

CHAPTER-24

Thomas looked at the candied mints in the oven before going back to preparing the batter.

“What you doing?” Limbani whispered in his ear, making Thomas jump and nearly sent flour everywhere.

“Making dessert for tonight.”

“Yummy,” the monkey said, undoing Thomas’s tail strap, then moved his hands around, under the apron, and gently pushed them down until gravity did the rest of the work. Thomas rolled his eyes and glanced at the clock on the wall oven. He was pleased he’d started early; getting fucked would slow things down. At least everything he needed was within reach. Even the oil was in the pan, just waiting to be heated.

“You don’t even know what I’m making,” he told the monkey.

“You are making it. It’s going to be good. It could be you on the table for dessert and it would be delicious.”

“I don’t know that my cum’s sweet enough to qualify as dessert.”

“Hmm, let’s find out.” Without warning, Limbani basically melted around Thomas to end up on his knees, pushing the rat away from the counter. The monkey chuckled. “Love the apron.” He ran a hand over the ‘Kiss the chef’ written on it in old-style cursive.

“You’re a little low to do what it says,” Thomas replied, studying the situation. Everything was still within reach. He’d even set his workstation near the stove, figuring one of his frat brothers would pin him in place. What he hadn’t thought of was being pushed away. He was just far enough from the counter he’d have to lean forward to mix the batter. Not a comfortable position to work from.

He spread his legs around the monkey, which let him scoot forward enough he didn’t have to lean as much.

“I like how you think,” Limbani said, muzzle pressed against Thomas’s apron-covered crotch. Before the rat could comment, the monkey was under this apron, licking his balls, then swallowing his cock in its entirety.

“Oh Balls,” Thomas let out at the sensation. Borrowing one of Madoc’s preferred curses seemed appropriate here. He forced his eyes to stay open as Limbani sucked. If the monkey thought he was going to get Thomas to make a mistake, he shouldn’t have given him so many chances to practice through getting an orgasm.

The most hard part of making the batter while getting blown proved to be fighting the urge to grab onto Limbani’s head and just fuck his muzzle instead of letting it happen. Part of it was hurrying things along, Thomas decided, the other part as the temptation to shove his cock as deep as it would go to show the monkey he’d made a mistake doing that here and now.

He’d added the milk and eggs when the orgasm struck and Thomas had to let go of the bowl and whisk or risk sending everything over the counter. Empty hands resting on it to keep from just letting himself drop and panting, Thomas found out that hurrying things along did nothing to make it end as Limbani swallowed the cum without letting go of the cock and went right back to sucking.

“Fuck,” Thomas whispered. “Leave yourself room for dessert.”

The monkey snorted and was sucking the rat off again.

Thomas had a harder time focusing around the sensations as he picked the whisk. His cock was more sensitive now, his eyes wanted to cross, his hands were shaking. He took a breath and focused. He could do this. He’d won a ‘Kill’em all’ match while getting blown. This was no more difficult.

The batter was ready with a minimum of spillage, and the stove was on to heat the oil. The thermostat hook to the edge was slowly rising and Thomas considered face fucking the monkey to end this and dedicate all his focus on the funnel cakes.

“Fuck, the funnel.” Reaching for it while the monkey wouldn’t

let him move proved an adventure, but he managed it and was pouring the batter into it as he felt the orgasm approach, his hands trembling and his eyes demanding to close so he could fully appreciate the ecstasy.

“Careful there,” Yating whispered in his ear, hand grabbing the one holding the bowl and steadying it. “Whatever this is, we don’t want it on the counter, do we?” He placed his other hand around Thomas’s stomach and pushed his cock in the rat’s ass.

Thomas let out a scream and exploded in Limbani’s muzzle as the red panda fucked him. When he could see again, Thomas was amazed the batter hadn’t ended up on the counter.

