

## Chapter 43

Bozeman, MT, March 24th

Thomas wrapped his legs around the capybara's hips, tightening them to urge him to thrust harder. Olavo obliged, then came with a grunt.

The rat didn't let go. "How about you fuck me again? You know, to make sure I'm fully healed."

The capybara rolled his eyes. "You know you can just ask to be fucked without excuses, right?" He placed Thomas's legs over his shoulders, pulled his still hard cock out, then thrust in.

"Sure," Thomas replied, then grunted. "But," another grunt matching the thrust. "Where the." This one was higher pitch as Olavo change his anger and hit the prostate. "Fun in that?"

"In you ass?" Limbani asked, stepping into the grotto. "Keep me hard until Olav's done?" he put his cock at Thomas's lips and the rat parted them to suck on it.

The capybara came at the same time as the monkey, and Thomas sighed.

He shouldn't be enjoying this, a distant part of him said. He's been used sexually for weeks. He should never let a man touch him again for as long as he lived. Thomas firmly told that part to shut the fuck up as Olavo pulled out. He loved cock, and he was going to continue loving it.

He was going to cut Raphael's cock off if he ever came close to him again, but any other was welcome to his ass.

"Can I?" the monkey asked, raising Thomas's legs over his shoulder.

"Go to town on it," the rat replied.

So long as they asked.

Then it was Gilbert and, after him, Madoc. Last and nearly least, was Felix, who hesitated before asking and sounded pissed about having to do it. Thomas was magnanimous and let him.

Felix was no more gentle than usual, but Thomas didn't mind. He loved having a cock in his ass. Once the otter came, he unceremoniously rolled onto his back. Thomas looked around, expecting there to be someone to take his place, but it was only the two of them.

He almost asked Felix to fuck him again, but caught himself. Not because he didn't actually want the otter's cock in him, but...

He found he had to think about that one.

He never wanted Raphael to touch him again because he was an asshole on top of the way he'd used Thomas. Felix was definitely an asshole, and the sex was perfunctory at times, since the otter rarely cared if Thomas enjoyed himself beyond the enjoyment they all got from sex at followers of a god of virility and sex.

So why had he almost asked for another go? It wasn't because he felt forced, or had a craving. He needed the sex to power his teleportation, but there had been enough of that. This would have been just for the enjoyment of it.

The realization he enjoyed sex with Felix came as a bit of a surprise. The times he had the most fun with the otter were when he had him at a disadvantage, where Thomas had all the control. And yes, he enjoyed himself in those times, but this wasn't it.

Fuck, why then?

What was it about this, about Felix fucking him, that was so different from what Raphael's men had done, because now that he thought about it, Thomas wasn't keen on letting any of them touch him again either, if he ever found out who they were.

While he called the way Felix fucked him perfunctorily. They hadn't even reached that level with the way they used him and left him lying there. Like they just didn't...

"You care." Thomas looked at the otter.

"Excuse me?" Felix demanded, offended.

"That's the difference between you and the guys in my prison. You care."

Felix snorted. "Ol!" he yelled. "You need to fuck the rat again. The healing didn't reach that scrambled brain of his. Oh, right," he muttered, "he isn't here anymore."

"Where is he, or the others?" Thomas shivered. The fire in the center of the grotto was going down, letting in some of the cold air.

"That kangaroo friend of yours has been sending everyone to your grandfather's house when they were done with you."

"And you stuck around after all of them?" Thomas asked in disbelief.

"Hey, I wasn't going to have anyone claim I didn't play my part to keep my frat brother alive." The otter stood, grumbling something Thomas couldn't make out.

He considered calling Felix out on it. There was no way Thomas had still been dying when they fucked. A packaged shirt hit him in the face.

"Since you can be a smart ass, you're well enough to get out of here. Get dressed."

Thomas caught the pants and socks that followed. The name on the package was in fancy gold script that screamed wealth. "Underwear?" he asked, looking around for an extra package.

"Don't look at me. I didn't go shopping for you."

"Let me guess, it was Limbani," Thomas said as he put the pants on, then paused. "I thought he wasn't allowed to drive after that crash while he had a guy bouncing on his lap."

"What? No. He can't drive because he's always looking ahead to when he's going to be instead of the road. That's why he can't drive. Who told you that story?"

Thomas opened his mouth, then closed it. Henry had told him after the monkey had returned from the hospital. "Wait. Why didn't Olavo heal him?"

