

## CHAPTER-9

Thomas looked over how work, bringing up the reference material he's used. It looked good. He rubbed his face. Maybe he could convince Paul to do his homework for him? A blowjob or two would be enough, right? He chuckled, he and Paul might just be blowing each other once in a while but it was an addition to their friendship he liked.

"Good," Someone said from his room's doorway. "If you're chuckling to yourself, you have to be done with your class work. Get out of those clothes."

Thomas turned, reflexively saving his work. "Madoc? Is now really the right time for sex?"

The rat in the doorway, wearing a tanktop and gym short, raised an eyebrow. "Are you seriously asking that? It's not even two in the afternoon. And the only bad time for sex is during study time, which this isn't, even if that's what you're doing."

"Chemistry," Thomas replied, indicating the screen. "Definitely not my strongest subject, so I'm making sure I do it early." A bundle hit him in the face and he caught the pieces of clothing as they fell.

"You're done for now, so, as I said, get out of those clothes, and into that."

Thomas looked at what he was holding. A t-shirt and gym shorts. He indicated the tag from Cabela's. "Did you just buy these?"

"I didn't know if had any. I haven't see you in gym clothes."

"You see me at school or in here," Thomas said. "That means dressed for class or naked."

"I'd say we can go train naked, but the university won't let us."

Thomas narrowed his eyes. "Let me guess, Limbani tried it."

Madoc laughed. "He's a Freshman. Sigma Theta Gamma has been here much longer than him. There's a sign at the gym specifically stating clothing are required." The rat motioned. "Come on, get changed."

Thomas looked at the clothed again and offered them back. "I appreciate it, but I'm good. I get the whole frat's buff guys, but that's not really who I am."

Madoc looked at Thomas, expression serious, before moving into the room, taking his phone out of the pouch he had strapped to his bicep. He ignored the offered clothing and turned to phone to show him a picture. "What do you see?"

Thomas looked and frowned. "What are you doing with a picture of my brother in his underwear?" Roland looked tired, so he'd be heading for the shower. Thomas did his best not to stared at his brother's muscled body.

Madoc smiled. "Your sister sent it to Yat, and he knows what I like so he shared it with me. But you haven't answered, other then getting turned on by him, what do you see?"

Thomas sputtered. "I don't—"

"Okay," Madoc replied with a shrug. "Here's what I think. You see him, and then you look at yourself in the mirror. Your look at your thin body and his and you wonder why he's the lucky one. Your older brother's more muscular than you too, right?"

Thomas did his best not to show his embarrassment. Vincent wasn't the wall of muscle Roland was, but Madoc was right in that Thomas was the skinniest in the family. Even Judith had better muscle definition than he did.

"Sorry," Madoc said, "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"Just get to the point so I can go back to my homework." Thomas tried to decide what do to with the clothing in his hand. He considered throwing it at Madoc, in retaliation, but the rat outranked him, and while no one had pulled rank, Thomas was certain he

wouldn't care for the result.

"My point is, don't you want to look like that?" Madoc motioned to the picture.

Thomas rolled his eyes. "You have seen my body, right?"

Madoc smiled. "Yeah, I have." He liked his lips.

"Then you know it doesn't matter what I do. I'm never going to look like Roland."

"No, you don't know that." Madoc put his phone away. "Thomas, your body's a canvas. You can't turn it into a masterpiece if you don't put any work in it. And take it from someone who has made a few masterpieces. With my help, you can fill out."

"You're making it sound like you can do miracles or something," Thomas said.

Madoc smiled. "Something like that. Look, I'm going to make it easy. I really don't mind fucking twinks, but I really go wild for buff guys. Don't you want me to fuck you like a wild buck?"

Thomas hesitated.

"Nope, no hesitation. Change or I'm done fucking you."

Thomas tried to roll his eyes, but Madoc looked serious. He didn't think the rat would be able to stop himself, it was like the guys in the frat needed sex to live, but there were other guys, and they had to be getting bored with Thomas at this point.

And what if Madoc was right? What if Thomas could be buff? Or at least more buff than he was. He changed, not bothering to turn around. Madoc had seen him naked before, possibly more than he'd seen Thomas dressed at this point. And then they left his room, having to get against the wall as Olavo and Firmin ran by, both with a fire extinguisher in hand.