Limbani let go of the cock and extricated himself from between Thomas and the cabinets. “I’d love to go for a third serving, but getting the back of my head slammed against the door by Yat’s thrusts is killing my appetite.” He stood and stretched, his back popping. “And it’s kiss the chef, not fuck the chef,” he scowled.

“You kiss by sucking him off,” Yating replied languidly, his thrusting slowing to match the tone, “I do it by fucking. Your people have your traditions, mine have ours.”

Limbani said something sounding derogatory in his native language and Yating chuckled. The panda took the bowl and funnel out of Thomas’s hands before holding him in place with both.

“Now, how about I turn you into a creamed-filled dessert of my own?” Yating whispered before picking up speed again.

Thomas let out a soft curse. Maybe the funnel cakes could wait until dinner tomorrow, and he grabbed onto the counter to enjoy the ride.

Yating had Thomas close to his third orgasm of the cooking when the smell of oil caught his attention. If he was smelling oil this strong, a part of his mind said, someone had either spilled it on him or

—

“Fuck!” He yelled, remembering the heating element and

opening his eyes in time to see the flash of light as the oil ignited. Heat exploded in time with the light, and Thomas only had time to register being afraid before he was falling back and bouncing on something soft before passing out.

* * * * *

The orgasm woke Thomas, and in time someone over him groaned, and the cock in his ass pulsed, and in time with them, Thomas felt himself becoming more awake.

“Fuck,” he groaned. “I needed that.”

“Well, there’s the answer,” Laurence said. “What the fuck do we do now?”

The guy on Thomas’s back rolled off, and instead of Yating, it was Hubert.

“Fuck!” Thomas yelled and sat up. “The fire!”

“Gil took care of it,” Limbani said.

Thomas looked around. Nearly every one of his frat brothers was in his bedroom. “Yating! Is he okay? The flash fire. I don’t...” he trailed off. The panda was seated on his computer chair looking rattled and eying Thomas with a mixture of awe and fear. He put the expression out of his mind. He had a more pressing matter. Yating was okay; that was the important part. He didn’t look burned; that was good. He looked at himself, searched for any signs of burns.

Not even singed fur. “How did you pull us out of there before we got burned?” He looked at the monkey. Limbani had been the last one to leave the kitchen, so... only it had taken a while for Yating to fuck him close to...

The silence unnerved Thomas. They were looking at him.

Madoc opened his mouth, but they all started speaking, the words mixing, but the tone clear. They were accusing him of something.

"I didn't mean to start the fire," Thomas replied, pushing against the wall. Wishing he could leave.

"Shut up," Chima yelled, and his booming voice silenced the room. He looked at Thomas, worried, then at Madoc. "You're all missing the important part."

The cacophony restarted, but directed at the hyena this time. Thomas eyed the door, but Gilbert was in it. The armadillo watched the argument, but still made it impossible for Thomas to leave.

"Shut up!" Chima yelled again. The silence was more uncertain this time. "If he did it, doesn't that mean we initiated him?"

Protests erupted again. Madoc glaring at Thomas as he raised his voice to say he'd know if they were from the same line.

Thomas had enough. This was turning weird, and he needed space. Or at least a shower; he could still smell the oil on him.

He got off the bed, intent on pushing Gilbert out of his way, but as soon as he put weight on his legs, they buckled under him. The armadillo caught him and deposited him back on the bed.

"Alright," Olavo said in the following silence. "We need Henry for this. Where is he?"

"We need everyone here, I think," Felix said, his expression neutral. "He's clearly broken rules. We need an elder to resolve this. I'll call mine."

"No," Olavo replied. "This is frat business, not family."

"You saw what he did," the otter replied, pointing at Thomas. "It's impossible."

"I didn't see it. None of us did. Even Yat isn't sure what happened," Olavo said. "That's why we need Henry. If he decides to bring in an elder, he'll call them. The Richards are basically next doors."

"He's not picking up," Laurence said.

“He said he needed to go see the dean about the house’s standing.”

“I hope the fuck’s worth it,” Madoc replied, “because this is a cluster.” He was still glaring at Thomas.

