

CHAPTER-32

Thomas grunted and muttered a, "don't stop." As the guy fucking him did just that, the cock in his ass twitching a last time.

"Fuck, I thought you were going to die on me," Grant said, rolling off.

"Did I fall asleep?" Thinking was difficult. But Thomas didn't understand why he'd slept on the floor. And a cold floor at that.

"You passed out. What is this place?"

Thomas tried to look around, but this head was too comfortable, resting on his arms. "Dunno," he slurred.

"You brought us here, Thomas, you have to know where this is."

"I did? Cool. I'm going to nap now, we can fuck again after." He closed his eyes, only to open them again at the slap on his head. "Ow!"

"Don't you dare fall asleep on me."

A hand took Thomas's muzzle and used it to turn his head until he was looking into the kangaroo's searching eyes. "I guess the stories aren't all true. Society guys aren't 'one fuck and ready to go again.'"

"I can fuck you if you want." He tried to put a hand under him and push himself up, but someone had put a ton of something on his back. "Roll me over and you can sit on my cock."

"Is it going to help you?" Grant asked.

"It's going to feel good, I promise." His head shook.

"Don't fall asleep. Thomas, does fucking a guy give you energy?"

"Yes," he answered, since he figured it was what the kangaroo wanted to hear.

“You don’t even know, do you?” Grant took off his pants and placed them on the ground before rolling Thomas on them. “You did say you were able to fuck guys without stopping, so I’m going to hope it means yes.” He looked at the crotch. “Not that I’m not going to enjoy this anyway, but the goal here is to keep you alive and get you awake enough you can answer my questions.” He straddled Thomas’s waist. “I’d fuck you again since I know that works, but I’m just a normal guy when it comes to that. I’m going to need time I don’t think we have.”

Thomas’s smart comeback to that was taken from him as the kangaroo lowered himself and his cock entered the hot, slick ass. It would have been a really smarty come back too.

But this was way better.

He tried to grip Grant’s hips as he undulated on his cock, but his arms weighed a ton. This felt so good he didn’t want Grant to be doing all the work. He wanted to be the one pounding the ass, not just have the ass grind on him.

“This is a good cock,” Grant whispered, and Thomas grinned. With another effort, he got a hand to grab a hip and give a thrust, then he moaned deeply.

Taking a hand in it was so much more fun. He thrust again and again.

“Feeling better?” Grant asked.

“No,” Thomas answered, getting his other hand on the other hip. “I’m going to have to do this a few times.”

“I don’t know that!” Grant’s voice raised as Thomas changed the angle as hit the sweet spot. He’d learned quite a few things as part of Sigma Theta Gamma. Shutting up guys he was fucking was one of them.

He thrust harder, and Grant grunted every time. Thomas clenched his teeth and bucked as his orgasm hit. He unloaded into the kangaroo and was left panting, but able to think.

“Fuck, I needed that,” Thomas said.

"You sound more coherent," Grant replied. "Enough to tell me where we are?"

Thomas looked around at the stone wall, the uneven angles. "How did we get here?"

"You took us. Where is here?"

"You didn't cum." Thomas noticed the flaccid cock on his dry stomach.

"Focus Thomas. Where are we?"

"It's the grotto on my grandfather's property." He frowned. "It should be colder." The place had always been warmer because of the hot spring running under it, but this was almost comfortable.

"I was able to get something going before I started waking you up."

Thomas snickered. "Is that what they called it in your day?"

Grant glared. "I am not that old. And it's what I call fucking a Society guy to nearly killed himself taking us here. Your grandfather, the one in Bozeman?"

Thomas nodded and held on to the kangaroo's hips as he started to get off. "I want to fuck you again."

"Unfortunately, my ass needs a rest."

"You're still soft."

"I'm not from the Society," Grant said. "The rest of us have to deal with that."

"Can't you do magic to get in hard again?"

Grant dislodged Thomas's hands, and they dropped to the ground, too heavy again. Then he stood and the cool air make Thomas's cock shiver. "I could, but that's all in my truck, which is hundreds of miles from here." He stretched. "How did you do this? I thought you could only do line of sight."

“Never done it before.” No, that wasn’t right. “I don’t know how. Hey, my eyes work again.” He remembered the flash of light, the pain, being unable to see. Needing to take him and Grant somewhere safe. “I wanted us to be safe.”

“You probably did save my life. So thanks.” Grant offered him his hand. “Let’s see if you can stand on your own two feet.”

