

CHAPTER 09

Minneapolis, September, 15th

The stall's door burst open and before Thomas could greet his best friend, who'd agreed to meet him for some fun, the monkey grabbed him, turned, and pinned him against the now-closed door.

"Lim—"

The monkey's mouth on his stopped the question, the tongue pushing between the lips, stopped the reason for even asking the question. The hand on his crotch, while it undid the belt and the one on his ass working the tail strap, stopped thought altogether. It only reengage at the sensation of his underwear ripping off his body, and Thomas tried to push the monkey away, only resulting in freeing his mouth.

"Dude, what's wrong with you?"

Limbani blinked, stared at him, then stepped back, shocked, and Thomas wondered at the reaction. If he came on this strong all the time, he couldn't be the first one to ask for an explanation partway.

His gaze became distant before focusing on Thomas again. "Don't you..." the question trailed off as the monkey pointed to Thomas's hard cock. "don't we..."

Had Thomas broken the monkey's mind by stopping things, because he was pretty sure Limbani had remained fluent while being more preoccupied during the Freshman party.

"Yes, I'm horny," Thomas said, pointing out the obvious. The exposed obvious. "And yes, I'd be fine with you sucking me off—" he grabbed the monkey by the shoulders before he dove onto his cock like it was the last meal on Earth. "But aren't you going to at least apologize for destroying my underwear?"

Limbani blinked, then got the faraway look again, wincing

before focusing on him again. The monkey gave him a puppy-eyed look he had no right to be able to produce. "Sorry?"

The uncertainty only added to the endearingness of the moment, and Thomas let go of him. How was he supposed to stay mad when Limbani looked like that? If he could pull that look on-demand, it explained the need for a minder when he was out and about.

Thomas sighed and moved his hands, but the monkey kept looking at him with those big sad eyes. He had to be breaking laws using that on another person. "Go ahead."

The first word was just out of his mouth that Limbani was dropping. The last ended in a grown as the monkey took his entire cock in one go. It felt like the mouth as fallen on it as he'd dropped to his knees. Thomas's body arched in pleasure, his head banging against the door as Limbani swallowed around his cock before starting to bob.

"Oh, fuck." Thomas's head hit the door again as his eyes rolled. Was the monkey's mouth a vacuum or something? Any time he pulled up, Thomas felt like his cock was being pulled off and when he came down, it was like he was sucking all the way to his balls.

No, that was the hand pulling and massaging them.

Maybe.

How was Thomas supposed to know when he wasn't even sure what else, but the pleasure existed anymore? The pleasure diminished as Limbani slowed his sucking, making Thomas moan as he deep throated him again, but then went painfully slow as he pulled up, and kept pulling up and more of Thomas's cock was exposed to the cool air.

Then Limbani looked up with a mischievous expression and Thomas had hold of his head. There was no way he was letting his cock get out of that amazing muzzle. He shoved his cock back in, and the monkey moaned in time with him.

Limbani placed both hands on Thomas's ass and the rat

thrust in and out of the monkey's hot, wet, pleasurable muzzle. Then it turned into a vacuum again and Thomas had to work at pulling back and, oh fucking God, did it feel good. He slammed in and pulled again, mouth hanging open. Being able to do that couldn't be any more legal than those puppy eyes.

The tongue proved to be too much. It wrapped around Thomas's cock as he was pulling out, adding sensation to the underside and then the crown, and the rat was screaming as he slammed in, unloading in the monkey's throat, and the fucker was swallowing around his cock, which only made it more intense.

It lasted... his mind couldn't register time anymore. What was time, anyway? All that mattered was the pleasure of that mouth, the orgasm, the—

Thomas's knees nearly buckled as Limbani pull off him, panting, but keeping a hand on the rat's stomach while the bones reformed in his legs.

"Okay, I'd been worried there for a second," Limbani said, sitting on the toilet once Thomas was no longer in danger of flopping into a boneless mess. "But that's the Party Thomas I remember."

Thomas chuckled through his panting. At least someone remembered what he'd been like. He'd have to quiz the monkey about it later. When he could breathe steadily, he asked. "What are you doing here?"

The monkey tilted an ear and motioned to the rat's crotch and his mouth.

