

Chapter 56

Thomas's mind was filled with molasses, each through had to wade through and fight not to be pulled back down. He knew he was conscious by the pain at his ankle, distant as it was. That, he somehow knew, was a bad thing, so he willed his eyes open, and a decade later, light trickled in. Shifting his head might have been another decade, but finally he saw down the length of his naked body to the band of leather around his left ankle, and the dried blood that had pooled along the lower edge. Lines and curves were etched on the leather, and he knew he'd seen them before, but they were buried deep in the molasses.

The molasses won and his head fell back. It only took three years for it to hit the hard surface, but even at that slow of a speed, stars lit up his vision on impact. No bed should be this hard. This felt like stone.

When his vision cleared, he'd managed to keep his eyes open, and he was looking at the unfinished ceiling of a room he knew. In fact, he'd looked at that exact ceiling many months ago, just before he'd joined that frat.

A noise echoed in the distance. Someone hitting the largest cast-iron pot Thomas had ever heard, creating a deep reverberating sound. It brought back the memory of the assault on the Frat. The wall of ice, the people fighting.

Right, that sound couldn't have been good.

He turned his head and became aware of a black stomach as it drifted. He thought it looked familiar, but then he was distracted as the crotch came into view. Cock and balls. Nice package too. The guy wasn't hard, which seemed odd. When had a guy in the frat not been hard? Still, it was close to five inch in length with a good girth, so even if he was a shower, that was going to feel really nice pushing into him. If he was a grower? Then, he was going to have one hell of a time. He forced his gaze up, tried to get his mouth to form words, tell the guy to stop waiting and start fucking. All thoughts of sex froze as the guy looking back at him was his father.

"Welcome back, kiddo," Eric said with a gentle smile. "You had me worried there, but everything's going to be okay now." He ran a hand along the side of Thomas's head. "Whatever they did to you, Henry's going to fix it, and they we're going to be one happy family."

"Dad?" Thomas asked, nearly gasping as the shock brought the world back to normal speed.

"Of Course." His father's smile faltered. "You remember me, right? Please say you remember me. If they took that I—"

"I remember you," Thomas answered. "Why are you here?" *Naked, looking at me with the want no father should be looking at his son with?* He knew what his frat brothers would say about this, but his father had said Henry would fix this, so there was no doubt he'd been mind-fucked. The lust in his father's eyes did not belong to him.

"Where else would I be, but by my son, where I helped make him a man?"

Thomas was going to kill Henry, plain and simple. He was going to strangle the bat with his bare hands for putting those memories in his father's head. That and for Roland remembering Thomas fucking him. He didn't care what anyone else said. Even if Samuel was true to his word, Henry was dead for what he'd done.

He swallowed his anger. "Dad, you have to help me get out of here. Can you take off that thing around my ankle?"

"I'm sorry," Eric said in a saddened tone, his hand moving down. "It's got to stay on for your own protection." His father reached Thomas's biceps, and with a finger, he traced the line demarcating the black fur of his head and upper body to the white below. "You think Henry's the bad guy, but that's just what they have you believing. He's one of your best friend." The finger moved along the line down Thomas's chest. "You were the one who brought him to our—"

"Can we not?" Thomas sharply cut off his father. The idea he remembered the two of them having sex was sickening enough, but if he also remembered that Henry had... Thomas's blood froze. Henry had fucked his father. It had to have happened; it was Henry. Everything was about sex with the bat.

He swallowed as he noticed his father's erection, and it turned out his father was a grower. His father's face was approaching his. The hand moved past Thomas's stomach to—don't go there. Don't think about that. Do not get hard!

The desire in his father's eyes was sickening. If their lips touched, Thomas was going to be sick. He so didn't want to throw up with his father—

"Well, looks like our favorite rat's awake," Henry said, and Eric looked at the entrance, moving the lips away from Thomas. With a sigh of relief, Thomas looked too, then was horrified at the sight of Paul, naked,

hard, and pressed against the also naked bat. On the other side, the bear still wore body armor, but he had the besotted look of a man in the presence of his favorite lover. Thomas thought that was Francois, the bear that had been at his house before all this started.

If one of the Dumier was in Henry's thrall, did that mean they'd lost already? The fighting couldn't be that intense if Henry had had the time to rewrite the bear's memories.

