

Chapter 57

“No,” Eric said, stepping away in surprise. “Thomas, you have to know that isn’t—”

“Fuck you.”

“Thomas,” his father said in his stern ‘you will obey me,’ voice. “I’m your father and you will not talk to me—”

“You’re not my dad! My dad’s this guy who tries so fucking hard to be there for me, to push me in the right direction, but how can he get that right when I have no idea what direction I want my life to take? Don’t you fucking get it? Me and my dad were finally talking. Did he let you remember that? I finally had the guts to tell him how what he was doing made me feel like I had to be as far away from him as I could before this whole mess started and he listened!”

“It’s okay, Thomas,” Eric said calmly. “Once Henry’s done, you’ll remember—”

“You aren’t fucking listening! How the fuck can you claim to be my Dad when all you’re doing is repeating what Henry put in your head? He’s not going to ‘fix me,’ he’s going to turn me into whatever toy he feels he needs this week. If you think that losing the progress I made with my father’s worth whatever version of happy ever after the bat dreams of, then you are fucking sick!”

Eric staggered back in shock and confusion, and then, finally, he seemed to be thinking. Thomas caught his breath so he could keep pushing his father. Force him to look at what was going on. Eric was methodical. Everything had a process that gave a result. Thomas refused to believe Henry had taken that out of his father. All he had to do was get him to look and notice the inconsistencies.

The slow clapping stopped Thomas from launching into another tirade. He turned the glare onto the bat. Paul was leaning against him, arm over his shoulders. There was a symbol drawn in blood on his chest. It looked like the one he’d seen used on Felix after the beanbag had downed him, but that one had been in cum, so the armadillo had traced it on his phone afterward for Thomas’s benefit.

“That was quite the speech,” Henry said, “full of righteous anger and disillusionment. It’s almost a shame I’m the only one who’ll remember it. Might be worth leaving you with that nagging doubt your father’s never as proud of you as he acts. That you don’t actually deserve the love he showers you with.”

“Just get the fuck on with this and erase me. Turn me into some perfect doll that you’ll use like you want.” Thomas couldn’t see his father, so he had no idea if he was back to adoration, but he had to keep Henry focused on him, just in case his father was still working things through. Fuck, he hoped his father was working things through. Thomas wasn’t looking forward to not being himself anymore.

Henry tisked, as he stepped closer. “You really think that I’m like Raphael? That I lack imagination?” The bat smiled and ran a finger along Thomas’s muzzle. “You will obey me because you want to. We are going to be the best of friends. Our friendship will only be rivaled by yours and Paul, and will go on nearly as long. Once I am done with you, Thomas, and once we’ve all had our turn at recharging you, you will take me to where Francois last saw my son, not because I tell you to. I won’t even have to ask. You will know that it is the right thing, the only thing to do. That is the kind of friendship we will have.”

Thomas started to tell Henry that wasn’t how his power worked, but he caught sight of his father, frowning, deep in thought as the bat tilted Thomas’s head in the process of pressing a finger between his lips.

“What about what I want out of life?” Thomas demanded as the Henry started turning to Eric. “Do you give a fuck about that?” not biting that finger was so fucking hard.

Henry looked at Thomas, stunned, then snorted a laugh. “You really think a liberal arts degree is something you should want? What else are you going to get the way you’ve been living this life of yours? What is that going to get you in this economy? A position as manager of some burger joint? Thomas, don’t you see that me telling you what you want is better for you? That wanted to do what I want, take me anywhere I want...” The bat shuddered and leaned closer, filling all of Thomas’s vision. “This freedom you’re bringing me, it’s intoxicating, maybe more than blood. That’s why I made this place, you know? This hidden palace, like Gilbert calls it. So I’d never have to worry about someone keeping me from doing what I wanted, and now, with you, the first of my retainers, we will make a larger palace, and maybe not so hidden. And I will make sure you are eternally happy as your reward.”

The bat chuckled. “Well, maybe not eternally. You did betray your prince, after all, and that must have consequences. But I’m not so cruel as to make it last forever. In the end, you, your father and brothers will be happy. You will finally get to fuck Roland and not feel guilty about it.”

Henry’s arm moved in a motion Thomas was familiar with, even if it had been months since he’d really needed to jerk himself off.

“Do you have any idea how grateful your brother would have been if you’d just given in, snuck into his bedroom, and taken him? How often he jerked off dreaming that was what as happening? That the dildo was you.”

“That’s what you put in my brother’s head, sicko.”

Henry laughed as pulled away. “No, those are all his. What I gave him was his fantasy. You did sneak into his bedroom. You did take him in the night. You did show him that the dildo he’d been using was nothing compared to his big brother.” The bat glanced at Thomas’s crotch. “You’re liking that, I see.”

Thomas forced himself to glare at the bat, using the lies he was telling, the abuse he’d committed on his brother, for fuel because he couldn’t see his father anymore, and he couldn’t afford to look around for fear Henry would also look for his father and... Thomas was terrified of what the bat might do then.

Henry pried apart Thomas’s muzzle with a finger. Thomas resisted, but he had little strength. “I’ll even have you remember doing that. For now, anyway. See, that’s the nice thing about what I 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. Maybe I’ll turn those weeks Raphael and his men raped you into years. Make it like it happened just yesterday, and I’ll be the only arms you seek comfort in.” He moaned and slowed his stroking. “And the best part is that once you’ve swallowed this load, you won’t know to fear it happening. Each and every time I decide you’re due for some punishment, it’s going to catch you utterly by surprise, and that, Thomas, is going to feel so fucking good. To see that fear in your eyes as I let you realize it isn’t the first time, and that it won’t be the last.”

