

CHAPTER-3

Thomas opened an eye and immediately closed it. Why was it so bright? He pulled the pillow over his head.

Pillow?

He forced an eye open and looked around. The clock on the bedside table read eleven forty-nine, behind it, on the wall, was a poster of Carl Marlow, the Viking's quarterback. Next to it, one of Einstein, the buff sidekick from the Unknown Explorer show he used to watch when he was a kid.

"How did I get back to my room?" Thomas asked, sitting and looking around. The room felt unreal somehow, like the air buzzed. "Better question, how did I get home?"

He tried to recall the evening.

There had been Limbani, then the monkey's cock in his muzzle. Thomas swallowed at the memory, his cock responding. He giggled. He'd sucked off his first guy.

He frowned.

No, he'd sucked off multiple guys. He remembered an armadillo, that would be Lawrence, an otter, a bear — maybe?— things were fuzzy around that point, or maybe they'd gotten like that before. He sort of remembered a lot of naked bodies against him.

He rubbed one out, riding what he remembered. Then hurried to the bathroom, stopping only long enough to lightly knock and confirm it was empty, even if he could hear voices downstairs.

Once showered and changed in fresh clothes, Thomas headed downstairs.

"Look who's awake," Judith called. "Did you have fun at the party?" She smiled. Everyone looked at him. Roland was the only one who didn't keep looking, waiting for an answer. He went back to piling pancakes on his plate, then drowning them in maple syrup.

"I did," Thomas answered, trying to sound confident. He knew he had, but not remembering everything added an element of doubt he couldn't keep from his voice.

His father's gaze peering into him. "And how do you feel?"

Thomas swallowed. What stated had he been in when he'd returned home? Had anyone been awake? No, of course his father had been, waiting for him to return and make sure he was okay. Which by the look and question, Thomas might not have been.

"Cut our son some slack," Nadia said, then looked at Thomas. "Paul dropped you off, you were sleeping."

"More like unconscious," Eric corrected.

She shrugged. "He said you forgot to drink in your fight to not drink anything alcoholic." She pushed a pitcher of water to his place at the table. "So drink up."

Thomas sat. "I'd rather have coffee."

"Once you're fully hydrated." She put pancakes on his plate.

He grabbed the strawberry jam and spread it over the top one.

"Drink," she ordered.

He filled the glass with water, then drained it. He wasn't thirsty, at least no more than he normally was in the morning. He'd drank plenty the previous night, he was sure of that, just not water, or alcohol. His ears heated up as he hoped he hadn't had cock breath when Paul dropped him off. His dad would have checked for alcohol on it even if told Thomas hadn't drank any.

He rolled the pancake and almost put it back down as he closed his mouth around it. That was another cylindrical thing he was putting in his mouth. He wished he remembered how many that made. The sweetness of the jam confirmed it wasn't another cock and he ate.

He drank half the pitcher, and that combined with half a dozen pancakes made him feel better. By then, Roland had eaten eight and excused himself to go hang out with Neil, his best friend and teammate on the high school football team.

“Remember,” their father called, “You have practice at four this afternoon.”

Roland’s answer was muffled but would be something to the effect that yes, he would be there, since he and Neil were on the same team. There also wouldn’t be any of the exasperation Thomas would have put in his voice. Roland didn’t mind having their father hover, since he loved playing football. Thomas liked school, just not the pressure to figure everything out right now.

Full, he excused himself, and went to his room.

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The icon in the top right corner of his screen flashed and he accepted the call with a tap of the key, then went back to killing the monsters that were rushing him.

“Hey,” he greeted the dishevelment tiger.

“What do you want?” came the groggy answer. “It’s too early.”

“It’s two in the afternoon.”

Paul groaned, then disappeared as the image turned black. Thomas heard the coffee machine make a coffee and by the time he’d cleared the dungeon room he was in, and collected the drops, the image became bright as the phone was taken and brought up so the tiger’s pale orange face was visible again. He looked no better, but he was holding a cup of steaming coffee now.

“Thanks for covering for me with my folks,” Thomas said, pausing the game.

Paul smiled. “What are best friends for?”

“Driving me around all the time?”

“That too.”

Thomas leaned in his chair. “So...” his ears burned. “I...”

“You had fun last night?” Paul grinned.

“I must have,” Thomas said, “because it’s kind of a blur. Did I really not drink anything?”

Paul snorted, then cursed as he wiped coffee off his muzzle and table. “Don’t do that.”

“Sorry.”