Thomas watched them go up the stairs, then looked at Madoc, who shook his head in annoyance. "Gilbert," he said.

Thomas waited for more, but the other rat didn't provide it. He tried to remember any details about the armadillo that would explain anyone running to his room with fire extinguishers. He was studying to be an engineer. A nuclear engineer.

Was Gilbert building a nuclear reactor in his room? He couldn't be.

Right?

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"Another set," Madoc said as Thomas looked at him in horror. The rat motioned for him to get on with it, and Thomas reached up from the bench he was lying on to grab the handles and pull them down. It felt like he was trying to pull a ton.

"Hey Doc," a muscular giraffe stopped by them, addressing Madoc. "Me and John's are heading to the sauna, you going to be coming soon?"

Madoc looked the giraffe over appreciatively, and Thomas wanted to do the same, but the weight needed too much focus.

"Sorry, Martin, I'm working on my newest masterpiece, we're just starting."

"Starting?" Thomas exclaimed, nearly losing hold of the handles. He'd been at it for nearly forty-five minutes. There couldn't be that many machines left.

The giraffe looked at Thomas. "It's worth it." He pumped a bicep. "The Doc's responsible for me looking like I do." He lowered his voice as he leaned down. "And he is going to reward you after a good set, take my word for it."

Thomas chuckled, and nearly lost hold of the handle again. If he wasn't so out of breath, he would have told the giraffe Madoc was rewarding him without having to do all the work.

After the tenth repetition, Thomas let go of the handles and panted. "I'm done."

Madoc chuckled. "Not even close." Thomas tried to murder the other rat with his gaze, and got a pat on his shoulder for his effort and a water bottle. "Drink up. You have to stay hydrated."

"What's the point?" Thomas asked, sitting and drinking. "You're going to kill me before I'm done."

"It just feels like it. I'm making stronger."

Thomas rolled his eyes. "Is this a 'what doesn't kill me' thing?"

Madoc shook his head. "It's a 'you need to take care of yourself' thing."

"I don't think taking care of myself should be this painful." Thomas motioned at the gym with his bottle. "Are you responsible for everyone here?"

"Only a few." The rat looked around, his gaze lingering on the more muscular of the guys. His gym shorts did nothing to hide his erection. "Tell me," he said, turning back to Thomas. "Why didn't you work out before? You've seen your brothers, right? You know you have the genetics."

"I did PE," Thomas replied. "This is the result. So I think I missed the lottery."

Madoc rolled his eyes. "PE isn't about getting these results. It's barely about keeping you healthy."

Thomas shrugged. "So, are you going for a double major or something? I'm pretty sure this isn't part of forensic sciences."

Madoc was the one who shrugged now. "I just appreciate the view."

"You do more than look."

The other rat smiled. "Well, no one wants to stand at the buffet and just look. You have to eat what's offered. And when you help prepare the dish, they taste even better."

"Let's not talk about food now. I'm already famished."

“Oh, don’t worry, I’m doing to make sure you’re stuffed once we’re done. Now let’s switch back to your legs.”

“I’ve already done the leg machine,” Thomas whined but followed Madoc.

“That was for your thigh. Now we’re going to work on your calves.”

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“I want you be here three times a week,” Madoc said as Thomas followed him to the locker room.

“I don’t have that kind of time,” Thomas whined. “Have you seen my class work? My dad’s going me getting ready a century of school.”

“You need to make time if you want results, Thomas.”

“Listen to him,” someone said. “Dedication pays off, you know that.”

Thomas glared at Paul. “Of course, today would be one of the training day.”

Madoc held the door to the locker room for the two of them.

“You’d know it is if you paid attention,” Paul said. “Thank you. How did you convince him to work out? I’ve been trying to get him to do even the minimum since the first class of PE.”

“I did my PE stuff,” Thomas replied.

“I promised to withhold sex,” Madoc said.

“Huh. Never thought to do that.” The golden tiger opened a locked and began undressing.

“How long have the two of you fucked?” Madoc asked. Thomas chocked on air, while Paul chuckled.

“We don’t,” the tiger replied.

“Why not?” Madoc asked in surprised.

