

## *Rework-7*

Thomas felt out-of-place walking through Jackson Hall. Everyone seemed to wear a lab coat or a suit. He couldn't tell students from TAs or from younger teachers. He did his best to act like he belonged. Some seemed to be around his age, and he even walked by a guy he would have described as a jock if he'd encountered him anywhere else on the campus. That didn't keep Thomas from feeling like they all knew he wasn't here for any form of higher learning.

The third floor was quieter, and as he entered the north end of the floor, it became silent and the restroom was, just as Paul had said, deserted. He headed for the stall, then turned for the sinks because he had an irrational need to justify his presence. He thoroughly washed his hands, dried them, then headed for the third stall.

This was ridiculous. He sat, then stood. Considered pacing outside the stall, sat again. This was, as far as the law was concerned, a public space. He was going to get sucked off in public. If a teacher caught them, or a student wandered in and reported them, this could get him and Paul expelled. He might get lucky and convince the student to join in instead, but a teacher?

There was no way the porn on the net was right about how horny for their students teachers were. And even if Paul wouldn't complain, it would be unfair to him for Thomas to have another guy suck him off. Although, with the way he'd been recently, getting sucked off twice in a row could probably be done.

He tried to calm himself. What was taking Paul so long? It had to be—he checked his phone—only ten past eleven. There was no way that was correct. He'd been sitting here at least half an hour already. He thought about messaging his best friend, asking for an ETA, pointing out he had classes at noon and that—

He put the phone away. That would just make him come across as needy. That was the state he was in, but he didn't have to rub it in Paul's face. Not when what he wanted to rub there was his crotch until he opened his muzzle and took his cock in and—

Paul had better not cancel. Thomas wasn't sure if he'd be able to resist Kuno's suggestive looks in his current state.

The door to the stall opened and Thomas stood debating berating his best friend for his tardiness or shoving him on the toilet seat and face fucking him. Instead, Thomas only has time to make out brown-gray fur before he was shoved against the closed door, then was looking at a Vervet Monkey with a maniacal grin on his face. Before he could call out Limbani on his presence, he was kissed hard. Then, as he still reeled, the monkey dropped to his knees, pulled Thomas's pants down, and quite literally ripped the underwear off the rat.

That was enough to get Thomas to push the monkey away before he had his muzzle around his cock. The following exchanged might have been funny, Thomas wasn't sure, he was too stunned and horny to think entirely clearly, but the shock on the monkey's face as he seemed to not comprehend that Thomas might not be interested in—well he was, and Paul wasn't here yet, so he did admit to that, and barely got what might pass as an apology for the destroyed underwear before the monkey has his cock in his muzzle and Thomas was reminded that Limbani was one hell of a cocksucker.

Then, as Thomas was panting from his orgasm, the monkey told him the real reason he'd sought him out; the condition attached to it and then left him seated on the toilet in shock, his pants still around his ankles and cock hard.

Seconds after the monkey left, Paul opened the door and looked down at his crotch. "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 was up, had 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. Then he shoved his best friend

down to his knees. "I hope you're hungry."

"I am missing lunch for—"

Thomas pushed his cock in the tiger's muzzle and moaned. He held on to his best friend's head and fucked his muzzle. Paul grabbed Thomas's ass and forced him to slow down, giving him an eye roll before tightening his lips and taking a more active part in the cock sucking.

Thomas moaned at the hot mouth over his cock. "Fuck Paul," he whispered. "Didn't know you were good at this."

He groaned as Paul squeezed his balls almost too tightly as he pulled off. "I told you, you aren't the only guy since the party."

"Alright," Thomas grinned. "Please go back to sucking me before my balls explode in your hand."

Paul grinned, then swallowed the cock again. Thomas softly swore a few times, then he was grunting, thrusting. "Paul, I'm about to, if you don't—"

The tiger sucked harder, and Thomas groaned deeply as he came.

Panting and head resting against the door, Thomas looked down at his best friend. "I didn't know you swallowed."

"I'm acquiring the taste," the tiger replied, eying Thomas's still hard cock. "And what else was I going to do, wear it? I can gargle cum breath away. It's not that easy to get the smell out of fur without people wondering why the smell of soap is so strong on your face."

Thomas moaned as Paul stroked his cock.

"You aren't kidding about once not bring enough."

"And imagining what's coming is so not making getting that thing to go down any easier." He grunted. "Paul, if you don't stop. I think you're going to get me to—" the rest devolved into cursing as the tiger closed his lips around the head of Thomas's cock and used a hand to stroke him and the other to massage his balls. In short order, Thomas was fucking that hand, moaning loudly, whining with the need to cum and then barely biting back the scream of his third orgasm in less than an hour.

Paul pushed himself up and Thomas away from the door. "This might be the most filled I've been after something like this."

Thomas buried his laugh in the tiger's shoulder and the motion caused his hand to press against the crotch and feel the hard cock under the fabric.

"Err," Paul said as Thomas stroked it.

"I think you deserved a payback." He pulled the zipper down.

"Just to be sure," Paul said, then swallowed at Thomas fished the stiff cock out. "Is this what I'm going to get each time I suck you off next week?"

"You think I'm going to just use you and not return any of the favors?" Thomas asked, his hand moving up and down the thick and long cock.

"Why the fuck didn't we do this two years ago?" Paul asked. "When we got naked together that first time."

"We were kids," Thomas whispered, moving down. "Now, we're adults."

"I really would have loved to experience this when I was sixteen," The word stretched as Thomas ran his tongue over the head of Paul's cock, then closes his lips around it and pushed it down. He didn't even hesitate as it hit the back of his throat and swallowed it fully, breathing in the tiger's scent, his nose buried in his fur.

"Oh fuck," Paul breathed as Thomas pulled off. "I think this might be better than party night."

Thomas grinned. "Glad to know I'm eclipsing your first guy." He licked down all the way to the balls, glancing up as Paul chuckled.

"I'll explain later," the tiger said, "now, I would really love it if you made me cum before the hour's up. You have a class to get back to, and I am not sporting an erection all

afternoon, even if you will.”

Thomas grinned. “Just for that, I should leave you like this.”

The tiger smirked. “You do, and you’d better find yourself someone else to suck you off this coming week.”

“I can probably get Limbani to do it,” Thomas replied, before talking the cock back in his muzzle. He deep throted it again, this time swallowing around it the way he’d done with Limbani and other guys at the party, and, like them, Paul moaned.

He came back for air, then was bobbing up and down the thick cock until he felt the balls in his hand tighten. He kept the motion going as Paul grunted, then thrust, and Thomas was tasting hot, salty, bitter nectar.

He sucked and sucked more, stopping only when Paul tapped his shoulder.

“Unlike you,” the tiger said, “I have limits.”

Chuckling, Thomas carefully ticked his best friend’s cock away and zipped him up before standing and stretching.

Paul looked down. “You’re still hard. How the fuck are you still hard?”

“Royer genes,” Thomas replied. “It’s got to be the Royer genes.”

“I think Sigma Theta Gamma has no idea what’s in store for them if they let you move in,” Paul said.

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Thomas survived the rest of the day, and that evening, he found out at some of what he’d done during the party had been recorded and gone viral. His name wasn’t mentioned, but anyone who’d ever seen him in his boxes would easily recognize his fur. So it was no surprise when, during Sunday dinner, Judith put a baguette before him.

“Can I get a demonstration?” she asked.

Thomas sank into his chair as his parents looked at him expectantly.

This was enough to reduce the charge to justifiable homicide, right?