

Rework-6

Thomas walked through the breezy hallway, unable to shake the feeling something was off. The walls were lined with lockers and guys watching him, looking him up and down and licking their lips.

Why were they looking at him like that? Like they knew he'd sucked off a party full of guys? Like they knew he couldn't wait to suck off the entirety of the college? Suck each of them off?

He rounded the corner as was seated in the classroom. A collie at the front pointing to a whiteboard showing the rat on his knees with a comically monumental cock distending his throat and he took more and more of it.

All the eyes turned on him. The collie smiled and pushed his cock in Thomas's muzzle. Something warm and wet closed on Thomas's hard cock. More cocks rubbed against his fur. He grabbed onto the collie's hips and pulled, deep throating the thick cock, swallowing around it. The collie howled and cum filled Thomas's stomach. So much the pressure pushed him back, and he fell, face first, in a crotch of golden fur.

He nuzzled the base of the cock as a hand rubbed the back of his head. He licked up the thick and familiar shaft, then sucked on the tip before pushing it in his muzzle and bobbing up and down until the driver roared and his mouth was coated in thick cream.

Thomas came up for breath and sat back on a hard seat. He moaned as he looked around the bathroom. He placed a hand on the black furred hand bobbing up and down his cock, his pleasure building. The younger rat expertly squeezed his balls and Thomas grunted and tensed as those needy eyes looked up at him.

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Thomas woke, screaming in the pillow and creaming his pajama bottom. He panted as he tried to hold on to the details of the dream. When was the last time he'd had a wet dream? Let alone one two nights in a row?

How had been that guy sucking him off in the last part? Thomas almost had it, then curse as his cock moved on the cooling liquid. He rolled on his back, and with that, all he was left with was the impression of the hottest dream he'd ever had. Lots of guys and a master at sucking him off at the end.

He pulled the covers off and looked at the wet spot in the thin fabric and felt himself getting hard already.

The one good thing about living in this house was that his mother wouldn't comment when she saw this as she washed his PJs. He grabbed the elastic band and—

“Stop moaning about guys doing you,” Judith said, opening his door. “It's Monday, you have class. Up and about.” She smirked at the position she'd frozen Thomas in and walked off.

The bad part about living in this house had just happened.

At least, it hadn't been the worse part, where his sister opened his door five seconds later, which his cock was exposed for her to see.

At least, he wasn't one the way to being hard anymore.

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Thomas walked through the hall, being ignored by the guys and girls there. It was odd. Didn't they know what he'd done on Friday? Who he'd done? Shouldn't he... Thomas didn't know exactly what they should, but shouldn't they be thinking it?

After two wrong turns, he made it to his economics class and froze in the doorway on seeing the collie in from connecting a tablet to the room's multimedia system. He swallowed, and remembered swallowing that cock, his eyes seeing only golden fur as it pulsed in his mouth.

Someone pushed him out of the way and the image vanished, but the altercation caused Hubert Brukhammer to look up. He smiled on locking eyes with Thomas and licked his lips. Thomas grabbed the first seat before his cock burst his pants open and then did his best to focus on what the collie said, and not the memory of him thrusting in his mouth.

By the time the class was over, Thomas thought he'd retained most of what Hubert had talked about, but he had most certainly retained his erection, and he did his best to keep his backpack in front of him to hide it.

He used the early lunch to get the images out of his mind, eating alone since Paul had classes at this time. Once done, he walked to his history class, where he counted on the subject to keep his mind on the here and now, and his cock soft.

That went out the window when the Margay sat next to him, grinned as he looked him up and down. Then, Kuno Richard whispered, "Any chance of you slipping under the desk and sucking me off?"

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Thomas cautiously entered the Studies for Success classroom, looking for the monkey. While Hubert as a TA and Kuno as a fellow student had taken him by surprise, it was impossible to forget Limbani was in this class with him. And if, yesterday, the collie had been content with giving Thomas meaningful looks, and the margay that one utterly inappropriate, and hot, invitation. He expected the monkey to pounce on him, rip his pants off and do completely desirable things to Thomas on the desk in front of everyone.

Inappropriate things. Those would be completely inappropriate.

And his hardon was back.

The monkey sat on the other side of the classroom, but well within sight of Thomas, and while not once did he look at the rat lewdly or even invitingly, that grin said enough.

