

## CHAPTER-54

Regaining consciousness was hard. He felt like he was fighting through molasses. Opening his eyes was a chore, and his body was heavy and listless. He still moved enough to feel the pain in his ankle and the resistance. He did the unsurmountable and raised his head to look down his naked body. There was a leather band around the painful ankle. From the angle, he saw the points piercing into his skin and could barely make out symbols on the leather.

His head dropped back and the thoughts that he knew how he was too tired and that it had been a particularly well-crafted piece were interrupted by the pain of the back hitting something hard. Stone hard.

Once the stars cleared, he realized he was in the frat's basement, and he could just make out sounds of violence in the distance. No matter what else was doing on, the fighting wasn't over. He couldn't decide if that boded well or not for his side. Looking to the side, his eyes fell on a man's cock and balls. Nice ones too. Not hard, which surprised him, but with girth Thomas knew he'd feel entering him. Soft it didn't look that long, but the guy could be a grower. Despite the situation, Thomas hoped he'd feel it in him and raised his gaze to tell the man and his blood froze.

His father looked down at him, smiling gently. "Welcome back, kiddo. I was starting to worry." He ran a hand along the side of Thomas's head. "But everything's going to be alright now. Whatever they did to you, Henry's going to fix it, and then we'll be able to be a happy family again."

"Dad?"

"Of course." The smile faltered. "You remember me, right? Please say you remember me. If they took that I—"

"I remember you, Dad," Thomas answered. "I'm just surprised you're here." *Naked, looking at me with an expression I really don't think a dad should have for his son.* He remembered Gavin and Laurence

kissing and—but that wasn't something he wanted to think of when his father had love and lust in his eyes.

“Where else would I wait for my son but in the place where I was part of making him a man?”

Thomas was going to kill Henry. He was going to strangle him with his bare hands for giving those kinds of memories to his father and his brother. He kept the anger out of his voice as best as he could.

“Dad, you need to help me get out of here. Can you take off that thing around my ankle?”

“I'm sorry Thomas,” Eric said, sounding saddened, “but that has to stay on.” His father ran a finger along the line delineating the black of his upper body from the white that ran the contour of his bicep. “Right now, you think Henry's the enemy, but he isn't. He's one of your best friends. You were the one who brought him to my—”

“Can we not?” Thomas cut his father off. As if the idea he thought the two of them had had sex already wasn't enough. He also thought he and Henry had... Fuck, they had had sex. It wasn't just an implanted memory.

His father's hand reached his stomach and kept moving down. He was now hard, and as Thomas had suspected, his father was a grower. He did what he could not to react to the approaching hand, to the lowering head, the muzzle approaching his, the desire in his father's eyes.

“Well, seems our favorite rat's finally awake,” Henry said, entering the room, a golden tiger pressed against him on one side and a brown bear on the other. The bear was in the same body armor as those who had assaulted the frat, while Henry and Paul were naked and hard. Thomas thought that was one of the Dumier guys, and if it was, did that mean they were losing badly? How else would Henry have had the time to give him new memories?

At least the arrival had caused his father's hand to stop reaching for Thomas's erect cock, and the lips from touching as he turned his head and straightened. There was nothing in his father's

behavior that said he'd been caught doing something he shouldn't. He was simply respectful of someone who had more authority. Or was it a prior claim to Thomas?

"Hey Thomas," Paul greeted him happily. "Glad to have you back. Fuck, have I missed you. And missed fucking you."

"Francois," Henry told the bear, "please stay by the door. You know how desperate our enemies are to take Thomas from us. You're all that is keeping us safe."

"I will not fail you," the bear answered, adoration in his eyes as he pulled the machine gun in front of him and took position.

Eric made space for Henry by Thomas while Paul stay a few steps back.

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

"I'm not the one going around biting people like a bad vampire stereotype and screwing with their memories," Thomas replied.

Henry smiled. "Is that supposed to be a did at my family? It would hurt more if I actually knew any of that. All I know about them is what was in the book, and it's more implications than anything else." He grabbed Thomas's muzzle hard enough the pain should have caused him to cry out, but the bat kept his muzzle shut so only a whimper escaped. "I really should—" Henry stopped and took a breath, then gently let Thomas's muzzle go.

"That hurt," Thomas snapped.

"I'm sorry. The way you left was hurtful. The fact you managed to turn my boys against me. That..." Henry patted his chest. "That was a knife through my chest. That you took my son?" The bat's hands shook, and it took him a few seconds to regain control. "So you'll fucking forgive me if I'm having trouble being as gentle as your father."

