

Rework-10

Thomas stepped into his new home and breathed in the air, intent on letting it become familiar, only to find himself with lips locked against his and arms holding him. A tongue parted his lips apart as Thomas tried to understand where that blur of gray fur had come from, then moaned into the kiss as the tongue pushed into his muzzle. A hand found itself on his ass and he grunted as it squeezed, getting him to grind into the crotch and the hard cock.

“Get a room,” someone said, sounding mildly exasperated. “Preferably mine.”

The badger pulled away, smacking his lips. “You sucked off Laurence. I recognize the taste.”

“You kidding?” the armadillo said, entering with Thomas’s bags while the rat’s ears heated. “As soon as we left his folks, I went straight for a bathhouse and he spent the last two hours sucking off ever guys in there.” There was a shocked silence. And Laurence rolled his eyes. “Of course we didn’t do that. I’d have called you to join us. There was an accident on the 694, turned Sunday driving into Sunday parking.”

“Speaking of Sundays, Parking, and actual miracles, church goers probably aren’t prepared to see,” Kuno said, as naked guys joined the naked Firmin still grinding his crotch against Thomas’s. “How about you close the door?”

“And how about we move this somewhere more spacious than the entryway?” the capybara said. “It’s all good for three of four, but you know we’re all going to want to have some fun here.”

“Actually,” Thomas said, stepping out of the badger’s embrace and grabbing his suitcase from Laurence, “I should get my stuff into whichever room’s going to be mine.” He looked at the naked guys and licked his lips. “Yeah, that and then you can do all the stuff to ___”

The collie grabbed his hand and pulled him along, and Thomas had no choice but to follow. “I’ll see to it!” he called as they went up the stairs. “Back in flash!”

“That’s my line, Brukhammer!” the hyena yelled back.

Up one flight, then past four doors, Hubert opened the next one. “And this is your room. The lucky devils next to you are Yating on the left and Chima on the right.”

Thomas opened and closed his hand once the collie released it. “What kind of motor is in that thing? I thought you were going to crush my hand.”

“All natural,” Hubert replied, motioning for him to enter. “Just didn’t want you to give me the slip and run off.”

“Where would I—” Thomas stopped as he stepped into the room and the... ordinariness of it hit him. The bare bed was in the corner by the closet, and the dresser was under the window; that was it. He hadn’t considered only the basic would be provided. He’d need his screen, if nothing else. His desk and chair.

He placed the suitcase down by the bed. “Can I move the furniture?” he asked, thinking of how he wanted to arrange things.

“Sure,” Hubert said. “This doesn’t suit you?”

“I’m used to my bed being in the middle of that wall,” he indicated the one where the door was, and looked at the naked collie. He shook himself. “I like having options on which side of the bed I’m getting up, in case one is the wrong one.” Hubert didn’t react to the joke. Maybe Germans didn’t have that one? “I prefer my desk under the window so I can look outside when I need a quick break, so I’d move the dresser in that corner.” He motioned to the corner of the windowed wall and the one that had the closet.

Hubert cursed in German. “I knew we’d forgotten something. But yeah, you can move them however you want, I’ll—”

“Thomas,” Laurence called. “You want me to throw your backpack up the stairs while you enjoy Germain cock, or—”

“No!” he ran by the collie, then down the stairs.

It was the hyena who held Thomas’s pack in his hand, a stern expression. “It doesn’t bode well for you that you are just arrived and expect your brothers to carry your stuff around. You should be...” he looked Thomas up and down. “Punished, I think.”

“I think I already am,” Thomas whimpered as the sight of that muscular body, that long and thick cock with heavy balls made his pant painfully tight.

“My eyes are up here,” Chima said, and was grinning when Thomas wrenched them away from heaven. “How about I help you out of them, then?” He moved close, one meaty hand closing on Thomas’s crotch, causing the rat to whimper again. “Yeah, this feels way too constraining.”

“I—” Thomas’s thought went out the door as his pants loosened and his cock was no longer strained.

“Chima!” Someone called, “Don’t you dare make him cum there unless you plan on licking the carpet clean.”

Thomas glanced around the hyena to see red fur disappear back into the living room.

“He does have a point,” the hyena said, dropping to his knees and pulling the pants down with him, then he stared at the white boxers. “What’s that?”

Thomas wrenched his gaze away again, this time from the monkey happily bouncing on the other badger’s cock facing toward the rat. When he looked down, the hyena had a finger hooked in the boxer’s elastic, pulling sideways.

“Don’t rip my boxers off,” Thomas hurried to say. “Limbani already did it ones, I don’t need a repeat.”

“Why are you wearing them?”

“Because I’d rather not get my cock caught when I’m zipping myself up.” He bent down to grab his backpack with a hand and his pants with the other. Pulling them up as he straightened. “I’m going to get that in my room, and I’ll be back.”

