

CHAPTER-43

(something tht isn't made clear in the outline is if anyone's memories have been unlocked at this point. I'm working wit hthe assumption that Samuel hasn't done more than confirm their memories have been altered. The unlocking was coming)

"Coming through!" Thomas yelled, running after Pryce. How was the kid so damned fast? Thomas was the one who teleported and, somehow, Madoc's son was the one always in the lead. Someone had to be wrong about powers only coming in at eighteen.

Legs went up and Pryce kept going while Thomas had to navigate around them. One of them smacked his ass as he passed. "Shouldn't you all be fucking?" Thomas said, then had to run out of the living room as Pryce vanished around the archway.

Once in the hall, Thomas froze. Pryce was nowhere to be seen. The closes door, partially open, led to the basement. Who had left that open? Dreading what he'd see, he looked down the stairwell just as Olavo cooed.

"What this pretty boy doing here? Why yes, you are a pretty boy."

Thomas didn't question how Pryce had made a left out of the living room and ended up in the kitchen, to the right. Maybe infants could just do that kind of stuff.

The capybara sat at the table, bouncing and an infant rat on a knee while holding a half-eaten sandwich in the other hand. His phone was on the table, projecting a page of text above it.

"Thank you for catching him," Thomas said, dropping into the opposite chair.

"What are you doing running after this guy?" Olavo asked. "Should that be Madoc's job?"

“We fucked for it, and he preferred keeping the other infant busy, so I got to handle Pryce.”

Olavo thought about it. “Limbani?”

Thomas nodded. “I think Madoc’s still freaked out about having a son. Which is weird as fuck, considering how dotting he was at Thanksgiving.”

The capybara nodded and returned to reading.

“How are you handling the messed-up memory thing?” Thomas asked. Yating was still down from the revelation he had a twin brother. Felix was sulking somewhere. Like Thomas, he’d been certain his memory was intact, but the otter was being stubborn about accepting the reality.

Olavo shrugged. “Unless this mess, as you call it, hides that this Henry got me to betray my family, I’ll deal with things when I know what I’m misremembering. Until then, I have my courses to focus on.”

“You know, now that I know about your power, I’m kind of surprised you took an econ as your major. Wouldn’t medicine make more sense as a healer?”

The capybara sighed. “It’s okay,” he said as Thomas was about to apologize. “It’s not you I’ve had to explain this to before. It’s just about everyone else.”

“You don’t—”

“It’s fine. My power only seems impressive to you because you don’t remember about sigils and *phrases*. There’s a healing sigil, which is simply a symbol you apply to yourself in cum, and it will heal you. It’s easy and safe to use, if not particularly smart. It won’t clean a wound before closing it, for example. Compared to that, my power is impressive. I’ll heal you smartly. Worst injuries first, and because it’s magical, nothing’s going to stay in there to spread infection. I don’t even have to think about what needs to heal. My power just knows. That’s one reason why studying medicine isn’t all

that interesting. It's not going to make me a better healer. If you want a second right there, not a lot of patients at a hospital will let someone fuck them with the promise of a healing out of it."

"Would it work on a woman?" Thomas asked.

"I've never tested it, but I don't see why not. I might have to fuck them in the ass, but the biggest problem there would be getting me hard. There's a phrase for that, but I'm going to keep it for when it's time for me to have a son. And speaking of phrases, which is simply a combination of sigils, so they'll interact together and create a more directed result. There are a lot of them about healing. But most are still simple to write, and even the simplest will heal better than me because there's no need to spend the time having sex. As fun as that is, when it's really needed, you rarely have the time for it."

"I guess I hadn't thought of that."

"Few people do. And most healers do benefit from knowing how the body works, so the assumption my power works the same is understandable. Even if the idea that it isn't because I have a healing power that I have an interest in healing people doesn't seem to be."

"So... ecom?" Thomas wanted to move away from the sore subject, but other than walking out, he couldn't think of a tactful way.

