

CHAPTER 03

Minneapolis, January 13th

Should that have qualified as a famous last words line? He was still alive, but the decision to go to that party had changed just about everything, it seemed.

He shouldered the door leading out of the covered walkway and almost backed right inside. As cold as it has been in there, the wind made the outside worse. But he had people chasing him so they'd be behind him, and ahead of him was the entrance to the metro with a crowd of people.

He hurried. People meant, among other things, body heat, and right now, he needed it. It also meant he could get lost among them. Get in, jump the gate and lose his pursuers among everyone heading home after a day of work.

"I'm telling you," a far too close voice said, "this is where I see him."

Thomas looked around for the monkey just as another voice he knew replied to him.

"I don't know how you can see him among that crowd," Kuno said. "I can't tell anyone apart."

He found Limbani as the monkey looked in his direction, the margay at his side. "Thomas! Wait up!"

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Minneapolis, August, 5th

"I told you he'd say yes!" The monkey hugged Thomas as the rat was still getting over the way the margay who'd checked his ID had looked him up and down like he was a prime cut of meat.

“How about you wait to molest the Freshman until after I’ve marked him?” the collie holding the bowl with dark ink and brush said. “I need to know if he leans to the left or the right.”

Thomas eeped in surprise as Limbani groped him. “The right,” the monkey said.

The collie rolled his eyes. “The wrists, Adesida, the wrists. Do you want him to rub it off and get kicked out?”

“That isn’t what’s getting rubbed.”

Thomas retreated from the hand reaching for his crotch again and stepped into the margay.

“Sorry.”

“You’ll get your turn, Richard,” Limbani said.

“Freshman, you don’t belong here,” the collie ordered. “This is for processing the arrivals, and you’re in the way. Go wait for your pick-of-the-minute down the hall.”

“What’s that about me getting kicked out?”

“Give me the hand you jerk off with first so I can mark you.”

“It’s sounding like he isn’t going to have to use either, the margay said without looking in their direction.

“I swear. Freshmen don’t take this job seriously anymore. Richard, stop commenting and check IDs.”

“I can multitask, Brukhammer.”

Thomas processed the names as the collie drew a design on his left wrist. The grad student teaching his economics class was named Brukhammer, and Richard he knew from —”

“We have a history of underage guys crashing our parties,” the collie said. “Dares, sexual explorations. We don’t need the aggravation. Anyone who looks too young and doesn’t have that gets escorted out.”

Thomas stepped aside so Paul could get the mark, and ignored the monkey motioning for him to join. He delayed by a few seconds by comparing the two marks. They were identical, something abstract that had to have taken the collie a lot of practice to be this accurate.

Paul pushed him toward the monkey, and this time, the hug came with a hand on Thomas's ass and the grinding of hard cocks. "I knew he'd let you come. Let me give you the tour."

"Actually, my mom was who made it happen," Thomas said as Limbani pulled him along and away from Paul, trying to forget the way she'd whispered something to his father, and the way he'd escorted her up to their bedroom, her hand on his ass.

He shouldn't know how sexual his parents were. That was just wrong.

He collided against the monkey's back in time to someone clearing his throat before them. A bat stood in their way, arms crossed over his chest.

"Limbani, what have I told you about taking for granted what someone else wants?"

"That's not what I'm doing." He pulled Thomas next to him and put an arm over his shoulders. "I'm just going to show my undecided freshman the house so he can decide where we're going to have our fun"

"That is exactly—" the bat shook his head. "You know what. You get a pass for tonight." He offered Thomas his hand. "Henry Hendrick. If this one pushes too far, come and tell me. I'll make sure he's punished properly."

He shook the hand. "Thomas Hertz. And you don't have to worry, I am okay with what we're going to do... it's just all a bit new. Came out of the closet at prom, so not exactly an expert at... you know." Thomas's ears burned so how he could probably keep food warm with them.

"Nevertheless," Henry said, smiling affectionately, "you don't

have to say yes to the first offer just because this is your first time. At Sigma Theta Gamma, we believe sex is an important part of life, and I would hate for you to be scared into being a lifetime virgin by one of my charges.”

Charges made Henry sound like he was an old man looking after children when he couldn't be more than a few years older than Thomas. Even if he was a grad student, that would make him in his mid-twenties, maybe early thirties, if he'd taken his time getting there.

The bat stepped aside, and Limbani was pulling Thomas along again. He looked over his shoulder once, feeling Henry's eyes on him, but the bat was talking with Paul. Then he was looking ahead again as he nearly tripped from the speed he was being pulled at.

The monkey stopped in the living room, filled with guys talking and laughing. He only saw one couple on their way to first base among them and wondered where all the sex was happening. Then he remembered that most guests were freshmen like him, so he might not be the only one with lower sexual confidence.

Then there was a glimpse of the kitchen, and they were through another living room.

What?

How large was the frat? And hadn't they made it past the townhouse's wall to reach this room? The frat stood on a row of townhouses he and Paul had walked by since the only parking at been at the end of the block.

