

## CHAPTER-14

"I," Thomas said, then moaned as the collie hit bottom, pressing the rat against the wall. Hubert stroked him and he pounded his ass, and Thomas couldn't think. "I need." Hubert changed the angle of attack and Thomas groaned and came over the wall. The collie stroked him and pounded a few more times, then he was filling his ass.

Hubert pulled out and patted the ass. "See you after the weekend."

Thomas nodded, too busy catching his breath. Before he was done, someone else was pressing against him.

"Don't mind if I do," Henry said, pushing into Thomas.

The rat attempted a moaned protest, but then he was leaning into the bat. "No biting," he managed to say, as he felt him nibble on his neck.

"I suppose this one time, I can resist your sucking your blood," Henry said with a horrible Germain accent. Thomas laughed, then moaned, and groaned, and cursed. Henry was good.

The bat came and stayed in him long enough to jerk another orgasm out of Thomas, then pulled out. "Remember, you can always come back early," Henry said before walking away.

Thomas forced himself to move even if his head was spinning and he made it up the stairs before walking into Laurence and Gilbert, who grinned at him, looked at each other.

"A last one for the road?" Gilbert asked Laurence, then Thomas was on his back, on the floor, one armadillo's cock in his ass, the other in his mouth. He moaned, grabbed onto Gilbert's ass, and pulled him until he was deep throating the armadillo.

Thomas yelped around the cock when someone began sucking him off and had him cumming in under a minute. He tilted his head

enough to see Limbani sprawled on the floor next to him as he finished sucking him. Then he was getting up, grinning at him.

Gilbert groaned and came. Thomas's eyes rolled back as cum filled his muzzle. He was never going to get enough of this.

"I think," Laurence said, then had to stop as he moaned and filled Thomas's ass. "Fuck," he panted. "I think we need to throw him in the back of my truck and take him home with us."

"We're taking my car," Gilbert said, "and we'd keep him in the front so he can suck us for while I drive us home."

"The front of my truck is more spacious than your sardine can. And Dad's going to love him."

"No kidnapping a brother," Henry said, walking by. "You'll only be missing him for a few days. I'm certain your family will keep you busy enough during that time." Then he was gone.

"I call dibs for the instant we're back," Laurence said, then he pulled out and stood. He helped Thomas to his feet, cupped his balls, stroking his already hardening cock. "Don't eat too much, cause I'm going to feed you plenty." Then the Rowlings walked away.

With the bathroom in sight, Thomas hurried to it in the hopes of a quick shower, then dressing and making it out of the house before another brother had their way with—

Three heads turning his way as he stepped in froze him. Firmin and Jacques were under one jet, the badger washing each other. Two jets over stood the hyena, gigantic cock swinging between his left as he paused from lathering his muscular body. Thomas had a fleeting hope he'd join in a chaste shower, only for someone to push him forward.

"Come on," Limbani said, "we're wasting time. Soon we're going to lose this wonderful ass and mouth to his family."

"I'm going to be back," Thomas protested, and the monkey pushed him against the half wall made of glass block. When he'd first seen it, Thomas thought it was to provide a little privacy, but that

was before he understood how little that word meant in the frat. They were just there so someone could be pushed against them for support while being fucked. "I need to get washed!" he said before Chima placed a massive hand on his head and lowered him to the equally massive cock, now hard as a rock.

"I think we can get your fur clean," Jacques said, reaching a soapy hand under Thomas and stroking him. "While we feed you for your tip."

Thomas moaned as he swallowed the cock, stretching his jaw and his throat. For as big as the hyena was, Chima was always gentle, and he always knew how much Thomas could take.

Hands roamed his body and cocks filled him. Once Chima had fed him and pulled away, Firmin took his place, Jacques replacing the monkey. Once they were done, Limbani was back, or maybe he'd never left, Thomas couldn't be sure, and had them both under a shower jet, rinsing the soap out of their fur while slowly thrusting in his ass and jerking him off.

As soon as the monkey was done with him, Thomas ran out of the bathroom, rejoicing in the fact his bedroom was on the same floor and facing it. He slammed the door shut behind him and breathed.

