The ones for the frat? Paul would know.

"Right on time, I like that." The panda licked his lips and stepped out of the way. Behind him, in identical bathrobes were Brukammer, and a capybara, whose robe was open. Thomas stared at the plump cock, then jumped when a hand pushed him forward, nearly stumbling into the collie.

"Careful there," Brukammer said, steadying him.

"Sorry." Thomas stepped back, into the panda.

“Oh, you have nothing to be sorry about.” A hand ran down Thomas’s back, and stopped at the tail strap. “Well, maybe except for being fully dressed. We can ‘t have that, can we, my friends?” Like many of the guys Thomas had met in the frat, the panda had a slight accent he couldn’t place.

“No,” Brukammer answered, stepping forward, reaching for Thomas’s belt, “That will not do. Sigma Theta Gamma members should proudly display their members.”

“You guys aren’t doing that,” Thomas stammered.

“We have to have rules about answering the door in the fur,” The capybara said, leaning against the wall and watching Thomas being undressed. “Otherwise we would have too many lawsuits.”

“Would anyone really answer the door naked?” Thomas yipped as Brukammer cupped his balls and licked his lips.

“Not now, Hubert,” the panda said as the collie dropped to his knees, pulled the pants and underwear down. “There are protocols to be followed.”

With a sigh the collie stood, his robe parted by the erect cock. Now Thomas wanted to drop to his knees.

“Well, someone likes what he’s seeing.” The capybara said, grinning and Thomas almost covered himself, but he reminded himself the collie had been about to blow him, so clearly they also liked what he had, as unimpressive as it was.

“Now, step out of your shoes and pants,” the panda said, undoing Thomas’s shirt. “If we don’t hurry, the others are going to come searching for us and we don’t want that. It would distract from what we have to do.”

“Do you guys realize how ominous you are making this sound?” Thomas asked.

“You are using the wrong word,” the capybara said somberly. “Momentum is the word you wish to use. Being allowed into our fraternity is a great honor. One that must be treated with respect and

ritual.”

“I don’t think you’re using that word right,” Olavo, Humbert said.

“We are performing a ritual,” the capybara said.

“Yeah, but...” the collie stopped and grinned. “You know what, who cares. Let’s just get this moving.”

The panda urged the naked rat forward, and Humbert led them to a door, which once opened revealed stairs going down. Thomas hesitated, memories of horror movies flashing by, and how basement were used in those, then reminded himself this wasn’t a movie, or at least not a horror one.

At the bottom of the stairs, he looked into a dimly lit room. It wasn’t as large as he’d expected, and seemed to be bare earth, which had too be for effect. The few lights on the wall were lower, six of them. The ceiling—

“We are here,” someone said, and Thomas’s attention was pulled toward the men standing in the room, “to test a supplicant.”

Supplicant? Who used a word like that? Thomas wondered, and realized he was thinking of anything other than the men before him. A quick count gave him thirteen. Thirteen named and hard guys, except for one of them, who wore a mask of some sort, a skull of a saber-tooth tiger, by the long fangs protruding down from the jaw, but also with antlers.

“Name yourself, supplicant,” the mask wearing Limbani demanded. Thomas recognized his voice not that he was forcing himself to pay attention.

“Th—Thomas Hertz.” Paul said he’d blow the whole frat, did that meant he’d blown thirteen guys? More than that, since he’d also blown some of the attendees of the party. Thomas’s chest puffed in pride.

“Step forward supplicant, that your lord can observe and judge you.”

“Really?” Thomas asked, unable to stop himself, “Lord?”

“Come on, just go along with it,” Limbani replied in a hushed tone, and among the snickering from the others were a few disapproving murmurs. Limbani had said this was in part to appease some who weren’t entirely happy with having Thomas join. Could they decide not to let him in if they weren’t happy with how he performed?

He stepped forward, trying to make his walk solom. Closer, he noticed that next to Limbani was a table of some sort, which, like the earthen walls imitated stone.

Limbani walked around him. “The lord approves of this body’s supplicant.” He stepped back. “Prepare him for the test of his body.”

The bat, Henry, and Laurence, the armadillo stepped out of the assembled men, Henry holding a bowl, and Laurence an art brush like the one that had been used at the party.

“You’re enjoying this too much,” The bat whispered as he walked by Limbani. “I’m in charge, remember?” he cleared his voice and in a deep voice said. “The supplicant is to offer me his hands.”

