

## Chapter-44

(one detail I realized I forgot once I reached the end. I never had Shila give them pictures of the Chamber people.)

Thomas looked at the border receding behind them. It had worked.

“How the fuck did this work?” he demanded. He stepped over Limbani and Olavo because, Limbani being who he was, didn’t stop fucking just because the magic didn’t need to be powered anymore. Thomas sat in the passenger seat and added a glare toward Gilbert to his question.

“Magic,” the armadillo replied, glancing at Thomas’s naked body and smiling. Of the three only Gilbert was dressed. He’d ordered the three to fuck as hard as they could until he gave the signal as soon as they’d gotten on the road from the rest area half an hour south from the border. They’d been parked there for nearly two hours, jerking off and the armadillo writing on the inside of the truck with the cum.

“Yeah, I got that. But how? Limbani can’t be quiet to save his life, and Olavo didn’t try very hard.”

“I remember you being more up to date on *phrases* than that.”

“You remember wrong. I didn’t ask while you were writing that stuff because I didn’t want to distract you, but you’re just driving now.”

Gilbert sighed. “Okay, at the core, what I write is just a misdirection *phrase*. One of the ‘there’s nothing interesting here’ kind of thing. I purposely went over board because none of those are meant to turn away someone actively looking for something. I don’t know actual ‘ignore us’ *phrases*. I’ve been managing with getting people to ignore my work without it. Border agents are trained to look for stuff, and there’s always the possibility they’ll have quads sniffing for drugs. Our magic’s iffy around them so some reason.”

“Maybe because you can’t have sex with—” Thomas noticed

the glance the armadillo gave him. "Nope. I don't want to know."

"That's not it. Man, loosen up. I mean, I don't have sex with a woman, and the magic still affected her."

"So..." Thomas trailed off, finding his curiosity peaking.

"What do I look like, a mind reader? You should have asked Samuel if that's what you want to know." Gilbert shuddered. "I wouldn't want to do that. And I don't want to know if someone around me has done it. That includes you, Limbani!"

A scream of pleasure was the answer from the monkey.

"Are you serious?" Thomas asked. "Him?"

"Fuck, you don't remember any of the stories about the Adesida?"

"I sort of remember jokes about Limbani fucking anything that moves and has a cock."

"Exactly. Stories are his family has absolutely no restraint."

"Lies!" Limbani screamed between other kind of screams. "My grampa had a dungeon!"

"See what I mean?" Gilbert said.

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"Fuck it's cold," Thomas said running back into the van. "I thought Minneapolis was cold." The van's heat enveloped him. They's stopped for lunch south of Calgary, and the quick run to the restaurant, then back, was enough to make him wonder the existence of warm weather. At least the van was warm; more than it had any right to be, considering the state the walls were in and the lack of insulation.

Magic again.

"We're at a higher elevation," Olavo said, stepping in after Thomas.

Limbani threw himself into Thomas's arms. "Hold me. I'm dying of the cold." The monkey started undying the rat's pants and Thomas chuckled until he screamed in surprised as cold hands wrapped around his cock and balls. "Oh," Limbani sighed. "You're so hot."

"Great," a dry woman's voice sounded through the van. "I really though you'd get that out of your system before you got back in the truck."

"This is the only private place we have," Gilbert replied, while Thomas fought to get the monkey's hand out of his pants. The result of which left the rat hard and leaking and since he'd yet to get new underwear, exposed until he pulled his pants up. He really hoped Shila didn't have a way to look in the back.

"I didn't know you guy cared about privacy."

"We do when we aren't in a Society business," Olavo replied. "I hope that your call means you've located Grant."

"More like narrowed down where he probably is," she said. "Lullaby and Heat Wave landed in Calgary half an hour ago. They rented a car and that they're dropping off in Red Deer."

"Why are they dropping a rental off?" Limbani asked. "Won't they need it to drive back to the airport?"

"Only if that's their plan, and Magnet and Light do have a vehicle," Shila said. "I can't read their minds, just tell you what I see on the internet, they're going to Red Deer."

