

CHAPTER-55

Thomas tested the door and smiled as the handle turned. It seemed they hadn't thought to lock it. He cracked it open and soft voice came from down the corridor, out of sight. That would be where those people making his life difficult would be. He glanced left and right and other than a couple of inmates shuffling along, no one else.

He slipped out of the room and quietly closed the door, then hurried toward... where could he go? Dressed the way he was, it wasn't like he could escape. Anyone looking at him would know he belonged in this place. And this gown did nothing to hide his erection.

Fuck, less than twenty-four hour in here without sex and he was going crazy.

If he couldn't get out, maybe he could find someone. That marmot who'd brought him lunch had been cute, well, he was a guy, at this point Thomas didn't get too much beyond that, but he had looked Thomas over, so maybe he was interested? Could they fuck on one of the beds, or was there rules against that?

Why had he been dumped here? It wasn't like they could do anything for him that Olavo couldn't or hadn't already. Thomas was perfectly fine.

Except for needing sex.

That was starting to be a problem.

He was even considering jerking off.

Where was that nurse?

He turned a corner and nearly walked into someone. Golden fur with brown stripes.

"Thomas?" Paul asked.

"Paul?"

“Should you be out of your room?” they both asked together, then snickered.

Thomas grabbed his arm and pulled him through the closest door. Not a bedroom, but not a storage closet either, so it would do. This looked to have been a coffee station at one point, the machine still on the long counter by the sink, but without the carafe. There was plenty of space, and chairs. So he could make this work.

He pulled on to Paul and sat on the other. His hand on pushing his gown up. The golden tiger glanced at it as he sat and smirked. “How come the first words out of your mouth weren’t for me to bed over?”

“You’re seriously asking that after everything I put you through? Donal did restore your memories, right?”

“He did.” Paul crossed a leg over the other, which moved the gown he wore just enough Thomas saw the bottom of his balls. “Which is how I remember that I’m the one who convinced you to come to that first frat party, the one that turned into your first ceremony, and introduced you to your frat brothers. If I hadn’t pushed, none of this would have happened. So if someone’s to blame, it’s me.”

“Except that if I hadn’t run like I did, Henry wouldn’t have—”

“Again, it wouldn’t have happened if I hadn’t pushed you.”

“You didn’t push, you nudged. I was more than willing to get laid by a bunch of hot guys, just too nervous to outright say yes.”

“Then how about we stop trying to take the blame?” Paul asked. “How are you doing?”

“Horny,” Thomas replied, exasperated. “Can you imagine this? They dumped me in a normal hospital without one guy here to help me out.”

“Wow, that hurts.”

“What?”

Paul grinned and pushed himself off the chair and in Thomas's face. "I'm here." A hand closed on Thomas's hard cock, "and I can help."

The door opened. "I knew I'd find you two going at it," Judith said.

"We aren't, yet," Thomas replied. He looked around Paul, he grinned and didn't move his hand, at all. "Now go away so we can get to it."

"Oh, is my little brother worried I might see him get off?" She patted herself. "Now where's my phone, I need to show Trev what you look like down there so he can anticipate it."

"I am not having sex with your boyfriend," Thomas exclaimed. "Start already," he told Paul he just shook his head and chuckled. "Why are the two of you still together anyway? I know Donal fixed your memories."

"And our love survived knowing the truth," she said theatrically. "We are meant to be. And do. Guys. Lots of them. Paul, how do you feel about getting to know Trevor so you can join us?"

Paul looked over his shoulder. "I don't know you well enough for that to happen. So if I get to know Trevor that well, you'll have to be content with watching."

She nodded. "So the date's got to be with me and him, then the dance floor. Got it."

"You are not having sex with my sister," Thomas warned the tiger.

"Who's holding whose cock, Thomas?" Paul countered.

"Fine. Now go away, Judith."

She sighed. "Can't. There's a bunch of men at your room and looking around for you. The kind of men who aren't going to be happy being made to wait, no matter how much they like your ass."

“Oh now there someone here who can take care of this,” Thomas complained. “Where were they eighteen hours ago?”

“Keeping a certain rat from jetting into Minneapolis, I expect,” Paul said, letting go of the cock.

Thomas cursed. Right, it wasn’t like his problems were over. He stood and consider taking off the gown so they’d know what state he was in, but decided that the other patient on the floor probably didn’t need the chock. He stood and moved the gown over his cock. There was nothing he could do about the tent.

“Before you head there. Any idea where Yating and his twin brother are? Me and Trevor are in the mood for a four-way.”

“No,” Thomas replied. “And if I did, I wouldn’t tell you.”

“I can give you Yahui’s phone number,” Paul said.

Thomas glared at the smirking tiger and mouthed, “traitor,” before exiting the room and heading to confront his torturers.

“Are you certain you wish to do this?” Ezequiel asked. “You don’t have to. He can’t hurt you anymore.”

Thomas nodded. “I need him to know that. I need him to know that how he tried to hurt me though my family didn’t work.”