Thomas did so, and Laurence dipped the brush in the bowl. In the low light Thomas couldn’t see the ink, and for a moment thought there was nothing, but the brush was wet when the armadillo traced designs on his palm. He smiled at Thomas. “Relax,” he whispered, “you’re going to have a good time.”

Thomas wanted to point out that was exactly not the kind of thing to say when you wanted someone to relax. But then, Laurence was on his knees, painting something on Thomas’s cock, making him moan.

The armadillo stood, looked Thomas in the eyes and kissed him. After the surprise, Thomas melted in it with a deep moan that made his cock ache. He started to wrap his arms around the armadillo but they were caught, and then Laurence stepped away, grinning.

“The supplicant is ready,” he said. “Lie back on the altar.”

With Henry’s help, Thomas sat on it, and realized it was actual stone, the top smooth, but uneven, and cold through this short fur. It was long enough for his head and torso, and there was even a rise for his head to rest on.

Wasn’t this a little much just for his sake?

Then his legs were raised over the Mask wearing monkey’s shoulders and felt the cock press between his ass cheek, and suddenly exactly what they were planning slammed into Thomas.

He tensed.

“Hey,” Limbani whispered, “it’s okay.”

“I—” Thomas swallows and lowered his voice. “I’ve never done this.”

“I know, but don’t worry, you’re going to enjoy it. We’ve seen to it.”

“What if I’ve changed my mind?”

Someone cleared his throat in a ‘are we doing this’ sound.

“Have you?” Limbani asked.

Thomas thought about it, and realized that he was scared of the unknown. Of course he’d never done this, but that didn’t mean he didn’t want to. He shook his head.

“Then take a breath, relax, and let it out.”

Thomas took the breath, held it and willed his body to loosen, then let it out, and moaned as Limbani pushed his cock in his ass at the same time. “Oh fuck!”

The monkey groaned as balls touched balls and Thomas forced his eyes opened, looking into the monkey’s blue eyes visible in the mask’s eye holes. Then Limbani pulled out and pushed back in, and Thomas’s eyes rolled back in pleasure. A few more thrust and the

money was picking up speed.

“Fuck,” he whispered, “this is better than I saw.”

Thomas snorted at the incongruity, but couldn't find the energy to comment. If he'd know being fucked would feel this good, he'd have done this way sooner.

With a cry, Limbani pushed his cock in deep and held it there, and as it pulsed in his ass Thomas let out a moan of pleasure.

When the cock pulled out, Thomas opened and eye. Henry was taking the mask off Limbani and putting it on, then took his place between Thomas's legs. Without preamble or speech, the bat pushed his cock in and Thomas was moaning again. The brown eyes in the mask's eyes hole looked at him in amusement, as Henry thrust in and out, hands roaming over the rat's chest, tweaking the nipples, which made Thomas jump and groan.

“My cock,” he whispered. Fuck he was so hard it was painful.

“Not yet,” Henry said, his grin almost malicious.

Thomas wanted to complain, but the bat change his angle of thrust and all that came on of the rat's throat was a groan. Then Henry was fucking him hard, and came hard too, but silently.

Thomas was loud enough for the both of them.

He barely got an eye open in time to see another rat put the mask on as he replaced Henry. The cock slid in slowly, stretching the moan of pleasure from Thomas, and the hands ran over his chest.

“You could use some muscle mass,” the rat said, or Thomas though he said. He wasn't certain there was anything real at this point. This was better than any porno he watched, or stories he read.

This was heaven.

He moans and groaned in pleasure, guys came into him and pulled out, replaced. Thomas floated in a sea of pleasure, one he never wanted to end. He didn't even try to keep track of who was fucking

him. Catching a flash of golden fur, one of redish brown, black fur.

Then his ass was stretch further than any had before and Thomas's eyes snapped open long enough to see the hyena over him, then all he saw was the empty eye holes of the mask ask Chima fucked him.

He was slow, almost tender, and as the pleasure built in Thomas he was filled with a sense of rightness, of belonging. Of being where he had always being intended to me. Who he had been intended to be with.

He thought Chima said things, but words were meaningless now. Thomas and being where he should be was all there was. Those empty sockets peering into him, seeing something they approved of.

Chima picked up speed, groaned and tensed, and as the cock in his ass pulsed, Thomas could only think that yes, this was where he belonged.

And then the world exploded in the white of his biggest orgasm yet.

