

Rework-31

Thomas walked up to the Sigma Theta Gamma house, feeling his father's eyes following him.

He'd wanted to have Paul drive him, but Eric has insisted, pointing out Thomas's things were already in the car. It was already enough of a miracle he'd convinced his parents to let him go back to the frat, instead of keeping him until they decided he was better, so he hadn't felt like pushing his luck.

"Thomas, Welcome back," Henry greeted him as he exited the kitchen. "How was..." he stopped. "What happened to you?"

"Nothing," Thomas replied flatly. His hospital stay hadn't left him gaunt, exactly, but he had loose a surprising amount of weight, some of what had been muscle.

"Thomas's back!" came the yell from the living room; Gilbert or Laurence. The drawl was the only thing he could get from the voice. He was too tired from his bed rest and the hours in the car.

Heads poked out of the archway, followed by bodies; both naked and partially dressed. Olavo, Madoc, Firmin, and Laurence.

"I'm fine," he said, barely keeping the exasperation out of his voice as their expressions turned concerned.

"You don't look it," Laurence said.

Madoc was before him, pushing the jacket off Thomas's shoulders, then pulled the shirt off before. "How the fuck did you lose so much mass in a few days?" he demanded. "Didn't you do any of the exercises I gave you?"

Thomas slapped the hand away. "You try exercising when you're stuck to a hospital bed for three days after nearly freezing your cock off, lost in the Montana wilderness." He gritted his teeth at his outburst and pushed through them. He needed to be alone.

He made it to the stairs before being manhandled back into the living room. As he fought to push through again, he noticed Olavo pull Henry into the kitchen. Someone took the suitcase from him, then he was deposited on the couch, with a wall of men glaring at him when he tried to stand.

"Okay," he said, sitting back down. "I'm sorry I snapped. It was just a sucky winter break."

Firmin dropped next to him and pressed up, rubbing a hand along his chest. "Well, I'm glad you're back."

"So am I." Madoc sat on the other side and nuzzled Thomas's neck. "I'm sorry for going coach from hell on you."

Thomas sighed contently. "It's okay."

Laurence undid Thomas's pants, then tugged on them until, with a laugh, Thomas raised his ass and the pants came off.

Back in the kitchen, visible in the doorway, Olavo and Henry were having a tense discussion. The copybara pointed in their direction as he spoke, and the bat shook his head. That sent Olavo storming out of Thomas's view.

Another pair of hands roaming his body distracted him from what that might have been about and he let himself melt into the touches.

"You guys have no idea how lucky you are my parents let me come back. For a while, it sounded like they were going to tie me to my bed to make sure I didn't disappear again."

"I didn't think you and your dad were into bondage," Laurence said, grinning.

Thomas rolled his eyes. "First off, keep whatever Hertz incest fantasies you have to yourself. Second, if me and my father did decided to do *that*, my mom would insist on watching. Add that to those fantasies of yours and see what survives."

Firmin laughed as Laurence's face scrunching in what had to be a painful way. The armadillo quickly recovered and then Thomas had six hands roving his bodies.

"I am loving the foreplay," Thomas said, eyes half closed and the stress finally gone, "but is there a reason it took me nearly dying for you to break that out?"

"And it sounds like he's done," Firmin said.

"Yeah, can't spoil him too much." Laurence raised Thomas's legs over his shoulders. "He might start thinking we're all romantic and stuff."

"I didn't mean I had—" The rest turned into a moan as the armadillo pushed his slick cock in the rat's ass. He arched his back as Madoc bit on Thomas's nibbles and Firmin's hot muzzle was right there to take all the cock.

Fuck, it was good to be home.

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“Come on,” Paul said, as they walked out of the classroom. “It wasn’t that bad.”

“Huh?” Thomas shook himself. “No, it’s just...”

Class starting up again had helped take his mind off the Christmas holiday, but some parts kept popping up. Such as how Ettore thought it had something to do with the Lewistons. Thomas almost asked Madoc why his relative might think that, but decided to just put the whole incident behind him and get on with his life.