“Gil, you’re dressed, so you go get him,” Olavo said. “This takes precedence. In the meantime, everyone one out of here but Limbani. You are fucking him until he can walk straight again.”

Firmin’s snicker was cut short by the glare the capybara threw at him.

Limbani left after the fifth fuck, the one when, once the monkey was done and he had Thomas walk around the bedroom, Thomas didn’t feel like his legs might let go before he made it back to the bed.

The sex had been energetic—Thomas didn’t think Limbani knew any other way—but the monkey had been odd through it all; like he wasn’t sure Thomas was real or something. There had been that moment, just before Limbani exited the room, when Thomas thought he’d finally get an explanation for what was going on. But the monkey closed his muzzle and left, closing the door being him. Then Thomas had tried to follow him. Hubert and Jacques stopped him, politely, but forcefully, insisting he stay in until Henry was back.

He considered forcing his way, but for as strong as Madoc’s training had made him, Hubert was still in an entirely different category.

He closed the door and dropped onto his bed. This was feeling stranger than that time they’d all fucked him in the basement, or his rampage for all their asses. Maybe that was what they all needed, for him to fuck them and remind them he was just one of the brothers.

He patted himself for his phone, which, being naked, wasn’t on him. Then he looked around his bedroom. No luck. It had been clipped to his belt, which had ended up on the kitchen floor. No calling Paul

for a rescue.

He leaned against the window, looking outside. The morning snow was intensifying; maybe there was a storm on the way. He could get out this way, climb down, or jump. Cross the street and make it to the bus and go home.

Only he was naked.

Well, that part was simple to fix.

He had a hand on the dresser when his bedroom door opened and Henry entered, closing it behind him. The bat looked around the room, assessing it, Thomas thought, before fixing his gaze on Thomas.

Henry rubbed the top of his muzzle. "It's my fault," he said, surprising Thomas with the admission. At least this way, he'd finally find out what was going on. "If I'd even considered who you might be, I'd have seen this coming. The signs were there; you just didn't tell me. You more or less freaked out anytime you caught one of us doing something magical. And I didn't see anything pointing to his being a possibility. But there's your sex drive, your unending energy. I just thought you were one of those rare guys who can actually keep up with us."

"Is this supposed to make any sense?" Thomas asked.

Henry smiled. "No, I supposed it isn't. Still, I can fix this." He motioned for Thomas to come to him and opened his arms, taking the rat in a hug.

Thomas melted into them. The gesture was the definition of comfort. How many times had Henry hugged him after a long day? A stressful exam? Or just because Thomas had needed a hug. The bat nuzzled the rat's neck and Thomas chuckled as he felt Henry part his lips.

"No," Thomas said, just as he felt the prick of the teeth against his skin. "Damn it, Henry!" he exclaimed, placing a hand on his neck and having it come away with some blood on it. "You know I don't—"

Thomas spun. How had Henry let go of him and moved to the

other side of the room without Thomas realizing it? He noticed where the bat was, turning to face him and licking the blood off his sharp incisors. He looked annoyed, but more importantly, he was still by the door, where he'd been when he hugged Thomas, while the rat was now on the other side of the room.

Henry let out a sigh. "I'm going to need more than a drop to fix this, Thomas." He shook his head. "Under my roof, all this time, and no one knew. I didn't know." His smile turned creepy. "Do you have any idea the things having someone like you will let me do?"

"Henry, you are sounding creepier by the second."

The bat waved it aside. "Don't worry, I'll fix that too. By the time I'm done, everything will be right as rain. Well, as right as I want them to be. I think having you pop all over the places will be amusing, to say the least. You're going to give Firmin a run for his money on the entertainment front."

Pop around? Why was Henry talking like this craziness was real?

How had Thomas gotten to the other side of the room?

How had he gotten himself and Yating out of the explosion without singed fur?

"Come here," Henry said, "let me give you a hug and it'll be perfectly fine. I'll even let you remember the fuck this time. I think you're entitled to remembering another one."