CHAPTER 1.5-5

Thomas looked at the townhomes as he walked towards Sigma Theta Gamma. Outside of the addresses, they were identical down to the front doors. If the ones on either side of the frat house were in fact facades, they were good ones. Of course they might not be; Limbani's tour was the definition of whirlwind; Thomas couldn't even remember if it was the right, left, or both houses that should be suspect.

It would have been easier to not dwell on such inconsequential details if Paul was here, but no matter how much his friend insisted he was OK with being a glorified taxi, Thomas still didn't want to impose. Besides, they probably wouldn't let Paul in. Even if they did, the tiger didn't seem to be a voyeur... though if he was here he'd probably be winding Thomas up like a jack in the box.

Thomas winced as he reached the front door to the fraternity. Of course he'd think about that before he had a chance to knock. Maybe he should have brought protection... or at least lube. Was lube protection a thing?

Thomas caught himself reaching for his phone. This was a fraternity that revolved around sex; if there was a sex related product they didn't have on hand, it was because they didn't approve of it. This was just Thomas looking for excuses not to be put in their sex sling... of course they didn't say there would be one, though that begs the OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES THOMAS JUST KNOCK.

When Thomas's knuckles lifted off the door he felt like his heart was about to explode. Instead of the door

opening to reveal a bat in dominatrix leathers or something, Thomas was greeted with a red panda in a black bathrobe... with the letters E O R embroidered on the side? No, wait, they were shaped wrong; must be Greek .

“Gotta appreciate a man who is on time,” the red panda said before licking his lips. Stepping aside with a flourish he gestured for Thomas to enter. Behind the panda was Brukammer, in an identical bathrobe, and a capybara... who apparently missed the memo on keeping the robes closed. Thomas couldn’t help but stare at the plump cock as he walked in, and jumped when someone placed a hand on him.

“Careful,” Burkammer said, catching the incoming rat, “Wouldn’t want you to break yourself before your initiation.”

Thomas steadied himself before trying to get his feat underneath him. “Sorry, just-” he began to apologize only to bump into the panda.

“Oh, you have nothing to be sorry about,” the red panda said as their hand ran down his back, stopping at the tail strap. “Except for maybe wearing so many layers. You did realize what we’d be doing tonight, right?” Like most of the frat, the panda had an accent Thomas couldn’t completely place.

“OH, I think he has ideas,” Burkhamer chuckled as he groped Thomas’s package and undid his belt at the same time. “But after tonight, you’ll rarely need to worry about clothes inside this house ever again.”

Thomas glanced once again at the embroidery on their shared piece of clothing. “So the robes...”

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“Just for answering the front door,” the capybara said, leaning against the wall as he watched the rat get undressed. “You’ll find most of the rules in this house involve keeping us from getting sued for doing... well what we do...”

Thomas really didn’t need that suggestive image running through his head and down to his cock. Though Burkhammer flashed a grin as he cupped Thomas’s balls and pressed their bodies closer.

“Not now, Hubert,” the red panda said as he finished pulling Thomas’s shirt off. “We’re doing this as authentically as possible.”

The collie sighed, and bent down to finish pulling off Thomas’s pants and underwear. As he walked away with them, his erect cock was parting his robes and making Thomas thirsty again.

“Well someone likes what he’s seeing,” the capybara said, grinning. Thomas only managed to not cover himself up by holding both hands behind his back, his tail reflexively curling around one leg.

“OK, let’s hurry this up,” the panda said from between Thomas’s feet as he pulled off his socks one by one. “If we don’t get downstairs soon, the others will come to check in on us and then we’ll have way too many distractions from what we have to do tonight.”

Thomas swallowed, “You guys realize that phrasing it like that only makes it more ominous?”

“You mean momentous,” the capybara said, suddenly

sobering up. “An outsider being allowed into the fraternity is a great honor. One must treat the process with the respect and ritual it deserves.”

“I don’t think you’re using the word right, Olavo,” Hubert said, beginning to walk into the house.

“We are performing a ritual,” the capybara retorted as he followed the canine. Next to him, the red panda urged the rat forward.

After a very short journey, they reached a door that, once opened, led downstairs. All three of his escorts shed their robes. As Olavo and Hubert walked downstairs, the red panda patted Thomas’s shoulder. “Just give us a thirty second head start to get into position and come on down. Don’t worry... if nothing else you will enjoy this.”

Thomas only nodded back, remembering Limbani saying the same thing. Still, as the rat watched the red panda disappear into the darkness and tapped a beat on his thigh, he couldn’t help feeling like this was a horror movie and he was about to walk into the slasher’s dungeon.