"Henry," Eric said, warning in his voice. "That isn't his fault."

They turned him and the others against you. That's on them, not my son."

"Of course," Henry said with an annoyed roll of the eyes. "And don't worry. By the time I'm done, neither of you will remember my anger and what I almost did." His smile became nasty as he looked at Thomas's hard cock. "I can't wait to make you remember all the things you and your father got up to. Considering how I know you feel about that stuff, I'm going to the memories nice and slow so you can really appreciate the craft I put in it. Oh, and you taking your brother for the first time? I can't wait for his ceremony of dominance so he can return the favor."

"You're fucking sick."

"Thomas, language," Eric chastised.

"Oh common, Dad, he's talking about me having forced myself on Roland, don't tell me to watch my language on that."

Paul snickered. "Force yourself? They really did a number on your memories if you think you had to force yourself on him. Your brother had to have been one of the most eager bottom I've ever known. Makes me want to get to know more Society guys who are at that stage."

"Never fear Paul, I'll see to it that you do." Henry grinned at Thomas's hateful glare. "Now think about it. Of course, their memories match. I can't have people who interact so often have conflicting memories. Paul remembers everything Roland and your father do." He smiled at the tiger. "Took part in a lot of it, didn't you Paul."

The tiger stroked himself. "Yeah, and I can't wait to get Thomas home so me, his dad, and Roland can celebrate his return."

"Stop that. Keep it for later. You don't have our stamina." He looked at Thomas again. "Neither does your father. Which I couldn't understand until I had Francois's memories. Your mother's side, I would never have thought about that." He smiled and leaned in. "But now, I think it's time for me to find out what you've been up to while

you were away.”

“Don’t,” Thomas warned angrily and tried to pull away, but his glaring was all he had the energy for.

“Come on, Thomas. Don’t you remember? You love this part.”

Thomas winced at the bite and opened his mouth to protest, but suddenly there was a distance between himself and his body. As if he floated in a space and watched events from his life. He felt Henry suck on his neck and at the same time, those events stretched and separated, like two identical images projected on the same spot, then one moved away. It felt like all his memories were being pulled like that.

Then he slammed back into himself as Henry disengaged.

“Wow,” the bat exclaimed. “That’s vivid.” He shook his head. “Okay, give me a moment.” He chuckled. “Oh I need to get my hands on that squirrel, definitely am not letting the Chamber get him.” He looked at Thomas, his expression hurt. “I am so sorry, Thomas.” He placed a tender hand on his cheek. “I can’t believe someone calling himself your elder would ever do that to you. I... I’m going to give you your revenge, Thomas. You have my word. The ways I was going to punish you for abandoning me as you did wouldn’t even register against that.” He drew a symbol on Thomas’s shoulder he couldn’t see, then the stinging of the bite went away.

“You think I fucking want revenge?” Thomas demanded, and he saw his father shake his head in reproach. “I’m not you. I don’t want people to suffer just because they screwed me over. If there’s a justice system in this thing, you can be fucking sure I’m going to drag him in front of it, but that’s justice.”

Henry smiled. “How so very magnanimous of you. I’m going to have to make sure that isn’t something you remember. I can’t have you going holier than thou on me when I have you taking me around and changing so many people’s memories.” He stepped away. “But I need to refresh the memories so I can be sure they match.” He stepped behind Paul, and without prompting he offered his neck to the bat.

“Leave him alone!”

Henry looked amused as he kept his eyes on Thomas and bite into the offered neck. Paul shuddered and moaned, leaning back against the bat who ran a finger against the trembling hard cock.

Thomas wrenched his gaze away. If the bat had touched him like that, he was — Eric was looking at him. Fuck there was so much love in those eyes. Thomas wasn't sure what hurt more, that his father had never displayed those emotions or that it took Henry screwing up his memories for him to do it.

Of course, the lust, he could do without.

“How are you doing?”

Thomas groaned in annoyance. “Like I've been violated, how else do you think I'd feel Dad?”

“They had no right doing that to you,” Eric replied angrily.

“Not them, him.” His head bob toward Henry, still holding Paul, only had enough strength to be a nod. Thomas lowered his voice. “Dad, he's the monster here. The things you remember they're wrong.”

Eric smiled. “So you're saying I don't love you more than life itself? That after your mother, you, your brothers, and your sister are the most important people in my life?”

“No, of course, I'm not saying that. But come on, Dad, those memories? You and...” He couldn't get himself to even say it.