“How friendship had never needed it,” Paul answered, now naked. Thomas never quite understood that aspect of his friend. For his insistence on getting to know someone before having sex, he had no problem getting naked when around people. But then again, if Thomas had a body like his, he’d probably be more at ease being naked too. Paul had lean muscles under the pale orange fur, the result of all the dancing he did, as well as the exercises to go along with that.

Thomas glared at Madoc, who was drinking in his friend.

“We’re heading to the shower,” the other rat said, “how about you join us?”

“He hasn’t even done his training yet,” Thomas said. “He doesn’t need a shower.”

Paul chuckled and faced them, looking the naked, and erect, Madoc over — when had the rat gotten naked? — “I appreciate the offer, but I haven’t seen you dance yet. And I wouldn’t want to get in the way.”

Thomas looked from Paul to Madoc, and then realized what the offer had been about. Paul chuckled as he winked at Thomas before putting on shorts.

“Dancing. Not really my thing,” Madoc said.

“It’s the price of admission,” Paul replied.

Madoc sighed in disappointment. “Come on Thomas. You’re not showering wearing those.”

“Then I think I’m going to head back to the house and shower there.” He’d have to wait a bit to get his erection to go down, but it would be safer than parading among all the guys here on display. Maybe Madoc’s presence would keep the guys from acting on Thomas being turned by them, but his eye still stung at times, so he didn’t want to risk another one.

“No, your session with me isn’t over,” Madoc said. “Out of

them, and in the shower.”

“Go with him,” Paul said and winked again. “You never know the kind of fun you’ll have.” The tiger was out of the room before Thomas could let him know what he thought of this betrayal. He got out of the gym clothes and hand over his erection followed Madoc to the showers.

At least these were individual shower stalls, so no one would see what they’d get up to. The morning showers are the house were... interesting. Of course all they’d have to do is make sure they were quiet. Good thing Limbani wasn’t here.

Thomas looked over his shoulder at the closed stall door and Madoc followed his gaze, eyebrow raised. Thomas shrugged and shook his head. No, thinking of Limbani didn’t automatically summon the monkey.

Madoc set the water hotter than Thomas preferred and took his time going under. Then he found himself relaxing. Madoc soaped his back, rubbing hard. Not quite a massage but close. When the rat’s hand was at Thomas’s ass, a finger pressed against his hole and Thomas stifled a moan, then the finger was gone.

Madoc turned him and was soaping his front, tweaking Thomas’s nipples, before moving on to soaping and rubbing his chest and stomach, sides and then was stroking his cock, making Thomas stand on tiptoe and bite his lower lip to keep from making any sounds. Madoc grinned, stopped stroking and knelt to wash Thomas’s legs.

When he stood, he offered the rat the soap. “Your turn.”

Thomas swallowed. “That’s it?” he whined. “You’re not going finish?” Madoc had left him hard enough to be painful.

The rat looked Thomas over. “I got every spot.”

“I want to argue that.”

“But you can’t. Now it’s your time to wash my back.”

“Just your back?”



Madoc leaned in and whispered. "You can wash all of me, but only wash."

"I thought you guys couldn't resist sex," Thomas complained.

The rat chuckled. "Don't think Limbani is an accurate representation of the rest of us. Unlike him, we have self control."

"Right now that's not a good thing," Thomas grumbled, then soaped up Madoc's back. When he reached the ass, he didn't settle for just pressing his finger against the rat's pucker, he gently pressed in and did elicit a moan, but Madoc reached back and pulled it out.

"Wash."

With the back done, Thomas turned the other rat and nibbled on a nipple, only to get his ear flicked.

"I said wash."

"You're doing this on purpose, aren't you? You want me to have blue balls."

Madoc rolled his eyes. "This is training, sex comes later."

"Why not both?" Thomas washed Madoc, not bothering with teasing the cock. If he couldn't have sex now, he wanted to get the shower over as quickly as possible so they could head to the house and do it there.

"Because as impressive as your stamina is, you have limits."

Thomas rolled his eyes in silence, then they rinsed off, with Madoc stroking him again, ensuring Thomas stayed hard. The rat wasn't endearing Thomas to his training regiment. Hadn't that giraffe said there would be a reward? This felt like torture.