Then he studied his room, going as far as to look under the bed, in case one of the brothers hid there, ready to pounce. They were acting like they'd never see him again, instead of this only being the thanksgiving long weekend.

He toweled himself dry and double-checked his bags to make sure he had enough clothing for his stay, along with his controller, and took out the dildo someone, probably Limbani, had hidden among his clothing there. Dressed in jeans and a t-shirt that was now one size too small, thanks to all the gym time Madoc had him do, he was ready to go.

He opened the door to find said rat standing there, along with Kuno. Thomas groaned.

"Look, I don't have the time. My sister's going to be here any

minute. If I don't meet her at the door, I'm never going to make it home for thanksgiving."

As the margay chuckled, Thomas realized they were both dressed. "We were just stopping by to wish you a good holiday," Kuno said. "And I'm driving Madoc to the airport, so if you think your sister would prefer spending the holiday here with Yat, I can drop you off at your parents' place."

Madoc stared at the margay. "You can't seriously be thinking Henry would let her spend the holiday here."

Kuno shrugged. "She seems to be able to get her way."

"I'm going to be fine, thanks," Thomas said.

"Just remember," the margay said, "if you get desperate for cock, I'm across the river. I'd love to introduce you to my father."

"Why would he get desperate?" Madoc asked, "he's going to be home too." Then a light bulb went off and the rat ahhed. "Sorry, I keep forgetting."

Thomas eyed Madoc suspiciously. He couldn't be implying what it sounded like.

"Well," Kuno said, "there's also going to be some of the guys here. A few of them aren't flying home since that means hours on a plane for only a day or two among family."

"Henry's also staying," Madoc said, "so you know there's a good cock for you here if you need it."

Thomas chuckled. "I think I can survive four days."

"I can go with you," Limbani said, stepping out of Chima's bedroom.

"No!" Thomas exclaimed, stepping away from the monkey, who laughed and headed for the third floor.

With Kuno and Madoc as his escort, Thomas made it to the entryway where he found not his sister, but Paul, in the living room,

with Olavo.

“So,” the capybara said, “it’s a jump to the left,” he did so, “then a step to the right.” Paul had his hand over his mouth, trying not to laugh. “Your hands on your hips.”

The golden tiger stopped Olavo as he began thrusting. “I don’t think that qualifies as a dance.”

The capybara’s face fell slightly, but then Paul stepped next to him and showed him a few steps of what Thomas recognized as the foxtrot since he’d been Thomas’s practice partner for it, along with many other dances. He leaned against the doorway and watched the tiger and capybara move. Olavo seemed to be a quick study. And when they were done, Paul gave the capybara a quick kiss, then had to put a hand between them to push Olavo away with a laugh.

Kissing within the frat was an opening move to sex. Olavo was going to have to get used to moving a lot slower if he wanted anything to happen with the tiger. Thomas guessed that if he applied himself, the capybara might manage it by February.

Paul noticed Thomas. “Dressed?” he asked with a grin.

“Where’s Judith?” he answered instead of acknowledging the question. “Do I have to go pull her out of Yating’s room?” he’d have expected to see his sister as she made it to the third floor, but if they’d arrived while he was showering...

“She isn’t here,” Paul said, watching Olavo as he practiced the steps. “Your dad called and asked if I could pick you up instead. He wasn’t so focused on Roland during the game he missed that she and Yating vanished together. He was concerned that you might not make it out of here if she was your ride.”

Olavo grabbed Paul as he stepped away and started dancing with him. With a laugh, Paul twirled out of the capybara’s hands, then pushed him toward the back of the living room where it connected with the other one, where Felix was seated on a plush chair with Limbani bouncing on his cock.

How did the monkey move around so much? Were there some secret stairs in the house?

"We should probably get out of here," Paul said. "Before someone makes you an offer you won't refuse."

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Thomas groaned as he let his head fall back. "We're never going to make it," he complained. "Why did everyone have to leave at the same time?" The 94 was at a standstill, had been for fifteen minutes, and they were nowhere near their exit. "We should have taken the back way there."