Eric rubbed his head. “They really messed you up if you don't remember how things go in the Society.”

Thomas closed his eyes. A mix of not showing his annoyance and of enjoying his father's touch. He couldn't talk his father into going against Henry, that was clear. No matter how he cared, the bat had made sure he saw Henry as one of the good people in their lives. Still, his father cared, so maybe he could use that to escape.

“Dad?”

“Yes, son.”

“That thing around my ankle, it hurts.”

“I’m sorry, but it’s needed. You’re not yourself. Once Henry brings you back, we’ll take it off.”

Fuck.

Thomas nodded. “Can you at least sit me up? This stone’s hard on my back.” His father placed a hand behind him and raised him. Then Thomas let himself fall forward, pulling his hand up and onto the leather band. He started pulling at it and ignored the pain or the blood that started pouring around it.

“Thomas, stop, you’re just hurting yourself.”

The leather was harder than it should, he thought, so he pulled harder and cried out in pain. Eric pulled his hands away.

“Let go of me.”

“You’re hurting yourself, Thomas. I’m not going to let you do that.”

“No, but you have no problem letting some crazy bad do it, don’t you?”

Eric sighed. “You know that’s not true. Henry only has your best interest in mind, just like I do.”

“Oh, fuck you.” Thomas tried to shove his father away, but couldn’t muster the strength. “You only have my best interest in mind when they line up with yours. The rest of the time I’m just someone you need to fix.”

“What? That’s not true, Thomas. I love you exactly as you are. Henry—”

“So what’s your constant pushing me to find my major then? You loving me the way I am? I swear, Dad. Sometimes I don’t even know if you know who I am, instead of who you decided I have to be.”

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(okay, if you keep this, the scene between these two back in the grotto will have to be altered because the way I remember it, there's too much of a resolution of this aspect of their relationship there, and I think we need the anger here the way the outline called for it.)

Eric pulled away in shock and horror.

Before Thomas could lay into his father some more someone clapped. Thomas glared at Henry. Paul was still leaning against the bat with a symbol on his breast. Thomas thought it was the one for healing, but the angle and fur were making it tough to be sure.

"Well," Henry said, "I'm glad you got that out of your system. It's going to be so much more satisfying when I make you forget about it. Maybe I'll leave that nagging doubt in there that you're never quite living up to your father's expectation, that you can never entirely believe that you deserve the love he showers on you."

"Why don't you just erase me and turn me into a perfectly obedient little doll for you to use how you please?"

"You mean like Raphael was going to do to you?" Henry shook his head. "I'm far more imaginative than that. You'll be obedient, but it'll be because you want to be. Not because I told you to. We are going to be the best of friends. Growing up together, I'll have shown you the pleasure of sex. Been first in your ceremonies. Then, when the time comes, you'll be the one who shows me the pleasure of sex. After you've helped me rescue my son, of course, but Francois knows where he is, so I do to and with your teleportation, it'll be simple to get him."

Thomas started to object and point out his power didn't work that way, but he caught Eric's frown, and everything Henry said fully registered. Did he realize he was contradicting things his father remembered? Did he not care? When he could simply rewrite someone's memories to his liking, being free with what he said was probably easy.



“What about what I want out of life?”

Henry snorted. “What do you want, Thomas? Some liberal arts degree that’ll mean you get to flip burgers at a local joint? Be realistic, you don’t want anything.” Henry was next to him, obstructing Thomas’s view of his father. “When I’m done with you, you will finally want something. You’ll finally be able to decide, instead of meandering through life like some lost quad looking to be made happy. You’re going to decide me. I will be what makes you happy.” He grinned. “Well, maybe after watching you suffer, but in the end, you’ll be happy. You and your father and your brother. You’ll finally get to fuck him and not feel this constant guilt for wanting me.” Henry was stroking himself. “Do you have any idea how thankful that brother of yours would have been if you’d just snuck into his bed and taken him? How many times he jerked off to that idea? Well, I gave him that. You taking him in the middle of the night, showing him just how good his big brother was.”

The bat took Thomas’s muzzle and used a finger to part it open while still stroking himself. “I’ll even have you remember that too. That’s the nice thing about what I can do. I don’t have to make you suffer right now. Anytime I fuck you, anytime you suck me off, maybe that’ll be when I decide to alter your memory. Maybe I’ll take Roland out of your life, maybe, I’ll turn that night of ecstasy into you raping your baby brother. And the best thing about it,” he added with a moan, “is that once you’ve swallowed this load, you won’t even know to fear it coming. Each time it’s going to hit you utterly by surprise and that is going to be so fucking good, Thomas. You and your family are going to be so fucking entertaining.”