"It's about two hours from us," Gilbert said, looking at his phone, before slotting it in the dash and starting to drive.

"So we're still behind them," Thomas grouched. "What do you have arranged for me once me and Grant appear in San Francisco? I don't want to count on him to keep me alive, for all we know he isn't going to be in a state to perform."

"I got in that hotel's system and the room is mine until you need it. As for the performing part, do you have any preference?"

“Guy, cock, able to fuck me.”

“That’s it?” Gilbert asked in surprise.

“I’m going to be dying,” Thomas replied, “I don’t think that’s the time to be picky.”

Limbani smiled at the front of the van. “Give the guys good muscle. Our Thomas like them with solid meat on their bones, and good think boners.”

Shila sighed. “Now I’m regretting agreeing to handle that part of the rescue. I’ll have two guys there at the hotel in the adjoining room and the moment you and grant show up, I’ll have them there.”

“There’s a connecting room?” Thomas asked. He didn’t remember that.

“No officially,” Olavo answered, “but it’s a Society hotel, so being able to more from room to room is expected. Not every party to room there fits in one suit. Shila, any idea how we can go about locating Grant? You know him better than we do.”

She took a few seconds before replying. “He’s going to be on the move. He knows they’re after him so he isn’t going to rely solely on his protection. Other than that, you’re monkey’s got better chances of seeing with his precog. Without his truck I don’t think it’s going to be as effective.”

“I’m not charged enough,” the monkey said with a theatrical sigh. He smiled at Thomas. “If you plug yourself in me, I might be able to see something.”

Thomas looked at Olavo for help.

“Hey, I didn’t see you volunteering to fuck him after the border,” the capybara said. “It’s your turn to keep misted insatiable sated.”

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Thomas slammed the door to his hotel room. His room, his

alone. The trip here from Kansas City had taught him two things. One, if he couldn't teleport somewhere, he was flying. He didn't care if it was going to be coach or even in a container, but he was not driving anywhere again, ever. And two. He was never, ever going to South Africa.

Limbani had been quick to reassure Thomas that his family didn't to *that*. But it had opened the door to him talking about his family, and how they took the saying 'it takes a village' to something of an extreme, with the entire clan raising the boys. And starting way too early on the sex for Thomas's comfort, and Limbani wanted to introduce his great friend Thomas to the entire Adesida with all that it entailed.

A door opened and Thomas looked at the adjoining door in horror. Gilbert was visible on that bed, behind the capybara standing in the doorway, fucking Limbani.

"I said I want to be alone for a while," Thomas stated.

"I'm just letting you know that as soon as those two are done, we're ordering food and figuring out a plan."

"Once they're done?" Thomas asked, his amusement eclipsing his annoyance. "You're really planing on waiting until the heat death of the universe before eating?"

Olavo looked at the two of them. "Right. Once Gil's done. Limbani can go without for a while."

"I order the food," Thomas said.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thomas sighed as he ate the slice of pizza. When he'd said they were eating pizza, Olavo had agreed, but taken over the actual ordering. Thomas had been worried he'd have to eat some super fancy, one strand of cheese on a cracker kind of pizza. But while the quality was definitely higher than the pizza joint Thomas and Paul ordered from, the pizzas had been real to goodness pizzas.

He looked at the map projected above the table and some of

his enjoyment vanished. "That's a lot of park space." He indicated the green. "Even if he wants to stay close to the interstate access point, it's going to be easy for him to losses himself in them. He's used to roughing it, I think."

Limbani moaned as he sucked on his cheese filled crust, but they were used to him doing that after the sixth slice.

"I think this weather is beyond roughing it," Olavo said, looking up from his phone. "Even with magic, I don't know how he's going to survive minus thirty-five degree Celsius?"

"What's that in real temperature?" Gilber asked between bites.

"It's suck my cock, cold, Rowlings," the capybara replied, grinning. "The city has a thriving housing market. It would be easy for him to squat in anyone of them. Even if it won't have power, having walls to insulate between the cold will make whatever magic he's using more effective."

"That's if he's bothering with a house." Gilbert said.

"You have an alternative?"

