

## Chapter 42

??, ??, ??? [this might not work]

Thomas hardly heard the door opening and quickly ignored it.

“Pass the mashed potatoes to your brother, Roland,” Their mother said.

They were seated around a table loaded with the food Nadia had cooked over the previous days in preparation for Thanksgiving.

“What can’t he get it himself?” Roland said, glowering at Thomas.

“Because you are a good boy,” Luisa chastised him gently, and with the usual mix of apology and grumbling their grandmother could engender in any of her grandchildren when she caught them being less than who she thought they could be, Roland grabbed the bowl and handed it to Thomas.

He put a ladle full on his place, then passed the bowl to Victor.

“Thank,” his older brother said, then, “what?”

“Nothing.” Thomas shook his head to chase the sense of—no, not thinking about that.

“White or brown, son?” Eric asked, knife to the turkey.

“I didn’t know Thomas started caring about the color of the cock he was sucking,” Judith said, filling her glass with wine.

“I’m not going to do that at the table,” he replied. “White, thanks.” He smiled at his father. It was so nice that he asked for what he wanted, instead of deciding for him.

“Right,” she drolled. “That takes place under the table. How about it, Roland? You want to unzip for your brother?”

“Have you washed?” their mother asked.

“Of course.” There was a tone of when don’t I make sure I’m ready in his brother’s voice that made Thomas stare.

*No. Not going there. That isn’t how this goes.*

“Right,” she drolled. “That takes place under the table. How about it, Roland? You want to unzip for your brother?”

“That’s sick, Judith,” his brother replied, disgusted. “I don’t let guys do anything like that to me.”

Thomas relaxed and ate. The turkey might be the best his mother had ever cooked.

“What?” He asked Judith, and she looked at him.

Hadn’t she called his name?

“What’s the name of that red panda?” she asked. “And how hung is he?”

“What red panda?”

“The one that lives at the—” she stopped speaking with the screech of distorted audio. And someone said something. A voice in the distance.

No. Not going back. Thomas didn’t want to go back out there. He was tired of not being about to do anything about what was being done to him. Here was where he was happy. Him and his family at Thanksgiving.

“I asked who’d that tall and muscular Hyena you’ve been boning,” she said. “Come on, stay with us, bro.”

“Ch—Steven,” Thomas answered, refusing to say that name. “Are you jealous?”

“Me? Jealous of my—Thomas—brother? Never, I’m proud that—something’s wrong—you get laid more than I do now.”

“What did you say?” Thomas asked. That hadn’t all sounded like his sister.

“Are you sure that—wouldn’t use magic—you’re entirely here?” She grinned at him. “Maybe you’re someplace else getting your—off his wrist—ass plowed?”

“No!” He wasn’t—the entire room shook. No-no-no. Why was that happening? He’d always kept how he was used from affecting the meal. Why were they taking that away from him? It wasn’t like he had anything else.

“—minute— Son?” his father asked, but the voice was wrong. He knew that voice, but it couldn’t be here. He hadn’t wanted that world to mar the meal with his family, so that meant he couldn’t be here either.

But he couldn’t be outside either, could he?

Thomas swallowed and allowed some of it to seep in.

“—Donal, can you keep watch?” It sounded like Grant, but how?

“Sure, but I don’t know how good I’ll be at it.” And that was Donal.

“How about you make sure they don’t notice us in here?” How could that be Madoc?

“I don’t think that’s what I do,” Donal replied.

Now that he let some of the outside in, he felt his arm being moved, his hand—no, his wrist—being turned.

“What does this say, Madoc?” Grant asked.

His wrists turned a bit more in each direction.

“That’s a phrase to keep anyone but the person with the code from taking it off,” Madoc answered.

“Code?” Grant asked, and terrified of what he might not see, Thomas cracked an eye open.

“Genetic,” Madoc said, placing the wrist back on the mattress. “Cum of blood. Probably Raphael’s”

The kangaroo searched through his pockets, making items jingle. “A key’s a key, so all I need is one to

—”

“Grant,” Donal said out of his field of vision. The kangaroo looked up. “Catch.” Grant caught the item.