Olavo nodded. "That and politics as well as... something else."

"Three majors? I didn't know. Why? I mean, if you like that stuff, sure, but isn't it better to take just one?"

"If my goal was to go into business, or straight-up politics, yes. Unfortunately, I expect my future to be less traditional, so I'm planning accordingly."

Thomas tilted an ear and opened his mouth to ask.

Olavo sighed. "Not like it's a secret at this point among the frat. But I'm pretty sure my father will take over the country by the time I've graduated."

Thomas snapped his muzzle closed. "Not this country. You're

talking about Argentina. Your dad's a dictator?"

Olavo winced. "It's more complicated than that. Now that we no longer have an agency watching our every move, we can take a more direct hand in rescuing our country. Unfortunately, with the current unrest and the political upheavals around South America. It's going to take a firmer hand than that of the current government to make the changes required."

"That seems kind of extreme."

The capybara shrugged. "Argentina isn't the United States. What works here isn't going to work there. But I'm studying what I am because I was to do all I can to ensure that my father's actions won't make the situation worse, despite his good intentions."

"I guess that's good. I wouldn't want to—"

"Thomas," Gilbert called from the living room. "You're going to want to come here."

(I am purposely not handling Felix here because 1) considering the animosity between him and Thomas, I can't see how to create a situation where some of the otter's background would come up. That might work better if we include it when Thomas is still at the frat. And 2) with Felix being so underused overall, I don't have much of a handle on who he is, other than 'hating Thomas'. Feel free to add what you feel with work)

Thomas looked at Olavo, who shrugged. Thomas headed to the living room. "What's—"

"There you are," the pangolin on the television screen said. "Why weren't you with the rest of them?"

"I—" he motioned toward the kitchen, but stopped the rest. "What are you doing on the television, Shila?"

"Talking with you," she replied before taking a drag of her E-cig.

"There are phones, you know."

She snorted smoke. "Too easy to spy on them. No one's going to expect me to use this."

"Especially since there isn't a microphone on it," Gilbert said.

"You know, I'd think you bunch wouldn't be too surprised by what magic can do," Shila said, then looked at Thomas. "As for why I want to talk with you specifically, well, that's got to do with that favor you owe me."

Thomas looked around at the others. "I'm kind of in the middle of something."

"Oh, I know, but that can wait."

"What's going on?" Madoc asked and frowned at the television. "How?"

"Magic," Thomas said before Shila could. "Look, I know I said I'd move you, but you realize I expected to be better at it by the time you needed me. You kind of implied it wouldn't be anytime soon."

"It's not for me," she replied. "Grant needs a rescue."

Thomas stared. "Grant needs a rescue?" he shook his head. "The guy who can get lightning to fall from the sky and a funnel to send someone flying off, needs a rescue?"

"Yes. Unless you've come in contact with another Grant Summer with a staff that lets him do that, he's the one who needs a rescue."

"If you'll excuse me," Olavo said, entering the living room, "but how do you know he needs help?"

She hesitated. "Okay, I don't *know* know. My conclusion is based on a lot of inference, but there's been chatter on the net for a while about Chamber agents on the hunt."

"Chambers?" Gilbert asked.

"Internal names," Shila replied, "don't worry that genius head of yours over it. Anyway. Magnet and Light were the only ones to

walk away from your encounter. Shovel didn't survive the—"

"Wait," Thomas interrupted. "Magnet and Light? Is that really what they're called? Are we dealing with some bad super-villain group or something?"

"It's what I call them, on account of them being assholes who can't leave the rest of us to live in peace. Can I continue?" she looked the room over. "Thank you," she said when no one said anything.

"Shovel didn't survive the fall, but the Chamber still has his staff." She sighed as Thomas raised his hand. "Go ahead."

"I remember a guy with a shovel, so I'm guessing that's who you mean, but how is a shovel a staff? I mean, I didn't see him using anything else."