"Depends, you going to suck the heat out of my cock for it?" He grinned at the capybara and turned in his seat to expose his hard cock.

"Can you two sixty-nine later?" Thomas said. "After we have a plan of actions?"

"How about we one-thirty-eight it?" Limbani asked.

Thomas stared at him.

"Come on, it's not that hard." The monkey snorted, "unlike me. If two guys sucking each other off is a sixty-nine, then the four of us daisy chaining it is one-thirty-eight."

"Someone needs to shove their cock in his mouth so he can't spout stuff like that."

"After we have a plan of action," Thomas reminded them.

“Which means you need to spill, Gil.”

“He’s going to need a minute to crank it before anything spills,” Limbani said.

The armadillo raised an eyebrow. “I can cum under thirty second if I’m jerking off”

“Big words from—”

“I swear to God,” Thomas said. “If you don’t stop side trackig us, Limbani. I am throwing you outside for the night.”

The monkey grinned.

“I wouldn’t,” Olavo said, “I think you’ve pushed Thomas to his limit.”

Limbani shrunk in a little. “Sorry, I was just trying to keep things lighter.”

Thomas took a handful of breaths before speaking. “Gil.”

“Speaking as someone who spent a lit of energy on his van. What I saw of Grant’s truck tells me he did a lot to it. Someone like that would either do everything he can to get it back, or get himself a new one. We know the truck is still impounded, so...”

“Actually, that makes sense,” Thomas said, recalling things the kangaroo said. “Some of Grant’s protection works on concepts his truck represented, being on the move, being ahead of the people chasing him. I don’t know how much work it would take him, but he would want to get those concept working for him again.”

“So we can ask around the shops in town,” Gilbert said. “I doubt kangaroos are that common.”

“Craft stores too,” Thomas said. “He prefers working with wood, but arts and crafts seem to be part of how his magic work.” He looked at the others and their lack of reaction. “I expected more surprise out of this.”

“We power our magic by putting our cock in other guys,”

Limbani said. "We know how odd magic can get."

"I guess I'm just not used to it enough." He drained the can of coke. "Okay, so tomorrow as soon as it's light, we split into two and go around looking into the housing situation for indication someone's squatting and into shops and crafts stores for a kangaroos buying parts. Agreed?"

"Yes!" Limbani exclaimed and stood. "We have a plan of action. Now it's time to get you used to sex powering our magic so you won't be surprised when the weird stuff come up again."

Thomas glared at the smirking capybara as the monkey pulled him to the bed. "You are so taking him tomorrow."

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"Well?" Thomas asked Gilbert as he exited the very respectable looking garage that the rat couldn't imagine someone like Grant being able to afford.

"He was here."

"What? When?"

"Yesterday. He picked up a rotor assembly for a twenty-forty-seven Intrepid."

Thomas looked at the shop again. "It can't be Grant, he doesn't have that kind of money."

Gilbert smiled. "Oh it didn't cost him all that much. The model's one of those anti-theft enabled system. This guy couldn't use it on anything, so he was more than happy to be rid of it."

"Stolen parts?"

Gil nodded. "Yep, never let how a place look fool you into thinking they're honest." He motioned. "The guy said the kangaroo in question walked that way."

"And you knew this place sold stolen parts?"



“No, but I don’t know this guy like you do, so I don’t have preconceptions as to where he’d go.”

They walked around the cover of the building and all they saw was more trampled snow. Too many vehicles had come by for them to pick one out even if they’d know what the tired on an intrepid left as marks.

“I need to warm up,” Gilbert said. “How about we head in there for a snack, heat and I can update the others.”

“Please,” Thomas replied. After three hours of walking around in the cold, Thomas was ready for heat.

The restaurant had the feel of an old place to it. Booths out of the aughts, with their plush seats and solid wood tables. They grabbed food, and sat. Gilbert called and updated the others, who agreed to meet them at the restaurant as soon as they could. Thomas didn’t mind having to wait inside. Once they were together, they would formulate a new plan of attack.

The door opened with the electronic ‘ding-dong’ that let the person in the back know a new customer arrived and Thomas glanced up.