"It's thanksgiving," Paul answered. "No roads are moving any faster."

"I'm bored," Thomas declared.

"You have your phone. Unlike me, you can pull it out and use it."

Thomas eyes his friend. "Maybe I should pull out something else." He reached over, undid the tiger's pants, and pulled out his cock. "You think you can drive while I suck you off?"

Paul chuckled. "In this traffic, I think I can manage it." Then he let out a soft moan as Thomas swallowed the cock.

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"Is Donna going to be in town for the holiday?" Thomas asked.

"You didn't ask her?" Paul replied. The car had moved a hundred feet since Thomas had sucked him off and Paul was eyeing Thomas's crotch.

"I haven't talked with her outside the game. Mark's flying in tomorrow."

Paul nodded, looked around, then undid his seatbelt. "Take my place."

Before Thomas could ask what the tiger was going, Paul had scooted over to his side and Thomas had no choice but to do the same. Once behind the wheel, he took out his wallet to make sure he had his driver's license. He'd driven so little in the years he had it, he was never sure it was there. As he put it away, Paul undid Thomas's pants.

"My turn," the tiger said, then he had the rat's cock in his mouth and Thomas leaned back in the seat, hand on his friend's head, and enjoyed the mouth over his cock.

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"Do you think your uncle knew what you'd get up to in the car when he gave it to you?" Thomas asked. He was back in the passenger seat, but out of his pants, slowly stroking his cock. He and Paul had switched places two more times, and he figured there was no point in putting them back on until they were closer to his destination, which they were only halfway to. Paul didn't get hard again as fast as Thomas, but he wasn't slow either.

Paul laughed. "He was my age too at some point; I'm sure he knows what guys get up to when they have a car."

"Did they get up to this back in the stone age?"

Paul rolled his eyes. "They got up to this before there were cars. Sex is eternal." Paul's cock twitched. He still had his pants on, but he hadn't bothered putting his cock away after the second time.

Thomas took that as the sign and he leaned over and slurped it in.

Paul chuckled. "Fuck, you're going to suck the sex out of me the way you're going."

"Nah," Thomas said around the stiffening cock. "You suck it right back out of me,"

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Thomas parked Paul's car a block away from his house, which

earned him a raised eyebrow and tilted ear. "You're going to walk the rest of the way?"

Thomas pointed to his bare lap. "I'm not putting my pants on in front of my house, someone's going to be watching for me and they could see something." He reached back for his pants, then search for his underwear, which seemed to have vanished.

"So you prefer doing it in front of Miss Harmand's house?"

Thomas cursed and looked out across the passenger side in case the old cat lady was at her window. Not seeing her, he breathed again. Fuck, he didn't have the time to search for his underwear. He wriggled around the seat as he put on his jeans.

Then he pulled away from the curb and parked again in front of his house. He exited the car and walked around. Paul stepped out and they shook hands.

"Thanks for the ride," Thomas said.

"Thanks for the blowjobs," Paul replied, and chuckled.

"If you were trying to make me blush, you missed it by a couple of months. I've had too much sex in public at this point. Talking about it doesn't bother me."

"I'm still thankful for them. Have a good time with your family."

"I'm not vanishing, you know. You're only three houses away."

"Yeah, but this is thanksgiving. You, Hertz, are busy on this holiday." He stepped around the car. "Call me if you have five seconds of free time."

"Wish a happy thanksgiving to your mom for me."

"Will do," Paul replied before driving off.

As soon as Thomas entered the house, an old rat was hugging him. "There he is."



“Granma!” Thomas hugged her back. “You’re here early.”

She scoffed. “I was here right on time. You’re the one who’s late.” She looked him over and sniffed him.

“Granma,” Thomas said, ears burning.

“Oh pish-posh, I was young too. You aren’t doing anything I haven’t heard about.”

“Thomas, glad you could finally join us,” Nadia said. “I heard the highway was grid-locked. Did you make good use of your time on it with Paul?”

“Mom,” Thomas whined.

“That’s a yes!” Judith called from the kitchen. “See, I told you sending Paul in my place wouldn’t get him here any faster.”