With the shower off and most of the water sloshed out of their fur, they exited the stall, and Madoc grabbed Thomas's arm as the rat headed for the lockers, and instead pulled him to a door.

Unsure what other torture Madoc had in store for him, Thomas was unprepared for the sight, sounds and smells that greeted

him as he entered the room.

The sauna wasn't as hot as it should be, but that was compensated by the six hunks fucking on the benches. Moans and the smell of sex mixed with the scent of cedar and occasional sizzle of water dripping on hot stones.

"You made it," The giraffe said to Thomas, who couldn't form words.

It wasn't his first orgy, or even his second, but it was the first time Thomas was confronted by a guy he didn't know at all, having sex. He didn't consider the first party since he'd known Limbani, slightly, and he hardly remembered what had happened.

Madoc moved Thomas to a free spot on a bench. "Now is time for sex." He raised Thomas's legs over his shoulders and slowly pushed in. Thomas's moans joined that of the other guys, then were cut off as a muzzle pressed against his. Not Madoc, the giraffe. A mouth closed over his cock and Thomas screamed in the kiss as he came.

As he relaxed someone commented about tight Madoc had wound the rat, and before Thomas could comment on it, the muzzle was replaced by a cock, which he eagerly sucked.

Madoc came with a grunt, then pulled out of Thomas. Someone asked permission to fuck him, and Madoc motioned to Thomas, who looked around the cock to the muscular buffalo and gave him a thumbs up and moaned around the cock as a thicker cock than Madoc stretched him.

The guy in his muzzle thrust harder than groaned and came.

"You have got to be fucking kidding me!"

Thomas barely had the control not to bite down in surprise and fear and he pushed the guy off him and tried to get the buffalo to stop thrusting.

"Madoc, how many times do I have to tell you to message me before you start one of these." The rhino in the doorway said. "I had to

heard about it from the Jerry.”

“Sorry,” the rat replied, not sounding it as he also moaned from the fucking he received. “I wasn’t planing on a group thing. I was just training a new brother. Thomas, that’s Hector, he’s the football team’s coach.”

His heart only starting to drop out of his throat, Thomas waved at the wall of muscle that was the rhino in the track and field uniform. The rhino nodded to Thomas.

“Well, I’m calling this as being capacity.” The rhino turned a lock on the door. “It’s a good thing none of you locked me out,” he said, undressing. “Because I would have made the whole team pay. And told them whose fault it was.”

Sighs of relief sounded and Thomas wondered for a moment if the entire football team was gay, then was distracted from the question but the buffalo thrusting hard and grinning once he had his attention again.

Then Thomas had nothing other to do but enjoy the cock up his ass, mouths on his cock and cock in his muzzle.

Maybe, just maybe, he could get used to this kind of training regiment.

## CHAPTER 1.5-9

Thomas looked over his work, double checking it line by line against his reference material. It looked good... of course after staring at it this long anything would look good if it meant he could stop. He rubbed his face, wondering if he could get Paul in on a study session on this one. A blowjob or two would be enough, right?

Thomas chuckled. Offering what he'd give for free as payment might not be the best idea, unless he was looking for excuses to have even more sex. Speaking of, he and Paul still hadn't...

"Good," someone said from his room's doorway. "If you're chuckling to yourself, you must be done. Get out of those clothes."

Thomas turned, reflexively saving his work. "Madoc? Is now really a good time for sex."

The rat in the doorway, wearing a tank top and gym shorts, raised an eyebrow. "Only bad time is study time, which is hours away at this point. Seriously, what are you doing?"

Thomas tapped the book next to his keyboard. "Chemistry. It takes about twice as long as everything else, so I'm getting a head-" he paused to catch the bundle of clothes tossed at him. "...start."

"Well change into that and we can give your brain a break while we work out other parts of you." There wasn't anything lewd in his tone or body language, unless crossed

arms with your pants on was a new alpha technique .

Thomas looked over the clothes he was given, a t-shirt and gym shorts. They were definitely going to be a loose fit on him, which was odd given the still on tags from Cabela. “Couldn’t you have at least asked for my size first before getting me clothes?”

That finally brought back the signature lust Thomas had come to associate with most of the guys in the frat. “Oh, when I’m done with you you’re going to need a new wardrobe anyway, so as long as they don’t fall off you’ll be good.” And then it was back to drill sergeant mode, “So hurry up and change.”