Thomas threw his hand up for Grant to catch, then he was pulled up, and immediately the kangaroo had to support his weight.

“I’m good,” Thomas said as Grant lowered him back to the ground.

“You were, but you can’t stand yet. I wish I had more of those packets of lube from the bathhouse.”

“You stole lube?” Thomas burst out laughing.

“You know that. Put this in your muzzle and get me hard again. I don’t need to listen to you mock my supplying habits.” He knelt around Thomas’s neck when he shoved his cock in the muzzle as the rat was about to reply. Thomas moaned in appreciation and sucked hard.

“Fuck,” Grant exclaimed and Thomas grinned. The soft cock was getting hard as he’d been told to make happen. “Is this more Society magic?”

Thomas shrugged and let go. “You can fuck me now.” He rolled onto his stomach, hissing at the cold stone floor and shoving a pair of pants under his crotch.

Grant was on top of him and in him, moving fast and hard. It felt as if he wanted to hurry this along. He should relax and enjoy the fuck, Thomas certainly was. Too quickly. The kangaroo grunted and came. Thomas sighed in pleasure as he was filled. His mind cleared.

“Who were those guys?” he asked.

Grant lay on top of him, panting. “Are you really going to ask me to explain that now?”

Thomas tightened his ass on the softening cock, making the kangaroo grunt. "I don't think you're able to fuck me again." Once Grant was off him, Thomas turned and sat. His body was sore but seemed to be back to its normal weight.

He threw the pants to the kangaroo and pulled his to himself, putting them on. He'd take them off when it was time to fuck again, but the stone was fucking cold.

Grant leaned against the wall once he had his on, too. "They are the Chamber."

"That would be one of the factions."

Grant rolled his eyes. "They're parasites, nothing more."

"But they do magic, right? That lady was throwing light with that rod. The guy with the shovel did stuff to the frozen ground. What's with the shovel, anyway? I get the rod and the metal staff, but a shovel?"

"It's a staff too. And they steal magic, not use it," Grant said before Thomas commented. "Those staffs used to belong to people like me, we call ourselves Practitioners. We use magic. We fashion our staffs, then they show up, get us to burn out and steal our power for themselves."

"Burnout?"

Grant looked to the side and Thomas saw his staff was there. Next to a red spot of— "is that a drawing of a fire?"

"We needed heat, and I don't have a lot to work with. Remember when I told you we deal with the concept of the universe, its potential?"

Thomas nodded. "The spotlight, not the filters."

"That's a lot of energy. The gods, they present limits to what you can do. You can still kill yourself doing magic, but it takes more effort to screw up to that level. For us. If we channel too much of that raw energy, like I was doing powering the storm, we can simply be

burnt out by it. Then they can take the staff and use it.”

“Can they burn out too?”

“Yeah. They’re still dealing with the raw potential of the universe, even if they stole it.”

“So they are after you because of your staff?”

“Among other things.” Grant smiled. “I’ve been making a habit of getting in their way.”

“The good Samaritan thing,” Thomas said, the new information changing the context of their meeting. “We didn’t meet by accident, did we?”

Grant considered the question. “No, and yes.” He smiled. “I was looking for someone; I just didn’t know it was you. I have a... let’s call it a spell for the sake of simplicity. It’s set to find someone new to magic and in way over their heads. Because of how the factions work, that means a new Practitioner who is being targeted by the Chamber. Everyone else tends to have better controls over how they take in new members.” He chuckled. “I certainly didn’t expect someone from the Society, since you have to be born into it. Or so the stories go.”

Thomas nodded. “What does it mean now? If I’m not who you wanted to protect, shouldn’t—”

Grant shook his head. “I knew you were Society when your frat brothers showed up and the rat said you were related.”

“Just because one of my grandmother’s sister’s married into his family.”

“It doesn’t matter. I didn’t abandon you then. I’m not... look let’s start by dealing with the here and now, then we’ll work out the next step, okay?”

“So... fucking?” Thomas asked hopefully.

“Yes, but only once. Then we need to move.”

Thomas grinned. “I better make sure it’s a great one then.”

* * * * *

Thomas leaned back against the side of the shed, muttering curses. He glanced around it again. The gray van didn't belong to his grandfather. Under normal circumstances, he'd assume it was someone making a delivery, a friend for a visit. One of his many girlfriends, over for some fun. His grandfather had said he was taking a break, but come on. Thomas's father had to get his sex drive from somewhere.