If only his mind, as well as people on the campus, would let that happen.

“You heard the latest?” Paul asked.

Paul hadn’t pushed. He’d asked about what had happened, because of course Judith would tell his best friend, but when Thomas shook his head. He didn’t bring it back up. Which was a good thing, because he couldn’t see spending the one class they were going to share all semester constantly trying to dodge the tiger’s questions being productive to learning.

But just because Paul was considerate, didn’t mean anyone else on campus was.

“At least tell me this one’s plausible.”

“It turns out that you were kidnapped by aliens, who probed you thoroughly.”

Thomas rolls his eyes. “You’re making that up.”

It had to be Judith or a frat brother who’d blabbed. They were the only thing that explained how the rumor mill about what had happened to him over the holiday had gotten started. He hoped it was one of his frat brothers who’d done it, because at least then he’d be able to fuck and make up. If it was Judith... well, he couldn’t think there was anything he was willing to do to his sister that cause her to more than laugh at him.

“Nope,” the golden tiger replied, and he put food on his tray. “Heard it from Julian, who heard it from his sister, who heard from that weird guy always hanging out by the library steps, but that no one seems to know if he even takes classes here.”

“His name is Nalo,” Thomas said, making his selection as they walked by them. “He’s an engineering major. I don’t know which one.”

“How do you know?” Paul paid for his food.

Thomas did the same, then followed the tiger to a table, only then answering. “We talk between fucks.”

Paul stared at Thomas as the rat sat, studying his ears. “Okay, have you been replaced by a pod person? I’m not seeing the usual ‘Thomas let slip something sexual in public’ reaction.”

Thomas rolled his eyes. “It’s an empty table in a cafeteria. Unless someone sits here with us, it’s hardly public.”

“True. So,” he said between bites, “was it aliens? And if it was, why didn’t you tell them to grab me? It’s on my bucket list.”

“How are you going to get to know them before the probing starts?” Thomas asked. Pausing in cutting up the steak.

Paul’s ears flushed. “It’s aliens. I can make an exception for that.”

Thomas smirked. “Don’t let Limbani learn that. He might find a way to fool you into thinking you’ve been abducted.” He paused. “Might actually be easier than him learning how to dance.”

The tiger chuckled. “You have to admire his tenacity.”

“I prefer admiring his technique, endurance, and the way his cock feels inside me.” Thomas smiled. Talking about the monkey had given him an idea. He ran his foot along the inside of Paul’s leg until he rubbed his crotch.

With a roll of the eyes, Paul pushed the foot off. “He’s in you all right. But just because this is practically private for a conversation, it doesn’t mean we can do whatever we want here. No matter how great of a top you are.”

Thomas grinned. “You’re forgetting what frat I’m in. It’s not just the Roman history section that’s appropriate for them. It’s the whole of the campus. And I am learning all their secrets.”

“Speaking of secrets,” Paul said. “If it’s not aliens, the consensus is that you were kidnapped by the CIA and turned into a sleeper agent that will molest people on command. After that, it’s scientist who want your blood to extract the secrets of Sigma Theta Gamma and are even now putting that in the country’s water supplies.” Thomas stared at him in disbelief. “Okay then, how about the FBI, who wants you to seduce your future uncle-in-law into giving up all he knows about his mob family?”

Thomas winced. “Not funny.” Even less so, because now he had the image of Ettore standing by his bed, implying his family had enemies, and did that mean he was part of the mob?

Paul watched him. “Sorry. You want me to go on?”

"It's best you don't. Parent incoming."

"Yours or mine?" Paul asked casually.

"Since when does your mom hover—" He closed his mouth.

"Good morning Mister Hertz," Paul said without looking.

"Hello, Paul." Eric looked at his son. "How are you doing, Thomas?"

"I'm good." He kept his response a neutral as he could. "Heading to the library to get some studying in after this."

Eric nodded. "Keep up the good work." He headed to another table, where it spoke with another group of students.