“Fuck,” he cursed as the man Shila called Magnet entered the restaurant with a woman at his side. Gilbert turned to look and cursed too. As the man and woman locked eyes with Thomas.

## Chapter 1.5-44

Thomas looked at the border receding behind them. It had worked.

“How the fuck did this work?” he demanded. He stepped over Limbani and Olavo, because Limbani being who he was he didn’t stop fucking just because the magic didn’t need to be powered anymore. Thomas sat in the passenger seat and added a glare towards Gilbert on top of his question.

“Magic,” the armadillo replied, glancing at Thomas’s naked body and smiling. Of the three, only Gilbert was dressed. He’d ordered the three of them to fuck as hard as they could, starting from the rest area just south of the border, and to not stop until he said so. They’d been parked in that rest area for nearly two hours, jerking off and the armadillo writing on the inside of the truck with the cum.

“Yeah, I got that,” Thomas said. “But how? Limbani can’t be quiet to save his life, and Olavo didn’t try very hard.”

Gilbert exhaled slowly, “I keep forgetting you haven’t been spending the past six months learning sigils and phrases from us.”

“Yeah, whatever memories are messed up on my head, you can probably list those as not having ever happened,” Thomas said, trying to ignore the peripheral worry that his own memories aren’t accurate.

Gilbert obviously felt it too as he sighed again. “Okay, at the core,

what I wrote was just a misdirection phrase. One of those 'there's nothing interesting here' kind of things. I then jury-rigged it with a bunch of phrases normally reserved for keeping a house charged up and got you guys fucking, because these things are fickle as fuck and usually fail against active searches unless you go for overkill. And even then it all might have turned pear-shaped if they had some quads sniffing for drugs; our magic's iffy around them for some reason."

"It's the- noses," Olavo said as he continued to pound the monkey.

Gilbert shrugged. "The scent theorem is a weak one since while we don't use our sense of smell as much as canine quads, we still use it at least somewhat. Same with theories of them being the domain of the Green Man, since the phrase affects woman just as well as men."

Thomas was about to ask questions on who this Green Man was when Limbani interrupted all other trains of thought with a scream of pleasure. "OK, is Limbani really just hypersexual even by society standards because he's Limbani, or is it because using his vision all the time leaves him sex-starved?"

Gilbert snorted, "It's because he's an Adesida." The armadillo glanced at the rat's confusion. "Right, memories. Basically, Limbani's behavior is stereotypical of all Adesida; they are constantly craving sex and have no restraint."

"Lies!" Limbani screamed between his howls of pleasure. "My grandpa had a dungeon!"

\* \* \*

“See what I mean?” Gilbert said.

#####

“Fuck it’s cold,” Thomas said, running back into the van. “I thought Minneapolis was cold.” The van’s heat enveloped him. They’d stopped for lunch south of Calgary, and the quick run to the restaurant, then back, was enough to make him wonder the existence of warm weather. At least the van was warm; more than it had any right to be, considering the state the walls were in and the lack of insulation.

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“Great,” a dry woman’s voice sounded through the van. “I really thought you’d get that out of your system before you got back in the truck.”

“This is the only private place we have,” Gilbert replied, while Thomas fought to get the monkey’s hand out of his pants. The result of which left the rat hard and leaking, and since he’d yet to get new

underwear, exposed until he pulled his pants up. He really hoped Shila didn't have a way to look in the back.

"I didn't know you guys cared about privacy," Shila said.

"We're as vulnerable to being arrested for indecent exposure as anyone else," Olavo replied. "I hope that your call means you've located Grant."

"More like narrowed down where he probably is," she said. "Lullaby and Heat Wave landed in Calgary half an hour ago. They rented a car, which they're dropping off in Red Deer."

"Why are they dropping a rental off?" Limbani asked. "Won't they need it to drive back to the airport?"

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"I got in that hotel's system and the room is mine until you need it," Shila responded. "As for the performing part, do you have any preference?"

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Limbani smiled at the front of the van. "Give the guys good muscle. Our Thomas likes them with solid meat on their bones, and a good thick boner."