He put the head of his cock in Thomas’s mouth. “Not get ready to—” A loud thwack sounded and the bat fell sideways. Eric stood there, panting heavily, a broken mask in his hands with a bit of blood on it. The mask of a predator with long incisors and a prey’s antlers. The mask Chima wore both times.

The mask Thomas had learned since was the representation of the god the Society followed. That he followed now.

“Way to go Dad!”

“What did you do?” Paul called.

Eric rounded on the brandishing both halves. “He was going to hurt my son,” Eric snarled. Paul took an immediate step back. The bear was looking at the situation, confused. “Maybe I didn’t do right by him, but I swear to Him, that no one will ever hurt my son again.” He glared at the bear. “Is that clear?”

The bear nodded. “I... I’m not sure what I remember’s right.”

“Maybe he didn’t do a good enough job with you in the rush to get you on his side,” Thomas said. “You were part of the people trying to stop him this morning.”

The bear looked at the machine gun, then took the magazine out and leaned against the wall.

“Aren’t we going to need that to get out of here?” Thomas asked. In the distance, there was an explosion and the ensuing fighting sounded closer.

“I can’t know what else he did to me, if there’s some memory of an order to kill you if you try to escape, I can’t risk it. And I was hoping you could teleport us out.”

“That isn’t going to happen with that on me.”

The bear unsheathes a giant knife and cut the leather off. Thomas didn’t feel any different, as the bear traced a sigil with the blood, but he still felt better. “I’m not going to be able to get us anywhere without being fucked.” He stared at his ankle as it healed.

“I can take care of that,” Eric offered.

“No!” Thomas protested.

“Are you okay if I do it?” Paul asked hesitantly, as Eric looked shattered by the refusal.

“Yes, but it’s best if it’s Francois. I get from Society cock, and I don’t think we want to linger.”

Henry moaned on the ground.

“Fuck, tie him up first. We don’t want him getting away. Gag him too. If you know where the chastity belt is, put that on him.”

The bear looked horrified at that idea, but he did gag and tie the bat. By the time he was done, the fighting was far too close for Thomas’s liking. The bear was up and undoing his pants when rushed steps down the stairs sounded. Francois looked at where the machine gun was, but before he could react, a margay with a gun ran in. He skidded to a stop, raising it as the bear took a step forward.

“Whoa, it’s me, Firmin,” the margay said, hand not stopping until the gun pointed at the ceiling. “This was one of the Richard still under Henry’s control. When you were captured, we couldn’t fuck around anymore, so this was the idea we had. I freed the others, who, thank His cum Henry hadn’t screwed over again, and we were able to let the others in.” He looked around. “Where’s Henry?”

Francois grabbed the bat by the nape and pulled him up.

“Good. Now we need to get out of here.” The fighting sounded even louder.

“I can’t do it,” Thomas said. “Henry had me drained, and it doesn’t sound like there’s time.”

The margay undressed and changed into a badger in the process. Firmin grinned. “Lucky for you, I’m here and there fresh blood as your DNA.”

“Isn’t using blood a no-no?” Thomas asked.

“No, it’s just something to be very careful around,” the bear said. “There’s a lot of power in blood.”

A finger through a wet smear of blood and seconds later the badger was changing into a rat. He moved to the center. “Hold on everyone, and once we arrive. I’m going to need to be thoroughly fucked.” He looked Eric up and down. “Definitely by you after Francois.”

Eric looked from one Thomas to the other, then shook his head. “I don’t think it would be appropriated for me to have sex with my

son, even if you're not really him." There was sadness when he said it, but also determination.

"Oh well, I'll survive I guess." Something exploded in the stairwell and the world shifted.

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## CHAPTER 1.5-54

Regaining consciousness was hard. He felt like he was fighting through molasses. Opening his eyes was a chore, and his body was heavy and listless. He still moved enough to feel the pain in his ankle and the resistance. He did the insurmountable and raised his head enough to look down his naked body. There was a leather band around the painful ankle. From the angle, he saw the points piercing into his skin and could barely make out symbols on the leather.

His head dropped back and the thoughts that he knew how he was too tired and that it had been a particularly well-crafted piece were interrupted by the pain of the back of his head hitting something hard. Stone hard.