“And you drank plenty. I think you must have drained all the frat guys and a good number of the party goers. You don’t remember?”

Thomas stared at his friend’s image. “I remember a few of them. All of them?” he swallowed hard. Fuck, what if one of them bragged about it, and his dad heard?

“Calm down, Thomas, I doubt anyone realized you went around blowing everyone, it was very hectic.” The tiger’s ears folded back in embarrassment. “I never saw so many cocks.”

“Did you get any?” Thomas asked, both because he needed a distraction and because the idea of his friend standing around not participating made him feel bad.

“Not at the party.”

“I’m sorry.”

Paul got a knowing smile. “Don’t worry about it. Now, if you want something to worry about—” Thomas’s blood drained at the tone “—does your sister frequent the Wild Frat dot com website?”

“How would I know that?” that wasn’t where he’d expected Paul to go, not with that tone. “What is it?”

Paul grinned. “Do a search. Keywords: wild frat Chima.”

Thomas did what Paul said, and the top one was of a link. "Giant Hyena is taken by Freshman." He clicked it and the page had a video. Thomas couldn't see much of the still, dark fur. People around looking at what was happening.

He started the video and immediately the angle moved to show the hyena in question seated on a couch, arms spread on the back. An bemused expression as he looked down at the rat kneeling between his legs. The coloring was rather distinctive, black head and torso, changing to white in an uneven line at his waste. Thomas say that coloring every time he looked in the mirror.

By the time he realized he was the rat in the video, the angle changed again, lowering to show that his muzzle was wrapped around the thickest cock, Thomas had ever seen. When his eyes bulge as he watched himself pull up and up and up.

Paul laughed.

Thomas looked at his door to make sure it was closed and put a hand down his pants. Fuck, how had he swallowed all of that? How had he not dislocated his jaw. Fuck, why didn't he remember that? It was so unfair.

The angle changed again, to show that Thomas wasn't kneeling directly on the floor, but his legs were on each side of a money, who was sucking him off at the same time.

"Oh come on," Thomas whined. "I want to remember that."

Paul laughed harder, and Thomas remember his friend. He let go of his cock. He could watch this later and fully enjoy it. In fact, he should probably save it, just in case the site removed it.

He glanced at the views the video had and his eyes bulged again. Maybe that wasn't something he had to worry about. How had over a million people watched it in a few hours?

"Are you okay?" Thomas asked. "I mean, are we okay? It sounds like I got all the fun and you just stood around watching me have it."

"I'm fine," Paul said in that tone Thomas recognized from the time he'd heard Paul's mother fuss over him. "It's not like I was looking to get any cock. I met some cool guys, even got a dance in here and there. The monkey is an atrocious dancer, but he's got enthusiasms. I'll give him that."

"Limbani abandoned me?" Thomas wasn't sure if he should be horrified that his escort had left him without any protections against all the guys in that building. He looked at the paused video of himself, lips around a cock that had to be at least fifteen inch long. Okay, maybe Thomas hadn't been in that much danger.

"He said you were busy with Felix and Henry when I asked where you were. Once he got too grabby and I stop the dance, we found you, sucking off the bat, that's Henry, in case you don't remember. The otter was sucking you off with an eagerness I didn't know was possible, until you saw the hyena and you pushed him on the couch. I was afraid you were going to break your jaw, but I think you've been hiding somethings from me, Thomas." The tiger looked at him seriously.

"I swear, that was the first time I ever sucked someone off." Paul looked at him doubtfully. "I mean that party. I sucked off Limbani first, then Felix, and Larence, and you said others." Thomas motioned to the video, "the hyena."

"He was the last. By then, according to Limbani, you'd done the entire frat and some of the party goers. I think that if you hadn't passed out after Chima, you'd have had a lineup."

Thomas bit his lower lip, wondering how to ask his next question. "Paul, you really don't have to say yes, but—"

The tiger rolled his eyes. "Yes, I will drive you to other parties like this if you need me to."

"But if you aren't going to enjoy them..."

Paul sighed. "Come on, you know me better than that. I can enjoy myself without the sex, and who knows, if I go to multiple of them, I might run into someone I'm friends with already. It's not like

those parties exist in a vacuum. The guys who go to them also go to classes and outside activities. Think of me as your chaperon, there to make sure you don't get yourself hurt in your enthusiasm to try new things."

Paul got a pensive expression, and before Thomas asked about it, the phone moved. The tiger was doing something on it.