"I don't think so. How about I go home and you guys work out his craziness between you? Call me when it's resolved. Or maybe I'll just stay home."

"Sorry Thomas, I can't allow that. Do you have any idea what you represent? You can do the impossible. For centuries, what you did has been claimed as something only gods could do. I'm not letting you go."

"I can't do anything," Thomas said. "You guys are crazy."

“Let me teach you.”

Thomas rubbed his face. “Do you have any idea how crazy you sound?” When he looked up, Henry had covered half the distance between them, muzzle open, teeth bared.

Thomas didn’t think about what he did.

He glanced at the door but dismissed it. There would be the guys on the other side. Then the window. He could see the other side of the street from here. The lamp post, the parked car, the snow, the—

Fuck, it was cold!

Thomas turned and looked up at the frat house on the other side of the street. He’d done it, whatever it was. He was out of the crazy house.

He looked down at himself. He was naked. His blush was intense enough it pushed the cold away for a few seconds, but as he considered going back inside for clothes, Henry appeared in the window, searching, and then locking eyes on Thomas.

Thomas ran.

CHAPTER 1.5-24

Thomas checked the candied mints in the oven before going back to prepping his batter.

“What you doing?” Limbani whispered in his ear, making Thomas jump and nearly sending flour everywhere.

Thomas sighed, “Making dessert for tonight.”

“Yummy,” the monkey said, undoing Thomas’s tail strap, then moving his hands around and under the apron, gently pushing them down until gravity did the rest of the work.

Thomas rolled his eyes and glanced at the clock on the wall. “You don’t even know what I’m making,” he told the monkey. He’d started early just for this reason, even doing as much prep work as possible while he had the kitchen to himself; even the oil was in the pan.

“You’re making it. It’s going to be good.” The monkey said, “It could be you on the table for dessert and it would be delicious.”

Thomas turned around and stuck out his tongue. “I don’t think my cum is sweet enough to qualify as dessert.”

“Hmm, let’s find out.” Without warning, Limbani basically melted around Thomas, ending up on his knees and pushing the rat

away from the counter. The monkey chuckled. "Love the apron." He ran a hand over the 'Kiss the Chef' embroidered in country-kitchen style cursive.

"If all you're going to do is kiss you're a little low," Thomas replied as he reevaluated the situation. Everything was still in place but in all his work sex proofing the cooking process he hadn't anticipated being pushed away from the counter. As is he'd need to lean forward an uncomfortable degree to get any work down.

The rat spread his legs around the monkey, straddling him so he didn't have to lean as much.

"I like how you think," Limbani said, muzzle pressed against Thomas's apron-covered crotch. Before the rat could comment, the monkey was under the apron, licking his balls and then swallowing his cock whole.

"Oh Balls," Thomas exclaimed, reflexively borrowing one of Madoc's preferred swears. It was appropriate, at least. The rat forced his eyes to stay open as Limbani sucked. If the monkey thought he was going to get Thomas to make a mistake, he shouldn't have given him so much practice.

The hardest part of making the batter while getting blown proved to be fighting the urge to grab onto Limbani's head and just fuck his muzzle instead of letting it happen. Part of it was hurrying things along, but there was also the need to shove his cock as deep as it would go to show the monkey he'd made a mistake doing that here and now.

* * *

Honestly, like that ever works.

He'd just added the milk and eggs when the orgasm struck, and Thomas had to let go of the bowl and whisk or risk sending everything everywhere. Empty hands resting on the counter just to keep from falling. Panting, Thomas discovered it wasn't over as Limbani swallowed the cum without letting go of the cock and went right back to sucking.

"Fuck," Thomas whispered, "Leave yourself room for dessert."

The monkey snorted and was sucking the rat off again.

Thomas had a harder time focusing through all the sensations as he picked up the whisk. His cock was more sensitive now, his eyes wanted to cross, and his hands were shaking. He took a breath and focused. He could do this. He'd won a Shoot-em Down match while getting blown, this was no more difficult.