Once the stars cleared, he realized he was in the frat's basement, and he could just make out sounds of violence in the distance. No matter what else was going on, the fighting wasn't over. He couldn't decide if this boded well or not for his side. Looking to the side, his eyes fell on a man's cock and balls. Nice ones too. Not hard, which surprised him, but with girth Thomas knew he'd feel entering him. Soft it didn't look that long, but the guy could be a grower. Despite the situation, Thomas hoped he'd feel it in him and raised his gaze to tell the man... and his blood froze.

His father looked down at him, smiling gently. "Welcome back, kiddo. I was starting to worry." He ran a hand along the side of Thomas's head. "But everything's going to be alright now. Whatever they did to you, Henry's going to fix it, and then we'll be able to be a happy family again."

"Dad?" Thomas almost gasped.

\* \* \*

"Of course." The smile faltered. "You remember me, right? Please say you remember me. If they took that I-"

"I remember you, Dad," Thomas answered. "I'm just surprised you're here." Naked, looking at him with an expression Thomas didn't really think a dad should have for his son. He knew what anyone in the Society would say, but his dad had already said enough to be clearly mind fucked meaning that lust in his eyes wasn't his.

His father smiled. "Where else would I wait for my son but in the place where I was part of making him a man?"

Thomas was going to kill Henry. He was going to strangle him with his bare hands for giving those kinds of memories to his father and brother.

He kept the anger out of his voice as best as he could. "Dad, you need to help me get out of here. Can you take off that thing around my ankle?"

"I'm sorry Thomas," Eric said, sounding saddened, "But that has to stay on." His father ran a finger along the line delineating the black of his upper body from the white that ran contour of his biceps. "Right now, you think Henry's the enemy, but he isn't. He's one of your best friends. You were the one who brought him to my-"

"Can we not?" Thomas cut his father off. As if the idea he thought the two of them had sex already wasn't enough. He also

thought he and Henry had... Fuck, they had had sex. It might not have been as many times as his father remembered, but it had to have happened.

His father's hand reached his stomach and kept moving down. He was now hard, and as Thomas had suspected, his father was a grower. He did what he could not to react to the approaching hand, to the lowering head, the muzzle approaching his, the desire in his father's eyes.

"Well, it seems our favorite rat's finally awake," Henry said, entering the room, a golden tiger pressed against him on one side and a brown bear on the other. The bear was in the same body armor as those who had assaulted the frat, while Henry and Paul were naked and hard. Thomas thought that was one of the Dumier guys, and if it was, did that mean they were losing badly? How else would Henry have had the time to give him new memories?

At least the arrival had caused his father's hand to stop reaching for Thomas's erect cock, and the lips from touching as he turned his head and straightened. There was nothing in his father's behavior that said he'd been caught doing something he shouldn't. He was simply respectful of someone who had more authority. Or was it a prior claim to Thomas?

"Hey Thomas," Paul greeted him happily. "Glad to have you back. Fuck, have I missed you. And missed fucking you."

"Francois," Henry told the bear, "Please stay by the door. You know how desperate our enemies are to take Thomas from us. You're all that is keeping us safe."

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"I will not fail you," the bear answered, adoration in his eyes as he pulled the machine gun in front of him and took position.

Eric made space for Henry by Thomas, while Paul stayed a few steps back.

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

"I'm not the one going around biting people like a bad vampire stereotype and screwing with their memories," Thomas replied.

Henry smiled. "Is that supposed to be a dig at my family? It would hurt more if I actually knew any of that. All I know about them is what was in the book, and it's more implications than anything else." He grabbed Thomas's muzzle hard enough the pain should have caused him to cry out, but the bat kept his muzzle shut so only a whimper escaped. "I really should-" Henry stopped and took a breath, then gently let Thomas's muzzle go.

"That hurt," Thomas snapped.

"I'm sorry. The way you left was hurtful. The fact you managed to turn my boys against me. That..." Henry patted his chest. "That was a knife through my chest. That you took my son?" The bat's hands shook, and it took him a few seconds to regain control. "So you'll fucking forgive me if I'm having trouble being as gentle as your father."



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“Henry,” Eric said, warning in his voice. “That isn’t his fault. They turned him and the others against you. That’s on them, not my son.”

“Of course,” Henry said with an annoyed roll of the eyes. “And don’t worry. By the time I’m done, neither of you will remember my anger and what I almost did.” His smile became nasty as he looked at Thomas’s hard cock. “I can’t wait to make you remember all the things you and your father got up to. Considering how I know you feel about that stuff, I’m going to do the memories nice and slow so you can really appreciate the craft I put in it. Oh, and you taking your brother for the first time? I can’t wait for his ceremony of dominance so he can return the favor.”

