

Rework-5

The frat was located in an older neighborhood only a block away from the interstate. Walking to it from where Paul found parking, they walked by a few other frats with their letters proudly displayed on the front of the building. Sigma Theta Gamma, on the other hand, was the third of four connected brownstone apartments, three stories in height, and without having been given the address, Thomas would never have known this was anything more than another apartment building.

Thomas did his best not to hyperventilate, and Paul did his best to calm him, but he was going to a party where sex was the reason, no matter what Paul said about it being their decision if they did anything. Just going meant he was interested in having sex, which he was, but unlike Paul, he didn't have his code of getting a guy to dance with him before doing the horizontal tango as a way to slow things down.

Thomas wanted the sex, but now that it was within reach, the idea there would be dozens and dozens of guys there willing to do it with him was... It was kind of intimidating.

The guy who checked their ID was the margay who'd been making out with Limbani, Then the collie who asked how Thomas jerked off was the instructor in his economics class, which made Thomas's ear burned as he realized that when he was in his next class, this guy my recognize him.

After and explanation of why they bothered marking the attendees, and before Thomas could make more of a fool of himself, a monkey was there to take him in hand, or at least certain part of his anatomy in hand and show Thomas how good of a time he could have. It was almost derailed by a meeting with the bat, Henry, but he let Thomas off with a warning of not letting the monkey force anything on him, adding ominously to not let it happen even if the monkey claimed to know what was going to happen.

What did happen was Thomas being dragged to a storage closet to become a cliché where he sucked his first cock with enough skill to leave the monkey speechless for about five seconds and which left Thomas wanting much more.

So a pantless monkey took him out of the closet, and Thomas saw something of legends. A hyena with a cock dangling between his legs you only read about in stories or saw in porn movies with a bit of a special effect budget.

"Is that real?" Thomas asked, pointing at the hyena with the cock going down to his knees.

"Oh yeah," Limbani replied breathlessly. "That's Chima, he's all real."

Thomas stared at the monkey. "How do I get myself some of that?" he demanded.

The monkey laughed. "You could always ask nicely." He grabbed Thomas by the shoulder as the rat turned to head for the hyena. "But as enthusiastic as you are. I think that, maybe, we need to work you up to someone that size." He smiled. "Trust me, you are going to love sucking off all those cocks as practice for that one."

"Point me to them," Thomas demanded, vibrating at the idea of sucking off more cocks. "Now."

Limbani pulled Thomas along, slowing only to glance in this room or that one, until they stepped into a lounge on the second floor with a dozen naked guys engaged in a variety of sex.

“Chouteau,” the monkey called, and the otter bouncing on a cock looked over his shoulder. “Since you wanted him, how about he sucks you off?”

“What, he’s not good enough for you and you think I’ll want him?”

“Oh, trust me, you want him sucking you off.”

The fox under the otter grabbed his hips and gave a couple of hard thrust and grunted, stilling. The otter sighed in pleasure, then stood, all business.

“You’re lucky. I’m free for you to show me what you can do.” He dropped into an unoccupied loveseat and spread his legs.

The hard cock Thomas approached seemed small, but might be because after the monster the hyena, Chima, sported, every cock would look small. He dropped to his knees on the thick carpet and took the cock in his mouth without hesitation. Smaller than Limbani, that was for sure, he thought as he swallowed it and it barely hit the back of his throat.

He moaned in delight. The size didn’t matter. It was a cock, it was in his mouth, and he loved it. He bobbed up and down, his lips tight against the shaft, keeping as much of a vacuum in his muzzle as he could.

The otter grunted and moaned a “fuck” before putting a hand on Thomas’s head and thrusting. “Where did you find him?”

The reply was distorted, and Thomas glanced in that direction. Limbani was seated on the floor, back to a chair and a guy fucking his muzzle while another sucked him off.

“Focus on what you’re doing,” The otter ordered, turning his head back to the cock. Then he, too, was fucking a muzzle.

Thomas licked the cock as it moved in and out of his muzzle. He massaged the balls, feeling them tighten before the otter came. Thomas’s cock twitched as the bitter and salty taste of cum covered his tongue again and he moaned. He continued sucking after the otter stopped thrusting.

When he let go of the cock, it was still hard.

“Okay, I’m impressed,” the otter said. “Just where did you find him, Lim?”

“Pledge week,” the monkey said around the cock, Then the elephant thrust deep and stayed there, the monkey swallowing.