“Well, at least I am here,” Thomas called back. “If it had been you, I’d still be waiting for you to let Yating go.”

“Or he would have taken her to his family,” Eric called back, “and Paul would still have had to go pick you up.”

“Yating’s family’s overseas,” Thomas said, joining them in the kitchen. “He’s not flying there.”

Judith perked up. “So he’s in town for the holiday? Maybe I should invite him to celebrate with us.”

“I think the house is going to be sufficiently packed,” Eric said. “Victor’s going to be arriving in a few hours. Which reminds me. He, Orinda, and the twins will be taking your room, Thomas, so you’re bunking with Roland for the weekend.”

“What?” Roland demanded, protein shake to his mouth.

“You two haven’t hung out since Thomas moved to his frat house,” their father said, “it’s going to be good for both of you to reconnect.”

Thomas swallowed. “Dad, maybe I—”

“No, Thomas, we’re a family. I won’t have you distance yourself just because you’ve moved out.”

He looked at Judith. Maybe he could bunk with her, but she shook her head. Thomas glanced at his brother, who looked away, focusing on his drink. Thomas immediately looked away too, not to be caught gazing at him. This wouldn’t end well.

Roland was pissed at him, and Thomas was... he really couldn’t let his mind go there.

Okay, he could survive there. As hot as his brother was—damn it—he had a frat full of brothers who not only were just as hot but weren’t related to him, so he could do with them what he imagined—no, not going there.

He caught Roland glaring at him before his brother stormed out.

Oh, this was going to be a thanksgiving for the record books on the awkwardness level, Thomas was sure of that.

## CHAPTER 1.5-14

“I-” Thomas started to say only to break down into a moan as the collie hilted him, pressing the rat against the wall. Hubert caressed him and pounded his ass, and Thomas could barely think. “I need-” Hubert destroyed that thought by changing the angle of attack, and Thomas groaned as he came over the wall. The collie stroked him and pounded a few more times, before finally filling his ass.

Hubert pulled out and patted the rat’s ass. “See you after the weekend.”

Thomas nodded, too busy catching his breath. Before he caught it, someone else was pressing up against him. “Don’t mind if I do,” Henry said as he pushed into Thomas.

The rat attempted to protest, but a moan was all that came out as he leaned into the bat. “No biting,” he managed as he felt him nibble on his neck.

“I supposed this one time, I can resist sucking your blood,” Henry said in a horribly cheesy accent. Thomas laughed, then moaned, groaned, and finally cursed. Henry was good.

The bat came, and stayed in him long enough to jerk another orgasm out of Thomas before pulling out. “Remember, you can always come back early,” Henry said before walking away.

Thomas forced himself to move even if his head was spinning

and made his way up the stairs. Of course, at the top he ran into Laurence and Gilbert, who grinned at him before sharing a look between each other.

“A last one for the road?” Gilbert asked Laurence, then Thomas was on his back, on the floor, with one armadillo’s cock up his ass and the other’s in his mouth. He moaned, grabbed onto Gilbert’s ass and pulled him until he was deep throating the armadillo.

Thomas yelped around the cock when someone began sucking him off and had him cumming under a minute. He managed to tilt his head enough to see Limbani sprawled on the floor next to him as he finished sucking him, the monkey giving the rat a wink as he pulled off to go suck someone else off.

Gilbert groaned and came. Thomas’s eyes rolled back as cum filled his muzzle. He was never going to get enough of this.

“I think,” Laurence said, only to stop with a moan as he filled Thomas’s ass. “Fuck,” he panted, “I think we need to throw him in the back of my truck and take him home with us.”

“We’re taking my van,” Gilbert said, “We can take turns fucking him on the mattress in the back.”

Laurence eyerolled, “Not everyone gets off fucking on something that smells like it’s been stuff with gun cotton.”

“No kidnapping a brother,” Henry said, walking by. “Also, I

hope you two weren't thinking of sneaking off without saying goodbye to me first."

"Was just trying to find you, Henry," Laurence said as he pulled out of the rat. Once they were both standing he pulled Thomas close and cupped his balls as he whispered into his ear. "Don't eat too much, cause I'm going to feed you plenty once we get back." Then the Rowlings walked after Henry.

