

CHAPTER-21

The table creaked under the weight. Plates overflowed with food, from the steaks Corina cut out of the cougar, the potatoes: scalloped, pureed, baked; the sauces: cranberry, gravy, the vegetables; carrots, beets, green beans, corn. There was even turkey, as if Magnus hadn't trusted his family to take down something, or, Thomas thought this more likely, he'd prepared in case something happened and hunting couldn't have happened. It caused there to be enough food to feed three times the people seated around the table.

The conversation was cheerful, more discussions of how Ettore's family celebrated the holidays than interrogating him. The answers were much tamer than Thomas expected. He'd worked out from Madoc that the Lewiston could give the Royer a run for their money when it came to sex.

His grandfather had accepted Ettore was a suitable candidate for his daughter. Which caused Ettore to relax, finally, much to Corina's amusement. The rat had fretted over making a good impression, despite his fiancée's reassurance that they were getting married regardless of what her father thought.

Much to Thomas's surprise, neither his parents, nor the newly engaged couple, vanished in the middle of the dinner.

Somehow, the food was nearly all eaten. Thomas was amazed at the appetite he had developed. It had to be all that working out and sex he'd engaged in. He considered how much everyone ate and decided it was mainly the sex.

Dessert was brought out, a collection of pies and cakes that survived mostly intact. Then, with cups of coffee or tea or hot coco, they adjourned to the living room where gifts were piled on around the fireplace.

"Thanks, Aunt Corina," Thomas said, holding the sweater he'd unwrapped. Red and green zigzags, with a garishly brown reindeer on the front and a large white snowflake on the back. It was

something of a Hertz tradition that one of the gift had to be a horrible Christmas sweater, and his aunt hadn't disappointed.

"Put it on," Ettore said, wearing a white sweater with a Santa on it holding a present looking suspiciously like a dildo.

"Yeah," Roland said, grinning maliciously. "Put it on Thomas. It's going to look great on you."

Sighing, he raised it over his head.

"No, you have to take off your shirt first," Ettore said, grinning at Roland.

Thomas looked at the rat. Had his brother roped him into humiliating him? Thomas nearly looked to his parents, a demand they make Roland stop on his lips, then reminded himself he was eighteen and lived on his own. Hiding behind his parents, who were busy making out on the couch, was beneath him. He could tell the two of them 'no' on his own. He was enough of an adult for that.

With a sigh of resignation, he removed his shirt to a wolf-whistle from Ettore and Corina's laughter. Thomas purposefully didn't look at Roland. He didn't want to see the mockery in his eyes. It would take a lot more work on Madoc's part before Thomas looked anywhere close to as good as his brother.

The sweater fought him, tried to choke him as Thomas pulled it down.

"I think," Judith said, "that you missed the memo about all the working out Thomas has been doing. I didn't think a sweater could be too small on anyone."

"Happy now?" Thomas asked Roland, who had the decency to look away to hide his expression.

"Very much so," Ettore replied, grinning.

"You purposely picked one a size too small, didn't you, Hun?" Corina asked. Ettore assumed the most innocent expression Thomas ever saw on a man. Even Limbani couldn't match it, and Thomas had

seen the monkey try to 'innocent' his way out of a lot of things.

"Well, I think this is going to be more useful than I expected." Magnus handed Thomas an envelope. He opened it and along with a Christmas card with a picture of reindeers barely dressed in holiday colors, it contained a hundred dollar cash card.

Thomas chuckled, "I can start rebuilding my wardrobe."

"You can borrow Roland's clothes," Eric said, coming up for breath before Nadia pulled him down again.

"Mom," Judith complained. "Can you at least take it to the bedroom?"

Roland glared at Thomas, a dare to even consider getting close to his dressed. Thomas rolled his eyes. His brother's clothes were safe from him.

His parents stopped their sessions long enough to open gifts, their own matching, horrible sweaters, lingerie, hot and cold massage oils, internal vibrators. With every gift his parents opened, Thomas's ears burned hotter.

At least Ettore's and Corina's gifts were ordinary, after the over sharing during the hunting outing, Thomas had been scared he'd see their entire sexual preferences on display, and with Ettore being bi, he'd been worried some of them would end up turning Thomas on.