The otter stared at him. "Okay, now I'm getting worried. Olavo did heal him. You sucked the monkey off because he gave you that awful 'take pity on me' look you're always falling for."

"Okay, now you're the one with scrambled brain," Thomas replied. "I would remember it if I'd seen Olavo heal..."

"Now we know whose brain's scrambled." With that, Felix left Thomas to his thoughts.

He hadn't wanted to believe Samuel. It was obvious they were the ones with the messed up memories since none of them remembered Henry. That meant it couldn't be him. He'd been sure of that.

He finished dressing, finishing with the overcoat and boots. Everything fit him perfectly, and even stepping outside, with the low sun, they kept him warm.

"Glad you're back among us," Grant said, standing and putting his phone away. The chair he'd been sitting on was of the cheap foldable variety. Red and orange garlands were attached to the armrests. The kangaroo shivered. "I hadn't realized how cold it's gotten."

"Red and orange," Thomas mused, dredging up memories of art classes way back in middle school. "They'd be concepts of warmth, as in they are warm colors."

"I'm glad to see you're thinking beyond what your faction's about," Grant said.

"I traveled with you long enough to know better than to take stuff around you at face value."

"How do you feel?" Grant asked, folding the chair.

"I'm good. Who exactly is here? When you said the others were waiting, I thought Yating and Limbani, not Felix."

"They're all here," Grand answered, motioning for them to start walking. "Along with Yating's mother. My understanding is that there was an attempt at convincing her she should go home, and that she won that discussion."

"How are they here? Better yet, why? I'd expect at least Yating and Olavo, not to say Felix, to go home after they escaped Raphael's clutches."

"I expect they each have their reasons," Grant replied. "As for the how, lots of coordination. We couldn't officially stay in Kansas City, but we stayed as close as we could while we worked out how to get you out. Finding out was easy, with Madoc being a Lewiston, but it took Donal a while to get a sense of what it'd be safe to act."

"He's one of you, isn't he?" Thomas asked, remembering what was said during the break-out sex. "He's a practitioner."

Grant looked at Thomas. "Didn't you take me to him because you noticed his staff?"

"Limbani is who said we should go by the hotel, and we stopped arguing with him about what he 'sees'. Half the time I think he's making it up, the other half..." he shrugged. "But I don't know what staff you're talking about. The only thing Donal has is his collection of..." he stared at the kangaroo. "I thought that was just some stress relief thing."

Grant chuckled. "That's his staff. I don't know if he'd ever realized that what it does is magic. It's far more subtle than most staff I know of. But I sat him down, explained things and he's gone along surprisingly easily."

"He'd seen magic by then, having been around the guys."

"That could be it," Grant said, sounding unconvinced. The rest of the walk was in silence.

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Gilbert's van, along with two, better looking others, were in the driveway to Magnus's house.

"Thomas," his grandfather hugged him as soon as he was inside. "I am so glad you're all right."

"Thanks Grandpa. How's everyone behaving?" Thomas was worried about the answer, considering the number of his frat brother in the house.

The older rat laughed. "Relax. I was your age once. They haven't done anything I didn't at one point."

Thomas narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "With guys?"

Magnus shrugged. "I have experimented, just like every virile young man."

Was everyone in his family bi? Well no, but were him and Roland the exception? Considering the number of women his grandfather kept around, he would never have thought he'd fooled around with guys. Wait a minute, did that mean that when the guys hit on him he—

"No," someone called from the kitchen. "He hasn't done anything with any of the guys here."

Thomas's head snapped to the door. Was—

"Of course, I'm here. You think they'd be able to arrange all of this by themselves?"

"Stop it," Olavo ordered.

What was Samuel doing here?

"You have some rather unusual friends, Thomas," Magnus commented.

"I'm not sure he counts as a friend," Thomas said in a low voice. "He left me behind."

"I couldn't do anything about you," Samuel replied. "Hey, just because you didn't hear him doesn't mean he didn't voice it."

"Thomas," Olavo called, sounding exasperated, "might be best if you join us. It's going to get annoying trying to tell about what he's answering that I'm not hearing and what he's reading from your mind."

Thomas checked his grandfather for a reaction. "What did they tell you?" he asked when there wasn't one.

"Magic's real," Magnus answered as they crossed the living room. "And that for the guys here, including you, sex powers it. Oh, and you can teleport."