The batter was ready with minimum spillage, and the stovetop was on to heat the oil. The thermostat hooked to the edge was slowly rising and Thomas considered face fucking the monkey to end this and dedicate all his focus on the funnel cakes.

"Fuck, the funnel." Reaching for it while the monkey wouldn't let him move proved an adventure, but he managed it and was pouring the batter into it as he felt the orgasm approach, his hands trembling and his eyes demanding to be close so he could fully appreciate the ecstasy.

* * *

“Careful there,” Yating whispered in his ear, hand grabbing the one holding the bowl and steadying it. “Whatever this is, we don’t want it on the counter, do we?” He placed his other hand around Thomas’s stomach and pushed his cock in the rat’s ass.

Thomas let out a scream and exploded in Limbani’s muzzle as the red panda fucked him. When he could see again, Thomas was amazed the batter hadn’t ended up on the counter.

Limbani let go of the cock and extricated himself from between Thomas and the cabinets. “I’d love to go for a third serving, but getting the back of my head slammed against the door is killing my appetite.”

As the monkey moved out of the rat’s line of sight, the red panda took the bowl and funnel out of Thomas’s hands before holding him in place with both. “Now, how about I turn you into a cream-filled dessert of my own?” Yating whispered before picking up the pace.

Thomas let out a soft curse. Maybe funnel cakes could wait until dinner tomorrow. He grabbed onto the counter and prepared to just enjoy the ride.

Yating had Thomas close to his third orgasm of the cooking attempt when the smell of oil caught the rat’s attention. If he was smelling oil this strong, a part of his mind said, someone had either spilled it on him or-

“Fuck!” He yelled, remembering the frying pan and opening

his eyes in time to see the flash of light as the oil ignited. Heat exploded in time with the light, and Thomas only had time to register being afraid before he was falling back and bouncing on something soft before passing out.

#####

The orgasm woke Thomas, and at the same time someone over him groaned, and the cock in his ass pulsed. As the orgasms pulsed in tandem, Thomas felt himself becoming more awake.

“Fuck,” he groaned, “I needed that.”

“Well, there’s the answer,” Laurence said. “What the fuck do we do now?”

The guy on Thomas’s back rolled off, but instead of Yating, it was Hubert.

“Fuck!” Thomas yelled and sat up. “The fire!”

“Gil took care of it,” Limbani said.

Thomas looked around. Close to half the frat was in his bedroom. “Yating! Is he okay? The flash fire. I don’t...” he trailed off. The panda was seated on his computer chair looking rattled and eying Thomas with a mixture of awe and fear. Thomas set that aside; the red panda was okay and not burned. What about Thomas himself? A

quick inspection showed...

...nothing. Not even slightly singed fur. "How did you pull us out of there before we got burned?" He looked at the monkey. Limbani had been the last one to leave the kitchen so... only it had taken a while for Yating to fuck him.

The silence unnerved Thomas; they were all looking at him.

Madoc opened his mouth, but they all started speaking at once. The words mixed together, but the tone was clear. They were accusing him of something. "I didn't mean to start the fire," Thomas replied, but it was like shouting into the wind.

"Shut up," Chima yelled, and his booming voice silenced the room. He looked at Thomas, worried, then at Madoc. "You're all missing the important part."

The cacophony restarted only directed at the hyena this time. Thomas eyed the door, but Gilbert was in it. The armadillo's eyes were on the argument, but it still made it impossible for Thomas to leave.

"Shut up!" Chima yelled again. The silence was more uncertain this time. "Whatever Thomas did, he did it because we initiated him." The silence gained a firm certainty that only confused Thomas more. "We only did the middle step intentionally, but just think about it. By some mix of chance and instinct, Thomas has gone through all three."

* * *

The silence stretched on a bit longer only to be broken by Firmin, "Bullshit. There hasn't been a foundling in centuries." This started up the arguments again, which was Thomas's last straw. He needed some space, and maybe a shower.