Thomas's gifts were, thankfully, the definition of tame. A new phone, and enough cash cards to rebuild his wardrobe and possibly ensure Limbani would be dressed, too. Roland had cash cards too, along with some high-quality football equipment courtesy of Ettore. To Magnus, the new family member had given a bottle of pills to assist with his sexual performance. Thomas couldn't figure out if it was as a joke or if he'd been trying to be helpful. The answer had to depend on what Corina told her fiancée, and Thomas was worried about what he'd find out if he asked about it.

Judith had laughed as she took the vibrator out of the box.

"Something to make the stay away from your men more

bearable," Corina said.

With the presents all distributed, Thomas's parents disappeared. Corina and Ettore remained, talking with Magnus and Judith, even pulling Thomas into the conversation. Roland left not long after, and eventually Thomas headed off to sleep too.

He bypassed the bedroom he had to share with Roland, and went to his grandfather's office, which he knew had a pullout bed. He did not want to share a bed with his brother tonight, not with the way his cock was demanding attention. It was like everyone forgot guys had need too and that it wasn't something you did with your brother next to you.

He stifled the groan as thoughts of doing a lot more next to Roland began bouncing in his head. Thomas definitely had a problem.

He closed the door closed, then the book shelf that contained the Murphy bed down. Why hadn't he been assigned this as his room to start with? It wasn't like his grandfather was going to use the office while they were visiting. He wasn't *that* much of a workaholic.

He undressed and reclined on the bed, and looked at his erect cock. "Why couldn't I have been the one gifted the vibrator?" He briefly considered asking if she'd lend it to him, then imagined all the questions that would follow, the details she'd demand and settled on his hand and imagination.

And it wasn't like he was short on material. He had more encounters he could relive if he needed it. He moaned softly as he caressed his shaft before closing his hand on it. He let his mind wander. Limbani topping him vigorously. Putting Felix in his place by making him scream Thomas's name. Henry on top of him, biting his neck as he orgasmed.

Chima.

Thomas moaned loudly as he remembered the Adonis of a hyena fucking him with that mask on, losing himself in those empty orbs. Fucking him in return. The power he'd felt taking possession of the hyena, again with the mask. How much they both wanted it,

needed it. It was as if they'd been called to one ano—

“What cabinet is it in, Grandpa?” Judith asked, pushing the door in.

Terror gripped Thomas at the idea his sister would catch him jerking off. He tried to cover himself, but he was on top of the sheet and his clothes were on the floor. He looked for something, anything, to hide behind or cover himself with as the door kept opening. So slowly, it was like his sister was doing it on purpose.

He needed to get out of here before she saw him.

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Thomas remembered Judith's surprised expression as their eyes met, then falling, then the shock of cold, lack of light. He looked around, trying to understand what had happened, where he was, and that turned out to be a mistake as the world kept on turning when his head stopped and he was falling again, only this time he could make out the stony floor approaching before darkness claimed him.

CHAPTER 1.5-21

The table creaked under the weight. Plates overflowed with food. Steaks Corina cut out of the cougar. Potatoes; scalloped, pureed, and baked. Carrots, beets, green beans, and corn. Cranberry sauce and gravy. Even a Turkey, as some insurance from Magnus in case they got snowed in from hunting. The only thing missing was a ham, but considering there was enough food to feed three times the gathered family, it wouldn't be missed.

The conversation was cheerful, more discussion than interrogation as Ettore had been accepted by grandpa. Which caused Ettore to relax, much to Corina's amusement. The rat had fretted over making a good impression, despite his fiancée's reassurance that they were getting married regardless.

Things were much more chaste than Thomas expected. Ettore's stories of the Lewistons were much tamer than what Thomas was sure actually got down with that family, while even his parents managed to not disappear in the middle of the meal. Maybe being so pent up was causing Thomas to project expectations onto others.

Somehow, they managed to eat almost everything. Thomas was most surprised at his own appetite. Sure, he had put on some muscles, but it's not like he'd had time to do any heavy lifting while here. He hadn't even had any sex.

...maybe there really was a nutritious aspect to cum; at least at the quantities he consumed it.

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Dessert was brought out, a collection of pies and cakes that survived mostly intact. Then, with steaming mugs in hand, they all gathered around the fireplace in the living room where the piles of gifts had been assembled.

“Thanks, Aunt Corina,” Thomas said, holding the sweater he’d unwrapped. Red and green zig zags, with garish brown reindeer on the front and a large white snowflake on the back. Intentionally ugly sweaters were a Hertz tradition dating back to grandpa’s days, and his aunt did not hold back.