The men what had been waiting for him had been Byrnwood Richard, Ezequiel Medeiros, and a quietly angry Gavin Rowling along with a set of bodyguards each. They’d explained the situation with Henry, as well as Raphael, who, in spite of all road block put before him would be in Minneapolis soon to claim what was his. i.e. his wayward family. Then Thomas was finally fucked and fucked well.

After that he’d received clothing, and had been escorted here by Ezequiel. Other than still being in Minneapolis, Thomas had no idea where here was. The capybara nodded to the guard standing by the door, and it opened.

“If you are even slightly afraid, Thomas, use the app I showed you and I will be in there instantly.”

Thomas nodded and entered.

The door closed behind him, and it was only him and Henry. As well as a three inch sheet of bullet proof glass separating them. Henry was secured to a cross, arms away from his body, legs right together. He wore a muzzle and someone had put a cock cage on him. One that looked a lot like the one Henry used as punishment at the frat. Wouldn't have be poetic justice.

“Thomas,” Henry called, “I am so glad you came to see me. Be a dear and untie me so we can properly celebrate our reunion.”

“You really thing I'm that stupid?” Thomas replied.

“More like hoped you were. Enjoy your freedom, I'll have you back soon enough, and there. There won't be any playing around. I'll make you mine and you're going to help me take over. I tried disappearing. Trying to live quietly, under everyone's radar, and see what that gave me. This time I'm not going to bother. I will be king of this Society, and you will be my favorite fuck toy.”

“Dream on.”

“Oh know, it isn't a dream. You think this is going to hold me? One little cut and I will have a servant, and with that, freedom, and then you. Or maybe that's why you're actually here. You need my protection. He Raphael here already, ready to claim you? Are you ready to go back to that room he kept you in? I'm actually looking forward to finally meeting him. Sample his memories. If I'd had that, this fiasco would never have happened. It's his fault I lost. Well, having to try to get him right in Madoc's memories without knowing the man other than from his memories. I didn't realize erasion his son would cause him to unravel like that and decide to help you.” He sighed. “Live and learn, I supposed. Speaking of which, Here is Horst. Where is my son.”

Thomas saw it then, the glimmer of fear in the bat's eyes. Was it for Horst's safety? Did he actually care for someone other than him,

or was it for the loss of the future he represented? The idea he'd have to grow to be more than in his mid-thirties before he could be a teenager again. The why didn't matter. Thomas saw how to hurt him then. How to stab a figurative knife in the bat's heart and twists and twist it again. Make him feel a fraction of the pain he'd inflicted to Thomas and the people around him.

It was so tempting to be that petty.

"He's fine," Thomas said. "Not that you're going to see him again. Tell me something. Is there anything left of Henry or his Heindrick the only person left in that skull of yours?"

The bat rolled his eyes. "Henry was always just a place holder for me. For the real owner of this body. Same as Horst. Don't make the mistake of thinking he's a person, of getting attached to him. He's me, and when I get my son back, I am going to make you pay for ever taking him away."

"You're not going to get him back," Thomas said. "This is your last day. Last few hours actually. Then have someone on his way, and once he's here. Your life ends. For good."

Henry snorted. "They aren't going to kill me. I'm the last of my line. They wouldn't dare wipe a line away. You'll see. They're going to put me in a comfortable room, do their best to make sure I don't subvert the men they send to satisfy me, but they'll fail. I am so much better at taking care of others than they are. You'll see, once you are in my care again."

"You aren't the last of your family, Henry. Horst is. With him alive, they don't need you." Thomas wished his words were literal, that someone would come here to kill Henry, to remove all possibility of him ever hurting someone again, but the bat was right about the others not wanting to end his line. It had already happened a few times, and they were willing to do a lot to keep it from happening again. Like put the bat in stasis until Horst was an adult and a father.

Still the silent shock on the bat's face was satisfying. And Thomas smiled. That was enough for him. Others would deal with him from this point forward. When he left them, Gavin and

Byrnwood were arguing about who had the stronger claim to Henry future prison. Gavin stated that two Rowlings had been directly hurt by the bat, while only one Richard had been in the frat. By that standard, the arguing was going to get a lot louder when the other families got involved.

Thomas turned and exited as Henry began screaming for him to come back. The door closed on promised of giving Thomas everything he wanted. And the bat was, at least in part. Having Henry out of his life forever was part of what he wanted.

* * * * *

Thomas stepped into his parent's house to chaos. Nadia was directing people carrying boxes; most were margays with a few bears and one badger, which meant Firmin was in the crowd, somewhere, as someone else.

"Thomas!" a man called, then he was hugged and kissed, one the mouth, with tongue.

He pushed his father away. "Dad!"

Eric stepped back, confused, then shamed. "I'm sorry. I keep forgetting you don't remember how we were."

"Forgetting or hoping?" Thomas replied, and was happy he kept the accusation out of his tone. Henry had inadvertently given Eric something he hadn't realized he'd wanted until he had two set of memories to compare. A life where he and his son never had real conflicts. Where his narrow focus on making sure his children had the best they could get out of life hadn't cause low level stress that culminated with Thomas running away from his father more often than toward him.