These were not normal circumstances.

He looked at Grant looking at the house from the other side of the shed. "So," he whispered, "the town?"

Grant shook his head and joined him. "It's still too far. Even if we can't get your grandfather to help us, we need supplies." He pushed Thomas down as the back door to the ranch house opened and Olavo stepped outside. Felix and Limbani followed him.

How? Thomas mouth to Grant, who shrugged.

The three were talking, but too softly for them to hear at this distance.

"How about you just blow them away like you did in Lewiston?"

Grant looked around. "How do you feel about the risk of a tree through your grandfather's house?"

"Not very good, why?"

Grant hefted his staff. "This isn't made for precision. I can't just target a few people."

"The funnel?"

Grand snorted. "You have no idea how lucky we were with that one. If the weather had been just a little less nice when we arrived. I might have taken out a quarter-mile instead of that guy."

Thomas looked at the way the trees were already waving in

the wind. He didn't think there was a storm coming, but this wasn't calm weather.

"We are kind of out of luck then," Thomas said, "because I don't see them leaving anytime soon. Not unless they get confirmation we're elsewhere."

Grant motioned Thomas to the other side of the shed as the three frat brothers went back inside and pointed to a window with a light in it. "How do you feel about committing some larceny?"

Thomas appeared in the bedroom and ducked. It was silent. He looked around, over the bed, then made his way to the attached bathroom. Also empty.

He cracked the door open and listened to the house. Conversation came from the living room. His grandfather and someone else, too faint to recognize who should be here or what they were talking about.

He went to the closet and took two of the overcoats and laid them on the bed. Neither Grant nor him were dressed for a winter walk. At the back, he took his grandfather's hunting backpack and emptied it of its contents, and took it with him to the door. He listened again; Still only the conversation from the living room.

He stepped out and crept toward the back stairs that led into the kitchen. His goal was the pantry his grandfather always kept well stocked. He paused as grunts came from the partially opened door ahead, only moving forward again when he identified what it was, if not who was doing it.

He peeked in. Olave was fucking Yating hard, a hand over his mouth to muffle the sounds. Thomas wanted to demand to know what they thought they were doing having sex in his grandfather's house, but counting on them being distracted for a while served him better. He passed it and immediately picked up more sound. Voices this time.

That door was closed, so he pressed his ear to it.

“Why can’t we just leave?” Gilbert asked plaintively.

The sigh was pure Limbani having to explain something obvious. “I saw us here until tomorrow night.”

“But why?”

“I don’t know. That isn’t how it works.”

“Fucking precogs. I hate the lot of you. Never a straight answer when we need one.”

Limbani snickered. “Oh really? You want something straight from me? How about I straight up fuck you?” Thomas moved on. So he and Grant had until tomorrow night before they needed to worry about them.

He moved down the steps carefully, freezing when one creaked. When nothing changed after a few seconds, he continued, only to stop at a voice.

“Damn it, Henry,” Madoc said, his voice coming through the kitchen window. “Did Raphael tell you anything about this guy? I get Limbani’s visions are accurate, but you know what he looks for. He got us the address and the fact we’re here for a while, but he didn’t see Thomas being here and I can’t exactly go in and demand to know where Thomas is without getting some information on this guy first.”

Thomas carefully looked out the window. Madoc paced while listening.

“Grandfather? Are you sure? I met his grandmother, and I didn’t get a sense there was a man in her life. No, not like that, just not one. I thought he’d died. So Thomas is still close to him then? No, he never mentioned family out here. Didn’t he show up in any of the searches Raphael had done on him? No, never mind,” he immediately added. “That man would never consider Thomas’s mother’s side of his family to be of interest. If it doesn’t have a dick, it’s only good to pop out sons. Fuck, I wish someone else took over. Don’t tell him I said that.” Madoc chuckled at what Henry said. “I know. He’s doing the

best he can. Okay, so let me get back in and discreetly ask what he knows of where Thomas is. I'll call you tomorrow for an update unless something happens."

The rat shook his head and reached for the door.

Thomas looked around in a panic. He'd been so focused on listening in, he hadn't moved. Now he had to hide. He looked at the open pantry and willed himself there, then moved back and prayed Madoc didn't look in too closely. There was only so much the shadows could do to hide the white of his fur.

"Are you finally going to explain yourself, young man?" his grandfather demanded.