“Put it on,” Ettore said, wearing a white sweater with a Santa on it holding a present looking suspiciously like a dildo.

“Yeah,” Roland said, grinning maliciously. “Put it on Thomas. It’s going to look great on you.”

Sighing, Thomas raised it over his head.

“No, you have to take off your shirt first,” Ettore said, grinning at Roland.

Thomas looked between the two rats. Were they ganging up on him? Thomas nearly looked to his parents, but then reminded himself he was eighteen and lived on his own. Hiding behind his parents, who were busy making out on the couch, was beneath him. He could tell the two of them ‘no’ on his own.

...he could, really.

* * *

With a sigh of resignation, Thomas removed his shirt. Ettore supplied the exaggerated wolf whistles while Corina laughed. Roland was silent, and Thomas did not spare a glance in his direction to see the mockery in his eyes. It would take a lot more work on Madoc's part before Thomas looked anywhere close to as good as his brother.

The sweater fought him as he tried to put it on, almost choking him as Thomas pulled it down.

"I think" Judith said, "That you missed the memo about all the working out Thomas has been doing. I didn't think a sweater could be too small on anyone.

"Happy now?" Thomas asked Roland, who had the decency to look away to hide his expression.

"Very much so," Ettore responded, a wide grin on his face.

"You purposely picked one a size too small, didn't you, Hun?" Corina asked. Ettore assumed the most innocent expression Thomas ever saw on a man. Even Limbani couldn't match it, and Thomas had seen the monkey try to 'innocent' his way out of a lot of things.

"Well, I think this is going to be more useful than I expected," Magnus handed Thomas an envelope. Inside was a Christmas card with reindeers decked out in tight red shorts and bell harnesses, and within that was a hundred dollar cash card.

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Thomas chuckled, "I can start rebuilding my wardrobe."

"Borrow what you can from- Roland- first!" Eric managed to get out before Nadia pulled him back down.

"Mom," Judith complained, "Can you at least take it to the bedroom?" Judith had to be pent up herself to be the first child to complain.

Roland glared at Thomas, a dare to even consider getting close to his dresser. Thomas rolled his eyes. His brother's sports jerseys were safe from him.

His parents stopped their session long enough to open gifts, their own matching ugly sweaters, lingerie, hot and cold massage oils, and internal vibrators. With every gift his parents opened, Thomas's ears burned hotter.

At least Ettore's and Corina's gifts were ordinary. After all the oversharing during the hunting trip, Thomas had been scared he'd see their entire sexual preferences on display. Roland got mostly cash cards, along with some high-quality football equipment from Ettore. Thomas got a new phone, along with cash cards... each enveloped in a christmas card that was trying to compete for how lewd something could be while publicly decent.

Curiously, Magnus got a gift from Ettore in the form of a bottle of pills to assist with sexual performance. If it contains whatever the guys have been spiking Thomas's water with, then grandpa's girlfriends were going to have a pleasant surprise.

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Judith laughed as she lifted a vibrator out of her box from Aunt Corina.

“Something to make the stay away from your men more bearable.” Corina said.

With the presents all distributed, Thomas’s parents disappeared. Corina and Ettore remained, talking with Magnus and Judith, even pulling Thomas into the conversation. Roland left not long after, and eventually Thomas decided it was time to call lights out.

Just before he pushed the door to his and Roland’s room he paused, got his ears close, and listened. ...yep, that the sound of his younger brother jacking off alright . Suppressing a sigh, Thomas kept on walking, eventually making it to his grandfather’s office. There was a pull out bed in here that was so uncomfortable no one wanted to use it but right now Thomas would pitch a tent on the cold snow over bunking another night with Roland.

He paused to silence the thoughts of going back to that room and giving Roland a real Christmas present. Thomas definitely had a problem.

The rat closed the door, then pulled the fake bookshelf that contained the Murphy bed down. It had a musty ‘I been collecting dust for ages smell’ to it, and possibly some moth holes in the sheets, but Thomas didn’t care . It was better than sleeping next to forbidden temptation.

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He undressed and reclined on the bed, and looked at his erect cock. "I love you man, but sometimes you are just the neediest fucker." The cock did not disagree. Sighing, he started to stroke one out before remembering this wasn't the bathroom. How did guys jerk off outside the shower again? Right, tissues.