Of course, this could be a slightly different type of movie and there still be a dungeon down there. That thought was all it took to break the trepidation for Thomas to start walking forward.

At the bottom of the stairs was a dimly lit room. It wasn’t as large as Thomas expected, and seemed to be bare earth. There were a few lights on the wall, and then on the ceiling-

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“We are here,” someone said, pulling Thomas’s attention towards the semicircle of men standing in the room, “to test a supplicant.”

Supplicant? When they said ritual, these people weren’t kidding. A quick count of the men in front of him showed there were thirteen, all naked and hard. Well, mostly naked, as before Thomas could start attaching identities to the people in front of him his attention was caught by the mask wearing monkey. A mask that was some sort of saber tooth tiger skull with antlers.

“Name yourself, supplicant,” the mask wearing Limbani demanded, seeming fully into character.

“Th- Thomas Hertz,” the rat managed to get out. Thirteen guys. Thomas had blown thirteen guys, plus some random party goers, and they were all arranged in front of him. For some reason though, the rat knew they weren’t looking for a repeat performance.

“Step forward supplicant,” the masked monkey intoned, “So that your lord can observe and judge you.”

Thomas complied, though with a raised eyebrow. He mouthed the word "lord" back at Limbani.

“Just go along with it,” Limbani replied in a hushed tone, one followed by some snickers from the others, but also some disapproving murmurs. Limbani had said this was in part to appease a few not happy with Thomas joining. Would they change their mind based on how well he performed?

Trying to maintain a posture of dignity and respect without covering himself up, Thomas distracted himself from the eyes on him by looking at an object that was right behind the monkey; a stone block of some sort right in the middle of the room.

The rat didn't have to distract himself long as Limbani finished his slow walk around him. "The lord approves of this supplicant's body." He moved away. "Prepare him for the test of his body."

The bat and one of the armadillos, Henry and Laurence, stepped out of their position in the semicircle. Henry was holding a bowl, while Laurence had an art brush much like from the party.

"You're enjoying this too much," the bat whispered to the monkey, "I'm in charge, remember?" He cleared his throat, and in a deep voice said, "The supplicant is to offer me his hands."

Thomas did so, and the armadillo dipped the brush in the bowl. Remembering how dark the ink was at the party, Thomas wasn't surprised he would only see the ink once it was applied to his palms. "Relax," he whispered, "You're going to have a good time."

Thomas wanted to say something about how it was impossible to relax in this situation, but the armadillo was suddenly on his knees painting something on Thomas's cock, making the rat bite his lips in an effort not to moan before they'd done anything.

Laurence Rowling then stood and, before Thomas

could do anything, kissed him. That made Thomas's resolve melt in a whimpering moan. He really needed these guys to finish with the pomp and ceremony and just get to the main show already. Thomas started to move to embrace the armadillo, but his arms were caught and Laurence stepped away with a grin on his face.

“The supplicant is ready,” Henry said, “Lie back on the altar.”

With Henry's help, Thomas sat on it, and realized it was real rough hewn stone, not imitation concrete. It's surface was uneven, but it was smooth. As the others helped him get into position, Thomas found the unevenness was part of the design as it contoured almost perfectly for his body.

Was this all just for him, or did they have this in their basement the entire time ?

Then his legs were raised over the Mask wearing monkey's shoulders, and the rat felt the cock pressed between his ass cheeks. Whelp, this certainly narrowed down how this night was going to go rather quickly.

Despite telling himself he'd be ready for anything, even this, the rat tensed.

“Hey,” Limbani whispered, “It's okay.”

Thomas swallowed, and kept his voice so low he doubted the monkey could even hear him. “I've never done this.”

“We know,” the monkey responded, “But don't worry,

we've ensured that you'll enjoy this."

Thomas really couldn't see how anything they've just done would have ensured that. "What if I've changed my mind?"

Someone cleared his throat in a 'are we doing this' sound.

The Limbani ignored them and instead asked. "Have you?"

Thomas thought about it, and realized that he was scared of the unknown. Of course he'd never done this, but that didn't mean he didn't want to. He shook his head.

Limbani grinned, "Then take a breath, relax, and let it out."

Thomas inhaled as deep as he could, did his best to force his body to loosen up, and then started to exhale. That almost turned into a gasp as the monkey pushed his cock in rhythm with the breath. "Oh fuck," the rat whispered with no breath left to shout .