“Without underwear,” Chima called after him as Thomas raced up the stairs, holding his pants up.

As he stepped on the landing, something heavy landed on the floor, the sound coming from his room. “Are you okay?” He asked as soon as he was in, looking around for the damage.

The collie looked back at him, hands on a desk under the window. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

“I heard something fall.” He looked around. “How did you get the desk in here?”

“By the door,” Hubert replied, smirking. “And that was probably when I hip checked the desk in place against the wall.”

“How did you get a desk in there while I was gone? And rearrange the furniture?” he added, noticing the dresser in the corner he’d indicated, and the bed in the center of the wall.

“Yating and Felix walked by and helped me.”

Thomas looked in the corridor. Yating’s door was open. He shook himself and focused on the collie. “Thanks, I guess.”

“You are quite welcome.” Hubert stepped forward, licking his lips. “Do you need help with that?” he motioned to his hip.

“No, I can hold on to them myself.”

The collie’s lips stretched into a smile. “I mean, helping you out of them. You do seem to be overdressed for being in your room.” Gently, but firmly, Hubert pulled Thomas’s fingers from the pant’s waistband and they dropped to his knees. “Underwear? Really?” He reached for them.

“Don’t rip them off,” Thomas hurried to say.

The collie tilted an ear. “If you don’t want to lose them, you really shouldn’t be wearing them.” He ran a finger over the fabric covering Thomas’s hard cock. “Already leaking. This is going to be—”

Someone cleared his throat from the doorway. “Aren’t you forgetting something?” Jacques asked, tapping his wrist. He was dressed. Unlike everyone else in the frat, it seemed to Thomas.

“This is a special occasion. Our session can wait.” He grinned. “You could get out of those and join me in properly greeting our new brother.”

“And I could simply drag you out if you aren’t going to come willingly.”

“And how do you plan on managing that, Mister lightweight?”

Thomas looked from the collie to the badger. That had to be an inside joke, because Jacques was more muscular than Hubert.

“By grabbing you by the place that matters.” Instead of reaching for the collie’s cock, the badger stepped forward, leaned up on his tiptoes and bit the collie’s ear pavilion.

Hubert’s legs shook as he moaned. He bend down as Jacques settled back on his feet.

“Ja—” the rest turned into a moan as the badger chewed on the ear. “That—” a groan as he sucked more in his muzzle. When the badger stepped back out of the room, the collie followed with more moans that might be attempts at protests.

Thomas stared at the empty doorway. The only thing coming from it were moans from the activities in the living room. In a daze, he nearly tripped as his pants continued down to his ankles. Holding them up, he closed the door. Maybe he’d get to that later. Right now, he needed time to take it in that he was now living among sex crazed guys.

He rested against the door. Maybe his father was right, and he was going to have to be

extra careful not to let them forget his studies, the way they'd almost made him forget he should settle in before moving on to having fun.

He zipped himself up and buttoned the front and back of his pants before heading to the desk and looked through the drawers. Empty. He plugged it in and tapped the surface. The time came on, as well as a series of windows set to weather stations. The previous owner had either studied the weather or worried about it to an unhealthy level. Checking the settings, this desk didn't come with a projected display. Yep, he'd need his screen. He expected the chair was in whichever room this had come from. It could wait.

He put his clothes in the dresser, then made the bed.

He was on it, ass in the air, face in the mattress, fighting to get fitted sheet's corner in properly when someone sighed.

"That is such a wonderful sight."

"It'll look better once it's unwrapped," someone else replied with a slight Spanish accent.

A glance over his shoulder showed Olavo and Gilbert in the open doorway. They were both naked, of course. The capybara was hard and leaking, Gilbert was hard and stroking himself slowly.

"You go an unwrap that," the armadillo said, "I'm going to enjoy that muzzle. I can't have Lau be the only one getting some of that today."

Before Thomas could reply, he was flipped on his back; the corner coming undone. He opened his mouth to protest, only to have the head of a cock pressed to his lips. He nearly sent them packing. He'd wanted a break from the sex maniacs so he could... and what he was thinking hit him. He was in a house of sex maniac. What was he doing not wanting to enjoy them when two of them were right there? It had to have been shock that had made him stay here instead of rushing to the living room earlier. He could make the bed any time he wanted.

He opened his mouth, and the cock pressed in as his legs were raised. Gilbert was smaller than Laurence, but that didn't mean he was small. The head hit the back of Thomas's throat and he relaxed to let it continue as his ass was parted by the other cock.

He grunted as Olavo bottomed in and grabbed Gilbert's hips to take control of his motion. He tightened his lips around the cock and licked the head when it was almost all out. The armadillo shuddered and Thomas grinned. If Gilbert wanted what Laurence had had, it was only fair he get milked just as much. After all, it had been a fairly long drive to the frat.