Thomas looked at the clothes and shook his head before offering them back. “I appreciate it, but I accepted that buff wasn’t something I was destined for a long time ago.”

Madoc leveled a serious stare at Thomas before walking into the room, taking out his phone from the strap on his biceps, and shoving it into the other rat’s face. “What do you see?”

Thomas looked and frowned. “What are you doing with a picture of my brother in his underwear?” Roland looked tired, so he’d be heading for the shower. Thomas did his best not to let his eyes linger too long on those large wide shoulders and broad chest, much less what that underwear was hiding.

Madoc smiled, “You’re sister sent it to Yat, and he knows what I like so he shared it with me. But you haven’t answered. Other than getting turned on, what do you see?”

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Thomas sputtered. “I am not-”

“Okay,” Madoc waved off the question, “Here’s what I think. You see him, and then you look at yourself in the mirror. You’re with those scrawny arms and boney shoulders, and you wonder why he’s the lucky one. Your older brother is more muscular than you too, right?”

Thomas did his best to put on a poker face. Victor wasn’t the wall of muscles Roland was, but Madoc was right that Thomas was the skinniest in the family. Even Judith was more toned than him.

“Sorry,” the other rat said, “I just needed to get to the point. Which is,” Madoc held up the phone right next to his face while pointing to it, “Don’t you want to look like that?”

Thomas rolled his eyes, “Didn’t you just get done describing how skinny I am?”

Madoc shook his head, “This isn’t about what you are, it’s about what you want. You have most of the same genes as Roland, you’re just not putting them to use. It’s not going to be easy, but I can make you the envy of your family.”

Thomas raised an eyebrow, “Now you’re just talking magic.”

Madoc just smiled broadly, “Magic comes to those who reach for it . Besides, I’m not some snob who turns his noses up at twinks, but I can only bring my A game when it comes to massive hunks. So, do you want me to fuck you like a wild buck or what?”

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Thomas swallowed, and if he managed to not get hard when staring at his brother he was definitely hard now.

“Glad to have your answer,” Madoc said, putting his phone away. “Now get changed, or I’m not fucking you ever again.”

Thomas’s shirt was off before he knew it. He was pretty sure Madoc was jesting, but the rat didn’t care. The idea of being ridden like he’d never been ridden before was motivation Madoc should have started with. Who cared if all Madoc found out was that Thomas was a hopeless case doomed to be scarecrow thin for life... wait, would that... best not think about it.

Grabbing his phone on the way out of the room, Thomas had to dance around Olavo and Firmir running by. They were heading upstairs to the third floor, and... were those fire extinguishers?

Thomas shot Madoc a raised eyebrow and the other rat just shrugged. “Gilbert,” was his one word explanation.

Thomas waited for more, but didn’t get anything as the other rat continued to walk. He moved to catch up, he tried to remember if he’d ever been inside Gilbert’s room. When that fell flat he pulled up what he remembered about the armadillo. Rowling, cousin of Laurence, instructed Thomas’s chemistry lab, was a graduate working towards a nuclear chemistry doctorate...

...was Gilbert building a nuclear reactor in his room for his thesis. He couldn't be...

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...right?

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“One more set,” Madoc said as Thomas looked at him in horror. The rat motioned for him to get on with it, and Thomas reached up from the bench he was lying on to grab the handles and pull them down. It felt like he was trying to pull a ton.

“Hey Doc,” a completely shredded giraffe said as he stopped by them. “Me and John are heading to the sauna. You got time to swing by?”

Madoc grinned as he looked at the giraffe over appreciatively. Thomas would love to do so as well, but the weights demanded too much focus. “Sorry, Martin, I’m working on my newest masterpiece and we’re just starting the session.”

“Starting?” Thomas exclaimed, nearly losing hold of the handles. He’d been at it for nearly forty-five minutes. There couldn’t be that many machines left.

The giraffe looked at Thomas. “It’s worth it.” He flexed his bicep, “The Doc’s responsible for me looking the way I do.” Looking about, he leaned down and added in a whisper. “And there’s a reward waiting for you after a good session. Trust me.”