"Do you see anything in my hands?" she asked, bringing them into view.

"No."

"Well, I'm using a staff, too. It's what gives us our power, just like sex gives you yours."

"Actually," Olavo said, "a god gives us our —"

"Kid, we so don't have the time to argue over who's belief system's the right one right now, especially since you are going to hate the answer." She took a drag. "Can I continue? Okay. Shovel's out of play until they can find a wielder. No, I'm not taking more questions." Thomas lowered his hand. "But they have Heat Wave on the way to join up with Light and Magnet as well as Lullaby. The only time there's reinforcement like that is when they think they're getting close to their target."

"Okay, where is he?" Thomas asked.

"I don't know."

He stared at her. "You don't know where he is? Then isn't it easier for you to go out and look for him than ask me to do it? I can't

teleport anywhere if I don't know where I'm going."

"Kid, I don't leave my house for anything short of the end of reality. I owe Grant, I owe him big. I'm repaying him by giving him the favor you owe me. Trust me when I tell you that wasn't the easiest decision I've ever made. As for where he might be. I figured you'd have a better chance of knowing since you were the last person I know to have been with him."

"You're magic can't find him?"

She shook her head. "Grant's got some of the best wards on his truck."

"He lost that."

She paused and looked at something off-screen. "Okay, that would weaken them some. He had them run mostly off the concept the truck represented. But whatever he's using is keeping me from triangulating him."

"Wouldn't that mean the Chamber can't find him either?"

She snorted. "When you've pissed them off the way Grant has, they don't limit themselves to one of two seers. They've got the whole damned collection of them looking for him. You should be impressed he's still on the run and not consumed by now."

"I don't know where he is," Thomas said in exasperation. "He specifically said it was better if I didn't know." He paused. "He did say something about Canada being a quiet place this time of the year."

She smiled. "I knew I could depend on that kangaroo to give me a clue." She looked at something. "Okay, Canada makes sense. I have Light and Magnet on a camera in Grand Falls, Montana." Looking on the other side. "And Lullaby is on a flight landing at the Calgary International Airport in eighteen hours. Looks like the Chamber also thinks he's up there. You better get moving."

"I'm in Kansas City. How the fuck do you expect me to get to Canada?"

"I can get you there," Gilbert said.

"In what?" Thomas asked.

"Okay, I'm offended you have to ask," the armadillo replied. "It's been in better shape, but it got us here from San Francisco. It'll get us to Calgary."

"You do realize there's a border between here and there, right?" Thomas asked. "Last I checked, crossing it still required a passport. I don't own one."

"That doesn't have to be the problem you think it is," Olavo said. "We have magic after all."

"You guys are all idiots," Felix said, getting up. "I'm not risking my fur for some kangaroo who got on the bad side of his people. He fucking blew up your van, Gil. How can you even think of helping?"

"Because he helped Thomas," the armadillo said. "Me and him are going to have words about what he did, but he still helped a brother when he didn't have to. Fuck, he protected him from us. He deserves our help only for that. I'd hate to think what would have happened to Thomas if we'd brought him to that Henry guy."

The otter looked at them. "You're all going? Since when do we get involved in other faction's problems?"

"Since one of them got involved in ours," Yating said. "Like Gil said, this Grant rescued Thomas. The least we can do is return the favor."

"I'm not going," Madoc said. "I'm sorry, Thomas, but I have to stay here. I have this kid who thinks I'm his father, and I don't even feel a kinship to him. It's killing me to think I should. I have to be here for when Samuel's ready to unlock those memories."

"I understand," Thomas said. "Really, I do. If I had a son, I'd—" Thomas looked at Olavo. "Where's Pryce?"

"I left him in the kitchen with Limbani."

“You left an infant with our monkey?” Thomas exclaimed and ran out of the living room before anyone said anything else. He skidded to a stop in the kitchen’s archway. Limbani was seated on a kitchen chair, gently rocking Pryce in his arms while singing something in his native language.