Shila sighed. "Now I'm regretting agreeing to handle this part of the rescue. I'll have two guys there at the hotel in the adjoining room and the moment you and Grant show up, I'll have them join you."

Thomas raised an eyebrow, searching his memory, "There was an adjoining room?"

"Not officially," Olavo stated, "But it's a Society hotel, so being able to move between rooms without using the halls is a plus. Shila, you got any good images on these Chamber people? You know, just so we know exactly who not to trust."

She took a few seconds before replying. "Images are being added

to your external drives, download them at your leisure. As for Grant himself, he's going to be mobile on top of being warded. Beyond that, your monkey is going to have a better job of finding him than me."

"Which means I need energy," Limbani said as he unzipped Thomas's pants again.

Thomas looked to Olavo for help.

"Hey, I didn't see you volunteering to fuck him after the border," the copybara said. "It's your turn to keep Mister Insatiable satiated."

#####

Thomas slammed the door to his hotel room. His room, by himself. The trip here from Kansas City had taught him two things. One, if he couldn't teleport somewhere, he was flying. He didn't care if it was going to be coach or even in a container, but he was not driving anywhere again, ever.

Two, he was never, ever, going to South Africa.

Talk about his family's reputation had made Limbani nostalgic and the monkey had talked about how he couldn't wait to introduce Thomas to his nephew and uncle once this was all over. They were like brothers to him; literally, as the Adesida believed in quality over quantity, raising one son at a time to adulthood, but they did so in groups so they'd have peers to grow up alongside. They were the other two monkeys in the trio of monkey pictures Limbani had in his room.

\* \* \*

A door opened and Thomas looked at the adjoining door in horror. Gilbert was visible on the bed, behind the capybara standing, fucking Limbani.

"I said I wanted to be alone for a while," Thomas stated.

Olavo held up his hands defensively. "I'm just letting you know that as soon as those two are done, we're ordering food and figuring out a plan."

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"I swear to God," Thomas said. "If you don't stop side-tracking us, Limbani, I'm throwing you outside for the night."

The monkey grinned.

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Limbani shrunk in a little. "Sorry, I was trying to keep things light."

Thomas took a handful of breaths before speaking. "Gil?"

"Speaking as someone who spent a ton of energy on his van, what Thomas has described of Grant's truck tells me he did a lot to it," the armadillo started out. "Someone like that would either do everything he can to get it back, or to get himself a new one. We know the truck is still impounded, so..."

"Actually, there are other reasons that would make sense," Thomas said, recalling things the kangaroo said. "Some of Grant's wards worked on the concepts of his truck, things like being on the move, so he'd be already gone from where he was if someone scrying for him. Or something like that. If he's piling on as many wards as he can, he'd want something like that again on top of everything else."

"So we can ask around the shops in town," Gilbert said. "I doubt kangaroos are that common."

\* \* \*

“Craft stores too,” Thomas said. “He prefers working with wood, but arts and crafts seem to be part of how his magic works.” He looked at the others and their lack of reaction. “I expected more surprise out of this.”

“We power our magic by putting our cocks in other guys and getting cocks put into us,” Limbani said. “We know how odd magic can get.”

“I guess everything is just very new to me still,” He drained the can of coke. “Okay, so tomorrow as soon as it’s light, we split into two and go around looking into the housing situation for indication someone’s squatting, and into the auto shops and craft stores for a kangaroo buying parts. Agreed?”

“Yes!” Limbani exclaimed and stood. “We have a plan of action. Now help me charge up so I can check micro-check by the minute without keeling over like you’re going to after teleporting Grant away from here.”

Thomas glared at the smirking capybara as the monkey pulled him to the bed. “You’re so taking him tomorrow.”

#####

“Well?” Thomas asked Gilbert as he exited the very respectable-looking garage that the rat couldn’t imagine someone like Grant being able to afford.

\* \* \*

"He was here," the armadillo responded.

The rat almost got whiplash, "What? When?"

"Yesterday," Gilbert responded as they started to walk. "He picked up a rotor assembly for a twenty-forty-seven Intrepid."