He got off the bed, intent on pushing Gilbert out of the way, but as soon as he put weight on his legs they buckled under him. Laurence caught him from behind and deposited him back on the bed.

"Alright," Olavo said in the following silence. "We need Henry for this. Where is he?"

"We need everyone here, I think," Felix said, his expression neutral. "He's clearly broken rules. We need an elder to resolve this. I'll call mine."

"No," Olavo replied, pausing to snatch Madoc's phone from his hands. "This is frat business, not family."

"Olavo, I can't keep this from Raphael," Madoc said, an edge of panic to his voice. "He has two brothers and two nephews."

"Which might mean nothing unless we're sure what happened first," Olavo said. "That's why we need Henry. Once he figures out what happened we start getting the elders involved. The last thing we need is to spark something between the Richards and Lewistons."

"He's not picking up," Laurence said.

* * *

Gilbert winced, “He said he needed to go see the dean about the house’s standings.”

“Well, you’re dressed, so you go get him,” Olavo said to Gilbert before turning to the others. “In the meantime, everyone out of here but Limbani. You’re fucking him until he can walk straight again.”

Firmin’s snicker was cut short by the glare the capybara threw at him.

#####

Limbani left after the fifth fuck, as that was the point where Thomas passed the walk around your bedroom without falling down test. The sex had been energetic, Thomas didn’t think Limbani knew any other way, but the monkey had been odd through it all; like he wasn’t sure Thomas was real or something. There had been a moment, just before Limbani exited the room when Thomas thought he’d finally get an explanation for what was going on. But the monkey closed his muzzle and left, closing the door behind him.

When Thomas tried to follow him, Hubert and Jacques stopped him. They politely, but forcefully, insisted he stay in his room until Henry was back. He considered forcing his way, but for as strong as Madoç’s training had made him, Hubert was still in an entirely different category.

He closed the door and dropped onto his bed. This was feeling

stranger than that time they'd all fucked him in the basement. Or his rampage for all their asses. Maybe that was what they all needed, for him to fuck them and remind them he was just one of the brothers.

He reached for his nightstand for his phone, but it wasn't there. Looking around the rest of the bedroom, he recalled it was clipped to his belt. To the pair of pants that he left in the kitchen. No calling Paul for a rescue.

Getting up, he moved to the window and looked outside. The morning snow was intensifying; maybe there was a storm on the way. He could get out this way, it was only the second story. Just climb down or jump, cross the street to the bus stop, and go home.

Only he was naked.

Well, that part was simple to fix.

He had a hand on the dresser when his bedroom door opened and Henry entered, closing it behind him. The bat looked around the room, assessing it, before fixing his gaze on Thomas.

Henry rubbed the top of his muzzle. "It's my fault," he said, surprising Thomas with the admission. "I was so focused on your role as the outsider welcomed into our home, I never considered you might be something else. Particularly with how you'd freak out whenever you caught one of us doing something magical. But there were signs. The sex drive and unending energy; you never brought it up because you saw it in all of us, and with thirteen of us it was easy to dismiss it as someone else boosting you on the side."

* * *

Thomas frowned. "...is that supposed to make any sense?"
What freakouts? And what magic?

Henry smiled, "No, I suppose it isn't. Still, it's an easy fix." He motioned for Thomas to come to him and opened his arms, taking the rat in a hug.

Thomas melted into them. The gesture was the definition of comfort. How many times had Henry hugged him after a long day? A stressful exam? Or just because Thomas had needed a hug. The bat nuzzled the rat's neck and Thomas chuckled as he felt Henry part his lips.

"No," Thomas said, just as he felt the prick of teeth against his skin. "Damn it, Henry!" he exclaimed, placing a hand on his neck and having it come away with some blood on it. "You know I don't-"

Thomas spun. How had Henry let go of him and moved to the other side of the room without Thomas realizing it? He noticed where the bat was, turning to face him and licking the blood off his sharp incisors. He looked annoyed, but more importantly, he was still by the door where he'd been when he hugged Thomas. It was the rat who was now on the other side of the room.

