

Rework-26

Thomas thrust in the ermine he had against the wall, his legs around the rat's waist. Their moans competed with the other sounds of sex in the living room until the ermine screamed as Thomas hilted into him and they both came.

Thomas caught his breath, then let him down.

Among all the guys fucking in the room, Limbani nearly vanished, sandwiched between a bear and gorilla. Kuno had a jaguar bouncing on his lap while he sucked off a buffalo. Thomas noticed Chima in the archway, watching him, but the hyena walked off when Thomas headed in his direction.

Thomas had no idea why Chima was keeping his distances since that amazing mid-week fuck session. At first he'd figured it was because of the exams, but those were done now, which was the reason for the party, so if he was still avoiding Thomas, there was another reason.

Thomas continued for the archway. There wasn't much time left before they all went home for the holidays, and he didn't want this to linger.

"Fuck me now," a calico said, appearing before Thomas, then was kissing him.

Thomas kissed the cat back. He'd have time to find the hyena at some other point during the party. If not, there were a few days before they left. The hyena couldn't avoid him all that time.

Thomas shoved the calico against the wall while still kissing him. Grabbed his ass and raised him. He slid his cock between the slick cheeks as the legs closed around his waist. Then he put Chima out of his mind and the cock into the cat.

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"Don't," the otter said to Thomas as the rat walked into the kitchen, hard and horny. Still hard and horny.

"Love you too, Felix." Thomas flipped him the bird, and the otter let go of the tiger's head, kneeled between his legs, to respond in kind. Thomas grabbed a bottle out of the water filled open cooler on the floor next to the fridge, and waved it at the otter. "I'm here for water, not your ass." He looked into the freezer. "Do we have any ice? The ice chest's all melted."

"If you want ice, you talk to Kuno." The otter shoved the sandwich in his mouth while his other hand went back to holding the tiger in place while he fucked that muzzle.

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Thomas groaned in pleasure as the armadillo fucked him. That thick cock felt great. He couldn't remember why he'd been so against being fucked just a few days ago. Gilbert roared as he came and added to Thomas's cock moving in Laurence's ass. The rat hit orgasm, then slumped over the armadillo.

"Gil, remember how I suggested we bring him home with us for Thanksgiving?" Laurence panted.

"We aren't bringing him home for the holidays," Gilbert replied, his weight on Thomas surprisingly comforting. "Colby will just steal him away the whole time, and before you know it, Thomas is going to enroll at U of H, and we have to go the rest of our year here with that great ass."

"Maybe we can transfer there," Laurence offered.

"Unless you plan on asking my opinion about this," Thomas asked, his breathing back to normal. "There are other guys I want to fuck before the night's over."

Gilbert rolled off. "I never thought I'd say this, but I think you're going to fuck more guys than Lim. Where the fuck are you getting all that energy? What with your... lineage."

Thomas pulled at Laurence with a roll of the eyes. "Unlike you guys, once I'm at my grandfather's cabin I'm not getting any, so this is just me stocking up so I can survive until I get back."

"Just fuck your brother," Laurence said, then yawned.

Thomas snorted, walking away. "He's sixteen, straight, and hates my guts. Enjoy your rest. I'm going to fuck."

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"When is Paul going to be here?" Limbani asked, doing a quick tap dance that lacked grace or hard sole shoes. "I'm ready to impress him." The way the monkey's hard cock bounced with the foot movement was kind of impressive. Thomas grabbed him and pulled him into the lounge.

"He and his mother already left for Florida. I didn't even get the chance to demonstrate my new skill to him."

Was this the second or third floor lounge? He looked at the guys sprawled over the couches for a clue.

"That just means we get to practice more." Limbani kissed him. Then they were on the floor doing each

other.

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Thomas assembled sandwiches as a panther fucked him slowly, arms wrapped around the rat, and hands roaming his chest and stomach.

“Your ass is amazing,” he whispered, then yawned. “I could fuck it for the rest of my life.” He opened his muzzle as he pressed it against Thomas’s neck.

“No biting,” Thomas snapped as he felt teeth. “Sorry, that’s one thing I never let anyone do.”

The panther licked his neck instead, now stroking the rat’s arm. “I could get you to love it.” He nuzzled him. “I’m Jackson. You want to go steady?”

Thomas barely hold back his laughter. “Sorry,” he said with only a mild chuckle, “but I’m too married to the concept of fucking itself to be swept off my feet by one guy.”

The panther opened his mouth, but Thomas tightened his ass. Whatever he’d intended to say came out as a deep moan. Then the guy was too busy fucking him to say anything.

Once he was done, Jackson slumped over Thomas, and the rat hauled him to a chair, leaving him with a sandwich and a glass of orange just before returning to the counter.

“Is it my imagination?” Yating asked Firmin from the other end of the counter. “Or has Thomas becoming a top just made his ass that much more appealing?”

“If that ass of yours is feeling empty,” Thomas said, rolling his eyes, “I’ll be happy to shove my cock in it.”

The badger looked Thomas over, getting hard in the process. “There is something there, that’s for sure,” Firmin replied. “I just can’t tell if it’s because fucking a guy who’ll fuck me back is a turn on, or I’m looking for revenge after being left in a storage closet with cum dripping out of my ass.”

Thomas’s ears burned. Not at the sex that happened only a day ago. As clear as those memories were, he had no problem with them. It was the fact he couldn’t quite recall how he moved from one fucking to the other across the campus, or how he’d gotten back to the frat. Or that he couldn’t remember putting his pants back on after fucking Hubert.

He had to have done so, since he hadn’t been arrested, but he just couldn’t be certain.

“How did you get out of that?” Thomas asked.

Firmin grinned. “I gave the janitor a blowjob that’s going to last him the rest of his life.”

Henry brought a group of guys to the kitchen, and Thomas had to focus on feeding them. Questions about how it was the guys at the frat always seemed to deal with guys they could suck, fuck, or have fuck them to get out of trouble would have to wait until they were done feeding everyone. Going by how often Limbani and Firmin used sex to get out of them, Thomas could think ninety percent of the campus guys were gay.

Then, after the feeding was done, came the after party orgy and Thomas was too busy to think about his questions, focusing instead on all the cock filling every one of his orifices.