

## Chapter 58

Thomas smiled as the door's handle turned. Seemed like someone hadn't thought to lock it. He cracked it open and distant voices came from further down the corridor. They would be who were making Thomas's life difficult at the moment.

He glanced left and right.

They weren't in sight; the station was around a corner. The only ones in the corridor at the moment were a couple of... residents. Yes, that was as good of a term for them as any, shuffling about.

He slipped out of the room and hurried away, ignoring the breeze at his back. Where to? That was the question. Dressed the way he was, it wasn't like he could simply stroll out the door even if he could reach it. Then there was his erection. It wasn't on display, but his... attire wasn't exactly doing anything to hide it, either.

He'd been stuck in here for less than twenty-four hours and no one had even provided him with sex. He was going insane.

Forget getting out. What he needed was a guy. He glanced at one of the other... residents. No, they couldn't take it. That marmot who'd delivered his lunch had been a guy. Thomas thought he'd been cute, but that was a far second concern right now. The fact the marmot had checked him out was more important. That means he was interested. And that meant that if Thomas could find him, he could get off.

At this point it was that or jerking off.

He didn't get why he was even here. He was fine. And it wasn't like they could do anything for him. Olavo couldn't, or one of the others who knew that symbol. He was perfectly fine.

Except for being horny. He liked being horny, but right now, that was driving him out of his mind. If he couldn't find the marmot, maybe any other guy would do? It wasn't like flashing them to see if they were interested would be difficult. He might not even have to pull it up. A strong wind, and he'd be exposed.

He rounded a corner and nearly walked into someone.

Golden fur, brown stripes, in a gown so flimsy he could see the white chest fur through it.

"Thomas?" Paul asked.

"Paul?"

"Should you be out of your room?" they both asked in unison, then snickered like kids.

The rat grabbed the golden tiger and pulled him through the closest door. It wasn't a bedroom, but also not a storage closet, so he didn't have to worry about becoming a cliché. There was a coffee machine on the counter with an ice machine next to it. Both were turned off, so no one should bother them. There were a couple of chairs at the back of the narrow room and plenty of space on the floor, so as much as he wanted to do one thing, they could do the other.

Thomas nudged Paul to a chair and sat on this other. His hardon literally tented his hospital gown.

Paul looked at it as he sat and smirked. "How come you didn't bend me over the back of his chair?"

"You're seriously asking that after everything I put you through?" Thomas asked in disbelief. "Donal did restore your memories, right?" He'd yelled at them to get Donal to fix Paul and his father first before he was taken away. If they hadn't...

"He did." Paul crossed a leg over the other, and Thomas looked down as the bottom of the tiger's balls became exposed. "Which is how I remember this is my fault, not yours."

"What are you talking about? It's because Henry wanted me, that he went after you."

"Who dragged you to Greek Week?"

Thomas rolled his eyes. "You didn't drag me anywhere. I needed to get away from my dad."

"Who dragged you to the Sigma Theta Gamma table?"

"That was just for the party, not to—"

"Who let slip that you were hoping to find a frat you could eventually move into?"

"But it's because I ran that all this happened," Thomas countered.

"And you had to run because I pushed you into the arms of those guys."

"You didn't push," Thomas said. "You nudged, and barely that. I was more than willing to get laid, and knowing Limbani, he'd have seen me living there anyway, and would have gotten the ball rolling."

"So it's his fault?" Paul offered with a grin.

Thomas was reluctant to hand over the blame to anyone. If he'd stood his ground instead of running scared, things would have... He had no idea, so he decided to not bother right now.

"You seem to be dealing with the multiple memories thing pretty well."

"I'm mostly ignoring it right now. The one thing that's constant throughout all of them is that you're my best friend, so that's what I'm focusing. When is Donal getting to you?"

Thomas shrugged. "There's way more important people to fix than me right now."

The tiger smiled. "You're important enough to see to it I had my memories restored. How are you doing?" he asked, before Thomas could protest that had nothing to do with him being important.

"Horny," he replied in exasperation. "Can you imagine this? They dumped me in a normal hospital and didn't leave one guy here to help out?"

"Oh, that hurts," Paul moaned theatrically, putting a hand to his heart.

"What?" Thomas asked, confused.

With a chuckled Paul pushed himself out of his chair and knelt before the rat. "I'm here," he said, his hand closing around the hard cock. "And I can help"

Thomas gasped as it moved up.

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

"We aren't yet!" Thomas snapped. He reflexively checked to confirm she wasn't recording this. "Now go away so we can start going at it."

"Oh, is my little brother worried I'll see him get off?" She patted herself. "What did I do with my phone? I have to record this so Trev knows what he'll be getting."

"I am not having sex with you boyfriend!" He looked at Paul. "Start already."

The tiger shook his head with a chuckle, but didn't let go of Thomas's cock. The message was clear, not while she was there.