“Are you real?” Thomas croaked. Why did his voice hurt so much when he’d been talking with his family not minutes before?

“Thomas?” Madoc asked, as Grant looked at what was in his hand.

“Where did you get a key?” the kangaroo asked, then shook his head. “Never mind. At this point, that’s just more of what you’ve already done.”

Thomas shifted his gaze to the rat. “No. I don’t want anything to do with any of this.” He closed his eyes. “Go away. I want to be with my family.”

“That’s part of the plan,” Grant said.

“But first we are getting you out of here,” Madoc continued.

Thomas opened his eyes in surprise.

“Technically, Thomas will be getting us out of here,” Grant said, dripping a liquid from a small packet over a key.

“What are you doing?” Madoc asked.

“I’m applying grape jelly to a key. The key represents the idea of unlocking something. The jelly is a fluid that’s also sticky, so we get the idea of slipping into something, and adhering to stuff, two for the price of one.”

“And the grape?” Madoc asked, sounding uncertain.

“That just happened to be the packet I grabbed out of the restaurant this morning.”

“And what is that going to do, exactly?” the rat asked.

“I told you, slip in, and adhere to the right stuff, like the combination.” Grant smiled at Thomas as he touched the key to the manacle.

“Do you have any idea of the number of permutation you’re going to need to get the right ones from DNA?” Madoc asked, exasperated.

The manacle dropped off Thomas’s wrist.

“None.” Grant grinned. “The universe works on concepts, not math.”

“Your magic’s fucking weird,” Madoc said, sounding creeped out.

“You still have magic?” Thomas asked in awe.

“Seems like it,” the kangaroo replied. “Don’t ask for an explanation, because I have no idea how that’s possible.”

Madoc traced something on Thomas’s wrist and all the ripped skin and fur caused by the barbs inside the manacle as it moved back and forth healed.

“Okay, Thomas,” the rat said, then took a breath and continued. “I know you’ve got to be fed with of being fucked by now but—”

“Do it,” Thomas said. “I can’t stand being this exhausted anymore and if that’s the only thing that’s going to fix it, then do it.”

“He could fuck you, couldn’t he?” Grant asked. “He is hard.”

“Which one is faster?” Donal asked, and Thomas forced his head to turn. The squirrel was by the door.

“Is anyone coming?” Grant asked.

“Not yet,” Thomas grumbled. “Haven’t in…” he trailed off, unable to remember when he’d had an orgasm last.

“No, but I don’t know how that’s going to last.” Donal paused and closed his eyes. “I don’t how know to properly explain it. Right now, we’re in this zone where this space’s basically forgotten, but it’s got an edge, and I think it’s getting closer, so you guys are going to want to hurry this up if Thomas is going to be charged enough to teleport us out of here.”

“That explains why there were no guards,” Madoc said. “And with time being an issue, fucking Thomas is the best way to go. How do you even know that stuff?” he asked, massaging a lubed finger against Thomas’s hole.

“Donal’s staff puts him in tune with lost things,” Grant answered.

“Can you get on with it?” Thomas demanded. “It’s not like it’s been ages since there was a cock in there.”

Madoc moved and Thomas’s ass was stretched. “You heard the man, explanations will have to wait.” Thomas fought against retreating into his mind like he’d done for so long, and the sense of wellbeing he wasn’t entirely certain he wasn’t imagining, did help.

Madoc wasn’t gentle about fucking him, thrusting hard and muttering something about all his work being undone and how he was going to have to fuck Thomas for a year before he could get him to something resembling muscular.

When the rat came, Thomas’s moan was unexpected, but heartfelt.

“Donal, take your turn now,” Madoc said, “so you can go back to do whatever the fuck you do that’s going to keep us safe.”

“I don’t do anything,” the squirrel replied, “other than feeling about out there.” He motioned around them.

“Use this,” Grand said, offering the squirrel something Thomas couldn’t see.