“You’re fucking sick,” Thomas spat.

“Thomas, language,” Eric chastised.

“Oh, common, Dad,” Thomas said, “He’s talking about me having forced myself on Roland, don’t tell me to watch my language on that.”

Paul snickered. “Force yourself? They really did a number on your memories if you think you had to force yourself on him. Your brother had to have been one of the most eager bottoms I’ve ever known. Makes me want to get to know more Society guys who are at that stage.”

“Never fear Paul, I’ll see to it that you do.” Henry grinned at

Thomas's hateful glare. "Now think about it. Of course their memories match. I can't have people who interact so often have conflicting memories. Paul remembers everything Roland and your father do." He smiled at the tiger. "Took part in a lot of it, didn't you Paul."

The tiger stroked himself. "Yeah, and I can't wait to get Thomas home so me, his dad, and Roland can celebrate his return."

"Stop that. Keep it for later. You don't have our stamina." He looked at Thomas again. "Neither does your father. Which I couldn't understand until I had Francois's memories. Your mother's side, I would never have thought about that." He smiled and leaned. "But now, I think it's time for me to find out what you've been up to while you were away."

"Don't," Thomas wanted angry and tried to pull away, but his glaring was all he had the energy for.

"Come on, Thomas," Henry all but cooed. "Don't you remember? You love this part."

Thomas winced at the bite and opened his mouth to protest, but suddenly there was a distance between himself and his body. As if he floated in space and watched events from his life. He felt Henry suck on his neck and at the same time, those events stretched and separated, like two identical images projected on the same spot, then moved away. It felt like all his memories were being pulled like that.

Then he slammed back into himself as Henry disengaged.

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“Wow,” the bat exclaimed. “That’s vivid.” He shook his head. “Okay, give me a moment.” He chuckled. “Oh, I need to get my hands on that squirrel. Definitely not letting the Chamber get him.” He looked at Thomas, his expression hurt. “I am so sorry, Thomas.” He placed a tender hand on his cheek. “I can’t believe someone calling himself your elder would ever do that to you. I.. I’m going to give you your revenge, Thomas. You have my word. The ways I was going to punish you for abandoning me as you did wouldn’t even register against that.” He drew a symbol on Thomas’s shoulder he couldn’t see, and then the stinging of the bite went away.

“You think I want fucking revenge?” Thomas demanded, and he saw his father shake his head in reproach. “I want to rescue Victor, his nephews, and then put the bastard out of my life. If there was a justice system for this kind of thing I’d testify the hell out of him, but you people are beyond justice, aren’t you?”

Henry smiled. “I’m not certain if that’s virtuous, or evasive. Either way I’m going to have to make sure you see things my way. We have to change so many memories, and rescue poor Victor along the way, and I can’t have you going off like a firecracker.” He stepped away. “But I need to refresh the memories so I can be sure they match.” He stepped behind Paul, and without prompting the tiger offered his neck to the bat.

“Leave him alone!” Thomas shouted.

Henry looked amused as he kept his eyes on Thomas and bit into the offered neck. Paul shuddered and moaned, leaning back against the bat who ran a finger against the trembling hard cock.

Thomas wretched his gaze away. If the bat had touched him

like that, he was- Eric was looking at him. Fuck there was so much love in those eyes. Thomas wasn't sure what hurt more, that his father had never displayed those emotions or that it took Henry screwing up his memories for him to do it.

Of course, the lust he could do without.

"How are you doing?" Eric asked.

Thomas groaned in annoyance. "Like I've been violated, how else do you think I'd feel dad?"

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

"Not them, him." He bobbed his head towards Henry, still holding Paul. "Dad, he's the monster here. The things you remember, they're wrong."

Eric smiled. "So you're saying I don't love you more than life itself? That after your mother, you, your brothers, and your sister are the most important people in my life?"

"No, of course, I'm not saying that. But come on, Dad, those memories? You and..." He couldn't get himself to even say it.

Eric rubbed his head. "They really messed you up if you don't remember how things go in the Society."

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Thomas closed his eyes. A mix of not showing his annoyance and of enjoying his father's touch. He couldn't talk his father into going against Henry, that was clear. No matter how he cared, the bat had made sure he saw Henry as one of the good people in their lives. Still, his father cared, so maybe he could use that to escape.