While the monkey’s gentle treatment of the infant was surprising, the fact Limbani was dressed was what kept Thomas from saying anything. It was a form-fitting t-shirt and jeans that would put short shorts to shame, but he was dressed.

Limbani stopped singing and looked at the rat. “What?” he asked in a whisper.

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CHAPTER 1.5-43

“Coming through!” Thomas yelled, running after Pryce. How was the kid so damned fast? Thomas was the one who could teleport and, somehow, Madoc’s son was the one always in the lead. Someone had to be wrong about powers only coming in at eighteen.

Dancing around through the upstairs hall, Pryce paid no heed to the ladder to the attic and the otter slowly climbing down it. Thomas almost ran into him, which should have caused Felix to flip him the bird... if his hands weren’t filled with dusty hardwood end table?

Toddler now, find out where the otter got a fix for his fetish later.

Thomas reached the stairs and found the toddler already at the bottom of them. Not wasting time, Thomas teleported to the bottom of them... only to find the little rat not at his feet. Looking all around, Thomas tried to figure out where the boy had disappeared to-

“What’s this pretty boy doing here?” Olavo cooed in the distance. “Why yes, you are a pretty boy.”

Thomas didn’t question it as he followed the sound to the kitchen. At this point he believed Pryce had the power to be not where he expected him to be; it was likely a power shared by all infants.

The capybara sat at the table, bouncing an infant rat on a knee

while holding a half-eaten sandwich in the other hand. His phone was on the table, projecting a page of text above it.

“Thank you for catching him,” Thomas said, dropping into the opposite chair.

“What are you doing running after this guy?” Olavo asked. “Shouldn’t that be Madoc’s job?”

“We fucked for it,” Thomas responded, “And he preferred keeping the other infant busy, so I got to handle Pryce.”

Olavo thought about it. “Limhani?”

Thomas nodded. “I think Madoc’s still freaked out about having a son. Which is weird as fuck, considering how dotting he was at Thanksgiving.”

The capybara nodded and returned to reading.

“How are you handling the messed-up memory thing?” Thomas asked. Yating was still down from the revelation he had a twin brother. Felix was being stubborn accepting reality; hopefully his new toy would keep him distracted until they found a cure. Gilbert was being kept away from explosives, though that would be the case even if he had his true memories.

Olavo shrugged. “Unless this mess, as you call it, hides that

this Henry got me to betray my family, I'll deal with things when I know what I'm misremembering. Until then, I have my courses to focus on."

Thomas nodded. "You know, now that I know about your power, I'm kind of surprised you took economy as your major. Wouldn't medicine make more sense as a healer?"

The capybara sighed. "It's okay," he said as Thomas was about to apologize. "I just need to remind myself that from your perspective we haven't already had this conversation."

The adult rat frowned, "You don't--"

"It's fine," Olavo chuckled. "My power only seems impressive to you because you don't remember sigils and phrases... or never learned them. But there's a really simple healing sigil you can write on yourself with cum and it will heal you. Easy and safe, though not smart; won't clean wounds before closing them, for example."

"Compared to that, my power is impressive," the capybara continued. "I'll heal you smart, worse injuries first and no infection to worry about because of magic. I don't even need to think about what to heal, my power just knows. That's part of why I'm not aiming for medicine; it wouldn't make me a better healer. Also would be troublesome finding a hospital into the whole sexual healing thing."

"Would it work on a woman?" Thomas asked.

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“I’ve never tested it, but I don’t see why not,” Olavo responded. “I’d need to fuck them, which is the biggest reason I’ve never tested it. There is a phrase for that, but I’m not using it until it’s time for me to have a son.”

“And speaking of phrases,” the capybara got back on track, “There are entire books of them built around the healing sigil. Because phrases are a lot like equations or computer programs, just a lot of sigils strewn together to create a result that is either more powerful or completely new. After so many centuries, there have been so many healing phrases created that my power is more of a novelty than a necessity.”