"Why are the two of you even still together?" he asked. "I know Donal fixed your memories, since you were at the house before the assault started."

"And our love survived knowing the truth." She swooned against the doorframe. "We are meant to be. And to do." She grinned. "Do a lot of guys. Paul, how do you feel getting to know Trevor so you can join us?"

Paul looked over his shoulder. "You know, it doesn't matter how well I get to know you. You'll have to be content with watching me and Trevor if I get to know him."

She nodded. "It's going to be the three of us on the date, then the dance floor, and then I get to watch the show. Got it."

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

The tiger tilted an ear quizzically. "Who's holding whose cock?"

Thomas sighed in resignation. "Fine. Judith, go away."

"Can't," she replied casually. "There's a bunch of men looking for you back in the room you're supposed to be staying in."

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

"I'm going to guess making sure a certain rat doesn't drop onto Minneapolis like a proverbial nuke," Paul said, letting go of the cock and standing.

Thomas cursed. Right, it wasn't like stopping Henry had fixed all his problems. He stood and righted the gown as best as he could. He considered chucking it right off, so they'd see the state they'd left him for all these hours, but the other patients didn't need the shock.

And it wasn't like the gown hid anything of his state, anyway.

"Before you go," Judith said, moving to outright block the doorway. "Any idea where Yating and his 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 Yahoo's phone number," Paul said.

Thomas glared at the smirking tiger and mouthed 'traitor' before stepping through the door his sister vacated in satisfaction.

Now to confront his torturers.

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"Are you certain you wish to do this?" Ezequiel asked. "You do not have to. He can't hurt you anymore."

"He has to know that," Thomas replied. "And it has to come from me. I have to be the one to tell him he failed in using my family to hurt me."

When he'd reached his hospital room, Byrnwood Richard, Ezequiel Medeiros and a quietly angry Gavin Rowling had been waiting for him. Along with a small group of bodyguards.

They'd explained what the plan was for Henry, and how, in spite of everything they'd tried, the best they had managed was to delay Raphael by a couple of days at best. Thomas was his blood until it could be proven otherwise and he would come to Minneapolis to claim his family.

That should have been the end of the meeting, but Thomas had his own demands. None of them had been happy about it. Thomas was surprised there had been no screaming, probably out of respect for being in a hospital, or no throwing him over the bed to fuck him back in his place. That hadn't been his reason for making the demands, but he would have enjoyed the attempt.

He hadn't bulged, so they had.

Byrnwood had stormed out, Gavin, just as unhappy, had walked out. Ezequiel had remained. Like the others, he wasn't pleased, but there had been a hint of respect in the look he gave the young rat. The fucking had been more on the angry side, and Thomas did actually enjoy it.

Then had come clothing, and a ride in a limousine with the windows tinted so dark that Thomas only suspected they were still in the city because of how short the drive was. He didn't ask where they were. One of their counter demands as part of accepting his, was that he not know anything about where Henry was being held.

The reason wasn't given, but Thomas could guess. They didn't understand his power's limitation and only had his word they existed. He'd been in Henry's grasp for long enough, the bat could have changed his memories, and Donal still hadn't seen to him yet.

Now, it surprised Thomas no one had demanded Donal restore his memories.

The capybara nodded to the door.

"If it somehow looks like he can break free, Thomas," Ezequiel said, "or if you are even slightly afraid, the app on your phone will release a knock out gas and I will be there to pull you out."

The elder sounded concerned for him, instead of warning him about what contingencies were in place to prevent him from escaping with the bat, and Thomas believed him. Ezequiel had fucked his anger out and hadn't held on to it.

Thomas entered the door the margay in body armor opened and stepped into the room. The door closed behind him and he took a second to settle his nerves. The room was spartan, with the only piece of furniture the plastic chair—the kind Thomas expected to see by a pool—a few feet from him. A three-inch sheet of bulletproof glass divided the room into two, and on the other side was Henry.

The bat was secured to a metal cross, arms away from his body and legs pressed together. It would almost seem religious, except for the cock cage. Thomas didn't think that was something any church would want their savior to have on. He was muzzled, and the cage looked like the one Henry liked to use as punishment at the frat. Wouldn't that be poetic justice?

"Thomas," Henry called jovially, "I'm so glad you dropped by. Be a dear and pop on over to this side of the glass so we can celebrate our reunion. You don't even have to untie me, just this once."

"You really think I'm that stupid?" Thomas asked.

"It's not like you've shown the best judgment in you life, so there was a chance." The bat shrugged. "And it would make what's to come easier on you, Thomas. You won't like it when I have to track you down again. I won't be gentle in how I make you mine this time around. I won't spare your family, your friends. I will take you and I will be all you have. I am giving you this one chance. Come at my side, Thomas. Be the vassal I know you can be willingly, and I will leave your friend and family alone when I take over. No, I will give them the kind of life you want for them, Thomas. I will remove everything I did. I will take them back to who they were before any of this happened. Isn't that what you want? For them to go back to being normal?"