Wednesday started like a repeat of Monday, but Hubert focused more on what he taught, instead of making Thomas blush. And he made sure to sit away from Kuno, which seemed to amuse the margay.

The chemistry lecture, after his history class would have been perfectly normal, as the teacher was an older ocelot, and no one in the classroom even gave Thomas a second glance, but the damage had already been done by the badger who's accosted him on his way there, rubbed Thomas's crotched and whispered a seductive, "More." Then Firmin walked away, leaving the rat with an erection that just wouldn't go down, no matter how much he focused on the class's subject.

Thursday had Thomas feeling eyes on him and noticing the occasional guy smiling at him. Then the monkey kept trying to distract him with looks, but Thomas kept his eyes firmly on the instructor and the course, and made a beeline for the door once it was over before Limbani could catch up to him.

He ate literally on the move as the one time he sat, a civet sat across from him.

“About that party,” the guy said, and Thomas was gone.

He made it to the Chemistry lab and had another shock. The TA was an armadillo who introduced himself at Gilbert Rowling, giving a name to the second Armadillo Thomas had sucked off that the frat. Gilbert didn’t seem to notice Thomas, but even if the memory was hazy, his cock reacted to it without problem.

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“Of course you’d find it funny,” Thomas grumbled as he fired on the encroaching wall of Zombie. “It’s like every guy that was at the party is hounding me.” He switched weapons before the one he held overheated and fired the shotgun, blowing holes into the undead.

“It can’t be every guy there. As far as I know, I wasn’t hounding you.” Paul’s character rolled across the bottom of the screen and came to a stop in a crouch, while the tiger in the window on the upper right of the screen on his desk focused. He opening up with a flamethrower and turned the closing zombies to shimmering ash.

“You’re probably hounding my dreams,” Thomas said in exasperation. He fired over the character’s head and reduced the unending number of attackers by a fraction. “Ever since the party, every morning I wake up to an orgasm and wet PJs.”

“Stop wearing them then.”

“And get my sheets wet? Judith will never let me hear the end of that when she finds out.”

“So, I’m in your hot dreams?” Paul asked, backing through the hall and firing beside Thomas as the horde pushed forward. The Unliving Horde was an extremely difficult game to win, even in co-op, but they were making good time.

“Must be. All I’m left with is this impression of guys against me, cocks in my mouth, my hands, one hell of an expert with needy eyes with his mouth on my cock just before I cum and wake up.” He felt the tension in his pant and mouthed a curse. He really should know better than getting that guy going.

“So, you get sucked off I don’t know how often at the party,” Pauls said, lobbing explosive down the corridor, “and you have wet dreams every night since? Don’t you jerk off before sleep?”

Thomas switched to the machine gun. “That hasn’t helped.” He emptied clip after clip at the still advancing horde. “Royer’s are insatiable, and Dad’s been keeping up with mom. Maybe the party just kicked in my genes or something.” He gritted his teeth as the number of clips hit the single digits.

“Jerk off more,” Paul said with a smirk, pulling a katana and cutting off undead limbs.

“Oh, that’s easy for you to say.” Thomas cursed and looked at the mini map for any symbols that would help. “Where’s the next weapon on this map?” He switched off auto fire

and went for precision shots, exploding one head after the other. “Do you have any idea how dangerous it is to simply jerk off in my room the way Roland does? Not only can anyone hear him through the paper-thin walls, but Judith might decide to walk in and comment or something.”

The door to his bedroom opened his sister leaned against the door frame. “Like you’re anymore discreet with your moaning and groaning in the shower.” She caught the pillow with practiced ease. “At least you manage to stay on your feet.” She grinned. “You remember those yells of surprise from Victor? Then him landing on his tail? Well, those were as he hit orgasm in there.”

Paul laughed as Thomas searched by touch for the other pillow on his bed, keeping his character backing up in the hall with the one he held his controller with.

“Do you mind?” he asked, not finding it and needing the hand to fire at more zombies. “This is a private conversation.”

“All I’m saying is that I am so happy I never had to fight with the three of you for shower time. You should tell dad to have a larger shower installed. That way, you and Roland can share and not glare at each other anytime one of you is in there and the other needs to jack off.”