Thomas frowned as he tried to find the logical flaw he was sensing, “But you’d still need to whip out your cock and cum on someone.”

The capybara rolled his eyes, “Which is still a lot handier than turning them over and fucking them in an emergency.”

Thomas still felt like that wasn’t what was nagging him, but he shelved it for now. “Still, that just explains why not medicine. Why economy?”

Olavo just shrugged. “Well, that’s just going to be my first degree. After that is politics. And then finally urban planning.”

“You have three majors?” Thomas asked in disbelief.

* * *

The capybara shook his head, "Pay attention to the number. Economics, then politics, and then finally urban planning. Even if I was conspiring with this Henry person to put all the necessary knowledge in my brain, I'd go insane trying to take that many classes before they expired."

"You're still going to be paying graduate rates on the second and third degree." Thomas paused. "...right, everyone in this Society thing is rich. Still, what are you planning that would require that mixture of degrees?"

"I'm not planning anything," Olavo sighed. "It's not exactly a secret in the frat, or the Society at large... but basically my father is planning to take over the country."

"What?" Thomas exclaimed, making Pryce giggle in innocence.

"Not this country you idiot," Felix said as he passed through the kitchen to grab a dishcloth and cleaner from under the sink.

Thomas suppressed the urge to do their customary exchange of flipped birds; not in front of the baby. "Right, you're from Argentina. Still, your dad is a prospective dictator?"

Olavo winced. "It's more complicated than that. Now that we no longer have a global agency watching our every move, we can take a more direct hand in rescuing our country. But Argentina has a long history of corruption; to make true progress massive change is required."

* * *

Thomas soaked this in for silence for a few long minutes. "Still feels kind of extreme."

The capybara shrugged. "Sometimes the extreme is what is needed. And in the end, I can't control my father's actions. I can only be ready to do a good job with what I'm going to one day inherit."

"I guess that's good," Thomas conceded. "I wouldn't want--"

"Thomas," Gilbert called from the living room. "You're going to want to come over here."

Thomas looked at Olavo, who shrugged. Thomas headed to the living room. "What's--"

"There you are," the pangolin on the television screen said. "Why weren't you with the rest of them?"

"I--" he motioned towards the kitchen, but stopped mid-motion. "What are you doing on the television, Shila?"

"Talking with you," she replied before taking a drag of her E-cig.

"There are phones, you know," Thomas exasperated.

* * *

She snorted smoke. "Too easy to spy on them. No one's going to expect me to use this."

"Especially since there isn't a microphone on it," Gilbert said.

"You know, I'd think you bunch wouldn't be too surprised by what magic can do," Shila said, then looked at Thomas. "As for why I want to talk with you specifically, well, that's got to do with that favor you owe me."

Thomas looked around at the others, "I'm kind of in the middle of something."

"Oh, I know," the pangolin responded, "but that can wait."

"What's going on?" Madoc asked and frowned at the television. "How?"

"Magic," Thomas said before Shila could. "Look, I know I said I'd move you, but you need to realize I expected to be better at it by the time you needed me. You kind of implied it wouldn't be anytime soon."

"It's not for me," she replied. "Grant needs a rescue."

Thomas stared. "Where is he?"

* * *

“No fucking idea,” Shila responded.

“If you’ll excuse me,” Olavo said, entering the living room.
“But if you don’t know where he is, how do you know he needs help?”

She hesitated. “Okay, I don’t know know. My conclusion is based on a lot of inference, but there’s been chatter on the net for a while about Chamber agents on the hunt.”

“Chamber?” Gilbert asked.

“Internal names,” Sheila replied, “Don’t worry that genius head of yours over it. Anyway, Magnet and Light were the only ones to walk away from your encounter. Shovel didn’t survive the-”

“Wait,” Thomas interrupted. “Magnet and Light? Is that really what they’re called? Are we dealing with some bad super-villain group or something?”

