

CHAPTER 07

Minneapolis, January 13th

Thomas closed the oven door and went back to mixing the batter. The candied minds were coming along nicely. They'd make a perfect garnish for —

"What are you doing?" Limbani whispered in his ear, and Thomas barely held on the open flour bag as he startled. Catching his breath he glared at the monkey who gave him an innocent smile.

"Trying to make dessert for tonight."

"Yummy." The monkey undid Thomas's tail strap.

"You don't even know what I'm making," Thomas said, trying to keep the stern expression as a hand slipping under the waistband of his jeans and moving to the front.

"Everything that comes from you is tasty. I'd have you for dessert and it would be delicious." A slight tug and the jeans moved down, then gravity had them around his ankles.

"I doubt my cum's sweet enough to qualify as dessert." A quick glance around the kitchen confirmed starting the prep work early was paying off. The ingredients were ready to be mixed, baring another attempt at getting him to throw them in the air. The mints were at a low enough temperature that even forgetting about them for a bit wouldn't ruin them, and the oil was ready to go.

"That is a proposition that just asks to be tested." Then, Limbani melted around the rat and was on his knees, forcing him away from the counter. He hurriedly put the bag of flour down before he *accidentally* dropped it on the monkey's head. With a chuckle, Limbani ran a hand over the 'Kiss the Chef' embroidered in an old style cursive font. "Love the apron."

"That puts you kind of low for you're going to kiss me, doesn't

it?" He noticed the clock. Okay, if he wanted everything to be ready in time, he couldn't just stop working because he was being distracted. Of course, Limbani would go for the one thing he'd forgotten to plan for when he'd prepared himself and the kitchen for his cooking. Pushing him away from the counter. The guys usually went for what was on display, not searching around for what else could be access.

Still, if there was one thing he'd learned in the months of being accepted within Sigma Theta Gamma, it was how to adapt to situations. Well, it was really how sex was an activity that wasn't to be kept to even private areas. But that came with having to adapt, if he wanted to get anything done.

Studying for finals had been interesting.

He spread his legs around the monkey, letting him adjust his balance and lean forward to could continue with the mixing.

"I like how you think," Limbani said, head now against the cabinet door and muzzle pressed into the apron-covered crotch. The motion of the mouth against Thomas's stiff cock to make him bite his lower lip, then the apron was up and over the monkey's head. His tongue lapped at the rat's balls, then the whole of his cock was in Limbanis' muzzle.

"Oh Balls," Thomas exclaimed, borrowing one of Madoc's many used curse. At least it was appropriate to the occasion. He reminded himself he had work to complete, unless he wanted to end up as the proffered dessert. As appealing as the easy of every guys in the frat having their way with him, again. He had promised himself he'd make this dish for them.

At least, the monkey had given him plenty of practice at doing —he moaned— anything while engage in a sexual thing. This was just one more to add to that list.

The hardest part of mixing the batter was that he needed both his hands to make it happen. Next time he was getting someone here to buy non-slip bowls. He had to fight the well trained reflex to grab the monkey's head so he could fuck his muzzle hard. He tried to convince himself it was to hurry this along so he could focus on the

baking, but he also wanted to prove to the monkey this was nowhere enough of a distraction to mess up his cooking.

And really, as if hurrying this along would result in anything more than Limbani going to a second and third load.

He was cracking the last egg when he felt it coming. He had just enough control to open it over the bowl and drop the shell beside it before grabbing onto the counter and cuming. Limbani sucked it all eagerly and Thomas panted as the orgasm ran its course. Then found out the monkey wasn't satisfied as he kept on sucking on Thomas's still hard cock.

"Leave room for dessert," Thomas whispered and the monkey snorted, then kept going.

His hand shook as he grabbed the whisk and the occasional full body shudder as his oversensitive cock kept on being sensitized almost made him drop it a few times. He forced his breath to slow and reminded himself he had won a Shoot-em Down death match while the monkey was blowing him, and this was a lot easier than picking his target on a screen.

He managed to turn the stovetop on, and to keep an eye on the readout of the digital thermostat clipped to the edge of the pot a few minutes before, and now, the batter looked to be properly smooth, with a minimal of spillage. He was now at the stage where he had to wait until the oil was at the right temperature so he could funnel the batter in. It left his hands free to—

"The funnel!" Thomas cursed, looking for where he'd put it, when being pinned in place by a monkey suctioning the cum out of his balls hadn't crossed his mind. He located it on the counter, that was good, but out of easy reach.

Getting the monkey to slide enough Thomas could reach it proved an adventure, it didn't even occur to him to ask for him to pause for the second it would take, and when he was in position by the stove again, the oil was at the right temperature.