Madoc answered quiet enough Thomas couldn't hear from the back of the pantry. The tone was enough to calm him and soften his voice enough Thomas had no hopes of learning anything unless he got closer. He stepped forward.

"Where are the cleaners?" Felix asked, stepping into the kitchen. Thomas backed again and looked around. Were they in here?

"Under the sink," his grandfather answered.

"Where did he get these?" the otter whispered, awe in his voice and Thomas had to step forward to know what had Felix this amazed.

The otter was running a hand on the wood table, then looking the chairs over, no, studying them. Chouteau was what... a fan of wood furniture? That... Was not something Thomas ever expected to learn while on the run from the man. The otter opened the cabinet under the sink and searched through the content before taking out a can of wood polish, then a polishing cloth, and returning to the living room.

"I really hope you don't mind," the otter said. "I just noticed the bookcase there could..." the rest was too faint.

Thomas took a step forward, then reminded himself he wasn't here to spy, but to supply. He filled the backpack with jerky, water

bottles, the handful of old heating pads he came across. Cans of fruits he carefully placed in so with wouldn't knock together and all the trail mixes in the pantry. Once done, he looked at the distance between the door and the stairs. What were the odds he could make it there without anyone walking in?

He shook his head in annoyance at himself. He needed to stop thinking like the old him. The odds were one hundred percent because he didn't have to cross the distance by running.

He teleported to the bottom of the steps, then the top, then the door to his grandfather's bedroom. He gathered the overcoats and looked out the window, and stood next to a startled Grant.

Thomas raised both hands. "Larceny accomplished."

CHAPTER 1.5-32

Thomas grunted and muttered, "Don't stop." As the guy fucking him did just that, the cock in his ass twitching one last time.

"Fuck, I thought you were going to die on me," Grant said, rolling off.

"Did I fall asleep?" Thinking was difficult. But Thomas didn't understand why he'd slept on the floor. And a cold floor at that.

Grant said, "You passed out. What is this place?"

Thomas tried to look around, but his head was too comfortable resting on his arms. "Dunno," he slurred.

The kangaroo sighed, "You brought us here, Thomas. You have to know where this is."

The rat yawned, "If you say so. Ask me after a quick nap... and a fuck... maybe more nap..." He closed his eyes, only to open them at a slap on the head. "Ow!"

"Don't you dare fall asleep on me," Grant yelled. A hand took Thomas's muzzle and used it to turn his head until he was looking into the kangaroo's searching eyes. "I guess the stories aren't all true. Society guys aren't 'one fuck and ready to go again'."

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"I can fuck you if you want." He tried to put a hand under him and push himself up, but someone had put a ton of something on his back. "Roll me over and you can sit on my cock."

"Is it going to help you?" Grant asked.

"It's going to feel good," the rat paused to yawn, "I promise."

"Don't fall asleep," the kangaroo said, shaking him. "Thomas, does fucking a guy give you energy?"

"...yes?" Thomas said with the barest shrug of his shoulders.

"...right, forgot I was the one with all the answers." Grant took off his pants and placed them on the ground before rolling Thomas on them. "You did say you were able to fuck guys without stopping, so I'm going to hope it means yes." He looked at the crotch. "Not that I'm not going to enjoy this anyway, but the goal here is to keep you alive and get you awake enough you can answer my questions." He straddled Thomas's waist. "I'd fuck you again since I know that works, but I'm just a normal guy so that's going to take time I think we don't have."

Thomas's smart comeback to that was taken from him as the kangaroo lowered himself and his cock entered the hot, slick ass. It would have been a really smart comeback too.

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But this was better.

He tried to grip Grant's hips as he undulated on his cock, but his arms weighed a ton. This felt so good he didn't want Grant to be doing all the work. He wanted to be the one pounding the ass, not just have the ass grind on him.

"This is a good cock," Grant whispered, and Thomas grinned. With a lot of effort, he got a hand to grab a hip and gave a thrust, then he moaned deeply.

"Feeling better?" Grant asked.

"No," Thomas answered, getting his other hand on the other hip. "I'm going to have to do this a few times."

"I don't know that-" Grant's response was sharply cut off as Thomas changed the angle and hit the sweet spot. He'd learned quite a few things as part of Sigma Theta Gamma. Shutting up guys he was fucking was one of them.

He thrust harder, and Grant grunted every time. Thomas clenched his teeth and bucked as his orgasm hit. He unloaded into the kangaroo and was left panting, but able to think. "Fuck, I needed that," Thomas said.