“I do not—fuck,” he glared at the screen as his character was over taken by zombies. Now the game was in Paul’s hands. “Get out of my room.”

“Paul,” Judith said, throwing the pillow at Thomas’s head. “Do not break my brother when you finally ride him, okay? I need him for at least two years to keep Dad’s attention focused away from me.”

Thomas pulled the pillow off his face to the door closing, and stealing his chance to retaliate. The screen had a ‘game over’ message in drilling blood and the tiger wasn’t in the still present, but now dark, window in the upper right, but Thomas could hear him laughing.

“I love your sister,” Paul said, as light returned to the window and the tiger came back into view, wiping at his eyes. “But man, does she make me happy to be an only child.”

“Trust me, I know exactly how you feel. There are days when I would love not to have her or any of them in my life.”

“Look, maybe you should take a page out of your brother’s book, well, your parent’s, and stop worrying about who hears you or knows you jerk off. You’re a guy. We all do it. Everyone knows that.”

“Dude,” Thomas said, putting his head in his hands. “You know they’re the reason I try to be subtle about it. I’m not going to be like them and just go and do it anytime the mood strikes me, regardless of where I am or who’s around.” He looked up at the screen. “Or have you forgotten that time?”

Paul winced, ears folding back. “I haven’t. Tough to when my mom gives me that look anytime I suggest it’s our turn to have your family over for dinner.” He raised his controller into view. “How about another round?”

Thomas checked the time. “I shouldn’t. I only have ten minutes until dad’s back from the gym with Roland and he gets on me to hit the books.” The one saving grace with his father’s narrow focus was that he had realized both his sons existed, so he had to split the helicARRIER parenting among the two of them. So even if it often seemed like Eric Hertz

didn't need to sleep, he still could only be in one place at a time.

Paul lowered the controller. "Okay, then let's use the time to tackle problems we can resolve."

"And what problem is that?" Thomas asked, tapping the sequence of buttons on the controller that shut that the game, then maximized Paul's window before putting it on the bedside table.

"That tent in your pants." Paul chuckled. "You need to remember to adjust the zoom when you sit that far from the screen, if you want to hide that."

Thomas adjusted himself. "I don't know how you feel this is something we can resolve. It's not like you can come over and ride me. Not unless you want a Judith running commentary."

"I can live without that, but I can still blow you."

"Not without Judith running a commentary on that, too. Trust me, she'd run one on me jerking off if I didn't make sure she didn't walk in on that."

Paul stared at him. "You do remember that I basically you drive you around, right? Or has this week of my car being in the shop caused you to forget?"

"I haven't forgotten, trust me. I can't wait for not having to ride with my dad anymore. But you're the driver, so sure, I could think of me blowing you, if the needed was there, but not the other way around." He raised a finger to stop Paul from replying. "And don't bring up parking lots. They have cameras and I don't want this to end up floating on the internet. Not to say anything of someone walking by and seeing what we're doing." Thomas shuddered.

The tiger studied him with an odd look Thomas couldn't decipher. "Alright. Then, how about this? You know where Jackson is?"

Thomas thought about it. "You mean Jackson Hall? Sure."

"The third floor restroom in the north wing," Paul said. "No one ever goes there. I can meet you tomorrow at eleven. That's between your two classes, right?"

"Okay." The rat raised an eyebrow, "but how exactly is it you know about this magical sanctuary?"

The tiger rubbed the back of his head, looking away. "Let's just say that you aren't the only one the party left... err, wanting more."

"You got some!" Thomas exclaimed, then cursed himself for raising his voice. Judith was going to tell everyone now.

"One," Paul said, looking at Thomas quizzically. "I got once blowjob. You don't remember?"

Thomas snorted. "I hardly remember a thing after sucking off my... eighth guy? I know I have fun, and I get impressions of guys, but no details."

Paul seemed surprised. "Okay, so, tomorrow at eleven?" his expression turned into that of the Cheshire Cat. "I'll even let you blow me afterward if you want."

Thomas swallowed as he thought about his best friend's muzzle around his cock, then his around that thick cock. The painful tightness in his jeans told him what that wanted. "I should probably want this to be more special, since it's going to be the first time we suck

each other off, but fuck yes, do I want that.”