He had a one cake's worth in the funnel, his hand shaking over

the oil as the batter poured into it, when he felt it approaching again. "Oh fuck," He whispered, trying to hold it back, he couldn't just drop the funnel and obey his body's demand for another release, that would splash oil and —

"Careful there," Yating whispered in his ear, and this time the startlement helped distract him from the impending, and the red panda's hand holding the funnel kept that from flying. "How about we keep that in the bowl until you can focus on whatever you're making?"

Thomas thanks were cut short by the slick cock pushing in his ass and the orgasm that triggered. When the starts went away, he was amazed to see the funnel was in the batter bowl and not one extra drop of batter was on the counter.

Limbani finished draining his balls, while Yating slowly pounded the rat's ass, then extricated himself. "I'd love to go for a third serving," he say, rubbing the back of his head. "But not at the cost of what that panda action is going to do to my head, and the cabinet door."

"You're welcome to fill me," the panda said.

There was the sound of a hand slapping an ass. "Currently, I'm hungry, so I'm going to go look for another pre meal meal to munch on." Then Limbani was out of the kitchen.

Yating wrapped his arms around Thomas's stomach. "I guess I should put the filling the monkey sucked out of you back in," he whispered in his ear, before licking it and picking up the pace.

Thomas let out a moan-mixed curse and closed his eyes, holding onto the counter. He'd cook the cakes tomorrow, he decided. If that meant he was dessert tonight, so be it, he'd endure it.

The panda's cock moved in and out, a well oiled piston in a casing made to feel it. Thomas moaned, tightening his ass and increasing the sensation. He decide there was something wonderful about being fucked among the smell of frying food.

He gasped as Yating closed a hand on his cock, stroking it. He tried thrusting in it but the panda held him in place, unwilling to relinquish any of the control. Thomas whined in need. He was getting close to this third orgasm, but Yating seemed to sense it and was keeping him on the edge.

The smell of oil became stronger as The panda continued to edge him on. Enough Thomas wondered if he's somehow spilled some in his fur as he prepared everything.

Except, that couldn't be right, the oil had only gone in the pan, and that was on the stove, so it couldn't splash—

“Fuck!” his eyes snapped open, but before he could do more, the flash of light blinded him, and the heat seared his eyes shut again.

He didn't want to burn!

He was in freefall, then landing on something soft, then nothing.

* * * * *

Thomas woke to an orgasm and the voice of someone else groaning over him. Then the cock in his ass pulsed. The waves of his orgasm match those of the pulsing cock, and something resembling thought manifested.

“Oh fuck,” He groans, “did I need that.”

“Well, there's your answer,” Laurence said in what sound like too close to panic for the situation to Thomas. “What the fuck do we do now?”

Fuck me again? Thomas tried to ask, but the guy's cock pulled out and instead of Yating rolling off him, it was Hubert. The collie looked at him concerned.

How as he switched partner without noticing, he and Yating had been— “The fire!” He was out of bed and heading for the door, but Limbani push back to th bed. The bed? How had he... what was he doing in his room?

“Gil took care of it.”

Why was half the frat in his room? How long had been out? Had they just used him while he couldn't say anything. “Yating,” he asked, forcing his ming to get back on important matters. “Is he okay? The flash fire... and I...”

The panda was seated on his computer chair, eyeing Thomas with a mix of awe and fear. What? Why? Again, he needed to force his mind back and he studied Yating. He looked fine, not even signed fur.

Thomas looked down at himself, fearful of what he'd see, he had taken the brunt of the fire and... He was fine? He ran a hand through his fur. It felt fine, he didn't hurt anywhere.

“How did you pull us out before we were burned?” he asked Limbani. The monkey had been the last one there, so he had to... only Yating had taken his time, and Limbani had said he was going to one of the others.

The silence unnerved Thomas, as did the way they were looking at him.

Madoc opened his mouth, but what he wanted to say was buried as the other all spoke at once and the only thing Thomas was able to pick up from any of it was the tone.

Clear and unrestrained accusation.

“I didn't mean to start the fire,” Thomas told them, but it was like they weren't listening, just—

“Shut up!” The deep and booming voice of the Hyena silenced the room. He glanced at Thomas, then Madoc. “You're missing the important detail.” The cacophony was engaged again, but this time aimed at Chima.

Thomas eyed the open door, but Gilbert stood in it. Even if he wasn't paying any attention to the rat, Gilbert would keep him from leaving. There was something deliberate in the armadillo standing there, blocking the only way out.

“Shut up!” Chime yelled again, and this time the silence was more tenuous. “Whatever Thomas did, it’s because we initiated him.” The silence gained a firmness that confused Thomas.

“Bullshit,” Felix said. “We only did the ceremony of submission, and only as a joke.”