With the bathroom in sight, Thomas hurried to it in hopes of a quick shower. Then he just had to get dressed and make it out of the house before another brother...

Three heads turning his way as he stepped in froze him. Firmin and Jacques were under one jet, the badgers washing each other. Two jets over stood the hyena, gigantic cock swinging between his legs as he pushed from lathering his muscular body. Thomas had a fleeting hope he'd managed to join in a chaste shower, only for someone to push him forward.

"Come on," Limbani said, "we're wasting time. Soon we're going to lose this wonderful ass and mouth to his family."

"I'm going to be back," Thomas protested as the monkey pushed him against the half wall of glass blocks. Thomas didn't know if he should be surprised they didn't manage to break this thing for the amount of times they'd fucked on it, or that he thought once upon a time it was used for privacy.

"I need to get washed!" he managed to say before Chima

placed a massive hand on his head and lowered him to the equally massive cock, now hard as a rock.

“I think we can get your fur clean,” Jacques said, reaching a soapy hand under Thomas and stroking him. “We will feed you for your trip.”

Thomas moaned as he swallowed the cock, stretching his jaw and throat. For as big as the hyena was, Chima was always gentle and he always knew how much Thomas was gonna take.

Hands roamed his body and cocks filled him. Once Chima had fed him and pulled away, Firmin took his place, Jacques replacing the monkey. Once they were done Limbani was back, or maybe he'd never left, and had them both under a shower jet, rinsing the soap out of their fur while slowly thrusting in his ass and jerking him off.

As soon as the monkey was done with him, Thomas ran out of the bathroom and straight into his bedroom. Thankfully his room was on the second floor; if he had to make it to the third he'd never make it out of here. Slamming the door behind him, he took a moment just to catch his breath.

Looking about the room, going so far as to look under the bed in case one of the frat brothers had hidden there, Thomas eventually felt secure that he was alone. Seriously, they were acting like they'd never see him again but it was just the Thanksgiving weekend.

He found himself a dry towel and got dried off, and double checked his bags to make sure he had enough clothing for his stay,

plus that his controller was in there... and who hid these dildos? These guys didn't have need for fake dicks, so whoever did it did it just to prank him. Shaking his head to dismiss the thought, he tossed the dildos onto the bed and went to get dressed.

It took some effort getting into the jeans and t-shirt, as they were officially just a bit too small; all from the work of Madoc's mandated gym time. But once he was in them he secured his suitcase and opened the door... only to find the rat responsible for his tight clothes standing there, along with Kuno. Thomas groaned.

"Look, I don't have time for another round of goodbye fucks." Thomas said in hopes they would listen. "My sister's going to be here any minute, and if I don't meet her at the door it will be hours before I can pry her off of Yatting."

As the margay chuckled, Thomas realized they were both dressed. "We were just stopping by to wish you a good holiday," Kuno said. "I'm driving Madoc to the airport, so if you think your sister would prefer spending the holiday here with Yat I could drop you off at your parent's place."

Madoc stared at the margay, "You can't seriously think Henry would let her spend the holiday here?"

Thomas eyerolled, "She'd consider his efforts to stop her amusing enough to try. And don't worry, if she really flakes out on me I'll take the bus."

"Just remember," the margay said, "If you get desperate for

cock, I'm across the river. I'd love to introduce you to my father."

"Why would he get desperate?" Madoc asked, "He's going to a house filled with-" He cut off as a few gears turned in his head. "...well I'm certain Paul must live near him."

"Also the frat will still be here," Kuno added, "All the internationals don't see a point in flying back just for a long weekend, so that's basically half of us."

Thomas shook his head, "It's only four days guys. If I can't survive that, you may as well just prep a coffin for winter break."

"I can go with you," Limbani said as he walked out of Chima's bedroom.

"No!" Thomas exclaimed as he recoiled from the monkey, who laughed and walked past them to the third floor.

"In any case, I need to see Henry before I leave," Madoc said as they started walking to the third floor, "You take care."