Thomas looked at the shop again. "It can't be Grant, he doesn't have that kind of money."

Gilbert smiled. "Oh, it didn't cost him all that much. The model's one of those anti-thief enabled systems. This guy couldn't use it on anything, so he was more than happy to be rid of it."

The rat raised an eyebrow. "Stolen parts?"

Gil nodded. "Yep, never let how a place looks fool you into thinking they're honest." He motioned. "The guy said the kangaroo in question walked that way."

As they started walking, Thomas couldn't help but have more nagging questions. "And you knew this place sold stolen parts?"

"No, but I don't know this guy like you do," Gilbert responded, "So I don't have preconceptions as to where he'd go."

\* \* \*

They walked for a bit, eventually coming up on a charging station so old it might have been a converted gas station. Once they got around the building, however, all they saw was trampled snow. Too many vehicles had come by for them to pick one out even if they'd known what the tires of an Intrepid left as marks.

"I need to warm up," Gilbert said pointing to the adjoining diner. "How about we head in there for a snack and some heat, and I can update the others."

"Please," Thomas replied. After three hours of walking around in the cold, Thomas was ready for some heat.

The restaurant had the same feeling of antiquity that the charging station had. Booths out of the aughts, with their plush seats and solid wood tables. They grabbed food and sat. Gilbert called and updated the others, who agreed to meet them at the restaurant as soon as they could. Thomas didn't mind having to wait inside. Once they were together, they would formulate a new plan of attack.

The door opened with the electronic replication of classic bells letting people in the back know a new customer had arrived. Thomas glanced up-

"Fuck," Thomas cursed as the man Shila called Magnet entered the restaurant with a woman at his side. Gilbert turned to look and cursed too, as the man and woman were locking eyes with Thomas.

## Outline-44

### Chapter 44

###

In Transit, Thomas, Search Squad, Shila: Mood:

Limbani ended up saying yes to the road trip, which means the structural integrity of Gilbert's van is being put to the test even more though all the sex. During the intermissions, Thomas talks to Shila[on the phone or is she going along with them?On the phone. The only thing that would get Shila to leave her apartment, much less San Francisco, is the Orrs discovering she's there and protesting to her presence. Because yes, she could fight them, but it would be a mutually assured destruction thing at best, and win the battle loose the war at worse.] on what they are going to do.

The oversimplification of the plan is to go to Red Deer[I choose a city mostly at random. Was looking at google maps for something big but not too big, and in either or the two provinces directly north of Montana.], find Grant, and have Thomas teleport with him to San Francisco. Shila can then work with Grant to get him off the Chamber radar and buy Thomas a ticket back to Kansas City. Complications up front... they need to find Grant without alerting the Chamber, not cause a ruckus for the locals, and anyone who doesn't teleport back with Thomas needs to ride back in the wreckage Gilbert still insists to call his van.

Ignoring Gilbert's comments defending his baby, Thomas will ask if Shila has any ideas on where to start searching. Short answer, no. Long answer, anywhere. The fact they haven't found Grant yet means either he's on the move or he's discovered some revolutionary way to make the Chamber think he's in one location while actually being somewhere else. Which as lovely as a waste of time the later would be, the former is more likely.

\* \* \*

Thomas wants to continue the conversation, but Olavo tags him in to keep the insatiable Limbani occupied.

###

Red Deer, Thomas, Search Squad: Mood:

Thomas, in lighter moments when he feels there might be in a light at the end of the tunnel, wonders what he's going to do with his powers when this is all over. World tour was somewhere on his mind. After these past two days, he's sure of one thing. One, he'd be flying even if it was by couch. Two, he is going to make any stay in South Africa as brief as possible.[Limbani is already talking about taking him home to show him off to his uncle and nephew, maybe even recruiting him to be one of the Society members to help initiate his son. It doesn't matter if his memories of Thomas are fake, he doesn't need his powers to see them becoming friends. Oh, and remember Adesida tradition, of raising one son at a time but alongside close family as if they are brothers. So the uncle and nephew are the same age as Limbani. Not sure how many of the fathers survived the times of trouble caused by Book 5.]