"But if it's going to assuage your fears—" Thomas's email dinged with an arrival. "Just know that you can make sure I don't feel left out when we drive back from those parties too."

Thomas clicked the attachment and the picture filled the screen. His head in the lap of a guy with pale orange fur, with brown stripes. Behind that the foot well of a car was visible with pedals. Thomas's muzzle was wrapped around the guy's cock, his eyes dazed.

"Paul, I am—"

"An amazing cock sucker." The tiger said. "No regrets here."

"But—"

"How long have we known each other, Thomas? You're my best friend, so that wasn't uncomfortable." The tiger grinned. "Quite the contrary."

"But you're not attracted to me."

"It's a blowjob, not a wedding proposal. But let's forget about that for a moment."

"I kind of wish I could," Thomas replied, "but I'd have to remember doing it first."

The tiger narrowed his eyes. "Are you turning into a comedian on me?"

Thomas stared at the image. "What?"

"Look, the really important question you need to answer is this: did you enjoy yourself last night?"

Thomas thought about it. Felt his hard cock. “Well, keeping in mind that I barely remember a fraction of what happened.” He grinned. “I had the time of my life.”

The tiger smiled, “good, then I did my job properly.”

CHAPTER 1.5-3

Thomas cracked open an eye and immediately regretted it. Why was it so bright? He flopped on his back and pulled the pillow over his head.

Wait... pillow?

He sat up and forced his eyes open. There was the poster of Carl Marlow, the Viking Quarterback. Next to it one of Einstein, the buff sidekick from his favorite show as a kid, Unknown Explorers. And... yeah, there was a wireless game-rig controller by the small television.

“How did I get back to my room?” Thomas asked as he checked the time; eleven forty-nine. That did little to dispel the sensation that none of this was real. “Better question, how did I get home?”

OK, someone must have brought something powerful to the party to spike the drinks. What did he remember? Going to the frat, getting dragged around by Limbani, sucking him off... Thomas swallowed. Well, there went his oral virginity. After that... there was an armadillo, an otter, a... bear... maybe... the night started to become a blur of naked bodies after that.

He glanced down at his crotch, which, yeah, was at full mast stretched against his underwear. “...did you get any attention at all last night?” The cock had no response other than just hanging there, so Thomas shrugged, dug up some clean clothes, and poked his head outside. The sound of

people downstairs could be heard, so Thomas raced to the bathroom, barely remembering to knock before jumping in.

Once inside, he took care of himself, then took a cold shower, and got dressed. Right... time to see what the fallout was going to be. The walk down the stairs might have been longer than the walk to the frat house last night.

“Look who’s awake,” Judith chimed as he entered the kitchen. “Did you have fun at the party?” She smiled in that pleasant way only an older sister could when you had your tail tied in a knot. Everyone else was looking at him for an answer... Okay, almost everyone. Roland went right back to piling on... pancakes and maple syrup?

“I did,” Thomas answered as confidently as he could. He knew he had, up to a point, but he had no clue how big the gap in his memory was at this point.

Most of the family looked away, though his father continued to stare him down. “And how do you feel?”

Thomas swallowed. Oh crap, what state was he in when Paul dragged him home last night. Was his father awake for that... what was he thinking, of course he was, the man didn’t sleep after all.

“Oh stop torturing the boy,” Nadia said cheerfully as she tended to the stove. “Paul dropped you off. You were sound asleep when you came home.”

“More like unconscious,” Eric corrected.

The mother shrugged, “He said you forgot to drink at

least something in your efforts not to drink something spiked.” She gestured to the pitcher of water at his normal place on the kitchen table. “So drink up.”

...that was an awfully large amount of water. “I think I’d prefer some coffee.”

“Once you’re fully hydrated,” his mother said as she flipped a fresh pancake onto a plate and put it at his seat. Yep, this was his mom pulling a super mom and making everyone have breakfast for lunch just for him.

Thomas took his seat at the table and started spreading mint jam over the pancakes.

“Drink,” Nadia Royer Hertz calmly ordered.

Thomas was filling the tall glass to the brim and downing it almost in reflex. You did not disobey his mother when she took that tone. Besides it was the morning so he needed water... Actually, was cum any good for hydration? ...oh crud, his father would have checked his breath when he got home. Did Paul think to brush it while he was unconscious in his car?

Putting the thought out of his head, Thomas finished prepping his pancake and rolling it up. As he munched down on it, last night crept back into his head as he wondered if the fact he always ate his pancakes like this was a sign he was born to be gay. It certainly said something about genetics if it was true, since he really did always eat them like this.