"We talked about this, Dad. We need to work on our relationship. And that means we haven't had sex, we aren't lovers. I love you, but as my dad."

He saw the pain in his father's eyes, but also the determination that made Eric Hertz such a force to be reckoned with.

His father had a plan, and he would see it through and Thomas was certain he knew where it would put the two of them, and he hope to God, no to his god that he'd be ready when that happened.

Nadia called, and Eric gave Thomas tender smile before turning away and going to help his wife direct the helpers clear the house. He needed to go take care of his things. He turned for the stairs and a margay stood before him.

"You don't have to leave, you know that right? My family can protect you and yours."

"Kuno, I already explained it to Byrnwood, the only thing my family staying here causes is more death. Raphael is going to declare war on your family if you're the ones keeping him from me. If not for my power, then for the kick in the balls I'm about to administer him. The best thing we can do is disappear for a while. Let Raphael cause some other disaster he needs to deal with. But we will be back. Minneapolis is our home, that isn't going to change."

The margay nodded. "And we'll have the house ready for you when you do. The deed's been transfered, what you aren't taken will be put in storage and.... I wish I could help."

"I know, none of this is your fault, Kuno."

"It isn't yours either."

"So I'm told, but what Raphael did is because of me. You just got pulled into it because Henry controlled what you remembered. Look, I have to go pack my stuff. I might have to move with little notice and I want to make sure the stuff I need to go with my parents will be ready. Look, I can literally appear in your bed, so we will talk again. I'm still your frat brother."

Kuno nodded and stepped out of the way.

Thomas only had one box of stuff he wanted to go with his parents to their new place. The rest... when had the things of his childhood stop meaning the world to him? There was stuff at the frat,

but he wasn't allowed there. No one was until the building had been thoroughly checked out. At least for the rest of the semester, Sigma Theta Gamma wouldn't exist as a place for guys to get all the sex they could stand, and then some. When they opened it up it would probably be an entirely new set of guys moving in.

There was a knock and Thomas looked over his shoulder. Roland stood in the doorway, looking uncomfortable. Thomas readied himself for a variation on what happened with his father, except he and Roland hadn't spoken. This was the first time they were face to face since his brother had tried to knock him out.

"I'm not coming in," Roland said. "I want to, but I won't. I still have stuff to sort out," he tapped the side of his head. "But there's something I need to tell you, Thomas."

Thomas nodded and readied himself. Considering what Henry had had his brother remember, this was not going to be pretty.

"I want you."

"Wait, what?" That was not what he'd expected to hear. He couldn't be hearing that. "No, that's the memories Henry gave you, your—"

"This is me, Thomas. Fuck, stop projecting what you want on me, okay? That's Dad's thing. Yes, the stuff that Dad did to me change things, but it's made me realize what I was so fucking pissed at you all the time. I've wanted you. I think since that first time I caught sight of you naked in the shower, but I didn't know what to do with how I felt. How you made me feel. I'm not supposed to want to have sex with my brother. Well, that's what the rest of the world says anyway. Now it turns out I'm part of a group who thinks that's perfectly normal. I think it's normal too, part of the time."

Thomas sat on the bed. He wasn't sure what hurt more. That Henry had been telling the truth when he spoke of how Roland felt, or that his brother had just said he was acting like their Dad.

He let the breath out. "Okay. Moment of truth then. I needed you to be straight, Rol, because that way, how I feel about you would

never lead to anything.”

“So this thing between us isn’t as impossible as I thought it was?” Roland asked, and the hope in his brother’s voice hurt.

“It’s not that simple. For one thing you’re fifteen.”

“Like that stopped anyone else.”

“Please don’t talk about that. The idea you’ve had sex is one I’m having a tough time dealing with and definitely don’t tell me with whom. My imagination had an easy enough time driving me insane with the possibility. It doesn’t need conformation. For another, I don’t have a set of memory where it’s normal for me to contemplate having sex with you. All I have is a bunch of people telling me it’s fine, but when some of them have no problem taking advantage of situations, it makes what they’re saying tough to take to heart. I want it to, Rol. But with me, there’s baggage that comes attached.”

His brother nodded. “I’ll work out my shit, and you work yours and hopefully we can meet up in the middle, get naked and have hot sex?”

Thomas groaned. “I did not need that image in my head, Rol.”

“I can’t be the only one with it stuck there.”

“Roland!” someone called. “Come on, stop fucking your brother, I’m your favorite one.”

Thomas swallowed. “You and Neil?”

“It got complicated once we both had two sets of memories to parse, but not as much as the rest of the team. How not one of them is suing the pants out of the the school for what we got up to I have no idea. Not to say of them now remembering not having been gay. Coach quit, that’s going to be rough for the playoff. It’s going to suck not being part of it, but not worth the shit storm that’s coming.”