"Dad?" Thomas asked.

"Yes, son," Eric responded.

"That thing around my ankle," Thomas probed, "It hurts."

"I'm sorry, but it's needed," Eric said calmly. "You're not yourself. Once Henry brings you back, we'll take it off."

Thomas nodded. "Can you at least sit me up? This stone's hard on my back." His father placed a hand behind him and raised him. Then Thomas let himself fall forward, pulling his hands up and onto the leather band. He started pulling at it and ignoring the pain or the blood that started pouring around it.

"Thomas, stop," His father said, grabbing his arms, "you're just hurting yourself!"

The leather was harder than it should, he thought, so he pulled harder and cried out in pain. Eric swore and changed his grip to Thomas's wrists, forcing his son to let go before pulling his hands

away.

“Let go of me!” Thomas yelled.

“You’re hurting yourself, Thomas,” Eric said. “I’m not going to let you do that.”

“No, but you have no problem letting some crazy bat do it, don’t you?” Thomas accused.

Eric sighed. “You know that’s not true. Henry only has your best interest in mind, just like I do.”

“Oh, fuck you,” Thomas tried to shove his father away, but couldn’t muster the strength. “You’re not my dad right now. My dad has no clue what is in my best interests, what with me spinning on my heels having no clue what I’m doing with my life.”

Eric paused before responding. “It’s okay Thomas. Once Henry’s done, you’ll remember-”

“Exactly what he wants me to,” Thomas exasperated. “I have no clue what I want to do with my life, but we were working on it. It wasn’t perfect, and we were both stumbling in the dark, but it was our effort. I don’t want that overwritten by some narcissist’s perfect happy family of fuck slaves!”

Eric pulled away in shock and confusion.

\* \* \*

Before Thomas could press the argument further, someone clapped. Thomas glared at Henry. Paul was still leaning against the bat with a symbol on his breast. Thomas thought it was the one for healing, but the angle and fur were marking it touch to be sure.

“Well,” Henry said, “I’m glad you got that out of your system. It’s almost a shame I’m going to be the only one to remember it. I think I’ll leave that nagging doubt in there that you’re never quite living up to your father’s expectations; that you can never entirely believe that you deserve the love he showers on you.”

Thomas scrunched his eyebrows, “Why don’t you just erase me and turn me into a perfectly obedient little doll for you to use how you please?”

“You mean like Raphael threatened to do?” Henry shook his head. “I’m far more imaginative than that. You’ll be obedient because you want to be. We are going to be best of friends, with lives as closely knit together as you and Paul are. Once I’m done and we recharge you, you’ll happily take me to where Francois remembers my son is being held.”

Thomas started to object and point out his power didn’t work that way, but he caught Eric’s frown, and everything Henry said trully registered. Did he realize he was contradicting the image he constructed of himself in his father’s mind? Or did he not care? When he could simply rewrite someone’s memories to his liking, being free with what he said was probably easy.

“What about what I want out of life?” Thomas asked.

\* \* \*

Henry snorted. "What do you want, Thomas? At the rate you were going you'd be lucky to get a liberal arts degree, which in this economy might get you a manager position at the local burger joint. Be realistic, you didn't want anything outside the moment," Henry was next to him, obstructing Thomas's view of his father. "And I'll admit it, this moment of limitless choices and freedom is addicting. More so than blood. It's why I made this frat my... what did Gilbert call it? My hidden palace. Well you never have to worry about leaving it Thomas, because I'm never letting you go. You'll be the first eternal retainer in my court, and you will be happy."

The bat grinned, "Well, maybe not eternally happy. You must suffer for the transgressions you've made against your prince. But I'm not cruel enough to make it last forever. In the end you, your father, and brothers will be happy. You'll finally get to fuck Roland and not feel the constant guilt for wanting him." Henry started stroking himself. "Do you have any idea how thankful that brother of yours would have been if you'd just snuck into his bed and taken him? How many times he jerked off to that idea? Well, I gave him that. You taking him in the middle of the night, showing him just how good his big brother was."

The bat took Thomas's muzzle and used a finger to part it open while still stroking himself. "I'll even have you remember that too. That's the nice thing about what I can do. I don't have to make you suffer right now. Anytime I fuck you, anytime you suck me off, maybe that'll be when I decide to alter your memories. I think maybe turning those weeks Raphael and his men spent raping you into years, so recent and fresh you can only find comfort in my arms. And the best part about it," he added with a moan, "Is that once you've swallowed this load, you won't even know to fear it coming. Each time it's going to hit you utterly by surprise and that is going to be so fucking good, Thomas. You and your family are going to be so fucking entertaining."