Thomas chuckled and almost lost hold of the handles again. If he wasn’t so out of breath he’d be tempted to tell him how much Madoc ‘rewarded’ him on a daily basis. Tempted,



only, of course. He wasn't his mom.

After ten reps, Thomas let go of the handles and panted. "And is that it?"

Madoc chuckled, "Not even close." Thomas tried to murder the other rat with his eyes alone, and only got a water bottle for his effort. "Drink up. You have to stay hydrated."

"What's the point?" Thomas asked, sitting and drinking. "You're going to kill me before I'm done."

"It just feels like it," Madoc said, giving Thomas's shoulder a squeeze. "I'm making you stronger."

Thomas rolled his eyes as he handed back the water bottle and reached for the spray bottle and towel to clean the machine, "Is this a 'what doesn't kill me' sort of deal?"

Madoc shook his head. "It's a 'you need to take care of yourself' sort of thing."

"I don't think taking care of myself should be this painful," Thomas responded as he finished wiping down the machine. Gesturing with the spray bottle around the room he said, "Are you responsible for everyone here?"

Madoc chuckled, "I'm only an undergrad, but even then no." His gaze scanned the room, lingering on the muscular hulks. His gym shorts did nothing to hide his erection. "Tell me, why didn't you work out before? You've seen your brothers. You know you have the genetics."

"I did PE," Thomas replied, gesturing down at his skinny self with the loose clothes Madoc got for him hanging

off despite the sweat. “This is the result, so I basically missed that lottery.”

Madoc rolled his eyes. “PE is about staying healthy, not maximizing gains. That takes effort and dedication.”

“Are you going for a double major or something?” Thomas asked to change the subject. “I’m pretty certain this isn’t part of forensic sciences.”

Madoc smirked as he watched a lion in a wrestler’s singlet walk by. “I appreciate the view.”

Thomas glanced down at the other rat’s shorts. “And I assume the feel as well.”

“Oh yeah,” Madoc said with a shudder, “And the taste. Definitely can’t forget that.”

Thomas winced and reached for the water bottle again, “Please don’t mention food. I’m starting to feel famished.”

“Oh don’t worry, I’ll make sure you’re fed once we’re done,” Madoc said, patting his back. “Anyway, that’s enough for a break. Let’s switch back to your legs.”

“But I’ve already done the leg machine,” Thomas whined as he dutifully followed Madoc.

The other rat all but laughed. “That one was for your thighs. Now we’re going to work on your calves.”

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“I’m gonna want you in here three times a week,” Madoc said as Thomas followed him to the locker room.

“Where am I going to find the time,” Thomas whined. “I barely have enough hours in the week not devoted to school and... frat focused extracurriculars as is.”

Madoc chuckled at the way the freshman danced around the word sex, “If you want results, you need to make the time.”

“Listen to him,” someone said behind them, “Dedication pays off, you know that.”

Thomas glanced back at Paul, the tiger walking into the locker room with his street clothes and a gym bag. “Don’t take his side in this. It’s bad enough when you support my dad’s helicARRIER parenting.”

The golden tiger only chuckled as he found himself a free locker. “Just bearing the weight of a man who speaks the truth. How did you convince him to work out? I’ve been trying since middle school.”

“I did my PE and that was enough,” Thomas grumbled as he tried to remember the combination of the lock Madoc got him.

“I threatened to withhold sex,” Madoc said as he undid his own lock and started undressing.

“Huh... never thought of that,” the golden tiger said as he placed his phone in his chosen locker and started undressing.

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“How long have you two been fuck buddies?” Madoc asked. Thomas choked on air, while Paul chuckled.

“We aren’t quite there yet,” the tiger replied.

“Why not?” Madoc asked in shock.

“You must have missed the memo that Thomas lost his virginity at the party,” Paul stated. “But I like to take things slow, so I don’t mind being fourteenth in line.” Having undressed, Paul took a moment to stretch himself in the nude. Thomas never quite understood that aspect of his friends. He needed to intimately know someone before getting intimate with them, but he had no shame about his body. Mind you, there was nothing to be ashamed about. He was lean and limber from all his dancing, toned from the work he put in here, and had a genetic gift between his legs from whatever guy his mom met on the spring break to the west coast she refused to talk about.

Thomas wasn’t the only one drinking in his friend. “We’re heading for the shower,” Madoc said, “How about you join us?”