"You sound more coherent," Grant replied. "Enough to tell me where we are?"

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Thomas looked around at the stone walls, the uneven angles.
“How did we get here?”

“You took us,” Grant respond calmly. “Where is here?”

“You didn’t cum.” Thomas noticed the flaccid cock on his dry stomach.

“Focus Thomas,” the kangaroo said more firmly. “Where are we?”

“It’s the grotto behind my grandfather’s property,” He frowned. “Though it’s too warm. I mean, it’s always been warmer than it should be; I suspect-”

“Focus,” Grant repeated again. “I was able to get something going before I started waking you up.”

Thomas snickered, “Is that what they called it in your day?”

Grant glared. “I am not that old. And it’s what I call fucking a Society guy who nearly killed himself taking us here. Your grandfather, the one in Bozeman?”

Thomas nodded and held on to the kangaroo’s hips as he started to get off. “I want to fuck you again.”

* * *

Grant smirked. "Unfortunately, my ass needs rest."

Thomas frowned, "You're still soft."

"I'm not Society," Grant responded. "That means I don't have a refractory period measured in nanoseconds."

The rat tried to think, "Mind sucking me off, then?"

Grant dislodged Thomas's hands, and they dropped to the ground, too heavy again. Then he stood and the cool air made Thomas's cock shiver. "I unfortunately need my lips to talk." He stretched. "How did you do this? I thought you could only go line of sight."

"I've done it twice," Thomas corrected, "I just don't know-" He remembered the flash of light, the pain. "We were blinded." Needing to take him and Grant somewhere safe. "I wanted us to be safe."

"You probably did save my life. So thanks," Grant offered him his hand. "Let's see if you can stand on your own two feet."

Thomas threw his hand up for Grant to catch, then he was pulled up, and immediately the kangaroo had to support his weight.

"I'm good," Thomas said as Grant lowered him back to the

ground.

“You’re better, but you can’t stand yet,” Grant sighed, “I wish I had more of those packets of lube from the bathhouse.”

“You stole lube?” Thomas burst out laughing.

“You know what? Put this in your muzzle and get me hard again. I don’t need to listen to you mocking my supplying habits.” He knelt around Thomas’s neck and shoved the cock in the muzzle as the rat was about to reply. Thomas moaned in appreciation and sucked hard.

“Fuck,” Grant exclaimed and Thomas grinned. The soft cock was getting hard as he’d been told to make happen. “Is this more Society magic?”

Thomas shrugged and let go. “Maybe being close to me is filtering some of your white light towards sex. Now fuck me.” He rolled onto his stomach, hissing at the cold stone floor and shoving a pair of pants under his crotch.

Grant was on top of him and in him, moving fast and hard. It felt as if he wanted to hurry this along. He should relax and enjoy the fuck, Thomas certainly was. Too quickly. The kangaroo grunted and came. Thomas sighed in pleasure as he was filled. His mind cleared.

“Who were those guys?” He asked.

* * *

Grant lay on top of him, panting. "Are you really going to ask me to explain that now?"

Thomas tightened his ass on the softening cock, making the kangaroo grunt. "Whatever spark of magic that was is wearing off, so unless you want to put those lips to use sucking..." Once Grant was off him, Thomas turned and sat. His body was sore but seemed to be back to its normal weight.

He threw the pants to the kangaroo and pulled his to himself, putting them on. He'd take them off when it was time to fuck again, but the stone was fucking cold.

Grant leaned against the wall once he had his on, too. "They are the Chamber."

"So one more faction," Thomas guessed.

Grant rolled his eyes. "They're parasites, nothing more."

"But they do magic, right?" Thomas said. "The lady was throwing light with that rod. The guy with the shovel did stuff to the frozen ground. What's with the shovel, anyway? I get the rod and the metal staff, but a shovel?"

"It's a staff too. And they steal magic, not use it," Grant said before Thomas commented. "Those staffs used to belong to people le

me. Which since we're going into this, we call ourselves Practitioners. We use magic. We fashion our staff, then they show up, get us to burn out and steal our power for themselves."

Thomas raised an eyebrow, "Burnout?" Grant looked to the side, and Thomas saw his staff was there. Next to a red spot of- "Is that a drawing of a fire?"

"We needed heat, and I don't have a lot to work with here." Grant paused and breathed out slowly before continuing. "Remember when I told you we deal with the concept of the universe, its potential?"