\* \* \*

He put the head of his cock in Thomas's mouth. "Now get ready to-" A loud thwack sounded and the bat fell sideways. Eric stood there, panting heavily, a broken mask in his hands with a bit of blood on it. The mask of a predator with long incisors and a prey's antler. The mask Chima wore both times.

The mask Thomas had learned, since then, was a representation of the god the Society followed. That he followed now.

"Way to go Dad!" Thomas shouted.

"What did you do?" Paul called.

Eric spun around, brandishing both halves. "He was going to hurt my son," Eric snarled. Paul took an immediate step back, while the bear looked at the situation with a confused frown. "Maybe I wasn't the perfect parent I thought I was, but I swear to Him, that no one will ever hurt my son again." He glared at the bear. "Is that clear?"

The bear nodded. "Yeah... I'm... not sure of my own memories right now, myself."

"Yeah, I realized he's so used to erasing mistakes I could just goad him into denouncing himself," Thomas said. "Though we came close to needing another session with Donal."

The bear nodded again, then looked at the machine gun in his

hands. Taking out the magazine, he leaned it against the wall.

“Aren’t we going to need that to get out of here?” Thomas asked. In the distance, there was an explosion and the ensuing fighting sounded closer.

“I can’t know what else he did to me,” the bear said. “If there’s some memory of an order to kill you if you try to escape, I can’t risk it. And I was hoping you could teleport us out.”

Thomas didn’t think Henry’s power worked like that, but now wasn’t the time to discuss it. “That isn’t going to happen with that on me.” The bear unsheathed a giant knife and cut the leather off. Thomas didn’t feel any different, as the bear traced a sigil with the blood, but he still felt better. “I’m also going to need to be fucked, more than once to be safe.”

“I can help with that,” Eric offered.

“No!” Thomas protested.

“Are you okay if I do it?” Paul asked hesitantly, as Eric picked up the the shattered pieces of his heart.

“Yes,” Thomas said, “But it would still go faster if you let Francois have priority access to my ass. It’s a Society magic thing.”

Henry moaned on the ground.

\* \* \*

“Fuck,” Thomas panicked. “Tie him up first. Maybe gag him too... actually if the chastity belt is down here, that'd be perfect.”

The bear looked horrified at that last bit, but he did gag and tie the bat. By the time he was done, the fighting was far too close for Thomas's liking. The bear was up and undoing his pants when rushed steps down the stairs sounded. Francois looked at where the machine gun was, but before he could react, a margay with a gun ran in. He skidded to a stop, raising it as the bear took a step forward.

“Whoa, it's me, Firmin,” the margay said, hand not stopping until the gun pointed at the ceiling. “This was one of the Richard still under Henry's control. When you were captured, we couldn't fuck around anymore, so this was the idea we had. I freed the others, who, thanks His cum Henry hadn't screwed over again, and were able to let the others in.” He looked around. “Where's Henry?”

Francois grabbed the bat by the nape and pulled him up.

“Good. Now we need to get out of here.” The fighting sounded even louder.

“I can't do it,” Thomas asid. “Henry's had me drained, and it doesn't sound like there's time.”

The margay undressed and changed into a badger in the process. Firmin grinned. “Lucky for you, I'm here and there's an entire Thomas of fresh DNA.”

\* \* \*

Thomas glanced at the stairwell and the growing noise. "I'm not certain I can get it up fast enough."

"Only the more enjoyable option," the badger said as he reached down and touched the blood drying on Thomas's ankle. Everyone's breath caught, but Firmin did nothing but touch the blood before transforming into a copy of Thomas before their eyes, wiping the blood off on a balled up shirt before tossing it aside.

"Dare we even ask what would have happened if you licked it?" Paul asked as he approached the growing huddle.

Firmin shuddered. "Thankfully Henry considered blood drinking his privilege, so we'll never know. Now, hold on tight and..." he paused as he took in Eric's naked body right next to his own. "I'm going to need to be recharged once we land, so feel free to fuck me with abandon."

Eric looked from one Thomas to the other, then shook his head. "I don't think it would be appropriate for me to have sex with someone who looks like my son." There was sadness when he said it, but also determination.

"Oh well, that just gives me an excuse to be someone else a little later." Something exploded in the stairwell and the world shifted.

## OUTLINE-54