Henry let out a sigh. "I'm going to need more than a drop to fix this, Thomas." He shook his head. "Under my roof, all this time, and no one knew. I didn't know. You didn't even know." His smile turned creepy. "Do you have any idea the things having someone like you will let me do?"

* * *

“Henry,” Thomas said as his tail curled around his leg, “You’re sounding creepier by the second.”

The bat waved it aside, “Don’t worry, I’ll fix that too. By the time I’m done, everything will be as right as rain. Well, as right as I want them to be. I think having you pop all over the place will be amusing, to say the least. You’re going to give Firmin a run for his money on the entertainment front.”

Pop around? Why was Henry talking like this craziness was real?

How had Thomas gotten to the other side of the room?

Was it Thomas who had gotten himself and Yating out of the explosion without singed fur?

“Come here,” Henry said, “Let me give you a hug and it’ll be perfectly fine. I’ll even let you remember the fuck this time. You’re one of us now, so that means a different standard.”

“I don’t think so,” Thomas said, taking a small step back. “How about I go home and you guys work out this craziness between yourselves? Call me when it’s resolved. Or maybe I’ll just stay home.”

“Sorry Thomas, I can’t allow that,” Henry said as he opened his arms wide, “Do you have any idea what you represent? You can do

the impossible. For centuries, what you did has been claimed as something only the gods could do. I'm not letting you go."

"I can't do anything," Thomas all but screamed, "You guys are crazy."

"No, you just need to learn the truth," Henry said as he lowered one arm and held the other extended out to Thomas. "Let me teach you."

Thomas rubbed his face. "Do you have any idea how crazy you sound?" When he looked up, Henry had covered half the distance between them, teeth bared.

Thomas didn't think about what he did.

He glanced at the door but dismissed it. The guys would be on the other side. He turned towards the window. He could see the other side of the street from here. The lamp post, the parked car, the snow, the-

Fuck, it was cold!

Thomas turned and looked up at the frat house on the other side of the street. He'd done it, whatever it was. He was out of the crazy house.

He looked down at himself. He was naked. His blush was

intense enough it pushed the cold away for a few seconds, but as he considered going back inside for clothes, Henry appeared in the window, searching, and then locked eyes on Thomas.

Thomas ran.

OUTLINE-24

Chapter 27

###

Fraternity, Thomas, Limbani, ??? : Mood: and Flash goes the revelation

Thomas is cooking. It's not an uncommon site, but most days it's not very noteworthy. Retroactively, today will be special.

What he's making today is funnel cakes and candied mint to go with chocolate ice cream later tonight. Mint just went in the oven, and he's just turning the temperature on oil pan up when a certain monkey unzips his pants. Thomas will ask what does Limbani think he's doing, and he'll just say kissing the chef before proceeding to blow Thomas.

It's a credit to Thomas's cooking skill that he's able to still go through the motions of being blown... twice... while he mixes his batter and gets the oil up to the right tempt. But before he can truly start cooking, someone else decides an ass in an apron is too inviting a prize.

Sometime during the sex, an oil fire starts... and the small but very loud resulting explosion causes Thomas to teleport... to his room... with whoever was in him still in him. Between the weight and the exhaustion, Thomas promptly passes out.

###

Fraternity, Thomas, Sigma Theta Gamma: Mood: Did, did WE do this?

When Thomas wakes up, someone is fucking him. And strangely he feels... better. Like, way better. When he takes in his surroundings he sees a crowd, which is unexpected... and the silence is a bit unnerving.

Someone eventually makes the statement of “Well that answers that question?”

Of course it doesn't answer anything to Thomas. Which isn't helped when people start bombarding him with questions he doesn't understand. At first they are accusing him of hiding something from them... but then eventually a shocking revelation spreads through the group, with someone muttering “Fuck, WE inniated him[I think I would start is as more of a question, than a declaration.]...” Then arguments and accusations start up again, but this time with everyone talking over Thomas like he isn't there.