Thomas nodded, "The spotlight, not the filters."

"That's a lot of energy. The gods, they put limits to what you can do." Grant held up a finger to keep Thomas from interrupting. "You can still kill yourself if you push too far, but it takes more effort to screw up to that level. For us, if we channel too much of that raw energy like I was doing powering the storm, we can simply be burnt out by it. When that happens the Chamber collects our staff and uses it for themselves."

Thomas bit his lower lip before asking. "Can they burn out too?"

"No," Grant answered flatly. "They don't bind themselves to the staff as Practitioner does. To them, it's just a powerful tool. Which is also why they need us to burn out. We leave... something behind in the staff itself that makes it useable to them. Otherwise, they'd just put

a bullet in my head from a quarter-mile away and come by to collect their prize.”

Thomas nodded, “So they’re after you because of your staff.”

“Among other things,” Grant smiled. “I’ve been making a habit of getting in their way.”

“The good Samaritan thing,” Thomas said, new information changing the context of their meeting. “We didn’t meet by accident, did we?”

Grant considered the question. “No and yes.” He smiled. “I have a talisman, that’s what we call things like your armband, in the truck, that’s constantly looking for someone new to magic who is in way over their head. Because of how organized Factions are, that almost always means a new Practitioner who is either being targeted by the Chamber or soon will be.” He chuckled. “I certainly didn’t expect someone from the Society, since you have to be born into it. Or so the stories go.”

Thomas nodded. “What does it mean now? If I’m not who you wanted to protect, shouldn’t-”

Grant shook his head. “I knew you were Society when your frat brothers showed up and the rat said you were related.”

Thomas eye-rolled, “Our maternal grandmothers were sisters, so it’s not untrue. But he seemed way more motivated than he

should be.”

“It doesn’t matter. I didn’t abandon you then, I’m not...” The kangaroo trailed off then shook his head. “Look, let’s start by dealing with the hear and now, then we’ll work out the next step, okay?”

“So... fucking?” Thomas asked hopefully.

Grant eye-rolled, “Yes, but only one more time. Then we need to move.”

Thomas grinned, “I better make sure it’s a great one, then.”

#####

Thomas leaned back against the side of the shed, muttering curses. He glanced around it again. The gray van didn’t belong to his grandfather. Under normal circumstances, he’d assume it was someone making a delivery, or a friend for a visit, or one of his girlfriends now that the holiday hiatus was over.

These were not normal circumstances.

He looked at Grant looking at the house from the other side of the shed. “So,” he whispered, “The town?”

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Grant shook his head and joined him. "It's still too far. Even if we can't get your grandfather to help us, we need supplies." He pushed Thomas down as the back door to the ranch house opened and Olavo stepped outside. Felix and Limbani followed him.

How? Thomas mouthed to Grant, who shrugged.

The three were talking, but too softly for them to hear at this distance.

"Can you just blow them away like you did in Lewiston?" Thomas whispered.

Grant looked around. "How do you feel about the risk of a tree through your grandfather's house?"

Thomas blinked, "Not very good. Why?"

Grant hefted his staff. "This isn't made for precision. I can't just target a few people."

Thomas thought back to the fight against the chamber, "The funnel?"

Grant snorted, "That only looked precise because it was an open field. I try that here and we're looking at your grandfather's house losing an entire wall."

* * *

“We are kind of out of luck then,” Thomas said, “Because I don’t see them leaving anytime soon. Not unless they get confirmation we’re elsewhere.”

Grant motioned Thomas to the other side of the shed as the three frat brothers went back inside and pointed to a window with a light in it. “How do you feel about committing some larceny?”

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Thomas appeared in the bedroom and ducked. It was silent. He looked around, over the bed, then made his way to the attached bathroom. Also empty.

He cracked the door open and listened to the house. Conversation came from the living room. His grandfather and someone else, too faint to recognize who should be here or what they were talking about.

He went to the closet and took two of the overcoats and laid them on the bed. Neither Grant nor himself were dressed for a winter walk. At the back, he took his grandfather’s hunting backpack and emptied it of its contents, and took it with him to the door. He listened again, still only conversation from the living room.

He stepped out and crept toward the back stairs that led into the kitchen. His goal was the pantry his grandfather always kept well stocked. He paused as grunts came from the partially opened door ahead, only moving forward again when he identified what it was, if

not who was doing it.