Thomas looked around. A german shepherd was on all fours, with another one fucking him. Under him, a cock was swinging back and forth and before Thomas knew it, he was on his back, eying the cock up close until he snapped it in his muzzle and sucked on it. The two shepherds let out a curse. Then it was Thomas’s turn as something hot and wet closed around his throbbing cock. Loud slurping sounded as someone sucked the rat off, and he sucked the german shepherd off.

Thomas came first, but only by a few seconds, then the cock was dumping cum in his muzzle and the dog fucking the one he was sucking off let out a growl and the two were still.

Thomas moved as soon as the cock stopped providing. The monkey had his hand before he found another cock and was pulling him along until they were a floor lower and

under a table. Thomas barely had to time to see cards being distributed before that.

“I’m still dressed,” someone said as Limbani unzipped the pants.

“Stop bitching, Lav. You’re going to like this.”

“Like I haven’t felt your muzzle on my cock a dozen times already.”

The cock was hard when the monkey moved to the side. He pulled Thomas in its direction and the rat did not hesitate. In his muzzle it went, suck hard he did.

“Balls! What’s gotten into you?” the cock’s owner said as someone else at the table yipped. “Hey, this doesn’t mean the game’s over.”

Thomas bobbed down, then up and hit his head on the underside of the table. Then he was more careful, pushing more and more of the cock in, controlling his gag reflex as he went.

The guy he was sucking off cursed as someone else cheered and Thomas had the sense of a shirt falling to the floor. Someone howled in a voice that sounded like the one who’d yipped. Then the cock in Thomas’s muzzle pulsed, and he was sucking down thick cream with a sourness to it.

“I fucking swear,” the guy said as Thomas crawled out from under the table, “if I end up naked because of—” the capybara stared at Thomas as he stood and stretched, grinning. Limbani pulled himself out from under the table and smirked, then he had Thomas by the hand and they were in another room.

He had a sense of being held against a wall as he was sucked off hard. Then he was on a couch, a cock in his muzzle, a muzzle on his cock, cocks in his hands. Someone touched his ass, and Limbani pulled them away without Thomas needing to say anything.

The evening became a blur of cocks, and bodies pressed against him, and he loved every minute.

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Thomas became aware of a sensation of motion. He cracked an eye open and looked at a windshield and lights on the side of the road passing by.

“Look who’s waking up,” Paul said.

“Am I?” Thomas asked. The scene had a dreaminess to it he thought meant he might be dreaming. “Am I high?”

“If someone can get high from sucking cock, you probably are.”

Thomas leaned across and rested his head on the golden tiger’s shoulder. “Did you have fun?” He asked, his head leaning forward and giving him a view of his best friend’s crotch.

“I talked with guys there. There were a few clumsy attempts at dancing, but yes, I had fun.”

Thomas placed a hand on the tiger’s thigh. “But did you have Fun,” he insisted.

Paul chuckled. “I left that to you.”

Thomas slipped out from the shoulder restraint and leaned down.

“What are you doing?” Paul asked, amused.

“It’s not fair you didn’t get to be sucked off.” He looked up at the tiger, grinning, as he unzipped his pants. “I’m very good at it.”

“So I heard, but you don’t have to.”

Thomas looked at his best friend seriously. “Paul, you were going to come have sex with me if my dad wasn’t going to let me go. I’m not letting you have been to that party and not have gotten a taste of what it was like.” He licked his lips. “And I want to taste tiger cock.” He reached in and pulled the cock out. “You know me well enough for this, don’t you?” he asked, concern pushing through the haze.

Paul smiled. “Yes, you go ahead. I would like to have you suck me off.”

Thomas felt the car slow as he closed his muzzle on the tip of the soft cock. Then it thickened and hardened.

“Oh fuck,” Paul whispered as Thomas sucked more of it in his muzzle. He nearly gagged and had to pull off and slow his attempt. His best friend was definitely bigger and thicker than Limbani, and most of the cocks he remembered sucking, not that any of them seemed to be a clear memory. He grinned as he slowly bobbed up and down. He didn’t need to remember the details, he remembered had amazing it had been. This was the only cock he figured he should remember.

“Holy fuck,” Paul exclaimed as Thomas buried his muzzle into the tiger’s crotch then was up and catching his breath, grinning like, well, like Limbani had most of the time Thomas had caught sight of him during the evening.

A hand rested on his head, but didn’t influence his movement, so he continued to bob, his lips tight, and smiling when Paul grunted, or moaned, or sighed. When his best friend tensed, Thomas sucked harder, causing him to curse again. Then Thomas was drinking his what felt like his friend’s potent essence. It felt good. It felt great. It felt so good that even once it didn’t produce anymore; he continued suckling on the softening cock.

This was a wonderful way to fall asleep, Thomas thought.