

Chapter 53

Thomas dropped to his knees on appearing in the room, then was on all fours as chaos erupted around him. This was far more than being out of breath, but he wasn't unconscious, so there might be an argument there for Samuel being right. Not that Thomas planned on telling him. Not that he'd had to, he realized as his pants would pulled down. The guy was a mind reader after all.

The pull of Vincent's power tipped Thomas on his side as Limbani pushed his cock in. The Margay's vacuum power was perfect for keeping opponents off balance, literally. The beanbag shotgun sounded once, as the monkey fucked Thomas. Heat watched over them, then cold. The shotgun sounded again, then quiet.

"I have the door," Vincent called as Limbani came loudly and Thomas felt his breath come easier. "Do your thing and hurry, this only works if Mister Richard calls off the security, because they are already on their way up to this floor, and there's no way I can even slow them down."

Thomas was flipped to his back as Donal hurried away, presumably to restore Byrnwood's memories and the rat's legs went over the monkey's shoulder. It was interesting how different elders required to be treated differently. Gavin came across more as a grandfather than someone in charge, even Raphael seemed okay with an informal 'sir' for all that he made it clear he was the boss. And here, the Richard elder seemed to need to be referred too as Mister Richard. Was there one out there who—

Thomas grunted as Limbani pushed back in hard, then was fucking him.

"You're enjoying this way too much," Thomas said, between grunts.

"Are you kidding," Limbani replied, grinning. "Why do you think I had to be here? Fucking in the middle of a firefights always been a fantasy of mine."

Why was he even surprised? Thomas wondered.

The monkey came, and Thomas looked around. Donal had the elder in the chair behind the desk. The margay was still. Vincent was at the door, holding a phone in his muzzle while reloading the shotgun. Nothing was happening, so Thomas pushed Limbani on his back and fucked him.

"Told you you wouldn't have to wait," the monkey said.

"Why is it taking so long?" Vincent said, the phone now to his ear. "Their halfway here."

"I'm going as fast as I can," the squirrel replied through gritted teeth. "Henry went deeper than I thought he would for this."

Thomas put them out of his mind and pounded the monkey. Limbani wrapped his legs around the rat's waist and used them to encourage him to go harder, so Thomas obliged.

Thomas barely heard Donal yell he was done through his orgasm.

"Sir," Vincent said, as Thomas caught his breath. "Elder. I'm Vincent. You have to tell security to stand down."

"What?" The older margay exclaimed. "No, you're attacking just as Henry said you.... What is going on? Why do I think that bat's a lover..." the tone turned glacial. "Where is he?"

"He's being handled," Vincent said. "Sir, security's two floor down, when they breach, they are coming in hot. Please have them stand down."

The elder frowned at Vincent. "Weren't you..." he tapped his phone and spoke in it. "Jason, this is Byrnwood. I'm fine, you can stand down." He listened, rolled his eyes and borderline snarled. "No, that stupid code phrase of yours is that I'm fine and Dandy, now I just told you to stand the fuck down. Of course you can come check in on me, just don't shoot anyone." The elder put his phone away.

"Now. Someone tell me who your are and why I have two kids fucking on my office floor."

Thomas figured that was as good as a 'don't you day start again' order and pulled out of the monkey.

"The only thing you need to know for the moment is that the Mercier are running the operation and that we need you to play along with Henry at least until we enough of your personal security has been freed from Henry they can ensure you're safe from anyone else he might control."

Byrnwood stood and planted his hand on the desk. "I am your elder. I need to know a fuck more than sit here and let those badger handle things."

Vincent swallowed and took a step back. "I'm sorry sir. That's Donal, he's who restored your memories. That's Thomas, he's transportation. The Adesida was only here for... well, I guess he turned out to be power."

"You know," Thomas said as he grabbed his pants. "Being referred to as a car isn't doing much of my

self esteem.” Vincent’s phone buzzed and Thomas waited for the news.

“The house is cleared,” the margay read. “Everyone present has been contained. No injuries on either side.”

“Yes!” Thomas pulled the monkey to his feet.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Elder Richard demanded.

“I’m going home,” Thomas replied with a grin, and willed him and Limbani there.

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“Come on,” Limbani whined as Thomas rolled to the edge of the bed. “Just one more. I’m seeing that you’re going to need it pretty soon.”

“I’m fine.” Thomas pulled his jeans on. “And I can tell you’re just saying that so you can fuck me again. You’ll get your chances, I’m sure you can see that. It’s going to be a long while before I head anyone.”

“Fine.” The monkey pouted. “Then send in Madoc so I don’t get bored while waiting for you to come to your sense.”

“How about Felix instead?” Thomas asked, buttoning up his shirt. “I think he could use the distraction.”

“Fine,” Limbani said as if it was the biggest imposition ever made on him. “Send them both in.”

Thomas stilled and looked at the hopeful monkey over his shoulder. Again, why was he even surprised? “I’ll send in whichever one loses the draw.” He left the room and headed down the stairs.

“No,” Olavo’s exasperated voice came from the kitchen. “That isn’t how this works, Shila. I need your —”

Thomas stepped into the kitchen to the capybara rubbing his muzzle. “I’m well aware of what my father agreed to, but—” His expression darkened and he strangled the air with his free hand. “What?” his ears folded back as he looked around. “No, I didn’t—” He said one of his Spanish curse as his gaze landed on the fridge. “Fine,” he admitted, “you’re exasperating. Happy? Then how about you tell me how the chaos? What is Henry doing?”

Thomas turned around. Food could definitely wait until that was over. In the living room, Thomas found Felix with his feet on the formica coffee table, watching something on his phone.