Thomas stared at the bat in disbelief. Shocked at the level of confidence he was exhibiting. "Take over?"

"I tried disappearing, Thomas. I tried to live and let live. Look where it got me. This time, I'm not vanishing. This time I am going to fuck each and everyone of them. My private kingdom of Sigma Theta Gamma will be nothing compared to the kingdom I will make of the Society. And you, Thomas, will help me make it happen. You will be my favorite fuck toy."

Thomas snorted. "Yeah, Dream on."

"It isn't a dream." Henry shook a restrained arm. "This isn't going to hold me. All it's going to take if for me to get one cut, for one of my captor to be curious what I taste like, and then, I'll be free and you will..." the bat smiled. "Or is that really why you're here? Are you here seeking my protection? I expect Raphael is eager to claim you. I doubt you're looking forward to that room he kept you in, all the men who used you and left you there, like some cum rag." He smiled. "Have me with you when he comes. I'll sample his memories, shape them into someone who will beg for the privilege of sucking your cock." He snickered. "Oh, the troubles

that could have been avoided if I'd had his memories before any of this started."

He sighed. "It's his fault, really. I couldn't get him right just going from what Madoc had heard. Of course, making him forget his son might not have help, but he couldn't have both his son and his elder's trust." The bat shrugged. "Live and learn, I suppose. That's the nice thing about living as long as I do. There is always time to learn. Speaking of which, where is Horst, Thomas? Where is my son?"

Thomas saw it at that moment, that thing the speech and promised and threats covered. Fear.

For a second, Thomas thought it was for Horst's safety, that maybe somehow, Henry care that his son was safe because it was what a father wanted for his son. But he also saw the hunger there. Horst wasn't his son. He was Henry's future. Another eighteen years as a young man. Was Henry afraid of growing old?

The why of the fear didn't matter. All that matter was that it was there. That it told Thomas how to hurt this man, this monster. How to figuratively stab him in the heart, twist and twist again. And all that would only be a fraction of the pain the bat inflicted to Thomas and the people close to him.

It was so tempting to be that petty.

"He's fine," Thomas said. "Not that you'll see him again."

The bat rolled his eyes. "Such confidence in the young," he said mockingly.

"Tell me something. Is there anything of Henry in there, or is Hendrick the only one rattling in there?"

"Henry wasn't real. He was never more than a placeholder for me. I am who this body was meant for. It isn't my son they took from me, it's my body. If you don't play a part in helping me get it back, Thomas, I will make you pay dearly for the part you played in taking it away."

"You're not getting *him* back," Thomas said. "In fact, this is the last of the hours you have left. Not long after I leave, someone will come into your cell, and that's it. Heindrick is no more. The end. You never get to bother anyone again."

The bat snorted. "They aren't going to kill me. I'm the last of my line and these old cocks are too scared of what it means for a line to end to risk it. It happened once, you know, and they were terrified. So they might keep me like this, but more likely, they'll make me a comfortable cell they'll be sure I can't escape from. They'll use men they are certain I can't subvert to satisfy me, but they'll make a mistake." His smile was nasty. "Then, Thomas, you will be mine again."

The smile Thomas responded with was filled with happiness. "You have no idea how glad I am you think that, Henry. Because when they told me what they're planning, I twisted their cocks to be the one to tell you, and I hoped you'd be so full of yourself you'd forget one little detail."

"And pray tell," Henry said mockingly, when Thomas's pause stretched, "what did I forget?"

"You aren't the last of your line."

The bat snorted.

"Horst is the last. With him alive, they don't need you. So, in a few hours, you are dead."

Thomas wished his word were the literal truth as the realization sank into the bat as the smirk turned in to shock. The bat should die. The chances he'd hurt someone were too high, but he was right about how terrified the elders were that another line might end. And they were willing to take a lot of risks to ensure it didn't happen this time.

At least they weren't being the idiots Henry took them to be. There wouldn't be a gilded cage. There wouldn't even be a drab one. Henry wouldn't be dead, but he would be stored in a coffin. Frozen in time by magic, just in case something happened to Horst before he was of age to become a father.

"You lose, Henry. You wanted to use me. You screwed with my memories, that of my friend, that of my family, that of my frat brothers. But in the end, you lose and I was part of that. You will never threaten me, my family, my friends, or anyone ever again. I get to live on. You end."

Thomas turned and headed for the door. Henry's end wasn't as final as Thomas thought it should be, but he was now entirely out of his life. The other could fight over who had the most claim to hold the coffin. Thomas didn't care. He had his own plans, and finally, they didn't have to take a bat into account anymore.

Henry stared screaming as Thomas reached the door and he paused to take in the desperation in that voice, in those promises, in those threats. Thomas had experienced desperation because of that bat, so it was only fair that Thomas caused him to feel it in return.