"Keep up the good work?" Paul asked, looking at the rat over his shoulder. "Who was that, and what happened to Hellicarrier Hertz? Was he somehow disarmed?"

"I'm not sure," Thomas replied. "We had a talk, before... what happened. But then it happened and..." he looked at his father's back. "I'm not sure he knows how to care without being smothering. But I think he's trying."

They ate in silence, but that quickly turned too uncomfortable for Thomas, so he asked. "How are you and Olavo coming along? Is he good enough of a dancer yet?" He smiled innocently as Paul groaned.

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Thomas moaned as he plowed the bat's ass. Fucking one of his frat brother was definitely a great way to end the week, or start it, or anytime during it, really. Especially now that he'd rebuild his stamina. It might have taken daily workout sessions at the gym with Madoc for a full week, but he was back to his old self now. He was amazed at how quickly the other rat could get him back into shape.

Thomas let out a yell as he came, then panted as he looked down at the bat. Henry's eyes were closed, and he looked like he was thinking, rather than having enjoyed his legs over Thomas's shoulder and his cock pumping in and out of his ass.

The bat opened his eyes and looked at him. He canted his head. "So, you really don't remember what happened to you?"

Thomas groaned. "Really? Now, you're opening up the inquisition? Can't you just enjoy me fucking you? No, I don't remember. I really wish you'd all just forget about it. Fuck. At this point I wish I'd forget too."

"That isn't what I mean. I—" Henry stopped and shook his head as if to clear it. "Never mind. I know you don't want to talk about it." He pushed Thomas off. "Get on your stomach. I know how to be forgiven for my misstep."

"You know," the rat said with a chuckle as he got in position, "fucking isn't the solution to every problem."

Henry lay on top of him, grinding his cock between the ass cheeks. "Oh, I find that it is part of solving just about every problem I have ever had." He pushed the cock in and Thomas moaned. The bat fucked him hard and fast, and Thomas winced a time or two, but enjoyed it over all.

The panting bat nuzzled his neck and Thomas let out a, "No biting," between moans.

"I won't," Henry replied with was sounded like a chuckle. "It's not needed this time." The bat slammed his cock in and groaned.

"Fuck." Thomas had a moment of vertigo, then he went limp under the bat. Fuck, was Henry an amazing lover. Why didn't they do this more often?

"How was that?" the bat purred into his ear.

Thomas laughed. "If you were any better, we'd elect you president of the whole damned school, instead of just head of the house. I wish it didn't keep you so busy. I wish we'd fuck more than three times since I moved in."

"If only you knew," Henry said, pulling out and rolling on his back next to Thomas. The rat snuggled against the bat. It always felt so good to just be against him. "How do you feel?"

Thomas laughed again. "Like I've been fucked by a master. How else?"

"I mean, about what happened to you."

Thomas frowned. "What do you mean?"

"What happened to you over the holiday?"

Thomas shrugged. "I'm fine. So I got lost in the woods and nearly froze to death. The important thing is I didn't. My parents found me. Now I'm back where I belong." He snuggled tighter. "And if I'm really lucky, you'll fuck me again before duties take you away."

Henry chuckled. "That's good."

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Thomas put his pants on, still trying to decide if running was what he wanted to do. The last... few hours had just been too weird, with his brothers freaking out about not the kitchen fire, but... what? He hadn't worked out that part yet, only that it involved him. Then the sex. He didn't mind the sex, but the instructions about fucking him until he could walk? How serious Limbani had been? None of it made any fucking sense. And they'd lucked him in his room while Henry arrived and... fixed things?

He sat on the bed to tie his shoes.

What was there to fix? Other than how they were acting. Hopefully, Henry would fuck some sense into them. He grabbed the shirt off the dresser and had it partially on when the door opened. He hurried to pull it down as the bat stepped into the room.

Henry gently closed the door and looked the room over. When he looked at him, Thomas steeled himself. If the bat acted like the others, he was about to scream.