“That’s the one we did intentionally,” Chima agreed. “But at the Freshman party, is there anyone here Thomas didn’t suck off?”

“That’s not how it works,” Felix protested, but the other were looking at one another. Thomas had sucked all thirteen guys at the party, not that remembered anyone past Limbani, Herbert and Olavo, and even the capybara was kind of vague.

“Is there anyone Thomas didn’t fuck during the exam week?” Chima asked, ignoring the otter’s protest.

That, Thomas remembered quite well. Fucking everyone in the frat had been an experience, especially that final fuck, Chima.

“I don’t know how,” the hyena said, “luck, instinct, or His—” he snapped his mouth shut and looked at Thomas worriedly. “Somehow, he’s gone through all three ceremonies.”

The silence stretched only for a few second before Firmin spoke. “That’s impossible. There hasn’t been a foundling in centuries.” Somehow, that started the arguing again.

Since it wasn’t about him this time, as far as he could tell, he decided to get out of there, regardless of whatever objection the armadillo might have. He needed space and a shower. He could still smell oil in his fur and he wanted that out.

He stood, and his legs buckled out from under him. Laurence caught him from behind and deposited him back on the bed.

“That’s enough,” Olavo said. His voice wasn’t loud, but it held enough authority they others turned to him. “Where’s Henry? We need him for this.”

“He’s—” Gilbert started.

“We need everyone here,” Felix said. “If—” he stared at Chima. “—if this is what it is, he’s broken rules. That’s for an elder to deal with. I’ll call mine.”

“No.” Olavo snatched the phone out of Madoc’s hand. While Felix had been talking about calling someone, Madoc has started on it. “This isn’t family business, it’s ours. It’s Sigma Theta Gamma business.”

“Olavo, I can’t keep this from Raphael,” Madoc said, an edge of panic in his voice. “Thomas had two brothers and two nephews.”

“Which is why we need to know for sure what happened,” Olavo replied. “And we need Henry for that. He’d figure things out, and he’ll get the elders involved. The last thing we need,” he added as Felix and Madoc opened his mouth, “if for us to be responsible for sparking a conflict between the Richards and the Lewiston.”

“Henry’s not picking up,” Laurence said, phone to his ear.

“He’s at the dean’s,” Gilbert said. “Something to do with the house’s standing.”

The capybara nodded. “Gil, you’re dressed, so you go get him. I think this is more important.” He looked at the others. “Until then, everyone out, except Limbani. You are not letting him get out of your sight, is that clear? And fuck him until he’s able to walk straight again.”

Firmin’s snicker was cut short by the capybara’s glare.

Thomas was walking—he wasn’t acknowledging the inadvertent joke—after the fifth fuck. The sex had been energetic, and it always was with the monkey, but Limbani had been odd through out it. Like he was worried Thomas would just vanish, or he wasn’t sure he was even there while he was pounding his ass.

The sixth had happened in the showers, him and Limbani and no one else. Thomas had had to insist and point out he smelled like he’d be doused with oil. He’d caught Kuno looking in, also with an odd

expression, while there. So whatever was going on was spreading to those he hadn't been present.

When Limbani returned him to his room, Jacques and Hubert were there, and there was an argument when the monkey said he needed to deal with something. It was pointed out Olavo had told him to stay with Thomas, and the monkey replied with a 'he's not my elder,' in a tone that Thomas didn't think he'd ever heard the monkey use.

He hadn't thought Limbani could get angry. The anger vanished as he looked at Thomas, and as the monkey opened his mouth, the rat thought he'd finally get an answer to what this was, but it closed before any words left it and, looking apologetic, left. Hubert ushered Thomas back in his room with instructions to stay there until Henry was back.

Thomas considered pushing his way past and going after Limbani, maybe if he insisted the monkey would tell him whatever he'd been about to. The thought vanished as the collie's expression became firm. No matter how much training he'd undergone under Madoe's tutelage, and how unassuming Hubert looked compared to the other wall of muscles in the frat. The collie was stronger than Thomas.

He dropped onto his bed with the door closing.

This was getting beyond strange. What was so unusual about him sucking each of them, all of them fucking him? Well, okay, the thing in the basement had been a little odd, but still, there was no way he was the only one who had fucked each and everyone of them. Limbani, if no one else had done everything with everyone.

He sighed. Maybe that was what they all need. For Thomas to fuck them until they remembered he wasn't some oddity off the street, but a brother. He eyed the door. His jailers weren't going to let that happen. With nothing else to do, he reached for his phone on the nightstand and frowned when it wasn't there. Looking around he didn't see it, then remembered it had been where he always kept it, clipped to his belt, which meant with his pants, which, since they weren't

here, were still in the kitchen.