“That’s about to be here,” Madoc said, head poking in the bedroom, phone to his ear. “Shila just confirmed his jet landed at the airport. If we’re doing this, now is the time. The Medeiros can get your

family there and you'll just them."

"Sorry, Rol, I have to jet." Thomas stepped by his brother and paused. He hugged him then followed after Madoc. "Gil?" he asked.

"He and Laurence are already in Kansas City, they're hoping it's going to be quick, because they're already under house arrest for coming with us. They really want be back before either of their fathers realizes they left."

"How..." he didn't bother. How the two Rowlings could be away for at least a day and no one realize wasn't his problem.

"Ettore confirmed he's on board, as did Trevor. The guy is really in love with your sister, I've never seen one of us willing to switch side over a woman before," Mados opened the door to the ground floor guest bedroom and Yating and Yahui were waiting for the two of them, along with Olavo, Jacque and Firmin, in some bear's body, and, of course. Limbani."

"Out of those," the monkey ordered, pointing to Thomas's pants.

"Won't your dad have a problem with you helping us?" Thomas asked Olavo as he took them off.

"My father is a believe in plausible deniability. So I haven't mentioned our little excursion."

"Firmin, how much trouble is this going to cause you?"

"Too much," Jacques answered, glaring at the bear. "This is exactly what they're afraid of, you know that, right? Whoever that is is who the Lewistons are going to blame."

"You don't have to come," the bear answered.

"It's my job to make sure you don't do anything wrong." Jackal replied, then grinned. "And I wouldn't miss hurting the guy responsible for the pain Madoc's felt for the whole world."

"I wish Chima was with us," Thomas said. "His speed would

come in really handy.”

“He’d want to help,” Madoc said, placing hand on Thomas’s arm. “But his family called him back the instant they learned about the memory manipulation.” The others took hold of Thomas with Limbani being last, and taking hold of Thomas’s cock.

“You couldn’t help yourself, could you,” Thomas said.

“There’s no where else,” The monkey replied innocently.

Thomas rolled his eyes and focused. He may have hated what was done to him in that room, but if there was one thing that being raped on my nearly hourly basis had done was imprint it in sharp details in his memory. The room right inside Raphael’s base of operation.

Thomas grinned. This was going to hurt the elder like nothing else.

“I’m coming Victor,” he whispered. “I’m going to get you out of there.” You and whoever else wanted to leave. Raphael wanted to have total control over his little family? Well, Thomas was going to let him have that by keeping an out to those who wanted nothing to do with it.

CHAPTER 1.5-55

Thomas tested the door and smiled as the handle turned. It seemed they hadn't thought to lock it. He cracked it open and soft voices came from down the corridor, out of sight. That would be where those people making his life difficult would be. He glanced left and right and, other than a couple of inmates shuffling along, there was no one else.

He slipped out of the room and quietly closed the door, then hurried towards... where could he go? Dressed the way he was, it wasn't like he could escape. Anyone looking at him would know he belonged in this place. And this gown did nothing to hide his erection.

Fuck, less than twenty-four hours in here, without sex, and he was going crazy.

If he couldn't get out, maybe he could find someone. That marmot who'd brought him lunch had been cute. Well, he was a guy, and at this point Thomas was willing to pull a Limbani, but he had looked Thomas over so maybe he was interested? Could they fuck on one of the beds, or was there rules against that?

Why had he been dumped here? It wasn't like they could do anything for him that Olavo couldn't or hadn't already. Thomas was perfectly fine.

Except for needing sex. That was starting to be a problem. He was even considering jerking off.

* * *

Where was that nurse?

He turned a corner and nearly walked into someone. Golden fur with brown stripes.

“Thomas?” Paul asked.

“Paul?” Thomas reciprocated.

“Should you be out of your room?” they both asked in unison, then snickered.

Thomas grabbed his arm and pulled him through the closest door. Not a bedroom, but not a storage closet either, so it would do. This looked to have been a coffee station at one point, the machine still on the long counter by the sink, but without the carafe. There was plenty of space, and chairs. So he could make this work.

He pulled on over to Paul and sat on another. His hardon was tenting his gown, making it clear to the golden tiger as he sat down. With a smirk he asked, “How come the first words out of your mouth weren’t for me to bend over?”

“You’re seriously asking that after everything I put you through?” Thomas asked. “Donal did restore your memories, right?”

“He did.” Paul crossed one leg over the other, which moved the gown he wore just enough Thomas saw the bottom of his balls.

“Which is how I remember that I’m the one who convinced you to come to the first frat party, the one that turned into your first ceremony, and introduced you to your frat brothers. If I hadn’t pushed, none of this would have happened. So if someone’s to blame, it’s me.”

The rat frowned. “Except that if I hadn’t run like I did, Henry wouldn’t have-”

“Again,” Paul calmly responded, “It wouldn’t have happened if I hadn’t pushed you.”

“You didn’t push, you nudged.” Thomas retorted. “I was more than willing to get laid by a bunch of hot guys, just too nervous to outright say yes.”

“Then how about we stop trying to take the blame?” Paul asked. “How are you doing?”