Instead, Henry rubbed the top of his muzzle and let out a sigh. "It's my fault. I got so focused on your role as the outsider welcomed into our home, I never considered you might be something else." He chuckled. "Not with the way you freaked out anytime you caught one of them doing something magical."

Thomas opened his mouth to ask what Henry was talking about, but the bat kept on going. "There were signs. Your sex drive and unending energy. You never bought it up because you just assumed it was something about living in the frat, since everyone here is like that, and I figure that one of them was boosting you on the side, more than one of them. Still..."

When he didn't continue, Thomas asked. "Is that supposed to make any sense?" what freak outs? And who did magic?

Henry smiled. "No, I don't suppose it does. Still, it's easy to take care of this." He motioned for Thomas to come to him and opened his arms, taking the rat into a hug when Thomas walked into them.

The gesture was the definition of comfort. How many times had Henry hugged him after a long day, a stressful exam, or just because Thomas had needed a hug? The bat has a sixth sense about those things.

Henry nuzzled his neck and Thomas smiled. Of course, hugs often lead to something more, which was comforting too.

"No," Thomas said in annoyance as he felt the scrape of teeth against his skin. How many times did he have to tell the bat he didn't like this? "Damn it." He opened his eyes, caught sight of something off the turned-off screen. Then he had his hand on his neck, turning when it came away with blood. "You know how I feel about —"

What was Henry doing on the other side of the room?

The bat turned to face him, licking the blood off his sharp incisors. He looked annoyed, but more importantly, he was still by the door where they'd hugged.

How had Thomas gotten to the other side of the room?

Thomas let out a sigh, this one sounding mildly frustrated. "I'm going to need more than a drop to fix this, Thomas." The shake of the head that followed was a mix of amused and disbelieving. "Under my roof all this time and no one knew. Not even you." He smiled, and that, along with the accompanying glint in the bat's eyes, made Thomas want to edge away even more than he was. "Do you have any idea the thing someone like you will let me do?"

"Henry." Thomas's tail curled around his leg. "You're starting to sound way too creepy for me to want to be in this room with you."

The bat waved that aside. "I'll fix that too. By the time I'm done, it's going to be right as rain." He chuckled. "Well, right as I decide it'll be. You are going to be a hoot. Having you pop all over the place is going to give Firmin quite the run for his money when it comes to entertaining me."

Pop around? Why was Henry talking like this craziness was real?

But how had Thomas gotten to the other side of the room?

Could Thomas be who had gotten him and Yating out of the explosion unharmed?

"Come here," Henry said with another motion to join him. "I'll give you a hug and it's all going to be fine. I'll even let you remember the fuck this time, I promise. There's no need to hide that, since your one of us."

"I don't think so," Thomas said, talking a step back, and wishing his room was larger. He wasn't sure he'd be able to get far enough from the bat to feel safe as things were. "Tell you what. I'm going to head home and you guys can work out whatever this craziness is. You can call me once it's resolved or, you know, I can just stay there."

"I'm afraid I can't let you do that." Henry opened his arms wide. "You have no idea what you represent. You can do the impossible. Everyone claimed that only the gods could do what you did. I'm not letting you go."

"I didn't do anything," Thomas replied, having to fight not to scream it. "You are all crazy."

“No, it just sounds like that to you because you don’t know the truth yet.” Henry lowered an arm, leaving the other one as an invitation for Thomas to take it. “Let me show you.”

Thomas rubbed his face. “Do you have any idea how crazy you—” he looked at the bat, who’d managed to cover half the distance in that second. His teeth were bare and promised to bite into his flesh.

The door? No, closed, on the other side of Henry.

The window? He could jump out. He glanced at it, the other side of the street. The houses there. The fall would—

Fuck, it was cold!

He spun around in the falling snow, trying to understand what had just happened? On the other side of the street was the frat house, where Henry appeared in his bedroom window, looked around, then locked eyes with Thomas.

Thomas didn’t wait to understand that look.

Thomas ran.