With a sigh, he went to the window. He wasn't sure if he'd wanted to call Paul for a rescue, tell him what was going on, or just chat and be distracted while this was resolved.

He watched the snow fall. It was intensifying. Before lunch, this was going to turn into a full on storm. He looked down. He was only two stories up. The snow was thick enough under his window that it would soften his landing.

The angle gave him a sight of his cock.

Right, he was naked. No jumping out the window in the fur in the middle of January storm or no storm. Well, he was in his room, so he could fix that, and then decide if he wanted to run.

He was putting on the t-shirt when the door opened and Henry entered. He closed it behind and assessed the room before fixing his gaze on Thomas. The rat steeled himself. Based on the other's reaction, the bat could start screaming too.

Instead, Henry rubbed the top of his muzzle and let out a sigh. "It's my fault. I got so focused on your role as the outsider welcomed into our home, I never considered you might be something else." He chuckled. "Not with the way you freaked out anytime you caught one of them doing something magical."

Thomas opened his mouth to ask what Henry was talking about, but the bat kept on going. "There were signs. Your sex drive and unending energy. You never bought it up because you just assumed it was something about living in the frat, since everyone here is like that, and I figure that one of them was boosting you on the side, more than one of them. Still..."

When he didn't continue, Thomas asked. "Is that supposed to make any sense?" what freak outs? And who did magic?

Henry smiled. "No, I don't suppose it does. Still, it's easy to take care of this." He motioned for Thomas to come to him and opened his arms, taking the rat into a hug when Thomas walked into them

The gesture was the definition of comfort. How many times had Henry hugged him after a long day, a stressful exam, or just because Thomas had needed a hug? The bat has a sixth sense about those things.

Henry nuzzled his neck and Thomas smiled. Of course, hugs often lead to something more, which was comforting too.

“No,” Thomas said in annoyance as he felt the scrape of teeth against his skin. How many times did he have to tell the bat he didn’t like this. “Damn it.” He opened his eyes, caught sight of something off the turned-off screen. Then he had his hand on his neck, turning when it came away with blood. “You know how I feel about —”

What was Henry doing on the other side of the room?

The bat turned to face him, licking the blood off his sharp incisors. He looked annoyed, but more importantly, he was still by the door where they’d hugged.

How had Thomas gotten to the other side of the room?

Thomas let out a sigh, this one sounding mildly frustrated. “I’m going to need more than a drop to fix this, Thomas.” The shake of the head that followed was a mix of amused and disbelieving. “Under my roof all this time and no one knew. Not even you.” He smiled, and that, along with the accompanying glint in the bat’s eyes, made Thomas want to edge away even more than he was. “Do you have any idea the thing someone like you will let me do?”

“Henry.” Thomas’s tail curled around his leg. “You’re starting to sound way to creepy for me to want to be in this room with you.”

The bat waved that aside. “I’ll fix that too. By the time I’m done, it’s going to be right as rain.” He chuckled. “Well, right as I decide it’ll be. You are going to be a hoot. Having you pop all over the place is going to give Firmin quite the run for his money when it comes to entertaining me.”

Pop around? Why was Henry talking like this craziness was real?

But how had Thomas gotten to the other side of the room?

Could Thomas be who had gotten him and Yating out of the explosion unharmed?

“Come here,” Henry said with another motion to joining him. “I’ll give you a hug and it’s all going to be fine. I’ll even let you remember the fuck this time, I promise. There’s no need to hide that, since you’re once of us.”

“I don’t think so,” Thomas said, talking a step back, and wishing his room was larger, he wasn’t sure he’d be able to get far enough from the bat to feel safe as things were. “Tell you what. I’m going to head home and you guys can work out whatever this craziness. You can call me once it’s resolved or, you know, I can just stay there.”

“I’m afraid I can’t let you do that.” Henry opened his arms wide. “You have no idea what you represent. You can do the impossible. Everyone claimed that only the gods could do what you did. I’m not letting you go.”

“I didn’t do anything,” Thomas replied, having to fight not to scream it. “You are all crazy.”

“No, it just sounds like that to you because you don’t know the truth yet.” Henry lowered an arm, leaving the other one as an invitation for Thomas to take it. “Let me show you.”

Thomas rubbed his face. “Do you have any idea how crazy you—” he looked at at the bat, who’d managed to cover half the distance in that second. His teeth were bare and promised to bite into his flesh.

The door? No, closed, on the other side of Henry.

The window? He could jump out.” He glanced at it, the other side of the street. The houses there. The fall would—

Fuck it was cold!

He spun around in the falling snow, trying to understand

what had just happened? On the other side of the street was the frat house, where Henry appeared in his bedroom window, looked around then locked eyes with Thomas.

Thomas didn't way to understand that look.

Thomas ran.