

## *Rework-8*

A week, that was what Thomas survived to walk here, along frat houses, on his way to one specific house.

At the start of the week Thomas wasn't certain he would make it. It wasn't how horny he was, Paul picked him up half an hour early so they'd have time to take that edge off. It wasn't even the few residents of the frat he was heading to, since, except for one, they seemed to have decided not to bother him considering what was coming.

Limbani just couldn't stop glancing at Thomas with this grin on his face, or licking his lips hungrily. But the monkey didn't make advances, nor offer to take him to the restroom to give him a preview of what was coming. No, it was all in the looks.

No, it was some of the other guys who had to have been at the party, or seen that vid from the Frats gone Wild site. At least once a day, and so often on that Wednesday Thomas wondered if they were actively chasing him, Thomas cross path with a guy who looked him over and asked to be taken to a private place to be blown.

The encounters left Thomas with his ears burning and heading in the opposite direction. While he didn't consider himself as much in need of knowing who he'd fool around with as Paul did, total strangers were not guys he had any interested with taking a chance on. For all he knew they were setting up an extreme version of the quarterback's reaction after Thomas had kissed him on Nathan's dare.

The encounters had still left him revved up and wishing Limbani had offered some release.

Then came Saturday, and the maneuvering he needed to get through his father's help, Judith's inquisition, because of course his sister had picked up something was going on, even if his father was too focused to do so.

But he's survived, and here he was, walking along the identical brownstones, the third door of which was his destination. Or, maybe they were facades, Limbani's tour had left Thomas feeling like frat was much too large to fit into one building, but it had happened so fast, and then Thomas had done so much, well so many, that other than the guys, and after a while even them, all Thomas had been left with of the house was impressions.

He hesitated at the bottom of the steps, and wished Paul had been there to keep his mind off what was coming, or now, to push him forward, or provide support if Thomas lost his nerve. But this felt too much like taking advantage of his best friend's willingness to chauffeur him around.

"Yes, Paul, how about you drive me so I can have sex with more guys than you can count, but you aren't allowed to be there this time," he muttered to himself derisively. Yep that sounded as assholeish out loud as it had in his head.

He smiled, then again, considering the last week, Paul might have delighted in winding Thomas up the entire drive, leaving him here ready to blow out of his pants like a jack out of its box. It was good thing his cock was already hard in anticipation, because that thought would have it tight in there.

He patted himself and felt the condoms in his jacket's pocket, he'd bought of each sizes. Good, he hadn't forgotten that. He made it to the door, hand raised to press the buzzer when he paused. Maybe he should go get lube? Wouldn't it be polite to bring your own? There had to be a pharmacy in the area that sold that.

He had his hand on his phone when he realized what he was doing.

He was scared, well, worried. He'd been invited to a frat that seemed to revolved around sex, and he couldn't believe that had invited him to move in, if he passed this test. A part of him was screaming it was a mistake, or they had some nefarious plan for him. Drag him to the basement and cut him into little pieces. Who in their right mind wanted him in their sex house?

He took a break and raised his hand, then lowered it.

Stop procrastinating. Limbani had explained why they were offering it to him and not someone else. No one else had blown all thirteen of the frat's resident, including that amazingly big cock on the hyena. And as the monkey had said, if all this was just so all thirteen of them could fuck him, wouldn't that be enough to justify him coming.

He could go and—

Thomas slammed his finger on the buzzer.

He was not passing up this opportunity.

The door opened, and instead of revealing someone dressed in tight leather and holding a crop. Ready to spank Thomas into submission—somehow, the bat seemed like he'd fit that role to Thomas—a red panda dressed in a black bathrobe with the letters E O R over the right breast greeted him.

"Gotta appreciate a man who is on time," the panda said, licking his lips.

No, the letters looked wrong, they had to be Greek, Right, the Frat's letters.

Thomas startled as the panda stepped aside and invited him in with a bow and a flourish wave of the arm. Next to the panda was Hubert and a capybara, both in the same bathrobe, although the capybara seemed to have missed the memo about not being in front of an open door with it open. Thomas gawked at the plump cock as he stepped into the frat, only for his foot to catch.

"Careful," the collie said, catching the rat. "You wouldn't want to break yourself before your initiation."

"Sorry," Thomas said, steadying himself. "I just—" he bumped into the panda.

"You have nothing to apologize," he said, closing the door with a hand, and running the other down Thomas's back. It hooped under the tail strap. "Except for wearing so many layers. You understand what we will be doing tonight, don't you?" He had an accent Thomas couldn't place more than 'something oriental'.

Thomas epps as he was groped, and Hubert grinned. "Oh, he knows." He undid the rat's belt. "Once this night is over, you won't have to worry about clothes when you are under this roof."

Thomas swallowed. "Then the robes..." He looked at the embroidery before him so he wouldn't be tempted to check further down to see if that robe had parted too.