“Horny,” Thomas replied, exasperated. “Can you imagine this? They dumped me in a normal hospital without one guy here to help me out.”

“Wow, that hurt,” Paul feigned.

“What?” Thomas raised an eyebrow.

Paul grinned and pushed himself off the chair and in Thomas’s

face. "I'm here." A hand closed on Thomas's hard cock, "And I can help."

The door opened. "I knew I'd find you two going at it," Judith said.

"We aren't, yet," Thomas replied. He looked around Paul, who grinned and didn't move his hand at all. "Now go away so we can get to it."

"Oh, is my little brother worried I might see him get off?" She patted herself. "Now where's my phone? I need to show Trev what you look like down there so he can anticipate it."

"I am not having sex with your boyfriend," Thomas exasperated. "Start already," he told Paul, who just shook his head and chuckled. "Why are the two of you still together, anyway? I know Donal fixed your memories."

"And our love survived knowing the truth," she said theatrically. "We were meant to be. And do. Guys. Lots of them. Paul, how do you feel about getting to know Trevor so you can join us?"

Paul looked over his shoulder. "I don't know you well enough for that to happen. So if I get to know Trevor that well, you'll have to be content with watching."

She nodded. "So the date's got to be with me and him, then the dance floor. Got it."

* * *

"You are not having sex with my sister's boyfriend," Thomas warned the tiger.

"Who's holding whose cock, Thomas?" Paul countered.

"Fine," Thomas sighed. "Now go away, Judith."

She sighed. "Can't. There's a bunch of men looking for you back at your room. The kind of men who aren't going to be happy being made to wait, no matter how much they like your ass."

"Oh, now there's someone here to take care of this," Thomas complained. "Where were they eighteen hours ago?"

"Keeping a certain rat from jetting into Minneapolis, I expect," Paul said, letting go of the cock.

Thomas cursed. Right, it wasn't like his problems were over. He stood and considered taking off the gown so they'd know what state he was in, but decided that the other patients on the floor probably didn't need the shock. He stood and moved the gown over his cock. There was nothing he could do about the tent.

"Before you head there," Judith added. "Any idea where Yating and his twin brother are? Me and Trevor are in the mood for a four-way."

* * *

“No,” Thomas replied. “And if I did, I wouldn’t tell you.”

“I can give you Yahui’s phone number,” Paul said.

Thomas glared at the smirking tiger and mouthed ‘traitor’ before exiting the room and heading to confront his torturers.

#####

“Are you certain you wish to do this?” Ezequiel asked. “You don’t have to. He can’t hurt you anymore.”

Thomas nodded. “I need him to know that. I need him to know that using my family to hurt me failed.”

The men who had been waiting for him had been Byrnwood Richard, Ezequiel Medeiros, and a quietly angry Gavin Rowling. And a small set of bodyguards each. They’d explained the situation with Henry, as well as Raphael, who, in spite of all roadblocks put before him would be in Minneapolis soon to claim what was his; i.e. his wayward family. Then Thomas would finally be fucked and fucked well.

After that he’d received clothing, and had been escorted here by Ezequiel. Other than still being in Minneapolis, Thomas had no idea where here was. The capybara nodded to the guard standing by the door, and it opened.

“If you are even slightly afraid, Thomas” Ezequiel said, “Use the app I showed you and I will be in there instantly.”

Thomas nodded and entered.

The door closed behind him, and it was only him and Henry. As well as a three inch sheet of bulletproof glass separating them. Henry was secured to a cross, arms away from his body, legs pressed together. He wore a muzzle and someone had put a cock cage on him. One that looked a lot like the one Henry used as punishment at the frat. Wouldn't that be poetic justice.

“Thomas,” Henry called, “I'm so glad you came by to see me. Be a dear and untie me so we can properly celebrate our reunion.”

“You really think I'm that stupid?” Thomas replied.

“More like hoped you were,” the bat sighed before composing himself. “Enjoy your freedom, I'll have you back soon enough, and there won't be any playing around. I'll make you mine and you're going to help me take over. I tried disappearing. Tried to live quietly, under everyone's radar, and see what that gave me. This time I'm not going to bother. I will be king of this Society, and you will be my favorite fuck toy.”

“Dream on,” the rat retorted.

“Oh no, it isn't a dream. You think this is going to hold me? One little cut and I will have a servant, and with that, freedom, then

you. Or maybe that's why you're actually here. You need my protection. Is Raphael here already, ready to claim you? Are you ready to go back to that room he kept you in? I'm actually looking forward to finally meeting him. Sample his memories. If I'd had that, this fiasco would never have happened. It's his fault I lost. Well, having to try to get him right in Madoc's memories without knowing the man other than from his memories. I'm pretty certain erasing memories of Madoc's son is what made the others turn, but keeping the son and having Raphael trust him with anything..." Henry sighed. "Live and learn, I suppose. Speaking of which, where is Horst? Where is my son?"