Eric straightened and stepped aside, moving his hand away from Thomas's erect cock. There was no shame in his father's actions, just the respect of someone ceding the space to his superior. To someone with a prior claim to Thomas.

"Hey Thomas," Paul called to him joyfully. "I'm so glad to have you back. You can't imagine how I missed you, and missed fucking you," he added mischievously.

"Francois," Henry told the bear, "Stay by the door. You, more than anyone, know how desperate our enemies are to take Thomas from us. You're all that's keeping us safe."

"I will not fail you," the bear answered with adoration, then took position before the door, machine gun held before him.

Henry stepped next to Thomas in the space his father vacated, while Paul stayed a few steps behind.

"Thomas, Thomas, Thomas," the bat said with a long-suffering sigh. "Do you have any idea of the problems you've caused me?"

"I'm not the one going around biting people like his a vampire out of some bad book."

"Is that supposed to be a dig at my family?" Henry asked, amused. "Unfortunately for you, all I know about them is from that book, and everything is more implied than anything else. Also, you shouldn't speak of a book you haven't read. It's quite good." The bat grabbed Thomas's muzzle hard enough that if he hadn't had his hand clamped over it, the rat would have cried out in pain. "I should—" he said through clenched teeth, then forced a slow breath in and out. When he released Thomas's muzzle, it was gently.

"That, hurt," Thomas snapped.

"I'm sorry. How you left was hurtful. Then you turned my boys against me. But worse, you stab me through the heart by taking my son." He took a few more breaths, but his tone was hard when he continued. "So you'll fucking forgive me if I have trouble being as gentle as your father."

"Henry," Eric said, an edge to his voice that made Thomas look at his father. "That's not his fault. They turned him against us. They used him to turn the others, too. Direct your anger at them, not my son."

"Yes, Of course," Henry replied with a roll of the eyes and nearly dismissive tone. "But don't worry. By the time I'm done here, neither of you will remember my anger and what I nearly did." He looked at Thomas's still hard cock and smiled nastily. "I can't wait to see how you react to the memories of your father fucking you. Considering how you feel about that stuff, I'm going to take my time crafting them. Put in far more details than I need to so your mind won't have to fill the rest with vagueries. Oh, and let's not forget how you fucked your brother. I can't wait for his ceremony of dominance and watch him return the favor."

"You're fucking sick," Thomas spat.

"Thomas, language," Eric chastised.

"Oh come on Dad," Thomas replied. "He'd talking about me forcing myself on Roland. Don't tell me to watch my language after that."

"Force yourself?" Paul said, snickering. "Man, they did a number on you, didn't they? Roland has to be the most eager bottom I've ever known. Makes me wish I knew more Society guys at that stage."

"Never fear, Paul. I have had little time to come up with scenarios for you, but I promise you, once this is over, I'll make sure you've met many of them growing up." Henry grinned as Thomas glared at him hatefully. "Of course, your memories will match that too, Thomas, just like all theirs fit together. I can't have anyone have conflicting memories, can I? Paul remembers everything you, your father and Roland got up to when he visited. Even partook, isn't that right?" Henry looked at the golden tiger who was stroking himself.

"Oh yeah," Paul replied, "and I can't wait until we get Thomas home so me, his dad, and Roland can properly celebrate his return."

Eric's confused frown became a lustful expression, and Thomas wished he could know what had caused it. Was Henry so free with what he said it contradicted what his father knew?

"Stop that," Henry told the tiger. "You don't have our stamina and you're going to need it later." He looked at Thomas again. "And neither does your father. That was baffling. How could a Society man need an hour to get hard again? Of course, there's nothing in his memories explaining it, since he too would be a foundling. I thought that once he was initiated, his stamina would come roaring back, but no." He chuckled. "I'd resigned myself he was defective, and then Francois provided me with the answer. Who would have thought His cum could be carried through your mother's family." He leaned forward. "But now, I think it's time

I found out what you've been up to."

"Don't," Thomas said angrily, wishing he could pull away, shove the bat back, but the glare and his voice were all he had the strength for.

"Now, now, Thomas," Henry cooed. "Don't you remember?" he chuckled. "You love this part."

Thomas winced at the bite, and opened his mouth to protest, but there was no a distance between himself and his body. He floated in space, watching events of the last months pass by. He felt Henry suck on his neck, and in response, those events stretched and separated. One set of memories pulled away from him.

Then Thomas slammed back into himself as Henry disengaged.