They went to the third floor as Thomas turned to the second. He was on edge to be jumped by guys at any moment, but apparently everyone was distracting each other. He didn't see anyone until he got down in the foyer where he found Paul of all people... dancing with Olavo .

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Thomas leaned against the wall to give them room as he tried to place which dance this was. It was a ballroom dance, but Thomas had danced enough with Paul to know there was more than just the waltz... in fact based on the continuous movements this should be the foxtrot.

Honestly, Thomas knew some of the guys were taking Paul's need to take it slow as a challenge rather than a deterrent, but he wouldn't have pegged Olavo to be the one in the lead. Just based on the professional respect he's putting in the dance rather than making it sexual, he'd give the copybara maybe until February to get in the tiger's pants.

It was only when Paul paused the action to correct Olavo with his footwork that they noticed Thomas was there. "And my passenger is here." He closed in on his dancing partner and gave them a kiss goodbye... a rather long kiss...

Okay, maybe January.

When they finally parted, Thomas joined them. "It's nice to see you, but what's this about a ride? Isn't Judith coming? Or is she the reason I haven't seen Yatting anywhere."

Paul shook his head, "Your dad called and asked me to pick you up instead. Apparently just because he's focused on you and Roland at the moment doesn't mean he's forgotten the type of woman his daughter is."

Thomas nodded at this, and waved goodbye to Olavo as he

walked into the living room to join the otter sprawled on a seat as a monkey bounced on his cock.

...wait, how did Limbani get down from the third floor already? No, wait, nevermind. If he went to ask he'll just be dragged into the sex.

Brain on the same wavelength, Paul took his best friend by the shoulder and moved him to the door. "Let's get you to the car before someone makes you an offer you can't refuse."

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Thomas groaned as he slumped against the seat. "At this rate we might not make it for Thanksgiving," he complained. The 694 was at a stand still, and had been for fifteen minutes. Nearest exit beyond the rat's line of sight. "We should have stuck to the back roads."

"It's the start of the Thanksgiving weekend," Paul responded, "No roads are going to be clear."

Thomas sighed, looked out the window, then over to his friend... and then down to his friend's pants. "...so you think you can drive while I suck you off?"

Paul chuckled, "In this traffic I think I can manage it." Thomas was in his friend's pants and pulling out that cock in an instant. Just because it was a long weekend didn't mean he couldn't practice his extracurriculars.

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“Is Donna going to be in town for the holiday?” Thomas asked.

“You didn’t ask her?” Paul replied, the car had moved a hundred feet since Thomas had sucked him off and Paul was eyeing Thomas’s crotch.

“I haven't talked to her outside the game,” the rat responded, “I know Mark is flying in tomorrow.”

Paul nodded, looked around, then undid his belt. “Take my place.”

Before Thomas could ask what the tiger was doing, Paul had scooted over to his side, forcing Thomas to climb over him and into the driver’s seat. He reached to slot in his phone only to remember Paul’s was still in there. As he got comfortable the tiger undid the rat’s pants.

“My turn,” Paul said before diving down on the rat’s cock. Thomas leaned and gently put a hand on the back of his friend’s head as he enjoyed the moment.

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“Do you think your uncle knew what you’d get up to in the car when he gave it to you?” Thomas asked as Paul continued to suck his cock. They’d switch a few times, Thomas shedding his pants along the way. They were like halfway there, so he didn’t see a point putting them back on until they were closer.

Paul pulled off long enough to laugh, “He was my age at some point, I’m sure he knew what guys get up to when they have a car.”

Thomas nodded, and then bit his lower lip as he came again in his friend’s mouth. Once he was done he asked, “Are you almost ready to go again?”

“Not quite,” the tiger responded as he kept an eye on the rat’s recovering member. “You’re going to have to tell me what the frat’s secret is if you want more.”

Thomas chuckled, “If there is a secret, I haven’t been read in on it yet. I just know I’ve had a LOT of sex.”

Paul grinned, “Well I’m just going to have to suck it out of you, then.” And then the tiger dove back onto his friend’s cock.

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Thomas parked Paul’s car a block away from his house, which earned him a raised eyebrow and a tilted ear. “You’re going to walk the rest of the way?”