“I don’t need any help having sex,” Donal replied, sounding mildly offended as he dropped his pants.

“You take too long,” Grant replied. “Look, you said it. We don’t have the time for you to work yourself up to an orgasm.”

“Have you two fucked?” Thomas asked as Grant kneeled to put a cock ring around Donal’s cock.

“What do you think?” Grant replied matter-of-factly. He stood and slapped the squirrel’s ass. “Go at it.”

“Won’t this be better if he enjoys it longer?” Donal asked as he got in position.

“Pleasure’s only a factor when it comes to resistance,” Madoc said, moving before Thomas. “It’s about the transfer of energy through cum. Being on the receiving end means you get a larger share of it.”

“Doesn’t that mean the guy who gives the cum also gets some energy?” Donal asked, pausing with the tip of his cock against Thomas’s hole. “Fuck, your magic’s weird.”

“Says the guy whose power is lost—” Madoc’s reply was cut off as Thomas pushed forward to suck his cock. Not being utterly exhausted meant Thomas didn’t have to wait for others to get on with it anymore.

Thomas moaned as Madoc took hold of his head and thrust in his muzzle, and Donal let out a sigh as his cock entered the rat’s ass. The squirrel was gentle as first, while Madoc thrust fast, but in no time, Donal grunted in need and picked up speed. Only seconds after that, Madoc was cumming in his mouth, and while Thomas moaned in appreciation of the taste and feeling stronger, Donal groaned and thrust hard, staying there as he emptied his ball, and gave Thomas another bump in his energy level.

It was enough that once the squirrel pulled out, Thomas rolled on his back without help. Donal handed the cock ring to the kangaroo, who put it on.

“On your side, Thomas,” Grant instructed. “Madoc, are you sure everyone involved in the exchange gains?” He stretched on the bed, his muzzle to Thomas’s cock and his to the rat’s mouth.

“Everyone in the Society,” the rat replied, moving around. “But that looks to be awkward.”

“You’re the follower of a god of male virility. Get it hard, get it in him, and make it happen.” Then he swallowed Thomas’s cock, and Thomas did the same with the kangaroo’s.

Part of him felt he shouldn’t be enjoying any of this. It was just more of the same as the unending days before, but it was like that first bite of food after going hungry for too long. He needed to have more.

Madoc wrapped his arms around Thomas as he pressed against his back and pushed his cock in. It was indeed awkward, as Grant’s cock slipped out of Thomas more than once, and Madoc had to hold on ever tighter as he fucked, but either through pure willpower on their part, or a god’s intervention, they soon came.

Thomas rolled on his back again, once Madoc got off the bed, and this time his mind was clear, his body felt strong and he knew exactly what it meant that the naked squirrel was running toward him, their clothes in his arms.

“We have to go,” he said. “We’re just about out of time.”

“Just about?” Madoc asked. “Can you be—”

“I can only tell you the bubble of use being forgotten’s about to collapse. I don’t know if that means someone’s about to walk through that door, or someone on the other side of the building’s going to decide it’s time to come here for their fuck session.”

Grant grabbed his clothes out of Donal’s arms, but didn’t put them on. He and the others moved around Thomas as he got off the god-forsaken bed. “Time to get us out of here.” He took one of Thomas’s hand.

“San Francisco?” Thomas asked as Madoc took his other.

“Montana. The others are already there, waiting at the grotto.”

“Where to I grab on?” Donal asked, looking Thomas over. “And if you say his cock, Mad, I am smacking you.”

“You’re coming with us?” Thomas asked.

“I’m not trusting this new power to let me walk out this door, beside, I’m not letting you—” his head snapped to the door. He grabbed the rat’s forearm. “Out of here, now!”

Thomas shoved aside how much this was going to suck. He’s only just gotten his strength back, and now he had to give it up. Instead, he focused on the grotto, on the sense of safety he felt that first time he’d found himself there.

That, and feeling Grant fucking him.

The door creaked open, someone cursed, and the world shifted around him.