Aside besides the point, once the gang reaches Red Deer[okay, so magic was involved in them crossing the border? I mean, yes, Canadians are nice, but they still have to be careful at the border. then we have people from multiple nationality crossing, in a truck that even Gilbert will have to admit is being help together with cum and possibly duct tape and might get the bomb sniffing dogs going crazy.]

[any chance someone can convince Gilbert they need to borrow/lease/ buy a new van for this mission? having shila make him the official owner of said vehicle would be ideal. border officers are wary of groups coming in rented/leased vehicles Hmm... I was more thinking passports and done, but if you think it would be a problem then we can work on a better plan.]



\* \* \*

[We can even have the border crossing take place before the info dump conversation. That way Limbani is forced to wear pants for like... thirty minutes.], they find a hotel and pull up a map of the town. There is a lot of partially forested areas strewn around the town, and dense public centers where Grant could get lost in if he was moving constantly. Trick is, if it was just a foot race, the Chamber are ahead of them. Speaking of, time to show off pictures of who they are to avoid at all costs.

Olavo thinks those locations aren't outside of the box enough. He pulls out a listing of houses for sale. Grant could be squatting at any one of those. It would keep him sheltered, out of the way, even if he would need to be ready to abandon ship whenever a realtor showed up. Gilbert has another angle. He knows how much magic he put into his own van, so he assumes Grant's truck must have been loaded even more if he lived out of the thing. Since that includes nondetection scripts, he might only be sticking around in town to pimp out whatever vehicle he's acquired to get him out of town undetected.

Thomas says great. That is two objectives, and they shouldn't travel around town alone. So... which of you two are taking Limbani? No, no, your ideas, so your lead.

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Red Deer, Thomas, Gilbert: Mood:

Thomas will make it up to Olavo eventually. Right now he needs to focus on doing the job he and Gilbert set off to do. Which involves hitting up the local auto repair stores, used car dealerships, and even some chop shops. Where Gilbert got the addresses to that last one, Thomas refrains from asking.

They aren't police, so they need to make up some story about Grant

being an online friend who tweeted about his car having broken down in town and how he's doing his own repairs out of pride[Are they passing themselves off as locals? If so, how do they explain their accent.I'd say that is a lost cause. But unless Grant has a Canadian accent himself, than I don't see why it would be a big concern.which begs the question, does Grant have an accent?I... have no clue. I haven't envisioned him having one. But I don't know where he was raised or even originally born. The Chamber is based somewhere in England, and he was raised by a foster father who was a Chamber member, so maybe he'd have an English accent...]. And no, of course they haven't just talked to him, because of course someone doing something out of pride isn't going to just tell people looking to help him where he is.

It's a convoluted story, but it actually gets results. Kangaroos aren't that common this deep in Canada, and one store owner actually remembers selling [insert product here] to a kangaroo who carried them out of the store and down the street rather than hauling them away in a truck. Rather memorable. So, they have a lead. Stopping in a truck stop for lunch, they call the others to give them the location of the store to help narrow down the search. With luck...

...and crude, the Chamber is right[Yes, it will be explained why later. Essentially Henry made a deal with them that involved giving them even better tools to track Grant in exchange for Thomas should he still be with him.will it be explain how the Chamber made contact with Henry? or the reverse? and how they know each other?Depends on if we let the captured Chambers members talk when interrogated. Otherwise, they'll discover the varnished wooden disks with Society scrips written on blood that should be enough of a clue to guess.]

[And as for knowing each other... Heindrick is fucking old. Everyone else looked at the footage at the gas station attack and saw Thomas teleporting. Heindrick saw the Chamber on one of their little hunts. So

he contacted them, possibly through the Richards, and made them a deal.]

[But no, I don't know how much of that will be front facing either. I do know at least some of the "Heindrick" legacy will be revealed when Gilbert regains his whole memories and can recount participating in Henry's Ceremony of Dominance as a freshmen at the frat. So the audience will have enough pieces to make the right guesses.] outside the diner window looking right at them. Gilbert is going to be happy, because things are going to start exploding soon.