"Just for answering the door," the capybara answered. He leaned against the wall now

and watched with interest as Thomas was undressed. “You’ll find that most of the rules in the house are there to keep us from getting sued for doing...” A smile stretched and he slowly looked Thomas over as the pants were pushed down. “What we do.”

Thomas let out a slight whine at how suggestive that sounded, and the hand cupping his balls as the collie pressed against him.

“Now, now, Hu,” the red panda said, pulling the shirt off Thomas’s back. “We’re doing this as authentically as possible.”

With a sigh, the collie dropped to his knees, but ignored Thomas’s cock, having him raise a leg then the other to take off his shoes, socks, and pull the pants and underwear off. As he stood, holding the pants and underwear, an erect cock parted the robe. Thomas licked his lips.

“Someone likes what he’s seeing,” the capybara said, grinning.

Thomas tail wrapped itself around his leg in embarrassment as Hubert took the jacket and shirt before walking away, his tail wagging happily. Thomas did not cover his crotch through pure willpower.

The panda squeezed Thomas’s ass and he jumped forward. “Good, forward we go, If we aren’t downstairs soon, the others are going to come up here to check in on us, and there’s not going to be any chances of doing this properly then, or even be done tonight.”

“You guys—” Thomas swallowed. “You realize how that phrasing makes this sound, right?”

“Like the momentous event this is,” the capybara said, all trace of lewdness gone. “An outsider is being allowed within our fraternity. This is something that must be treated with the respect and ritual it deserves.”

“You’re not using the word right, Lav,” Hubert said, turning to head deeper in the house.

“Lav?” Thomas asked, and kept himself from adding the ‘really? The capybara had a Spanish accent, but Thomas couldn’t imagine Lav being a Spanish name.

“Olavo,” the capybara said, urging Thomas to follow the canine. “And we are performing a ritual, Hu.” He smiled at Thomas. “That’s short for Hubert.”

That one, he knew.

The panda fell in step with them, and just past the kitchen, the collie opened a door and entered what turned out to be, once Thomas reached it, a dark stairwell going down.

His earlier imagining returned, but he told himself that if they were going to cut him up, they wouldn’t have bothered with dressing the way they had. He was kept from following by the Panda.

“Give us thirty seconds to get in position, then come down.” The smile was reassuring this time. “Don’t worry, if nothing else, you will enjoy this.”

Thomas nodded back. Limbani had said the same thing in the restroom. Still, as the panda banished into the darkness, and Thomas tapped a beat on his thigh to keep time, his imagining returned. Why the darkness, if it wasn’t a slasher’s dungeon out of a horror movie that awaited him at the bottom those stairs?

It could be another kind of dungeon, which would make this a completely different

kind of movie. With that Thomas realized he was up to forty on his count and he went down the stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs, after a few steps, the open door on his left led to a dimly lit room. The little light in the room were electronic candles on brass candle holders, and it revealed a room that was on the smaller side. Showing thirteen naked guys standing in a semi-circle around an altar. The ground under his feet felt soft, like packed earth.

“We are here,” Someone said, pulling Thomas away from trying to figure out what the altar was made of and toward the speaker among the naked men. “To test the supplicant.”

Supplicant? When Olavo talked of rituals, he wasn’t kidding.

The speaker turned out to be the only one of the men not entirely naked. He wore a mask, some sort of skull representation, with a saber’s teeth jutting down, and antlers on top.

“Name yourself, supplicant,” the mask wearing monkey demanded with a seriousness that felt completely out of character for what Thomas knew of Limbani, but completely appropriate for...this.

“Th- Thomas Hertz,” he managed to say.

It sank in that Thomas had sucked off each one of these guys, even if he barely remember most, as part of all the guys he’d blown during the party.

“Step forward, supplicant,” the masked man intoned, “that your lord may observe and judge you.”

Thomas complied, but with a raised eyebrow and mouthing, “Lord?”

“Just play along,” Limbani replied in a hushed voice, and the exchanged was followed by snickers mixed in with disapproving murmurs. It reminded Thomas that one of the reason for this ritual was to appease the few who weren’t happy with Thomas joining. Could they cause the offer to be taken away if he didn’t perform to their satisfaction?

Straightening, hoping to look dignified, Thomas distracted himself from those gazing on him as Limbani made a slow circuit around the altar by studying the altar. It was stone, he could tell, and for some reason, he didn’t think it was a cheap imitation of stone.

“The lord approve of the supplicant’s body,” Limbani said, once he was before Thomas. Then he stepped aside. “Prepare him for the test of his body.”

The bat and one of the armadillo stepped out of position. Henry held a bowl, while Laurence had an art brush, much like the one from the party.