\* \* \*

Thomas pointed to his bare lap. "I'm not putting my pants on in front of my house. Someone's going to be watching for us and they could see something." He reached for his pants, then searched for his underwear... where were they?

Paul chuckled, "So you prefer doing it in front of Miss Harmand's house?"

Thomas crouched and looked out across the passenger side in case the old cat lady was at her window. Not seeing her he breathed again. Fuck, he didn't have time to search for his underwear. He started wriggling around the seat as he put on his jeans. Then he shifted the car back into gear and parked it in front of his house.

As he got out of the car his friend did the same, and Thomas walked around to shake the tiger's hand. "Thanks for the ride."

"Thanks for the meal," Paul chuckled, "I might be good until breakfast tomorrow. Have fun with your family."

Thomas glanced down the street. "You know, you're only three houses away if you want more?"

Paul's chuckled turned to an outright laugh, "I'm not the wanton one here. If you get desperate and can get away from the Hertz family circus, call me." He started to walk around to the driver's seat.

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Thomas stepped back, giving the car room. "Wish your mom Happy Thanksgiving for me."

"Will do," Paul said as he disappeared into his car and drove off.

As soon as Thomas entered the house an old rat was hugging him. "There he is."

"Grandma!" Thomas hugged her back. "You're here early."

She scoffed. "I was here right on time. You're the one who's late." She looked him over and sniffed.

"Grandma," Thomas muttered as his ears burned.

The old rat rolled her eyes, "Well I see you have your father's modesty."

"Thomas," Nadia called as she walked onto the scene, "Glad you could finally join us. I heard the loop was gridlocked. Did you and Paul make good use of your time?"

"Mom," Thomas whined.

"That's a yes!" Judith called from the kitchen, "See, I told you

sending Paul in my place wouldn't get him here any faster."

"Well at least I'm here," Thomas called back, "If it had been you, I'd still be waiting for you to let Yating go."

"Or he would have taken her to his family," Eric called back, "And Paul would still have had to go pick you up."

"Yating's family's overseas," Thomas said, joining them in the kitchen, "He's not flying there."

Judith perked up. "So he's in town for the holiday? Maybe I should invite him to celebrate with us."

"I think the house is going to be sufficiently packed," Eric said as he turned a page on whatever he was reading on his phone. "We're already having to force Corina and her fiance to get a hotel room. Speaking of, Victor called and their plane landed. Once they get here he, Orinda, and their boys will be in your room, Thomas."

Thomas shrugged, "So does that mean I'll be down in the living room with Uncle Neuro?"

"Oh no," their mother said as she moved about the kitchen, "You're going to be sharing Roland's room."

"What?" Roland demanded, protein shake to his mouth.

\* \* \*

“You two haven’t hung out since Thomas moved to his frat house,” their father said, “Me and your mother decided it would be good for you to reconnect.”

Thomas swallowed, “Dad, maybe I-”

His father lowered his phone, “Thomas, we’re a family. I won’t have you distancing yourself just because you moved out.”

He looked at Judith, looking for assistance, but she shook her head. Thomas glanced at his brother, who looked away, focusing on his drink. Thomas immediately looked away too, so as not to be caught gazing at him. This wasn’t going to end well. Roland was pissed, and Thomas was not going there.

Still, he could survive this. It’s not like being in the living room with Uncle Neiro and his husband would have been much better. He was a Royer after all, so the things they’d get up to... no. No. Not going there. Just think of ice... nice cold rock hard ACK. Thomas your brain can not be this primed for sex already!

Ears perking at the movement, Thomas glanced over at Roland and saw his brother storming out of the room. Oh boy, this was going to be the most awkward Thanksgiving ever.



## OUTLINE-14

Chapter 17[I still, after all this time, say that one of our options to trim the fat might be to shift those first sixteen chapters into a free online teaser, and have the real book start here. This chapter gives us a quick rundown of the entire fraternity, while Thanksgiving itself introduces the Hertz family.]

[Still, if you still think you can trim enough fat in other ways, I'll be open to seeing the results.]