Thomas tried to find the breath to ask, but he needed it to keep up with the monkey and they reach stairs. The second floor had bedrooms, a lot of them. How many guys were in the frat? Opposite one bedroom door was an open one, and he was the one to nearly yanking the monkey off his feet as he looked into the bathroom.

It was one large room with overhead showerheads in the center. On one side were sinks on the other, the only stalls there, but much too small to be other showers.

Limbani poked his head in, then smirked. "What? Did you think we'd have individual showers? Where's the fun in that? And it isn't like we've never seen what the other guys are sporting." He paused. "Well, except for one." He smiled. "I'll introduce you later." Then he was pulling Thomas again as something that had to approach warp two.

They were through a lounge where guys were watching sports on a large screen. Then Thomas had a plastic cup in his hand and the afterimage of dark brown, lustrous fur.

"Keep him hydrated," the otter yelled after them.

"I was planning on it, Felix!" the monkey replied.

"Your cum doesn't count!"

"There's water in that!" Limbani gave Thomas a shrug. "You have to excuse him. Chouteaus think they run everything."

Thomas didn't bother trying to figure that one out, sniffing the cup. As the otter implied, this had no alcohol, only a fruit cocktail, which he sipped as best as he could at the breakneck pace the monkey was imposing.

Up another set of stairs, past doors that Limbani said were bedrooms. Then he was in one of them, taking in the bed, desk, and dresser. An unusual sound made him turn around; the monkey was leaning against the door, letting go of the knob.

The sound had been that of a lock. And Thomas fought the irrational giggle at the idea he'd confirmed there was such a thing as a bedroom door lock. He could bring the information home and his siblings could rejoice and then demand they get some too so they could have privacy.

"And this one is my room," Limbani said with a tone of 'there are many like it, but mine is the best'.

Thomas's nod stop midway. "Wait, how did you rate a room in a frat? I thought you had to be a sophomore to get one."

“You’re in my room and that’s what you want to know about?” the monkey asked suspiciously.

“Well, yeah.”

“You saw how our booth didn’t have signs and all we did was talk about the party, right? We don’t take outsiders, so that means there’s always room available, unlike the other frats that have the kind of waiting lists the Al-khatib accumulate outside their bedroom doors.”

Thomas finished the nod and looked around again. On the desk was the picture of three monkeys hugging. He changed to one of two of them in the process of throwing the third in a lake.

The bed creaking made Thomas look over his shoulder and freeze in the process of looking at the frame again. How had the monkey gotten naked in the few seconds he’d looked at the pictures?

The innocent expression was in stark contrast to the erection fully on display. The large erection. Was it a foot long? Should he be dancing at the chance of a lifetime, or... his ass bumped the desk as he took a step back. He felt his tail wrapped around his leg. Okay, it was the ‘I might not survive the experience’ feeling that won.

“I... you...” he swallowed. “Please tell me you have smaller dildos in a drawer. Like a dozen of them, so I can work myself up to...” he motioned to the monkey’s cock. “You”

Limbani’s small ear canted back in confusion, looking down at his cock.

Did he not realize how big he was? Thomas wondered.

The expression cleared as the monkey looked back up and grinned. “Oh, I’m not fucking you.” He got a faraway expression, then nodded. “No, I’m not.” He put his hands behind his head. “I’m just going to sit here and let you do whatever you want to me.”

Thomas looked into his cup and wondered if he should go see if there was alcohol in the house. He drained it and put the cup on the desk. He was doing this. “So...” maybe not? “Am I really that obvious,

or is gaydar an actual thing? Because even at the park, you were after me.”

Limbani raised an eyebrow. “Maybe you’re just that gorgeous.”

Thomas stared at the monkey, not finding the joke funny.

Surprised, Limbani hesitated, then said. “Okay, I shouldn’t tell you this. It is kind of a no-no, but I know stuff. It’s mostly who I’m going to have sex with, and when, and where.” He motioned around them. “I saw this coming that morning.”

Thomas considered that one of the worse come-on-line he’d ever heard. And he was already here, in the bedroom of a naked guy offering him his cock to...

Oh fuck, what was he still doing on that side of the room?

He dropped to his knees between the monkey’s legs and stared at that cock up close. What was he expected to do with something that long, that thick? He wrapped a hand around the firm and hot shaft. His index barely touched his thumb. With this other he hefted the monkey’s balls and they fit in his hand perfectly. This was the kind of specimen he’d only seen on the net before, and those pictures always left him wondering if photo manipulation had been used.

Limbani chuckled, and Thomas looked up at an amused monkey. “It’s not made to be admired. It’s made to be used. Just be careful of your gag reflex.”

He licked the tip, not pausing at the salty taste of the precum. He moved down, wrapping his lips around the head. Pushed and pulled, his tongue roaming the surface while his lips teased the crown. The monkey sighed, and Thomas prepared himself for a hand on his head to guide him.

It didn’t come, and a glance up showed him Limbani with his hands still behind his head, eyes closed, and with a contented smile. He was true to his word not to interfere with what Thomas wanted.

And what he wanted, was more of this cock.

He pushed down, taking in more of it, feeling the texture with his tongue. He liked the feel of it in his muzzle, and he kept pushing down. Then he pulled up in a fit of coughing.