Small sheet of soft disposable paper retrieved, Thomas started to stroke one out before stopping with a jerk as the image of Roland wrapping his mouth around his rod entered Thomas's brain. Bad subconscious. If you can't be trusted to wander on your own, Thomas is just going to have to curiate his own.

And he had plenty of material. Madoc pounding him at the gym. Being sandwiched between the Rowling cousins. Felix hate fucking him and all the ways Thomas was going to pay him back. All the things he and Limbani were going to get up to now that Thomas was versatile. Paul, and what the first time taking his ass was going to be like, not to mention all the things they'd get up to as more and more of the brothers earned the right.

Chima.

Thomas moaned loudly as he remembered the Adonis of a hyena fucking him with that mask on, losing himself in those empty orbs. The power he'd felt went he finally returned the fucking in kind, that mask somehow turning the hyena into another person. With the others they were just playing dress up, but on Chima it was somehow div-

"What cabinet is it in, Grandpa?" Judith asked, pushing the

door in.

Terror gripped Thomas at the idea of his sister catching him jerking off. He tried to pull at the covers, but the top sheet was tucked in too tight. His clothes were on the floor, and the only part of his body moving fast was his pounding heart. In fact the door was moving slowly as if Judith was drawing this out on purpose.

Dammit! What's the point of fight or flight hyper awareness if all he did was watch that door open. He needed to get out of here, NOW.

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Thomas remembered Judith's surprised expression as their eyes met, then falling. Then the shock of the cold, along with a lack of light.

He tried to look around, but moving turned out to be a mistake as the world kept turning when his head stopped and once again he was falling. Only this time he could make out the stoney floor approaching before darkness claimed him.

OUTLINE-21

Chapter 24

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Montana Homestead, Thomas, Hertz Family, Ettore: Mood: being thankful for the food, and the fact he'll be able to update his wardrobe

Dinner on Christmas is where the family breaks out all the stops. Stuffing, cranberry sauce, and whatever goes good with roast mountain lion. It's a golly time, and by this point a lot of the tension between Ettore and grandpa are gone. Which is good, as while Corina would have gone through with the marriage anyway, it would have done nothing but make future family gatherings awkward.

Thomas, meanwhile, is at least less self conscious about his clothes being tight within the confines of mandatory ugly Christmas sweaters. He still can't wait to get back home and hit a department store with gift cards he's otherwise received; his shirts could all use another X in them... maybe two, if Madoc keeps at it.

But overall, this is just a cheerful family gathering. Even Ettore is well behaved compared to Thanksgiving. Makes one wonder if it's the presence of the grandfather, of if age actually teaches one restraint.

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Montana Homestead, Thomas, ???: Mood: time alone with his thoughts

The [how long were they schedule to stay at he homestead, 4 days? I think here I'll want to imply a day or two have passed, to play up Thomas' heightened sex drive and his need to jerk offFeels good. One needs to calculate the drive home and how soon college picks back up after New Years.]good thing about the homestead is that everyone has their own room... with locks, which really, why don't people have

locks back home? With that said, Thomas can actually relax in his room, and actually stew in his thoughts. His life is a... different than it was just six months ago. More so than he ever would have expected going into college. It's a bit of a thrill, but it's also kinda scary.

There's a lot of questions Thomas still doesn't know the answer to. Namely, what is he going to do with his life. Maybe working for one of the guys, which one is the question. He's not bad at anything, but he's also not spectacularly good and nothing seems to interest him. He doesn't tell his dad what he wants to do not because he's being difficult[this might change depending on what happens in the grottoAgreed.]... he just really doesn't know.

It's about this time that someone opens the door to his room despite the fact it should be locked[As discussed, the most likely final format will be Thomas is sleeping in what is normally the office, and Judith was sent up to fetch something by the grandfather. Likely a picture album or something.New thought... what if this is Ettore? After all, he is Society and he knows Thomas is gay... but then again while he's likely told his future wife certain things to make sure she'll be OK with it, those things would likely not be told to the grandfather... still, it's a thought.]... and well of course Thomas was naked at the time. There is this moment of panic where he's reaching for something to cover himself, or at least obstruct the line of sight between him and the intruder entering his safe space...

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Montana Wilderness, Thomas: Mood: there and gone...unconscious

And suddenly Thomas is in his grotto, alone. The questions of what and why might briefly flying through his head, but they fly right out as he's suddenly light headed falling to the ground. Too weak to move, the only thought on Thomas's mind are unintelligible questions as darkness takes him.