"Wow," the bat exclaimed, "what was that one? Why was it do vivid? I'm going to need a moment here." He chuckled after a few seconds. "Francois. I need you to remember a squirrel, Donal Hines. I'm going to want to keep that one." When he looked at Thomas again, his expression was pained. "I am so sorry, Thomas." He placed a tender hand against his cheek and Thomas couldn't muster the energy to pull away. "That someone calling himself your elder would treat you like this is shameful. You will get your revenge, Thomas. I promise you that. What I had in mind as your punishment for abandoning me wouldn't even hold a candle to what you've already lived through." The bat moved a finger along Thomas's shoulder, traced something, then the sting of the bite went away.

"You think I was revenge?" Thomas demanded, forcing himself not to look at his father, who was frowning again. He couldn't risk drawing attention to him, because whatever the bat might have done to him, a thinking Eric couldn't work in Henry's favor. "All I want is to rescue Victor and my nephews, and then never think about that bastard again."

"And you think your plan would work?" Henry asked teasingly.

"If there was some justice system to deal with this," Thomas forced himself to continue despite the worry of what Henry might do with what he'd seen. "I'd testify the hell out of him, but you people are beyond justice, aren't you?"

"I can give you justice, Thomas, if that is really what you want."

"I want nothing that you're offering."

Henry smiled. "Then, I won't offer. I'll just make you want it. You're going to see things my way, Thomas. And you're going to be ever so grateful when I let you rescue Victor. But first, let's make sure you're on the same page as everyone here, shall we?" he stepped to Paul. "And that starts by refreshing my memory as to what they remember."

"Leave him alone!" Thomas yelled as Henry bit the tiger's offered neck.

Henry kept looking at Thomas, amused as Paul moaned and leaned into the bat, who ran a finger along the trembling, hard cock.

Thomas wrenched his gaze away from that and found himself looking at his father. The frown went away and the thinking expression became a loving one. Thomas wanted to scream at his father to go back to thinking that he didn't look at his son with that much love. He wasn't that kind of father. Eric was the kind of father who demonstrated how much he loved by always being there, always pushing him to improve. It might drive Thomas insane at time, but that was how he knew his father loved him.

And then the expression became worse as hunger became visible in his father's eyes.

"How are you feeling?" Eric asked, stepping close again.

Thomas groaned in annoyance. Then had an idea. "Like I've been violated. How else do you think I'd feel, Dad?"

"They had no right doing that to you," Eric retorted.

"Not them, him." He tried to bob his head in Henry's direction. "He's the monster here, Dad. The things you remember, they're wrong."

"Are you saying I don't love you and your brother more than life itself? Your mother, Judith and Victor." The frown was there, then it was gone. "You're the most important people in my life."

"I'm not saying that." Think, Dad, come on, think. Henry can't have covered all the possibilities. "You think that's what a good guy does?" Henry was still latched onto Paul's neck.

"He's a bat. It's something they do. You know that." He looked worried. "Are you saying they made you forget such a mundane fact?"

Thomas closed his eyes to keep his anger from showing. Maybe Henry had covered every fucking thing. He's made himself second to Eric's family, which was smart. Eric would never have believed he'd care for someone else before them. Which meant...

"Dad?" Thomas asked, making himself sound pained.

“Yes, son?” Eric responded, immediately concerned.

“That thing around my ankle,” he said, lowering his voice. “It hurts.”

Eric looked at it. The frown was back. Then he shook his head. “It’s there to protect you, son. Once Henry brings you back to yourself, we’ll be able to take it off.”

Thomas wanted to scream. There had to be something he could say to get his father to remove the leather band. Of maybe he could do it himself? It hadn’t looked that thick.

“Dad? Can you sit me up? This stone’s hard on my back.”

His father was quick, but gentle in putting a hand under his back and raising him. Once Thomas was sitting, he put all his strength into lurking his upper body forward and raising his left arm. He fell forward and his hand landed on the leather. He worked at it, ignoring the pain and the blood that poured out as he pulled on it.

“Thomas, stop.” His father grabbed his arm. “You’re hurting yourself.”

The leather was stronger than he expected, than it should be. And he didn’t have the strength to resist his father.

“Let go of me!” He screamed at his father as he pulled the hand away.

“I am not letting you hurt yourself, Thomas.”

“No,” Thomas replied with as much hate as he could muster. “You’re leaving that to the bat, aren’t you?”