"I mean, how did you even know I was here? The plan was for me and Paul to meet up...did he tell you? Was that how he planned on taking care of me?" Thomas wasn't sure if he wanted to be pissed or grateful. He had been looking forward to Paul returning the favor for Thomas sucking him off on the drive back from the Freshman party, even if Thomas had no memory of the event. But this had been... he had no idea how to describe it.

"I told you at the party, I know things." The grin fell as

uncertainty crept up. "You were waiting for Paul?" he bit his lower lip and suddenly seemed younger. "I guess Henry's right and I shouldn't take it for granted." The grin returned. "But you were here. You fucked my face and came like a pro. So my perfect track record stands."

"What?" He couldn't be serious about that knowing who he was going to have sex with thing. "Look, if you aren't here because Paul sent you, you need to clear out." Hopefully, the golden tiger wasn't going to be disappointed that Thomas would suck him off instead of the reverse, but then again. There would be another time with the way the rat was always horny these days.

"Oh, okay." Limbani motioned for Thomas to move away from the door and reached for it. "Oh, your cock almost made me forget." He grinned. "I had another reason to seek you out."

Thomas narrowed his eyes.

"We want you to join the frat." The monkey grinned.

"Wait what?"

The grin fell slightly. "You are looking for a frat to join, right? Paul said..."

"Yeah, but what about that exclusivity Sigma Theta Gamma's known for? The reason you were able to get a room there even being a Freshman?"

"Oh," Limbani said that like he'd had a revelation. "Well, after your performance at the party, we all agreed you could join."

"Everyone? A dozen guys all agreed, just like that?"

"Thirteen, don't you remember sucking us off?"

"Vaguely," Thomas said and got a tilted ear.

"There was some resistance, but after talking it over all week last week, we agreed that we could bend the rule a little for someone with your level of... eagerness."

Thomas's disbelief fought with his excitement. "I'm allowed to

join the frat?"

The monkey nodded, smiling, "which includes moving it now."

Thomas's disbelief cranked up. "Okay, what's the catch?"

The smile broadened and Thomas thought he could add feline on top of canine to the monkey's species. "Well, it's a tradition that everyone joining the frat has gone through a... ceremony. It's not a requirement of the frat itself, it's... well, something else, but the diehards argued that we can't let anyone in who hasn't had that ceremony, so..."

"That sounds suspiciously like a hazing."

"It isn't."

"Yeah, I'm going to need some information if I'm going to risk that."

Limbani sighed and got that distant look again and winced. He held up his finger and Thomas closed his mouth on asking if he was okay. Then it was the beaming smile that kept him from checking.

Limbani placed a finger in Thomas's black chest fur. "Here's what I can tell you." He ran the finger down. "Consider the kind of guys we are. The stories you've heard about us, and the party you attended." The finger reached the dividing line between the black fur above and white below and kept going to the base of the rat's stiffening cock. "Now imagine what we would think of for a ceremony to determine if you are worthy of joining."

Thomas swallowed at the images that popped in his head as the finger now caressed the length of his rock-hard cock.

The monkey leaned in and whispered. "Do you really care if someone would call what we'll do to you a hazing?"

Hazing was just a word, anyway, right? "When?" he squeaked, as the finger ran down the underside of his cock.

“This Saturday at six work from you?”

Thomas shivered as the finger caressed its way over his balls. He nodded. He wasn't trusting his voice, even with just that one word.

“Good.” The finger was gone. “I'll see you then.” The monkey was out of the stall as the golden tiger entered the bathroom. “I've primed him for you, handsome,” Limbani told a mildly confused Paul. “Enjoy.”

Paul stepped to the open stall, looked down, and Thomas saw the remains of his underwear on the floor. The golden tiger tilted an ear. “When you messaged me because you really needed to get off, I didn't think you were talking the ‘two guys sucking you off’ kind of needy.”

Thomas grabbed Paul by the collar and pulled him into the stall as what he'd agreed to undergo sunk in. “I have to survive a week of anticipating something that might put the party to shame. I don't care what you're going to need me to do, Paul, but I'm going to need your help keeping my balls from exploding until then.”

The tiger quirked a smile. “What can be happening that's going to be keeping you on edge that badly until then?”

“I've been offered a room in the Sigma Theta Gamma Frat house.”

The surprise gave way to amused understanding. “And you're imagining everything that'll happen once you're there.”

Thomas's mouth dropped. His imagination hadn't even made it past his initiation. He moaned in need, his cock twitching at the thought that was only going to be the start of his fun.