Thomas stare, nearly horrified at how frank the guys had been. "And none of that's freaking you out, even a little?"

"It did, but your friends have been here fore a few days. I've seen what they can do, so continuing to freak out seemed like a waste of them." He leaned in and lowered his voice, "and that hot red panda's an amazing cook. You know if she's seeing anyone?"

"She's seeing my father," Yating stated as they entered. He fixed his Magnus with a look. "If you are interested in her, you need to get his approval. And before you ask, it will involve demonstrating you can perform to a level that will satisfy her. To him," the panda added firmly as Magnus smiled.

She snapped something in their native language, looking Magnus over appreciatively over her shoulder. Yating gave an annoyed roll of the eyes, and Samuel looked like he wanted to comment, but Olavo was glaring at him.

"Where's Victor?" Thomas asked, fear creeping up.

"We couldn't get to him," Olavo answer with a defeated sigh.

"You can't go back," Samuel said almost before the Thomas was thinking it. "After your escape, Raphael's going to have him under much tighter security and—" his mouth snapped shut and his ears folded back. Olavo was glaring at the back of his head.

"I asked my father for help," Olavo said, not moving the glare. "But you and Victor are Lewistons."

"We're Hertz," Thomas snapped the reply. "Not Lewistons."

"Hertz isn't a Society family," Olavo said with forced calmness. "You are a rat and you clearly have Society ability. That means you are part of the Lewiston bloodline. Somewhere in the past, they lost track of your ancestor, but it doesn't change the fact that you share their blood."

"Lost track of my ancestor?" Thomas asked in disbelief. "You say that like it's a common occurrence."

"Not common," Olavo said, "but it happens. Every family experiences times of chaos. I talked with the archivist in my family while we waited to be able to rescue you, and he told me that the Lewiston basically disappeared from Europe, only to reappear decades later in the America. That's a lot of time for things to happen. For something as simple as one of them being unable to make the crossing and leave a son behind with no one to care for him. To a son being stolen while they traveled. It won't be easy to prove, or even possible, but that won't matter to the other families. The blood you share is obvious, and any story can be made to sound plausible."

“There is the possibility of a rat family making a contract with Him,” Gilbert said from the table, where he sat, a large sandwich in his hands. “But that would require actual proof. The Orrs are the only example we have of a family doing that and they ended up with slightly different powers and rituals. You were initiated by our ritual. You have one ability, and while I can’t be sure of it, since I can’t trust my memories of you using sigils, I’m confident you’ll be able to. Without compelling evidence that your family made that contract and somehow ended up with our exact traditions, everyone will say you’re a Lewiston by blood.”

“Fine, whatever,” Thomas said. “But we can’t just leave Victor there. Raphael said he’d getting a mind eraser to whip me and Victor into the shapes he wants.”

Samuel opened his mouth, only to close it and look at Olavo.

“Go ahead,” the capybara said with a sigh.

The badger smiled. “One, it’s a person, not a thing. Two, said person isn’t someone he can simply order to come do the work. I don’t know him personally, but as someone with a mind power, I have heard of him. Mind wipers are treated with care. To have one go rogue is a dangerous proposition. Before Raphael can get his family to agree to lend him, he needs to demonstrate his credibility, which, after the way he handled the Denver situation, is basically nonexistent. So time isn’t a concern when it comes to your brother being erased. More importantly, we have a way to ensure he can’t rebuild his credibility, and guarantee he’ll never be able to do this. No, he can’t just get another one. There are no other mind wipers. Mind powers are among the least common of the powers within the Society, and among those, mind alteration power is the least common. Before this one, the last recognized mind wipers was thirty or forty years ago.”

The badger closed his mouth and grinned at Olavo.

Thomas look from on to the other, trying to understand what was happening. He settled on the Samuel and tilted an ear. *Well?* He thought.

“He’s an elder’s son,” Samuel said quickly. “Who might end up running a country. I thought that was just his father’s hot air, but—”

“That’s enough,” Olavo said, the firmness of his tone undermined by the way he massaged his temples.

“Then what?” Thomas asked, looking at his friends assembled in the kitchen. “We just sit here and wait?”

“I’m not staying here,” Felix stated. “This state is too fucking cold. If we’re going to wait somewhere, how about we do it somewhere warm? Like in St-Louis?”