“You’re enjoying this too much,” the bat whispered as he passed 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. Unlike the ink used to make him and Paul as they entered, he could only make out this ink by the way the candle light reflected once applied to his palm.

“Relax,” the armadillo whispered. “You’re going to have a good time.”

Thomas wanted to asked how the armadillo expected him to relax under these conditions, but Laurence was on his knees, and the brush was moving on Thomas’s cock. He bit his lips in an effort not to moan.

That really should happen after they had started in on him, not before.

The brush was handed to Henry as Laurence stood, then, before Thomas realized what happened, the armadillo kissed him.

That kiss shredded any resolve Thomas had, and he let out a whimpering moan. His arms were caught on their way to embrace Laurence, then the kiss ended and Laurence stepped away, grinning like a madman.

Thomas really hope they were reaching the end of the pomp and getting to the ceremony.

“The supplicant is ready,” Henry announced, and led Thomas to the altar, getting him to lie on his back.

The stone was cold and the surface smooth, even if it was uneven. As he tried to get comfortable, he realized that unevenness formed depressions that fit a body lying on his back, with his legs the only part of him jutting over the end.

That was a lot for them to do just on his account.

Or was it just on his account? Was this something they kept in the basement for... well, this?

His legs were raised over the masked monkey’s shoulders and a cock pressed between his ass cheeks.

Thomas tenses as he realized what was about to happen. He’d suspected, which was why he’d brought the condoms, but that didn’t help.

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

Thomas swallowed. He lowered his voice as much as he could. “I’ve never done this.”

The monkey nodded. “Don’t worry. We’ve made sure you’ll enjoy this.”

Thomas didn’t see how anything they’d done to this point, or that could be done would ensure that. “What if I’ve changed my mind?” he whispered.

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

“Have you?” Limbani asked.

Thomas considered it. Why was he hesitating? He was afraid. But afraid of what? Of the pain? A little, but it wasn’t like this was never going to happen, so the pain was now or later. Was there something else? It wasn’t like he knew enough about what to expect to know what else he might be afraid of.

Was that it? Was he afraid simply because this was something he’d never done? If he stopped this for that reason, would he ever do it? How else could he know what something was like?

He shook his head.

The mask didn’t cover the monkey’s lower jaw, so the smile was visible. “Then, take a breath, relax and let it out.”

Thomas inhaled as deeply as he could, did his best to will his body to loosen, and then gently let it out. His breath hitched as the monkey pushed his cock in at the same time.

“Oh, fuck.” It came out as a whisper, even if he felt like he’s shouted it.

The monkey groaned as his balls pressed against Thomas’s ass. Thomas forced his eyes open and looked into Limbani’s blue eyes in the mask’s sockets. Then he pulled out and

pushed back in and Thomas's eyes roll back in pleasure. A few more slow thrusts, then Limbani piked up speed.

"Fuck," the monkey whispered. "This is better than I saw."

Fuck. Why hadn't he ever done this before? Getting fucked felt amazing.

With a cry, Limbani shoved his cock in deep and held it there. Thomas moaned as he felt it pulse in his ass. He opened his eyes as the cock pulled out. Henry took the mask off the monkey and put it on. Then he raised Thomas's legs over his shoulders and, without fanfare, the bat pushed his cock in, and again, Thomas moaned.

The brown eyes in the mask looked at him in amusement. Henry fucked Thomas slowly, his hands exploring the rat's chest; tweaking a nibble and running claws through the short fur, tracing the line of black to white. Each time an action made Thomas moan, the bat repeated it, as if to test if it had been the reason, or just a coincidence.

The one place Henry didn't explore was the one that was uncomfortably needy. "My cock?" Thomas suggested, his tone tinged with desperation.

"No," the bat replied, a malicious grin forming. "Not yet."

Thomas's forming complaint was stolen from him by Henry changing the angle of his thrust and turned it into a groan and full body shudder. The grin did not turn anymore pleasant, but Henry fucked him hard from that point forward.

The only outward sign the bat came was that he tensed, and that Thomas moaned loudly as cum was unloaded in his ass.

He managed to crack an eye open as a muscular rat put the mask on and took Henry's place. The cock slid in slowly and like the bat, the rat's hands roamed over Thomas's chest, then his shoulders and arms. He didn't test for reactions as he explored and fucked him. Once he was done, the rat grabbed Thomas hips. Muttered something that sounded to Thomas like, "definitely needs more mass on those bones."

Part of his uncertainty came for how softly the rat spoke, and from a familiar haze that was forming. He remember that from the party as he sucked cock after cock.

He also remembered, as he moaned in pleasure from the cock pulsing in his ass, that then he'd realized haze was nowhere near the right word for what he felt at the moment.

Another cock entered him and all that registered of it was the mask and green eyes in the sockets.

No, this was no haze.

This was Heaven, pure and simply.

The man in him orgasmed, and Thomas moaned in unison with him.