He peeked in. Olavo was fucking Yating hard, a hand over his mouth to muffle the sounds. If they knew Thomas's grandfather they wouldn't bother with the discretion. He continued moving and immediately picked up more sounds, voices this time.

That door was closed, so he pressed his ear to it.

"Why can't we just leave?" Gilbert asked plaintively.

The sigh was pure Limbani having to explain something obvious. "I saw us here until tomorrow night."

"But why?" Gilbert reasonably asked.

"I don't know," Limbani said. "That's not how this works."

"Fucking precogs," Gilbert grumbled. "I hate the lot of you. Never a straight answer when you need one."

Limbani snickered. "Oh really? You want something straight from me? How about I straight up fuck you?" Thomas moved on. So he and Grant had until tomorrow night before they needed to worry about them.

He moved down the steps carefully, freezing when one creaked. When nothing changed after a few seconds, he continued only to stop at a voice.

“Damn it, Henry,” Madoc said, his voice coming through the kitchen window. “Did Rapheal tell you anything about this guy? I get Limbani’s visions are accurate, but you know what he looks for. He got us the address and the fact we’re here for a while, but he didn’t see Thomas being here and I can’t exactly go in and demand to know where Thomas is without getting some information on this guy first.”

Thomas carefully looked out the window. Madoc paced while listening.

“Grandfather? Are you sure? I met his grandmother, and I didn’t get the sense there was a man in her life. No, not like that, just not one. I thought he’d died. So Thomas is still close to him then? No, he never mentioned family out here. Didn’t he show up in any of the searches Raphael had done on him?” Without waiting for a response he added. “No, never mind. That man would never consider Thomas’s mother’s side of his family to be of interest. If it doesn’t have a dick, it’s only good to pop out sons. Fuck, I wish someone else took over. Don’t tell him I said that.” Madoc chuckled at what Henry said. “I know. He’s doing the best he can. Okay, so let me get back in and discreetly ask what he knows of where Thomas is. I’ll call you tomorrow for an update unless something happens.”

The rat shook his head and reached for the door.

Thomas looked around in a panic. He’d been so focused on listening in, he hadn’t moved. Now he had to hide. He looked at the open pantry and willed himself there, then moved back and prayed

Madoc didn't look in too closely. There was only so much the shadows could hide the whites of his eyes.

"Are you finally going to explain yourself, young man?" His grandfather demanded.

Madoc answered quite enough Thomas couldn't hear from the back of the pantry. If he wanted to hear, he needed to get closer. He stepped forward-

"Where are the cleaners?" Felix asked, stepping into the kitchen. Thomas backed again and looked around. Were they in here?

"Under the sink," his grandfather answered.

"Where did he get these?" the otter whispered, awe in his voice and Thomas had to step forward to know what had Felix this amazed.

The otter was running a hand on the wooden table, then looking the chairs over. No, studying them. Chouteau was... what? A fan of wood furniture? Thomas knew Felix had some pieces in his room at the frat, but he only ever saw them from the hall since no one entered Felix's room.

The otter opened the cabinet under the sink and searched through the contents before taking out a can of wood polish, then a polishing cloth, and returning to the living room. "I really hope you don't mind," the otter said. "I just noticed the bookcase there could..."

the rest was too faint.

Thomas took a step forward, then reminded himself he wasn't here to spy, but to supply. He filled the backpack with jerky, water bottles, the handful of old heating pads he came across, cans of fruit he carefully placed so they wouldn't knock together, and all the trail mixes in the pantry. Once done, he looked at the distance between the door and the stairs. What were the odds he could make it there without anyone walking in?

He shook his head in annoyance at himself. He needed to stop thinking like the old him. The odds were one hundred percent because he didn't have to cross the distance by running.

He teleported to the bottom of the steps, then the top, then the door to his grandfather's bedroom. He went to grab the overcoat, then paused, glancing at the side of the bed. Swiping the bottle of lube by the side of the bed as a last-minute addition, he gathered the overcoats and looked out the window, appearing next to a startled Grant moments later.

Thomas tossed him an overcoat. "Larceny accomplished."

OUTLINE-32

Chapter 34

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Montana Wilderness, Thomas, Grant: Mood:some explanation

Thomas will wake up to Grant fucking him. After all, Grant should know magic exhaustion when he sees it, and he knows how Thomas gets his magical energy. So he does the rat... twice. After which he'll ask if Thomas can walk again, and the answer is "poorly". Grant will say that he'll need a minute or twenty before he can fuck him again[is he joking or is Grant on the level of the Society when it comes to sex? Point. May have been misrepresenting William's performance when he first met Denton a bit. They might have to settle for Grant riding Thomas's cock.]... is actually surprised the cave was warm enough for him to do it twice in these temperatures.