“He hasn’t even worked out yet,” Thomas said as he finally got his lock undone. “He doesn’t need a shower.”

Paul smirked, and looked down at the rat’s erect member. “I appreciate the offer, but I haven’t seen you dance yet.”

“Dancing...” Madoc said melancholically. “Not really my thing.”

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“It’s the price of admission,” Paul replied calmly as he glanced at Thomas who just shrugged. Madoc did that from time to time, but he never explained why.

Madoc sighed, then shook his head and slapped his cheeks. “OK. Put the phone down, Thomas. And lose the clothes.”

“I was kinda hoping to just head back to the frat and shower there. You know,” he glanced about to make sure no one else was in the locker room right now, “Where there are a lot of guys who not only don't mind if I get hard looking at their bodies but reciprocate.”

Now it was Madoc’s time to look at Paul questioningly, and Thomas’s friend did have an answer. “He kissed the quarterback on a dare during prom,” the tiger said as he pulled on his clothes. “He got a black eye in return, followed by every guy outside our little friend circle treating him like a pariah.”

The other rat puckered his lips in a wince. “Right, well that’s settled it. Your session is definitely not over then. Come on.”

“Go with him,” Paul said, “You’re frat brothers haven’t steered you wrong with your extracurriculars yet, have they?” And with that his friend walked away into the gym proper.

Biting his lower lip, Thomas quickly stripped and almost ran after Madoc before remembering himself. The place was tiled and it was going to be wet, after all. The rat was grateful to be reminded the showers were individual

stalls. The things Limbani got him up to in -

In a sudden burst of paranoia Thomas looked about the room quickly, only to settle on Madoc who was looking at him with concern. “Apparently thinking about the monkey isn’t enough to summon him.” The other rat ached with understanding and then headed to his own stall.

Thomas went to his own stall, and halfway done with he stiffened slightly when he felt someone lathering his back. The hands reached forward and teased his nipples so he could see who it was and he relaxed. Of course those hands disappeared and suddenly inserted themselves in his ass. Thomas stifled a moan as they worked around in there. Then they were gone, and Thomas found himself spun around.

Faced to face with the other rat, he was compliantly still as Madoc worked his hands over Thomas’s entire body, lathering as he went. His flat chest, his abs with no definition, and right down to his cock which... well Thomas had definitely seen larger. There Madoc lingered, stroking it full hard and forcing Thomas to bite his lower lip to keep from making any sound. And then... he was done.

Thomas blinked when nothing else came, only to find Madoc walking away with his tail casually swishing back and forth. “Hurry up and rinse off. We’re keeping the others waiting .”

Thomas just blinked for a moment as he tried to process that, before shaking himself off and hurrying to wash off all the suds. When he stormed out of the showers to join Madoc back in the lockers he was slightly miffed. “You could have at least finished me off,” he grumbled.

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“Sorry,” Madoc said in a tone that indicated he was no such thing, “But I’m not Limbani. Besides, as impressive as your stamina has been, you have your limits.”

Thomas raised an eyebrow as he followed the fell rat. Was this like that money tree parable where everyone has an allowance they’re allowed to take per week, but everyone takes just a bit more than that and the thing ends up dying? Because if it was Thomas wasn’t going to correct them because if there was one way he could die happy it was-

Why aren’t they at their lockers? “...I think I know this room.”

Madoc rolled his eyes, “Figured the monkey would beat me to my favorite spot.” He pushed open the door to the sauna. It wasn’t as hot as it should be, but compensated by six hunks fucking on the benches. Thomas recognized the giraffe and wondered if they had been here during their entire workout.

“You made it,” the giraffe said to Thomas, who could only meekly wave in response as his tail twirled around his leg.

This was going to be his first orgy since the party where he didn’t know all the other people involved. He didn’t count the initiation since he had, theoretically, blown everyone there. Hopefully he had enough practice not to black out this time.

Madoc moved Thomas to a free spot on a bench. “Now it’s time for your reward.” He raised Thomas’s legs over his

shoulder and slowly pushed in. Thomas moans joined the other guys, only to be cut off as a muzzle pressed against his. Not Madoc, the giraffe. A mouth closed over his cock and Thomas screamed into the kiss as he came.