This is about the point where Thomas has had enough, and tries to stand and ask his own questions... only to have his knees buckle like a newborn fawn and send him collapsing. Olavo will take charge at this point. He says for someone to start calling those who aren't here, especially Henry, and for everyone to get out of the room before they start confusing Thomas more with their rambling. Not Limbani, though. He's to fuck Thomas until he can walk straight again.[Once again, he will use that exact line, and death glares anyone who snickers.within that crowd, I'm not sure anyone would snicker, they most have all seen it happen at least once when they were discovering their powersWould it have happened? There were some lines in Book 1 of the Society that suggest that using one's powers to the point of near exhaustion like this are not common. Denton is special, whether he wants to admit it or not. And I've always pictured Thomas running around prototype version of the powers, with no safeties attached since he's the very first.]

###

Fraternity, Thomas, Sigma Theta Gamma, Henry: Mood:either I am going crazy, or the world has

After fucking him about five more times, Limbani will eventually leave Thomas alone. It looks like for a moment he might say something, but someone calls him out of the room.

* * *

So Thomas is alone... in his room... with his thoughts... and he has no idea what is going on. The connected townhouses are big enough that those doing the big letter shouting can just go a few buildings over... and outside his room, Hubert and Jaques are keeping things to a low mutter. When he opens the door, they glare at him sternly... but also apprehensively. Like even they don't know what is going on, only what they were told to do. They do what they're told though, and outside maybe a supervised bathroom visit he's to stay in his room.

Eventually Thomas is left with just his thoughts. Looking out the window, he considers bolting... from the third story window... completely undressed. He can at least fix that last part, but he isn't jumping. He also can't call for help, however, as his phone was in the kitchen before he... how did he leave the kitchen?

Before that train of thought is interrupted by Henry entering the room. The bat looks to be in control [what does that look like to you? or is it simply that he's giving orders and having people do things instead of standing around with their cock up someone's ass? He's not shouting, he's not yelling. He's talking in calm tones like the man with hundred years of experience that he is that is going to fix everything... admittedly mostly for himself, but that is how I see it.] of the situation, which is actually a welcoming thought to Thomas. Henry apologizes; if what he thinks happened did in fact happen, then he should have noticed if he was more observant. He's here now, though. Everything will be OK [I think there's a question of how calm Henry actually is here. does he have any reason to believe that it's possible for someone to not be initiated? if so, wouldn't Henry wonder how it is he's never seen any of it in Thomas' memories? I can't shake the feeling we've talked about this before We have. Part of this is why he says "He should have noticed if he was more observant". The other part is why he goes for blood. Now that he knows to look for something, he needs to check the entirety of Thomas's life history.].

* * *

He hugs Thomas, and the hug goes sensual as Henry starts nipping at his neck... and then Thomas's eyes go wide as Henry breaks skin. In an instant, Thomas is out of Henry's arms instead behind the bat where Thomas was staring. Thomas is confused about what just happened, and Henry... is a bit annoyed. A sparkle of blood still on his fangs, he says Thomas is going to have to let him get a bit more of a drink than that if he's going to fix everything.

This puts Thomas in complete panic mode. He glances around looking for an escape, his eyes fall on the window again and what he just did to get out of Henry's arms is fresh in his mind. Somewhere in the middle of what feels like an eternal heartbeat it feels like the world just blinks... and then Thomas is outside, running[I think it's a little early to treat it like something Thomas notices happening. I think it would be better if Thomas panics and finds himself where ever the window looks out on.we also need to decide what the window looked out on, being on the 3rd floor(if we don't change the blueprint of the frat house) might change thatI mean... it is probably the street. Maybe there is a park on the other side at best, but this is a city, and a rather major one. So aside from the street below there is just the neighbors... and that would make this a much different scenario.].