The family brunch continued without any major interruptions after that. By the time the last pancake was done

and Nadia was sitting down to eat herself, Thomas had finished off half the pitcher of water and Roland had polished off his eighth pancake... though there were still like ten of them left. Was mom practicing frosting cakes tonight?

As Judith checked her phone, Roland got up and mumbled something in that unintelligible way that only a teenager could manage around their parents. Thomas only managed to make out the word of Roland's best friend, Niel.

Whatever he mumbled, their father certainly heard all of it. "Bring your gear with you when you go, and I'll swing by to pick you both up for practice around three."

There was a slight slump in his muscular shoulders as Roland muttered a "Yes dad," and trudged upstairs to get his stuff. Thomas was sure Roland liked football, he was part of the team well before their father had shifted his attention from Victor and Judith over to Thomas and Roland. But Thomas was also certain his younger brother didn't have his eyes on the NFL before his father got involved.

Kinda made Thomas glad he didn't have any obvious direction for his father to drive him down full stream ahead... Instead he just had the monolithic pressure to figure out his life NOW so that they could start on the path of moving towards that destination full steam ahead.

Anything resembling an appetite vanishing, Thomas put his dishes by the sink and started to go up to his room.

"Drink," his mother's calm voice intoned, causing the young rat to run back and grab the pitcher.

* * * * *

Nose in his Studies for Success handbook, Thomas's ears perked up as he heard a car rev up in the drive. Glancing out his window, the rat saw his father's profile in the driver's seat as he was leaving the house.

Thomas waited till he was fully gone in the distance, counted to ten, and then slammed his book shut. Grabbing his phone, Thomas propped it up next to his 12 by 18 inch flatscreen and snatched the game-pad controller. Hitting the power button the system linked to the phone which instantly linked the television. Within seconds the central hub to his gaming app was live.

"Call Paul," he told the phone as he navigated to choose which game he was going to play in the precious little free time he had, eventually settling on something nostalgic, the action adventure dungeon crawler based off of Unknown Explorer.

The phone rang for a bit as Thomas played the game... in fact rang long enough he was almost through his first level before the tiger answered. "Thomas, what are you doing calling me at this god forsaken hour of the morning."

Thomas glanced at the clock before he went back to bashing heads in with his chibi Einstein avatar. "It's two in the afternoon, Paul. Eat a Snickers."

The tiger grumbled, fumbling about on the other end of the line. The sound of coffee being poured on the other side was heard, along with a minute long zap in the microwave. By the time the icon flashed in the corner of his

screen asking Thomas for video, it must have been five minutes since he called.

Thank goodness one of the apps on this phone piggybacked the signal off any available wifi. One of the features in the new model he got for college.

Pressing the accept button on his controller, screen briefly flashed as it went split screen. Next to Thomas's game was now the face of a very disheveled tiger who was slowly on the path of being caffeinated.

"Thanks for covering for me with my parents," Thomas said as he paused the game.

Paul smiled despite only being at ten percent coffee intake, "What are best friends for?"

"Driving me around all the time?" Thomas suggested.

"That too," Paul admitted as he took another swig of black nectar.

Thomas set his control down next to him on the bed and bit his lower lip, "So... about last night..."

"Did you have fun?" Paul interjected with that cheshire grin only felines could pull off.

"I must have," Thomas said, "Because I can barely remember half of it. Did I really not drink anything?"

Paul snorted, swearing slightly as he wiped coffee off his muzzle. "Don't do that."

* * *

“I’m serious Paul,” Thomas said, flustered, “I don’t have clear memories of anything past like the... fourth guy.”

“Well, you certainly did more than four,” Paul said before sipping from his coffee... only to look at it accusingly for being drained so quickly. Anyways, the tiger continued, “You did the entire frat and about... half a dozen other guys.”

Thomas stared. “All of them?” Just how many people was that? That was a big house, but they were also exclusive... but still, an entire frat? There was no way no one was going to not talk about that.

“Breathe, Thomas. You were one person in the middle of what effectively was an orgy.” The tiger folded his ears back, flushing. “I never saw so many cocks.”

Thomas raised an eyebrow, “You didn’t happen to...”

“Not at the party,” Paul answered right away, cup raised to his lips to block his mouth... wasn’t that empty?

Thomas put it out of his mind. “Well I hope you had a good time. I’d worry about you if you suddenly found yourself alone in the crowd just because you’re my chauffeur.”