“It’s what I call them, on account of them being assholes who can’t leave the rest of us to live in peace. Can I continue?” She looked the room over. “Thank you,” she said when no one said anything.

“Shovel didn’t survive that fall, but the Chamber still has his staff,” She sighed as Thomas raised his hand. “Go ahead.”

“How is a shovel a staff?” Thomas asked. “Because if you’re talking about who I think you’re talking about, then all I saw him use

was some generic hardware shovel. Not very... constructed."

"Do you see anything in my hands?" she asked, bringing them into view.

"No," Thomas responded.

"Well, I'm using a staff too," Shilla said. "It's what gives us our power, just like sex gives you yours."

"Actually," Olavo said, "A god gives us our-"

"Kid, we so don't have time to argue over who's belief system's the right one right now, especially since you are going to hate the answer." She took a drag. "Can I continue? Okay. Shovel's out of play until they can find a wielder. No, I'm not taking more questions." Thomas lowered his hand. "But they have Heat Wave on the way to join up with Light and Magnet as well as Lullaby. The only time there's reinforcements like that is when they think they're getting close to their target."

Thomas nodded, "And you don't know where he is?" Thomas sighed. "Shila, outside of line of sight I need to have been to a landing spot and prepared it. Unless he's still hanging out around Bozeman Montana..."

Shilla shook her head, "I have Light and Magnet on camera in Grand Falls, Montana. Heading north." She glanced over to her right. "Lullaby and Heat Wave are on flights to Calgary International

Airport. So I don't know exactly where he is, but my guess would be Canada."

"So we're racing against the enemy with only the enemy's movements to lead us to our target," Thomas stated before running a hand down his face, "...it's for Grant, so I'll do it. But how the fuck do you expect me to get to Canada?"

"I can get you there," Gilbert said.

"In what?" Thomas asked.

"Okay, I'm offended you have to ask," the armadillo replied. "It's been in better shape, but it got us here from San Francisco. It'll get us to Calgary."

"You do realize there's a border between here and there, right?" Thomas asked. "Last I checked, crossing it still required a passport. I don't own one."

"That doesn't have to be the problem you think it is," Olavo said. "We have magic after all."

"You guys are all idiots," Felix said from the corner where he'd been sitting, polishing his new treasure. "I'm not risking my fur for some kangaroo who got on the bad side of his people. He fucking blew up your van, Gil. How can you even think of helping?"

* * *

“Because he helped Thomas,” the armadillo said. “We’re going to have words about what he did, but he still helped a brother when he didn’t have to. Fuck, he protected him from us. He deserves our help only for that. I’d hate to think where we’d all be if we’d snagged Thomas and just walked back into the arms of this Henry guy.”

The otter looked at them. “You’re all going? Since when do we get involved in another faction’s problems?”

“We’re not all going,” Yating sulked. “I can’t leave my mother here alone, or ask her to go home until we’ve found out what happened to Yahui.”

“I’m not going either,” Madoc said. “I’m sorry, Thomas, but I have to stay here. I have this kid who thinks I’m his father, and I don’t even feel a kinship to him. It’s killing me to think I should. I have to be here in case they figure out a way to unlock memories.”

“I understand,” Thomas said. “Really, I do. If I had a son, I’d-” Thomas looked at Olavo. “Where’s Pryce?”

“I left him in the kitchen with Limbani,” Olavo responded.

“You left an infant with our monkey?” Thomas exclaimed and ran out of the living room before anyone said anything. He skidded to a stop in the kitchen’s archway and-

Limbani was seated on a kitchen chair, gently rocking Pryce in his arms while singing something in his native language. While in

retrospect the monkey's gentle treatment of the infant was only mildly surprising, the fact Limbani was dressed all but floored Thomas. It was a form-fitting t-shirt and jeans that may as well have been painted on, but he was dressed.

Limbani stopped singing and looked at the rat. "What?" he asked in a whisper.