“If you’re bored, Limbani needs to be fucked.”

“Oh?” the otter asked, glancing up. “Are you saying you, Mister MaximumHertz, can’t keep up with our monkey?”

Thomas narrowed his eyes at Felix. “Didn’t you say something to the effect you thought we could have been friends if not for what Henry did to you? That’s not looking all that good.”

The otter grinned. “Come on. Admit it. Me being insufferable is what made you like me so much.”

“It’s what made me like you so little. That ass of yours made me like you a little more.” The rat grinned back.

“So I deal with mister insatiable, and we call it even?”

Thomas rolled his eyes. “You manage to sate him and then we call it even.”

“Ouch, come on, I never did anything to deserve an eternity with the monkey.”

“Just go before he decided to come out and hunt someone down. This isn’t the frat, the sex is staying confined to that room.” Felix swatted Thomas’s ass as he headed to the stairs.

“Do you know who in my family was home?” he asked the bear standing guard by the door. Samuel’s teams were composed of badgers and bears, something about two families making out the build of the security forces. He was one of a handful of the men Samuel had left at the house in case Henry sent someone to retrieve Thomas’s family for leverage.

“Your mother,” the bear answered, his French accent thick. “And your brother. They have been locked into their rooms.”

Thomas hurried up the stairs, pausing only to close his bedroom door on the otter fucking the monkey, not that it did anything to keep Limbani’s vocal enjoyment contained to the room. Then he was on the third floor, and before the door to his parent’s bedroom. He stared at the crystal door knobs, momentarily thrown but it’s presence.

When Samuel had asked Thomas’s opinion on how they could restrain his family with the least amount of injuries. The rat had offhandedly replied that all they’d need were knobs on the doors that locked, since no one in his family had ever experienced them.

He hadn’t expected to be taken literally. And certainly not for the plain aluminum knobs to be replaced with clearly expensive crystal ones on every bedroom except Thomas’s.

He knocked lightly. "Mom?"

"Thomas?" his mother's voice came through the door. "Is that you? You're him?" she sounded so happy to hear his voice Thomas reached for the knob. "Henry did it. He brought you home."

He froze. He'd hoped, prayed, that Henry wouldn't have bothered with his mother, since she was a woman, but he'd changed her memories too, and she thought he was the best thing under the sun.

He forced his jaw to loosen. He'd be wasting his time trying to convince her Henry wasn't the good guy here. And that wasn't why he wanted to speak with her. "Mom. I know this is probably the worse time to tell you this, but Victor's been kidnapped. Orinda too, but she escaped. The—" he closed his mouth. He had no idea if the twins were safe. "Raphael has—" no, he couldn't tell her that either. What Raphael was putting his brother through was too horrible to burden her with it, at least while he still had no idea how Victor would be rescued. Gavin had promised he'd work on that, but Thomas was losing faith in diplomacy.

"Tell Henry," Nadia said confidently. "Tell him what's happening and he'll fix it just like he fix you being taken from us. You'll see, he'll bring the rest of our family home."

"Sure," Thomas replied bitterly.

He wished Donal had come here with him so he could restore his mother's memories, but it was more important for the Richards to be freed. She was home and safe. That had to be enough for the moment.

"Where's dad?" he asked, dreading the answer.

"At work, of course," she replied. "You know your father, if he isn't home, he's at the university."

"And Judith?"

Nadia laughed "who knows where your sister's gone to now. She's probably with that boy she likes so much."

Maybe Judith had been out this whole time and Henry hadn't gotten his hands on her. His mother would be able to tell him more about that guy, but it wouldn't help. Thomas had never had any interest in the guys his sister dated, well, except for Yating.

Who he cross path with on his way to his second stop. The red panda didn't even acknowledge him, his attention focused on the toddler bat in his arms. He turned to call after him, only to be stopped by the sight of Yating in the guest bedroom fucking another rat.

No, not another rat, that was Thomas the panda was fucking.

Even having been there when Firmin had taken his shape at the start of the mission, Thomas was still thrown for a loop. Then the pieces fell in to place. Two panda meant the other was Yahui, the bat in his arm was Horst. Yating wasn't fucking Thomas's double for the fun of it, but because Firmin suffered the same limitation as Thomas when he used his copied power. This had been a blind teleport, so the badger, currently rat, was near death from exhaustion.

That meant part one was basically done. Was that the chaos Olavo had been needing an update on? Maybe he should go help out Yating, then, Thomas could fuck Firmin, fuck himself, get himself to fuck—

That way lied insanity he decided and moved on to his next stop.

He stopped before his brother's door, with the same expensive door knob on it. He knocked. He knocked again when there was no answer. A third time, more forcefully. Fuck. Had Roland jumped out the window? No, Samuel had instructed the guards to always have eyes on them because he didn't want anyone in Thomas's family to pull what the badger as referred to as a 'Hertz escape', then smirked at Thomas glared at him.

He opened his mouth to call to his brother, reassure him it wasn't some enemy, but closed his mouth. He had no idea what Henry had done to Roland, on top of raping him. From listening to his friends describe the memories the bat had given them, it was clear Henry had a vicious streak, making people suffer silently. What if, as far as Roland remembered, Thomas had been the one to force sex on him?

Maybe it was best if he left his brother alone until Donal restored his memories. That ways he'd—

Was a coward. Funk, was he going to run away from this and leave his brother to suffer? No, he wasn't going to be that kind of brother. He was going to be there for Roland.

With a shaking hand he unlocked the door and pushed it open, stepping in. He didn't see his brother and stepped further in.

"Roland?" he called, just before something his the side of his head and he was seeing stars.