This time Paul didn’t bother to hide his smile with a cup. “Don’t worry about it. Now if you want to worry about something... does your sister follow Wild Frat dot com?”

Thomas blanched, “I can barely tolerate knowing what my parents are getting up to. Why would I know anything

about where Judith gets her fisting material?”

Paul shrugged, “Just thought it might have been one of the many things she decided to overshare with you. Just search for: wild frat Chima.”

Thomas shrugged himself, minimized his game and loaded up the web browser app on that side of the split screen. Once hit enter into the search engine the top result was Giant Hyena is taken by Freshman. Swallowing, he clicked the link and was taken to a video on... yep, Wild Frat dot com.

Thinking for a moment, he went to close his door and move the tall box he kept on hand in case he wanted some imitation of privacy. It would only slow someone down, but he could still use that as a buffer to shut stuff down first. Then settling back to the video, the rat hit play.

The video immediately panned around from just a general crowd of people looking at something to a hyena lounging on a couch, arms spread across it's back. He wore a bemused expression as he looked down at the rat kneeling between his legs. The coloring of the rat was distinctive: black head and torso, changing sharply to white at an uneven line along the waste. Thomas hadn't seen himself from this exact position before, but he knew his own fur pattern well enough.

Thomas's eyes went wide as angle changed, lowering to show that his muzzle was wrapped around the thickest cock Thomas had ever seen. Sure, it was big when seen across the room but next to his own head it was enormous. Particularly when the rat in the video pulled himself up... and up... and up.

Thomas's jaw dropped. Fuck, how had he swallowed all of that? How did he not dislocate his jaw? Fuck, why didn't he remember any of this? This was so unfair.

The angle changed again to reveal the Thomas in the video wasn't kneeling directly on the floor, but that his legs were on each side of a monkey who was sucking him off at the same time. The rat sitting in his bedroom whined.

Paul spoke up in barely contained laughter, "Do you and your right hand need a minute there?"

Thomas blinked, and realized he had started fondling himself while on a video call with his best friend. Ripping his hand away from his member, Thomas searched the options on the video to see if there was any way he could download this thing for later. Last thing he wanted was for this to be deleted and lost to the internet forever.

Though looking for that meant he found the view count and how in the world did over a million people watch this in only half a day?

"Well, apparently I had the time of my life and just can't remember it." Thomas said before looking back towards his friend's half of the split screen. "What about you? Was standing around in a house filled with guys having sex really that fun for you."

Paul rolled his eyes, "I was fine. I talked to enough guys that I have a list of some I feel are worthwhile getting to know outside of an orgy, and even had a few who took the offer to dance. That monkey is an atrocious dancer, but he's got enthusiasm."

* * *

Thomas blinked, “Wait, Limbani wasn’t with me from start to finish.” The rat took another look at the video just to see if that was some other over dark faced grey furred monkey he just didn’t know about.

“He stopped by while you were busy with both Felix and Henry. Once he got too frisky we called off the dance to check on you and you were going down on the bat, that’s Henry, as the otter sucked you off with an eagerness I didn’t know was possible. Well, at least until you saw the hyena and pushed him on the couch.” The tiger rubbed the side of his jaw. “I was afraid you were going to break your jaw, but I think you’ve been hiding something from me, Thomas.”

“I swear, that was the first time I ever sucked someone off.” His best friend looked at him doubtfully. “I’m not that flexible, Paul. And if blacking out and forgetting about blowing people off was a known condition of mine before this night then you’re the one hiding something from me.”

The tiger shrugged, “Point taken. But yeah, Chima was the last one. By then, according to Limbani, you’d done the entire frat and plus some party goers. If you hadn’t passed out there would have been a line forming.”

Thomas rubbed his temples. “And then you had to drive me home rather than enjoy the rest of the party.”

Paul waved it off, “Party was starting to get too frisky outside of the monkey, anyway. I wasn’t the only one leaving either; not everyone wants sex until the wee hours of the morning only to be made breakfast by the frat.” While the rat was briefly distracted by the mental images that conjured, the

tiger got that Cheshire grin again as his phone started shaking. “Besides, that’s hardly the end of the story.”

Thomas raised an eyebrow and was about to ask what was up, but then suddenly his phone’s email alert binged. He raised an eyebrow at the tiger, but Paul just smiled contentedly as he waited for him to check things out. Not seeing any way around it, closed the web browser and opened the email app. What he found was an email with an attachment, and that attachment...