Henry put the head of his cock in Thomas’s mouth, leaving the finger there as Thomas tried to bite down. “Maybe I’ll also take your family from you at times, Thomas. How would that feel, to know you lost everything because you betrayed me?” The smile became even nastier. “Now, get ready to swallow and—”

The bat jerks sideways in time to a loud thwack. Then he fell to the floor, revealing a panting rat holding a broken, slightly bloodied mask. One of the antlers was missing, as well as one of the long incisor. The mask Thomas had last seen when he’d put it on Chima before fucking him like it was the end of the world, or the start of it.

“Do not threaten my son,” Eric snarled at the unconscious bat.

“Way to go Dad!”

“What did you do?” Paul asked, worriedly.

Eric spun and brandished the half of the mask as if it was a knife. “He was going to hurt Thomas.” Paul stepped back, raising his hands at the anger in the voice. “I don’t care what I remember. How much Henry said he loved my son.” He pointed to the bat. “That, right there, was how much he hates him. And I will not let a man like that touch my son.” He turned to the bear. “If you even think of trying to—”

“We’re good,” the bear said hesitatingly. “I’m not sure enough of things to do anything right now.”

“Thank you,” Thomas said, having no idea who exactly he was thanking, and not caring. Maybe the god that was supposed to watch over him and the guys in the frat had done just that, or Thomas’s half-assed plan had worked and his father had thought his way back to a semblance of himself.

“Err, aren’t we going to need that to get out of here?” Thomas asked as Francois place the machine gun down and stepped away from it as if it was a grenade.

“I don’t know what else he did to me,” the bear said. “If he put some memory in there to trigger if you try to escape, it’s too dangerous. I was hoping you’d teleport us out instead of going through that.” He needed to the closed door and the distant gunfire.

“Okay,” Thomas said, now the one to hesitate. “But you’re okay leaving Henry behind?”

“Certainment pas.” Francois frowned, seeming surprised at the conviction behind his words. “I love him. But I also know he’s a monster.” He rubbed between his eyes. “You have someone who can fix this, right? The squirrel?”

“Donal, yeah. He’ll help you remember what Henry hid.”

Francois cut the leather band off Thomas’s ankle, then he used the blood to trace the symbol Thomas had seen on Paul.

“Can we go now?” the bear asked.

Thomas felt better. The pains were gone, but he didn’t feel any stronger. “I’m going to have to be fucked a few times before I can teleport us away.”

“Of course,” Eric said, move to take position between Thomas’s legs.

“Not you,” Thomas snapped and Eric flinched as if he’d been hit. “Fuck. I’m sorry Dad. I didn’t mean to say it like that. But until everyone’s memories are back to normal, I think it’s better if we don’t...”

“Are you okay if I do it?” Paul asked uncertainly.

Thomas couldn't look away from his father's shattered expression. He knew the hurt was fabricated because of the memories Henry gave him, but that was his father he'd just planted a knife through the heart of. He swallowed. That would be fixed once Donal did his thing to his father.

"That's fine," Thomas said, then thought better of it. "Actually, it'll be better if Francois goes first, and then after you and, well, if he's the one who fucks me the most. It's a Society magic thing," he added at the golden tiger's confused expression.

Henry moaned, and if Thomas had had any strength, he would have flinched himself off the altar on the other side.

"Someone tie him up!" Thomas yells, his voice raising into a panicked screech. "Gag him! No, get the chastity belt and put it on him!"

Francois recoiled from Thomas, then caught himself, and took zip-ties from a pouch and placed them around the bat's wrists, then muzzled him. With the bat secured, the bear undid his pant, and as he lowered them, the door burst open and an armed margay ran in.

"Whao," the margay exclaimed, raising his hands as Francois took an ungainly step toward the machine gun. "It's me, Firmin." He noticed the gun he was holding and holstered it. "This is one of the Richards still under Henry's Control. Once Chima got you, we couldn't just hope you'd get out. Going in as one of them was the best plan we came up with. Although, by the looks of it, I could have stayed in that bed." He looked around. "Where's Henry?" He looked out the door. With it open, the fighting sounded a lot closer, and getting closer.

Francois kept hold of his pants with one hand and pulled the bat up with the other.

"Good." Firmin stepped into the room, undoing his jacket. "Now we need to get out of here."

"I can't do it," Thomas said. "Henry drained my batteries completely, and by the sound if it, there's no time to recharge it."

The margay's fur darkened as Firmin dropped the jacket, then he became bulkier as he pulled the shirt off. And was a badger before the pants were off. "Lucky for you I'm here and I have an entire Thomas's worth of fresh DNA at my disposal."

Thomas looked at the door. "As good as you are, I don't think you can make me cum that fast."

The badger grinned. "That's just the more fun way to get your DNA." He touched the rat's bloody ankle and raised the stained finger.

Francois cursed in French and stepped toward the machine gun.

"Oh relax, I'm not going to lick the stuff." The dark gray fur turned pale. "I just want to show myself that's all it really takes." The finger became white that propagated up the arm, head, then his other side and chest, turning black where it did on Thomas. By the time Firmin wiped the blood off his finger with his shirt, he was Thomas.

"What would have happened if you licked it?" Paul asked as he approached them.

Firmin shuddered. "Lucky for me, Henry considered blood drinking his privileged, so I never had to find out, and I am not going to try it. Grab onto any extremities." He took in Eric's naked form. "And once we're on the other side, I'm going to need a recharge, so you are welcome to fuck me with abandon."

Eric looked from the Thomas on the altar to the one standing next to him, then shook his head. "My son doesn't think it's right that I do anything with him until it's been confirmed what I remember is real. I think that applies to anyone looking like him."

Firmin grinned. "Well then, I can't believe I'll say this, but you just gave me a reason to let go of this form." Something exploded in the stairwell, then the world shifted around Thomas.