“If you want warn,” Limbani said, poking his head through the open door. “We need to go to Cape Town. The city’s amazing at this time of the year.”

“One,” Gilbert said, and Thomas breathed easier not to have to be the one to object. “We can’t leave the country right now. Two, I am not setting for in your city, Felix. One of you is plenty, and what would mean leaving Miss Xu behind.”

“I’ll take good care of her,” Magnus offered, smiling.

“Not before my father gets here,” Yating stated, and stood straight as his mother said something that sounding like she was berating him.

“My home,” Gilbert said, “is warm. It’s within the country, and while we aren’t the marrying time, we’re raised to show women proper respect. Anyway, my family loves meeting new people.”

“Are you saying my family’s exclusionary?” Felix demanded.

“I mean my family as in my father and brothers, but since you brought that up.” Gilbert looked at the otter. “Yes. You guys run your city with a fist nearly tighter than the Lewistons right now.” He paused. “Well? Where are your objections?”

Felix’s resolve faltered. “St-Louis isn’t Houston. We do what we have to do.”

“Why don’t you just stay here?” Magnus offered. “The house’s big enough, and I’m sure we can all agree to a certain level of discretion when it comes to the sex you have.”

“Bad idea,” Samuel said almost before the last word was out. “Raphael’s going to send people to check this place out, eventually. This is the middle of nowhere and had no defensive capabilities. Some of the men he uses are on the ruthless side. Your best bet will be to tell them that we dropped by and left. The Rowlings have clout, so that means he can’t just send people to raid them to get Thomas back. Add to that their connection to Denver and we can be confident they aren’t just going to agree to Raphael’s demands.”

“If you’re talking about Uncle Colby working there,” Gilbert said. “You might not have heard, but he had a fallout with the Brislaws.”

“That doesn’t matter. He was there when Raphael was kicked out, and for the mess that happened after. He’ll be there to counter whatever the rat tried to sell his father.” The badger looked at Magnus. “No, you can’t protect him. In fact, the smart thing for you to do is come with us. The way he’s desperate for men,

Raphael might just order to have you brought to Kansas City.”

“Wait,” Felix called. “Why would Raphael be interested in him? He’s Thomas’s mom’s father.”

“I’m Eric’s father.”

“Meaning Society magic runs through your cum,” Samuel said, while the guys exchanged confused looks. Right, Henry had them believing Magus was his grandfather on his mother’s side. Now there was incontestable proof they, too, had messed memories.

“After everything else he’s done, I won’t be surprised if Raphael initiates you, despite your age. He’s desperate for me, and you can definitely still breed.”

“Initiate?” Magnus asked.

“Sex with guys,” Thomas said. “Lots of guys.”

“Just thirteen,” Limbani commented.

Magnus waved the comment aside. “I’ll pass. I already did my experimenting.”

“Raphael isn’t going to care,” Samuel stated, then closed his mouth audibly. Thomas stared at him, and the badger raised an eyebrow.

“Maybe you should visit one of your girlfriend’s that out of state,” he said, since he’d been thinking it, expecting Samuel to voice it. As safe as the Gilbert and Samuel made Houston sound, he wasn’t sure getting his grandfather in a household where all the guys there would be fucking was a good idea. At best, Magnus would ignore what was happening. At worse, now that Thomas knew his grandfather had experimented, he’d comment on the technique, which would lead to the others demanding proof of the authority Magnus had to speak like that.

As unlikely as it was, Thomas did not want to find out his grandfather had had sex with any of the guys while in Houston.

“Yes,” Olavo said, and Samuel closed his mouth. “If you won’t come with us, it’s best that you’re not where when Raphael’s men come looking.”

“Fine,” The older rat relented. “I’ll make arrangements.”

“Good,” the capybara said, “then all that’s left to do is make the arrangement to get us to Houston.”

“I am not leaving my van behind,” Gilbert stated as Olavo took out his phone.

“I have had enough of driving,” the capybara said, scrolling. “I want the trip to be quick and uneventful.” He stepped away, phone to his ear and speaking in a language Thomas didn’t recognize.

With his grandfather going up the stairs, Thomas looked around for something to keep busy with until the arrangements were made. He took a step to the counter, only to be stopped by Samuel.

“Here’s a free piece of advice,” the badger whispered. “When Olavo’s father makes his offer, say yes.” He walked off before Thomas could voice the question, and this time, the badger didn’t acknowledge the thought.