...was a picture of him with his head in the lap of a guy with pale orange fur, with brown stripes. The steering column and footwell were just barely visible in the background. Thomas’s muzzle was wrapped around the guy’s cock, his eyes dazed.

Thomas just stared, aghast. He couldn’t believe he crossed that line. “Paul, I am...”

“An amazing cock sucker,” the tiger said with a nod. “No regrets here.”

“But... all the times we fooled around,” Thomas said as his brain tried to piece together. “We never...”

“Mostly because you were the one who backed down,” Paul said in a measured tone. “And I respected your decision, but you have to realize that if there was anyone I’d feel comfortable doing it with it would be you. We’re best friends.”

Thomas blinked a few times, breathed in and out slowly, and then ran his hands down his face. “Still just gives

me one more moment of the night that I wish I could remember.”

Paul shrugs with a smirk, “Well we can always just make some memories you can remember later. Bigger question though; did you enjoy yourself?”

Thomas thought about it. Felt his hard cock. “Well, keeping in mind that I barely remember a fraction of what happened.” He grinned. “I had the time of my life.”

The tiger beamed, “Then it’s mission accomplished.”

OUTLINE-3

Chapter 6

###

Hertz Residence, Thomas, Herz Family: Mood: What did I do last night

Thomas wakes up the next day, not entirely remembering how he got home. His family isn't much help other than saying he was dropped off by Paul, who said Thomas has been so busy avoiding alcohol he forgot to drink water. Food helps, and it being a Sunday (because of course it was a Saturday party, gotta leave a day for people to detox) he'll excuse himself to his room to do some reading.

Bedroom, Thomas, Paul: Mood: you're not serious, I can't have done THAT

Briefest of time skips later, he's finally be able to get in contact with Paul. First off he'll thank Paul for not blowing [snickers]to his family that he lost his oral virginity last night. Second... he'll ask what exactly happened, because things kinda got fuzzy [having Thomas become dazed at some point makes sense since it seems to be part of how initiations go]after [insert society member here... that wasn't intentional, but roll [are you asking me to just swallow it and not comment?No. You can comment all you want. Just saying that I use [insert blank here] a lot in stuff that doesn't involve sex and it shouldn't be seen as an intentional joke.and this is why I don't try for humor <chuckles>]with it]. Paul will fill him in... and Thomas will have a small panic attack about things getting back to his family[asd part of the conversation, Thomas will ask if Paul got any. Paul reply with "not at the party"].

First thing, Paul will tell him to calm down, while new will spread it will be unlikely to hit the circles his family navigates in... unless his sister looks for porn on [insert media site here], because it's already making the rounds. Thomas will have a slight panic attack and immediately searches said sight... and after asking Paul for what keywords to use, which reveals Thomas deep throating Chima [keeping in mind the esophagus is about 10inch long, put 2 inchs for the throat, so Thoma's mouth/muzzle had to be at least 4 inch long, other wise Chima's tip is dipping into stomach acid <chuckles>All well and good. But one, Thomas is furry so he does have a muzzle instead of just a mouth. And two... deep throating doesn't mean hiltling in and of itself. Though it would be extra impressive if he managed to do that as well.]while Limbani sucks him off. Torn between saving the image to his hard drive and hunting down the servers to burn them, Thomas settles for asking if things are OK between him and Paul.

Paul will be silent for a moment before laughing. He says he's Demi[so i get the sense that they never discussed their 'friendship' before?with the end of the previous paragraph, I thin we will have to establish the kind of friendship they do have. as in, have they made out before? heavy petting? have they seen each other naked in something other than locker room environment?I feel like there was some discussion when Thomas outed himself after prom. There is a strong implication that Thomas knows Paul is Demi based one the way Paul makes his statement, but there hasn't been any conversation on what Demi actually means yet.]

[After all, it was Prom. So they both had finals, and then graduation, applications to college, and by the point we reach there is when Eric enters hyperactive father mood. So there has been distractions keeping them from exploration.], not a prude. If Thomas wants to hit up orgies for his stress relief, Paul will only stop him if it starts looking self destructive. Besides, brief pause for Paul to forward Thomas a very personal picture, Thomas has a pretty good mouth[if this is the first time Thomas blew Paul, which feels like it would be,

Faith

Thomas would kick himself for not remember it Yes. It is heavily implied that night was Thomas first sexual activity, if you discount kissing a certain quarter back.]. In any case, Thomas is really missing the real question... did he enjoy himself.

And the answer, with the qualifier that this can only cover the parts of the night he remembers, is that yes. Yes he did.