OUTLINE-43

Chapter 43

###

Kansas City Safehouse, Thomas, Search Squad, Ru: Mood: yet more back story

Thomas has yet to teleport more than a quarter of the way across the country, but he's starting to feel that looking after a baby (toddler?) might be what teleporting to the moon feels like. Probably doesn't help with Limbani they are looking after two very different kinda kids. Trying to keep the two of them separated is a challenge.

Still, it gives the group time to talk, and with Yating and Madoc already having baggage out in the open it only leaves the other four to poke at. Well, two, as he's been stuck in a van with Gilbert and Limbani for about a week now if you count the drive to San Francisco and then to Kansas City.

Olavo doesn't feel like he has much of a story to tell. His power is sexual healing, which seems redundant with the healing sigil [Sigils will have to be brought up at least to the reader before this. I've made a note for the first party Thomas goes to about this], but it's a full body healing that is better on organ trauma than even the most sensitive healing script. No, he isn't studying to be a doctor, he has magic for that. He's the son of the elder, so he needs to prepare to take charge one day. Which, since his father *may* be planning to take over Argentina, will take a lot of training. His current economics degree is the first of three he has planned.

Felix is a bit less prestigious, though he also claims even the dredges of his family are better than common people. Certainly gives Thomas

some perspective of what his deal with him was before. Felix himself thought there wasn't a deal until Thomas ran away and betrayed his family trust... which now turns out to be a lie brought about by memory alteration. So Felix doesn't quite know how to go about treating Thomas, and is avoiding the issue by focusing on polishing a cheap pine wood end table he found covered in dust in the attic.

So... yeah... the gang is stuck in waiting mode for Rapheal and his men to do their... what is Shila doing on television?

###

Kansas City Safehouse, Thomas, Search Squad, Shila, Ru: Mood:

After a moment of panic, Thomas is talking to Shila on Olavo's phone in one of the rooms, alone. Turns out she wants to cash in that favor[Is Shila someone conniving? will she try to get Thomas to do it of his own free will since he known Grant too?I certainly didn't see her doing it that way, but she is still largely a blank slate.]. Grant is in a bit of a pinch. For some reason the Chamber has a firmer track on him than they should. She's not sure how, as even she doesn't know exactly where Grant is, but Thomas mentioned Canada and right now facial recognition has the four goons (one or more of them might be attractive ladies, but they are still thugs in Shila's eyes) in a Canadian town and doing sweeps of the place.

So maybe it's a false alarm and Grant has already slipped them again, but Shila is guessing no and the butterflies in Thomas's gut agrees. It doesn't take much for Thomas to say he'll get him out of there, but there is a question of how Thomas will get there... I mean, it's Canada. He doesn't even have a passport. Shila can help with the passport, as for transportation... why doesn't Thomas open the bedroom door.

Thomas does so... and about half the gang tumbles into the bedroom, having tried to listen in. Gilbert, without even waiting to be asked,

says he can drive[Time would be of the essence here. Why aren't they flying?Because I literally just didn't think about it.]

[Though they'd have to fly to Calgary and rent a car to Red Deer. Also they would be flying couch, so they'd be dealing with Limbani's sex drive in an enclosed space with a lot of people.]

[Which are all things to potentially benefit the plot if handled right. So we also have to remember Raphael and how likely he is to notice them fly off as opposed to drive off.] Thomas there. Olavo also volunteers, he had enough being sidelined last time. Madoc wants to stay with his son, Felix will pass, Yating is in... and where is Limbani?

The group rushes, having realized they left the crazy sex monkey alone with the baby. What they find... isn't what they suspected. Limbani is singing in Tswana [It's one of the ten official African languages of South Africa. I basically picked it by throwing darts at a dart board, so we can pick a different one if you want.]to the child ~~as Ru watches on~~. The monkey is even dressed, even if it's cut off jean shorts so tight to be scandalous. The monkey notices everyone watching, and gives an innocent "What?" in response.

9/15/19