Thomas saw it then, the glimmer of fear in the bat's eyes. Was it for Horst's safety? Did he actually care for someone other than himself, or was it for the loss of the future he represented? The idea that he'd have to grow old rather than just having to wait until his late thirty before becoming a teenager again.

The why didn't matter. Thomas saw how to hurt him then. How to stab a figurative knife in the bat's heart and twist and twist it again. Make him feel a fraction of the pain he'd inflicted to Thomas and the people around him.

It was so tempting to be that petty.

"He's fine," Thomas said. "Not that you're going to see him again. Tell me something. Is there anything left of Henry, or is Hendrick the only person rattling around in that skull of yours?"

The bat rolled his eyes. "Henry was always just a placeholder for me. For the real owner of this body. Same as Horst. Don't make the mistake of thinking he's a person, of getting attached to him. He's me,

and when I get my son back, I am going to make you pay for ever taking him away.”

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Still, the silent shock on the bat’s face was satisfying. And Thomas smiled. That was enough for him. Others would deal with him from this point forward. When he left them, Gavin and Byrnwood were arguing about who had the stronger claim to Henry’s future prison. Gaven stated that two Rowlings had been directly hurt by the bat, while only one Richard had been in the frat. By that standard, the arguing was going to get a lot louder when the other families got involved.

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"Forgetting or hoping?" Thomas replied, and was happy he kept the accusation out of his tone. Henry had inadvertently given Eric something he hadn't realized he'd wanted until he had two sets of memories to compare. A life where he and his son never had real conflicts. Where his narrow focus on making sure his children had the best they could get out of life hadn't caused stress to slowly build up until Thomas was running away from his father more often than towards him.

* * *

“We talked about this, Dad,” Thomas said in a forcefully calm tone. “We need to work on our relationship starting at where we are, not what someone pretended we were. That means we haven’t had sex, we aren’t lovers. I love you, but as my dad.”

He saw the pain in his father’s eyes, but also the determination that made Eric Hertz such a force to be reckoned with. His father had a plan, and he would see it through and Thomas was certain he knew where it would put the two of them, and he hoped to God that he’d be ready when that happened.

Did He have problems just being referred to as God? No, not the time to worry about that.

Nadia called, and Eric gave Thomas a tender smile before turning away and going to help his wife direct the helpers to clear the house. He needed to go take care of his things. He turned for the stairs and a margay stood before him.

“You don’t have to leave, you know that right?” Kuno said. “My family can protect you and yours.”

“Kuno, I already explained it to Byrnwood, the only thing my family staying here would cause is more death. Raphael is going to declare war on your family if you’re the ones keeping him from me. If not for my power, then for the kick in the balls I’m about to administer to him.” Thomas smirked at that last part before sighing. “The best thing we can do is disappear for a while. Let Raphael cause some other disaster he needs to deal with. But we will be back. Minneapolis is our home, that isn’t going to change.”

* * *

The margay nodded. "And we'll have the house ready for you when you do. The deed's been transferred, and what you aren't taking will be put in storage and... I wish I could help."

Thomas smiled sadly, "I know. None of this is your fault, Kuno."

Kuno responded, "It isn't yours either."

"So I'm told," Thomas said, "But what Raphael did is because of me. You just got pulled into it because Henry controlled what you remembered. Look, I have to go pack my stuff. I might have to move with little notice and I want to make sure the stuff I need to go with my parent's will be ready. Look, I can literally appear in your bed, so we will talk again. I'm still your frat brother."

Kuno nodded and stepped out of the way.

#####

Thomas only had one box of stuff he wanted to go with his parents to their new place. The rest... when had the things of his childhood stop meaning the world to him? There was stuff at the frat, but he wasn't allowed there. No one was until the building had been thoroughly checked out. At least for the rest of the semester, Sigma Theta Gamma wouldn't exist as a place for guys to get all the sex they could stand, and then some. When they opened it up it would probably be an entire new set of guys moving in.

* * *

There was a knock and Thomas looked over his shoulder. Roland stood in the doorway, looking uncomfortable. Thomas readied himself for a variation of what happened with his father, except he and Roland hadn't spoken. This was the first time they were face to face since his brother had tried to knock him out.

"I'm not coming in," Roland said. "I want to, but I won't. I still have stuff to sort out," he tapped the side of his head. "But there's something I need to tell you, Thomas."

Thomas nodded and readied himself. Considering what Henry had his brother remember, this was not going to be pretty.

"I want you," Roland stated.

"What, what?" That was not what he'd expected to hear. He couldn't be hearing that. "No, that's the memories Henry gave you, your--"

"This is me, Thomas. Fuck, stop projecting what you want on me, okay? That's Dad's thing." Roland paused to sigh. "Yes, the stuff that bat did to me changes things, but it's made me realize why I was so fucking pissed at you all the time. I've wanted you. I think since that first time I caught sight of you naked in the shower, but I didn't know what to do with how I felt. How you made me feel. I'm not supposed to want to have sex with my brother. Well, that's what the rest of the world says, anyway. Now it turns out I'm part of a group who thinks that's perfectly normal. I think it's normal too, part of the time."