“You okay down there?” Limbani asked, and Thomas nodded while still fighting the mix of gagging and catching his breath. The monkey chuckled. “I did warn you to be careful.”

Instead of commenting, the rat went lower and licked the heavy balls. It was... interesting. The taste of sweat and the musky smell was appealing in a way Thomas hadn't expected. He suckled on one, then the other, before licking his way up the shaft. At the top, he found more beading precum, the bait at the end of a hook.

He took the bait, then swallowed the cock, but stopped before the head reached the back of his throat. He moved his head up and down, his tongue pressing it against the textured roof of his palate.

Limbani moaned, and Thomas echoed it around the thick cock. Why hadn't he sucked off Paul before? Fuck, why hadn't he offered to suck off Nathan at any point? It wasn't like it would have mattered that the rat wasn't a girl for a blow job, right?

The monkey said something in a language Thomas didn't recognize as he swallowed around the cock, then. “Slow ... down. Oh, fuck... I want this to last.” He groaned. “A little.”

Thomas nearly stopped to point out the deal was that he got to have his way, but that would give the monkey what he wanted, so he gave him a raised eyebrow, a tilted ear, and picked up speed. He closed his eyes and focused on the texture of the cock, the moans. He realized it let him anticipate the thrust and hold Limbani down, controlling how he deep throated him. The monkey was speaking in that other language again as Thomas went back to bobbing up and down, catching his breath.

The hand on the back of his head and the start of a groan were the only warning Thomas got. Then the cock pulsed, and on the second one, hot, salty, bitter cum filled his mouth.

He swallowed, then swallowed again. Just how much cum did

the monkey have? Had he abstained for the weeks leading up to this party? Had he and the margay making out only been about teasing each other to have more cum?

Finally, the jet of cum slowed, then stopped. Thomas kept sucking for a second, then licked every inch of that cock clean so none of that bitter and salty nectar was wasted. Only then did he fall back on his ass, making him painfully aware of his rock-hard cock in his pants.

"Wow," Limbani said, looking down at Thomas in what seemed like amazement. "I didn't... that was not.... Why didn't I?" he seemed to give up. "Wow."

"So," Thomas said, suddenly slightly self-conscious, "Not too bad for my first time?"

"Well." The monkey had to pause, still catching his breath. "You broke my top ten." He flopped on the bed. "So, very good for your first time."

Feeling better, Thomas stood and noticed the plastic cup on the desk. He realized he was thirsty, but not for juice, or alcohol or anything he'd get out of a cup."

"I want more," he told the monkey, and in a feat of gymnastics that could have landed Limbani the Olympic team, if they started a naked version, he was on his feet.

"You are so in the right place for that." He unlocked the door and started pulling it open, but Thomas slammed a hand on it, closing it back.

"Pants, he instructed. Even in his needy state, he wasn't about to let the monkey parade in his fur in front of other guys.

Limbani smiled and moved the hand. When he opened the door. Moaning and groaning entered. "I don't think I need them, do you?"

Thomas stared at the empty section of hall he could see, trying to understand how none of those guys had been heard with the door

closed.

“The soundproofing in this place is top-notch,” Limbani said. “You might want to leave your clothes in here before we exit. That way, you’ll know where they are by the end of the night.”

Thomas looked down. The front of his pants was wet and tented. Opposite it was Limbani’s cock, back to being hard. He reached back for the tail strap but stopped. “I think I’m going to keep them on for a while longer.”

A raised eyebrow and amused shrug was the response. Then the monkey was in the hall. Thomas followed the monkey past closed doors and by a lounge where guys were fooling around in various states of undress. He licked his lips at the sight of the cocks being fondled, then noticed the three only fully dressed guys in a corner of the lounge looking nervously at what was going on. Two were rubbing the front of their jeans, while the third looked stunned.

Thomas figured this was where he’d start. Those two, maybe three, if him sucking cock snapped the other out of his stupor. They looked like he’d felt with a naked monkey offering himself to him, so he was in a perfect position to help them through it. And Limbani said his cock sucking skill was decent, so...

He turned to the monkey to let him know what he was about to do and froze.

“Is he real?”

Down the hall, a tall hyena stood, no posed. Perfect abs and deltoids, square shoulders to which were attached massive arms. Before him were three guys on their knees worshipping a cock so long and thick it couldn’t belong on a real guy. That was the kind of cock painters of old put on paintings of gods.

Limbani chuckled. “That’s Chima. When they tell a guy, another guy won’t have something he hasn’t seen before. He’s the exception. And yes, it is all very wonderfully real.”

Thomas turned the monkey around and looked him in the

eyes. His hand shook as he realized this might be the most important question of the night, maybe of his life. "How do I get myself some of that?"

The smirk appeared and vanished as Limbani studied Thomas's face. "You just have to ask him nicely." He grabbed the rat as he started heading in that direction. "But trust me with this, Chima is someone you want to work your way up to, not choke on from the start." He grinned. "And I know just the chain of guys to get you to him."

Thomas forgot about the boys in the lounge as that thirst returned with an unexpected vengeance. "Take me to them." Ordered the monkey. "Now."