The kiss was replaced with a cock he greedily sucked, Madoc came into him and was replaced by a buffalo who only stretched him further. Another pair of lips wrapped around his cock and the guy in his muzzle thrust harder before finally cumming.

“You have got to be fucking kidding me!” howled a voice from the entrance.

Thomas barely had the control not to bite down in surprise, and in his fear he tried to get off the guys he was pinned between but there were just too many.

“Madoc, how many times do I have to tell you to message me before you start one of these?” The stocky rhino in the doorway said. “I had to hear about it from Jerry.”

“Sorry,” the rat replied, once again not sounding sorry as he was being fucked by the giraffe. “I wasn’t planning on a group thing. I was just training a new brother. Thomas, that’s Hector. He’s the football team’s coach.”

Thomas’s started to calm down and let the guys who had pincerd him with sex do what they where doing. He did manage to give a wave to the wall of muscle that was the rhino in the track and field uniform. The rhino nodded to Thomas.

“Well, I’m calling this as being capacity.” The rhino turned to lock the door. “It’s a good thing none of you locked



me out,” he said undressing. “Because I would have made the whole team pay. And told them whose fault it was.”

Sighs of relief sounded, and Thomas wondered for a moment if the entire football team was gay. And then he was distracted by the buffalo thrusting harder, whoever it was on his cock deep throating him, and the guy who he was sucking finally cumming only to be replaced by the rhino.

OK, maybe he could find time in his busy schedule for the gym after all.

## OUTLINE-9

### Chapter 12

###

Fraternity House, Thomas, Madoc: Mood: **get naked, you need to get dressed**

Thomas is finishing up his chemistry homework for the week, when he suddenly has a bundle of clothes tossed at him. He checks them, and finds out they are gym clothes; so new they have the tags still on. Looking up, he'll see Madoc, and he says to get changed, they're heading to the gym.

Thomas protests slightly, and Madoc's counter argument is to pull out his phone and show him a picture of Roland. Judith shared it with Yating, who knew to share it with Madoc. Madoc is pretty certain Thomas looks at Roland and (aside from getting turned on) sees something he's not; same with his ambitious older brother and socialite older sister. What Madoc sees is a blank canvas with a lot of potential.[It was discussed in the meetings previously that Madoc is also self projecting onto Thomas here.]

...that and while the rat doesn't mind twinks, he really prefers to stick is dick into people bigger than him. So shake a tail[I think as they head out some of the guys should be running to Gilbert's room with a fire extinguisher.This is just precious, since it's not just Gilbert's ability, but also the fact he collects explosives like other Rowling collect guns. So his room is the LAST place you want a fire hazard.].

###

Campus Gym, Thomas, Madoc, Paul: Mood: **you do the work for the rewards / camouflaging the magic**

Madoc is slave driver, at least by Thomas's normal gym

standards[what are Thomas' standard? or do you say that because he wasn't someone who went to the gym? On the nose for the gym, which is important since his last mandatory PE class would have been sophomore year of high school. But also because even in his PE classes, he never pushed himself.]. While they work out, some of the other gym goers will actually greet Madoc with familiarity, and drop the question if he's almost ready for the sauna yet. Madoc will say no, he needs his newest project to complete a few more sets first.

Thomas will ask if Madoc is getting a double major in physical fitness, which will be met with a laugh. No, he just really appreciates buff guys. Eventually, they do finish their sets and start to head towards the showers. On the way, they'll run into Paul, who of course works out. Madoc look over the tiger appreciatively, asks if he wants to join them. Paul catches on faster than Thomas what Madoc means, and simply says that Madoc will have to dance with him first.

In the showers, Thomas will be surprised that sex doesn't actually happen, though teasing abounds. Madoc will then, though, lead Thomas not back to the lockers but instead to the sauna... where some of Madoc's friends are already waiting. Most of them are already big guys, and it's too Madoc's credit that he doesn't just forget about Thomas the second he steps in the door.

In the middle of the small scale orgy, there is a brief scare as one of the staff enters the room. Thankfully the staff in questions immediately starts undressing and curses for them not to start without him. He'll ask if this is everyone before putting a soft lock on the door. People can leave, but they can't enter. From there, you can pretty much guess what goes on.