* * *

Thomas sat on the bed. He wasn't sure what hurt more. That Henry had been telling the truth when he spoke of how Roland felt, or that his brother had just said he was acting like their Dad.

He let the breath out. "Okay. Moment of truth then. I needed you to be straight, Roland, because that way how I feel about you would never lead to anything."

"So this thing between us isn't as impossible as I thought it was?" Roland asked, and the hope in his brother's voice hurt.

"It's not that simple," Thomas said. "For one thing, you're sixteen."

The younger brother snorted. "Like that stopped anyone else."

"Please don't talk about that," Thomas interrupted. "The idea you've had sex with guys in the frat is one I'm having a tough time dealing with and I definitely don't need to know details of what happened outside your ceremony. My imagination has an easy enough time driving me insane with the possibilities. It doesn't need confirmation."

The older brother paused to inhale. "For another, I don't have a set of memories where it's normal for me to contemplate having sex with you. All I have is a bunch of people telling me it's fine, but I've seen them take advantage of situations just for some tail so it's tough to take to heart. I want to, Roland. But with me there's baggage that comes attached."

* * *

His brother nodded. "I'll work out my shit, and you work yours and hopefully we can meet up in the middle, get naked, and have hot sex?"

Thomas groaned. "I did not need that image in my head, Roland."

Roland chuckled. "I can't be the only one with it stuck there."

"Roland!" Someone called. "Come on, stop fucking your brother. I'm your favorite."

Thomas blinked. "You and Niel are still..."

"It got complicated once we both had two sets of memories to parse, but not as much as the rest of the team." The rat shook his head. "How not one of them is suing the pants off of the school for what we got up to I have no idea. Not to say of them now remembering not having been gay. Coach quit, that's going to be rough for the playoff. It's going to suck not being part of it, but not worth the shit storm that's coming."

"That's about to be here," Madoc said, head poking in the bedroom, phone to his ear. "Shila just confirmed his jet landed at the airport. If we're doing this, now is the time. The Mederios can get your family out; you'll join them later."

"Sorry, Roland, I have to jet." Thomas stepped by his brother and paused. He hugged him then followed after Madoc. "Gilbert?" he

asked.

“Bitching about just being a distraction, but he and Laurence are already in Kansas City,” Madoc responded as they moved. “They’re hoping it’s going to be quick, because they’re already under house arrest for coming with us. They really want to be back before either of their fathers realize they left.”

“How...” He didn’t bother. How the two Rowlings could be away for at least a day and no one realize wasn’t his problem.

“Ettore confirmed he’s on board, as did Trevor. That guy is really in love with your sister. I’ve never seen one of us willing to switch sides over a woman before.” Madoc opened the door to the garage and Yating and Yahui were waiting for them, along with Olavo, Jacque, Hubert, Limbani, and Firmin in the body of some bear. Almost all the international students from the frat.

“Out of those,” The monkey ordered, pointing to Thomas’s pants.

“Won’t your dad have a problem with you helping us?” Thomas asked Olavo as he took them off.

“My father is a believer in plausible deniability,” the capybara said. “So I haven’t mentioned our little excursion.”

“Firmin,” Thomas continued, “How much trouble is this going to cause you?”

* * *

“Too much,” Jacques answered, glaring at the bear. “This is exactly what they’re afraid of, you know that, right? Whoever that is is who the Lewistons are going to blame.”

“It’ll be switching to Thomas once we land, so relax,” the bear said with a roll of his eyes.

“Hey, it’s his job to make sure you behave,” Hubert said, giving the badger a slap on the back. To Thomas he said, “And don’t worry about problems. We’re all eager to hurt the guy responsible for the pain Madoc’s lived with.”

Thomas nodded again, taking one more look over the assembled guys. Half of them stayed behind at the frat, meaning half of them had years of paramilitary training shoved into their skulls by Henry. That gave them good odds, but still... “I wish Chima was with us. His speed would tip this from mostly probable to certain.”

“He’d want to help,” Madoc said, placing a hand on Thomas’s arm, “But his family called him back the instant they learned about the memory manipulation.” The others took hold of Thomas with Limbani being last, who took hold of Thomas’s cock.

“You couldn’t help yourself, could you,” Thomas said.

“There was nowhere else,” The monkey replied innocently.

* * *

Thomas rolled his eyes and focused. He may have hated what was done to him in that room, but if there was one thing that being raped on a nearly hourly basis had done was imprint it in sharp details in his memory. The room right inside Raphael's base of operation.

Thomas grinned. This was going to hurt the elder like nothing else.

"I'm coming Victor," he whispered. "I'm going to get you out of there." You and whoever else wanted to leave. Raphael wanted to have total control over his little family? Well, Thomas was going to let him have that by giving an out to those who wanted nothing to do with it.