###

Fraternity House, Thomas, Theta Sigma Gamma, Paul: Mood: let me go, I've got to go

Scene opens with Thomas being pounded against one of the downstairs walls by Hubert... and then Henry... and finally spit roasted between Laurance and Gilbert while being sucked off by Limbani. Thomas retroactively makes that one last call, he needs to get a shower in before his ride is arrives.

Of course, the second he reaches the bathroom he encounters Firmin, Jacques, and the monster that is Chima... and before he can say anything he's pushed into the bathroom by Limbani because that monkey never gets enough. Somehow Thomas manages to actually leave the bathroom clean, and makes a mad dash for his bedroom before he's tackled by anyone else.

Once in the safety of the bedroom, he gets dressed, double checks his bags to make sure they haven't been booby trapped with sex toys, and then shoulders them to head out to the foyer... only to be stopped by Madoc and Kuno. Thomas starts to protest that he can't show up to his parents smelling like sex, but the boys tell him to relax. Kuno was

about to drive Madoc to the airport, and they just wanted to say goodbye... and remind him that is he gets desperate that Kuno's family is just over the river, not to mention the fraternity is filled with overseas students who only see this a four day weekend rather than a holiday[There was some confusion of why some people were staying home, and that gets corrected addressed with just one small change to the sentence.].

Thomas sighs, but says it's a four day weekend. If he can't survive that long without sex, than he may as well plan his funeral for winter break. Thomas heads downstairs to the foyer, where to his surprise he finds Paul waiting for him rather than his sister. Apparently Eric thought ahead enough to realize that Judith wouldn't be the best chaperone. He might not have thought that far ahead enough, as Paul and Thomas already do it on just a much more casual basis than anyone in the frat, and with the way Paul is walking Olavo through the proper way to do a foxtrot it will be maybe February before someone else in the fraternity gets into the tiger's pants.

With that said, with Thomas there Paul wraps up the dance, and kisses Olavo... OK, maybe make that January... and then pushes the copybara off towards the adjacent room where Felix [And yes, Felix was intentionally excluded from the people trying to plow Thomas.]was plowing Limbani. And with that, Thomas and Paul head off before Thomas gets dragged into anything else.

###

In Transit, Thomas, Paul: Mood: going somewhere, not fast at all.

Apparently everyone is heading somewhere for Thanksgiving this Wednesday afternoon. Paul and Thomas have been keeping in touch, so they don't have a lot to talk about. The used car Paul got from one of his uncles is one of them; apparently he considered it a tragedy Paul hadn't been given a car when he was sixteen, much less headed off to college, so he made it a surprise.[While this might still be the source of Paul's car, discussion of it will have to be moved earlier.If we need

something else to fill the air, I feel talk about the friends they've lost touch with and how while they may be in town this weekend to see their own families, they both don't feel a real drive to go and see them. Bit melancholic, but it is supposed to be.]

And... at this point... Thomas decides that is the traffic isn't going to be moving at all anyway he may as well blow Paul. Good or bad, the fraternity has been some sort of influence on Thomas. Paul will say just as much once Thomas is done, and Thomas will ask if that means he doesn't want him to do it again. Taking one look at the gridlocked traffic, Paul says to just give them two minutes.

###

Hertz Household, Thomas, Paul, Hertz Family: Mood: No, absolutely not, he's my brother, I don't want him that way

Traffic was bad enough Thomas did Paul twice more and then they switched places so that Paul could do Thomas. It was about that time that traffic cleared up, so it ends up being Thomas that drives them to his place. Thankfully he's had a lot of practice acting completely casual after public encounters, so Thomas at least doesn't give them away. They shake hands, part ways, and then Thomas goes to greet the rest of his family.

His grandmother Luisa is already there, and will be there for the entire weekend. Speaking of, with Victor coming this afternoon, Thomas is going to be bunking with Roland rather than his room. Apparently this is news to Roland as well, but the mother doesn't want to hear anything on the matter. The boys should spend some more time together. Thomas and Roland look at each other in light apprehension... four days bunking with your hot brother... geez this will be an awkward thanksgiving.