The monkey groaned as balls touched balls, and Thomas forced his eyes to open. He saw the monkey's blue eyes visible in the mask's eye holes. Then Limbani pulled out and pushed back in, causing Thomas to roll his eyes back in pleasure. A few more of those and the monkey started to pick up speed.

"Fuck," Limbani whispered, "This is better than I saw."

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Thomas wanted to roll his eyes at the monkey's supposed power of prophecy, but his eyes were still perpetually rolled back in pleasure. Fuck, if he knew being fucked felt like this, he would have done it sooner.

With a cry, Limbani pushed his cock in deep and held it there, and Thomas could feel it pulse in his ass as he moaned.

When the cock pulled out, Thomas opened his eyes again. Henry was taking the mask off Limbani and putting it on, then took his place between Thomas's legs. Without any fanfare, the bat pushed his cock in and Thomas was moaning again. The brown eyes in the mask's eye holes looked at him in amusement. While Limbani was there for one thing and one thing alone, Henry took the time to explore Thomas's body; tweaking the nipples and other various body parts as he searched for what would make the rat moan harder.

In small desperation, Thomas tried to make a suggestion, "My cock?"

"Not yet," the bat responded, his grin almost malicious.

Thomas wanted to complain, but the bat changed his angle of thrust and all that came out of the rat's throat was a groan. From that point forward Henry fucked him hard, and when he came it was without any cry.

That was okay. Thomas was loud enough for both of them.

He barely got an eye open in time to see another rat put the mask on, taking Henry's place. The cock slid in slowly,

and the hands explored his torso up the side and across his chest. “You could use some more mass,” the rat muttered. Or at least Thomas thought he did. He was starting to remember what it felt like at the party when things had become nothing but a haze. Of course, haze wasn’t the right word to describe this.

Heaven was more appropriate.

The moans, the groans, the cries of guys cumming into him only for them to pull out and get replaced by the next. It was a sea of pleasure, and Thomas didn’t want it to end. He didn’t even try to keep track of who was fucking him anymore. Fur. Golden, reddish brown, black... just phasing into one.

Then his ass was stretched further than any had before, and Thomas' eyes snapped to attention to see the hyena over him, only to have his vision fall into the empty eye holes of the mask as Chima fucked him .

Despite his size, though likely because of it, he was slow. Almost tender. And as the pleasure built in Thomas, he was filled with a sense of belonging. This was where he had always been intended to be. Who he had been intended to be with.

He thought Chima said things, but words were meaningless now. Thomas and being where he should be was all there was. Those empty sockets peering into him, seeing something they approved of.

Chima picked up speed, groaned and tensed, and as the cock in his ass pulsed, Thomas could only think that this was

where he belonged...

And then the world exploded in the biggest orgasm of his life yet.

OUTLINE-5

Chapter 8

###

Fraternity [Note to self, start seeding the madoc subplot] House, Thomas, Sigma Theta Gamma: Mood: It won't be too bad, it can't be too bad, oh dear god, what is that?

Thomas heads to the frat house, wondering if he should have brought lube... or protection... or lubed protection. He's greeted friendly enough at the door by some frat mates in bath robes [things Thomas interprets as being bathrobes? Or, you know, actual bathrobes. Because the Society's formal religious garb is their birthday suits but someone needed to answer the door and let Thomas in.]

[Besides, bathrobes are nice, fluffy, and hard to mistake when you lay eyes on one.]. They are gentle enough, though they are firm once it comes time for Thomas to disrobe and then wait one minute before joining them downstairs to meet the others [it feels like someone would stay with him, not limbani, no one would trust the monkey not to start things up there. Henry maybe?].

Thomas does so, with a hyperactive mind the entire time, and what he finds downstairs both meets and exceeds his expectations. Thirteen [by this point, has Thomas consciously met all 13? when they are watching him they don't approach, so does he know that there are only 13 guys in the frat? He's certainly seen all of them at the party, but he did go on autopilot at some point... so I'm going to go with a maybe. Depends on the conversation he had with Limbani before things started.] guys, all hard, with only a single saber tooth tiger mask between them for clothing. The ceremony starts, and Thomas is told to take his position on the stone altar, which Thomas is very surprised to find is actually stone.

* * *

Then he's fucked... by all thirteen of them. Starting with Limbani, and ending with Chima[and Thomas might not remember the entirety of this tooCorrect, but you did want to include Thomas looking into Chima's eyes near the end.]...