OUTLINE-55

Chapter 54

###

Twin Cities Hospital, Thomas, Paul, Judith: Mood:

No longer being on the run has some benefits and drawbacks. Thomas never expected one of the drawbacks to be actual professional medical care. Yes, Olavo eventually fucked him, but even with multiple people knowing greater healing scripts his after battle services are stretched thin. Besides, everyone agrees Thomas could use some bed rest.

That was like twenty four hours ago... and as someone wired to have sex regularly now, Thomas is getting cabin fever. Limbani is seriously a bad influence on this rat.

So he tries to sneak out, maybe do a male orderly in a supply closet, and who else does he run across than Paul. To Thomas's credit, the first words out of his mouth aren't "Are you up for a quicky" but instead "Should you be walking already." And yeah, Paul could say the same to Thomas. Whether he does or not, they both sneak off somewhere so they can talk.

And... yeah, there is a lot to cover here. Thomas has a lot to apologize for dragging Paul into this, and Paul will brush it off. Everything was Henry's doing, not Thomas's. They talk a bit more about stuff, and just when they might make out... Judith pops in. Because of course she does.

Judith is herself again, and she's happy to see Thomas. In fact, there are some people here to see him about... well everything, and no one

thought to ask the older sister where her brother was. Seriously, this whole story would have been over chapters ago if Henry wasn't so allergic to girls as to think to ask Judith where Thomas was. [Purely me being silly. She will not be so meta aware to say this.]

Anyway, Thomas should go see them. Judith is going to see if she can get Yating, Yahui, and Trevor in a four way.

###

Unknown Twn City Location, Thomas, Henry, Guards: Mood:

By someone, Judith didn't mean his family but instead the various Elders who have become entangled in this mess... not including Rapheal, though rumor is he'll be here soon (tm). Even those who understood that Thomas is just a young adult who has been through a lot of trauma in a short amount of time... there are repercussions for both Henry and Thomas's existence, and decisions needed to be made.

Which have been made... and leads him to here, in front of Henry's cell. Thomas is nervous about this, but one of the few things he asked for was to talk to him. Rapheal is going to be haunting his dreams for awhile, he's not going to give Henry any leeway. Thomas will nod to the guards and be let in.

Inside Henry is restrained Hanibble Lector style; not just for appearance as Henry's biggest danger is him injuring himself to get some of his bodily fluids into someone. It even comes with a cock cage.

Henry is glad to see Thomas, if only because he needs someone to rant to. Henry has been thinking about what went wrong, and based off the memories he sucked out of Thomas he thinks he can pinpoint it to erasing Madoc's memories of his son. Henry had to impersonate Rapheal in Madoc's memories to get the boys to chase after Thomas,

and with the existence of Madoc's son going against Rapheals design... Madoc was on too sketchy water to be entrusted with a mission. Henry should have gone the punishment route instead, it would have had more holes for doubt across the board, but wouldn't have been the gut punch of not remembering your own son. Speaking of which, where is his son?

Thomas won't answer right away. Instead he'll ask if Henry was ever... well Henry. Or was it Heindrick all along, is it Heindrick right now. Henry might have another rant about this, or he might not... either way Thomas will say that it's been decided Henry has to die; Donal can't do anything for him, as he can only recover memories, not wipe them away, so there is no getting rid of Heindrick. For the bat... it should be in a day or so.

Of course, that is just for the bat. In actuality it will be in a few years. The elders don't want to kill the line twice if there is a chance to save it. So Henry gets to live until his son has had his ceremony(s). But Heindrick is too dangerous to just put in a normal prison... so they're putting them under a stasis script until the time is right. The Rowling and Richards are fighting over who will manage the prison, but Henry should be put under before the end of the night.

Thomas might tell this to Henry, or he might just think it. Either way, he'll be leaving the bat to his fate. He's... done with him now.

###

Hertz House, Thomas, Hertz Family, Madoc, Trevor: Mood:

At the Hertz House there is a some merriment when Thomas shows up again, but there isn't much time for that. People are packing. The Richards offered protection against Rapheal... but Thomas said this would only bring the wrath of Rapheal, and that would bring death to a lot of Lewistons and Richards, but never Rapheal himself. His

family has to... be elsewhere... but he'd be grateful if they could take temporary ownership of the house so it would be there should things finally change.

Thomas tries not to think of what Paul said, about how this isn't his fault but Rapheal... but in this case Thomas still can't help but feel partially to blame. Still, he puts on a brave face for his family and heads to his room to pack what he can... which isn't much. A lot is still at the frat house, which is being swept by the assorted families for any surprises or secrets Henry might have left. He'll have to ask the guys to ship it to... wherever the rest of his stuff is being stored.

There is room to have a nonbrainwashed conversation with Roland and Eric here if we feel like we need it. Ultimately, though, the final word is said by Madoc. He says Shila just called to confirm Rapheal is in the air, likely headed towards here. He's heard back from Ettore, the answer is yes. Trevor is onboard too. Question is if Thomas is ready, because their best shot is now.

For Thomas it isn't a question if he's ready or not. His brother has been Rapheal's fuck toy long enough. Time to save Victor.