Thomas will mention the snow at the entrances acting as insulation combined with some hot springs in the area running close enough underground to turn the grotto into a bit of a greenhouse in the winter. To which he'll then explain to Grant where they are.

Grant has mixed feelings on the location. It's both not as far away from their previous location as he'd like but also further away from Thomas's destination. It's about this time when Thomas will have collected himself to ask who were those people, and Grant will explain that they are the Chamber: essentially the reason there are so few Practitioners. They hunt them, collect their staves, and make them their own.

Eventually Grant will say they can only afford to fuck one more time before getting dressed and heading out. Which raises the question:

which is closer, his grandfather's place or the city?

Montana Homestead, Thomas, Grant, Grandpa Hertz, Search Squad:
Mood: Why is Grandpa letting them do that here?

Thomas wasn't expecting any trouble from his grandfather. His father, after all, should have called to say he was coming, and the guys have every reason to think he had changed destinations... which really raises some questions when Thomas sees a van parked outside that shouldn't be there. That puts him and Grant on guard enough they duck behind cover before one of the boys comes out for a stroll on the front porch.

There's some hushed talk, and while neither of them have any clue why they are here, they also won't make it to town without supplies in this cold. Can't Grant just fight them off again, and the answer is sure... how does Thomas feel leveling his grandfather's house with an F-5 tornado [is Grant's control over his staff that poor? There might be a little bit of hyperbole, but only a little. Grant's staff is a little like the Orr's power. It doesn't like doing things small. It's like trying to knock a door with a wrecking ball.]. For various reasons, Grant should be their last resort. So... how does Thomas feel about putting his teleportation towards some light larceny?

And so Thomas gets busy stealing the food and cold weather gear they'll need. During which he'll hear/see...

- ~~Madoc talking to his grandfather about Thomas, and how it's a shame his father can't just contact him about how everything got resolved after he was already set off.~~
- Madoc is on the porch on the phone with Henry, who is his 'contact' for Raphael during the retrieval job. He's wondering why Thomas would come to this stranger, since the only information they have on him coming here is Limbani's

vision. Henry explains the the man if Thoma's grandfather on his mother's side and he thought Raphael wouldn't know about it since ht doesn't pay that much attention to the woman in the family.

- Olavo [Are the 4 having sex in the house hiding what they are doing? or what story did they tell grandpa to get acces to the rooms?Hmm... might be a plot hole. Grandpa hasn't been written, so I'm not certain how much convincing he'd need. And it is honestly just sex. Grandpa is Eric's father, not Nadias, but he's old in a sense of being either one of our generations. As such the recent regression for gay sex might not have an impact on his view of two guys knocking boots.]
-
- [So... talking point, might need to be dialed back. You know that Limbani is going to need sex, though, even without extensive use of his power.]fucking Yating, more to aggressively recharge than heal him at this point. Rough love from the doctor and all that.
- Gilbert fucking Limbani, with some talk about if he's sure all he sees is them staying here for the next 48 hours[to be sure we are on the same page here. Thomas traveled west, with the goal of going to his grandfather. after the bus incident and funning into grand he decides to go to his uncles in Nevada or Oregon? and they drive past his grandfather's place to end up in Lewiston, ID where they evade the guys and continue west. then Thomas teleports them east, to his grandfather.]
-
- [won't the guys start questioning either Limbani's precognition or what Thomas is up to at some point?>They'd certainly be questioning Limbani's precognition, but it led them to Thomas once without any conceivable reason that it should have.].
- And Felix polishing furniture[It was a small aside in Felix's bio that he liked hardwood furniture. And it is a small details

since he's a small character. But it wasn't without some thought. I seem him getting fucked one day on some of the good furniture in one of the more well to do family houses, and he was punished for the damages by having to maintain them himself for several months... that turned into years... until it finally turned into a lifetime obsession. If he was an Orr, doing it on a hard wood mahogany table would be a good summary of his kink.], muttering both praise at all the fine hardwood his father has collected while admonishing how poorly maintained it is.

Life can only throw so many complications at the duo before they break, so Thomas gets most of what he needs and the two of them set off towards town before they get caught[I take it they are walking? Unless they managed to steal transportation, yes.].