

## Chapter 52

Thomas and Madoc stepped out of the bathroom, done with their post sauna-sex shower and sex, only to moving out of the way of a mumbling Yating who looked at his phone instead of where he was walking.

"Remember, remember," the panda said under his breath. "You have to remember, too."

"What's up with—" Madoc started.

"Yahui!" Yating yelled as he put his phone to his ear. Thomas wasn't even sure he'd heard it ring. "Thank His balls you remembered too." The rest was said in Mandarin.

"I thought Yahui was his missing brother," Thomas said

Madoc shrugged. "I guess he isn't missing anymore?"

"Thomas," Grant called from the open door to the office Donal was working out from. Inside, the Squirrel was stretched on the couch, hand over his eyes.

"What's with Yating?" Thomas asked, and Donal groaned.

"Tell me we're done," the squirrel said. "After that, I feel like anymore and I'm going to go to that apothecary thing you talked about."

"Apotheosis," Grant said. "You still need to do Thomas."

"I'm fine," Thomas said as Donal sighed and forced himself to sit.

"Are you sure?" Grant asked. "You only unlocked one memory."

"Yeah, but how vital will anything else be? I can wait until Donal's rested. What happened?"

"Twins are even weirder than the rest of you," Donal said, closing his eyes and leaning back.

"We aren't weird," Madoc said, and the squirrel snorted.

"Do you want an aspirin or something?" Thomas asked.

Madoc snorted. "Olavo's cock will be better."

"Aspirin," Donal said. "I've had enough cock for a while."

"How can you say that?" Madoc asked, sounding offended.

"I'm normal."

Grant chuckled before turning and motioning for Thomas to stay.

"Fine," Donal said, "I'm not powered by sex, like you. After the flight from Montana, I am good for at least a few more days."

"That makes you the weird one," Madoc stated.

Donal shifted only enough he could fix one eye on the rat. "So it's normal for one of them to get his power when the other's initiated?"

"That's not how it works," Madoc said. "You have to be initiated to be granted your power."

"Well, Yahui went first, and once they were done, before they could get Yating, he was falling through the floor, pretty damned scared."

"That's got to be something Henry did," the rat said. "Changed his memory to think that—"

Donal shook his head, then groaned again. "Henry had a bitch of a time changing their memories independently. When he did manage it, it took a lot out of him. As soon as we were done, he grabbed his phone, mumbling for Yahui to remember."

"He just got a call from him," Thomas said.

"I'm glad. And if you're really okay with doing this later, Thomas, please turn the lights out as you two leave."

Grant returned with the aspirin and water as Thomas closed the door, then he went looking for the panda. He found him in the living room, his mother on the phone, speaking Mandarin. Thomas had no idea what was being said, but she sounded happy.

"Is he okay?" Thomas asked.

Yating nodded, smiling. "Other than the mind fuckery, Henry's treating him well. He has him looking after Horst in a secret part of the frat."

"Who's that?" Madoc asked.

"You haven't met him?" Yating asked back. The rat shook his head. "Horst is Henry's son. Yahui is basically his nanny."

"Henry has a son?" Thomas asked. "Why would he... right, the transferring his mind thing." He paused and looked at the Panda. "If Yahui takes care of him, doesn't that mean we can—"

"Grab the bat by the balls," Samuel said, "and squeeze them real right."

“That wasn’t what I was thinking,” Thomas protested as the badger put his phone to his ear, grinning.  
“Get a team ready,” Samuel said, “we now have leverage and we’re going to be pulling on it as hard as we can.”

[everything above will almost certainly be bumped up to the previous chapter since the next part is too much of a departure to fit as just a scene break]

Minneapolis, MN, March 31th

Thomas wanted for thing to be moving already. He was getting fed up with being crammed into the small stairwell. With him were Donal, a few steps below, with the door to the rest of the start at his back, Limbani, grinding against Thomas’s ass and Vincent by the door, hand on the handle and patiently waiting for the go order.

When Samuel had offered Thomas to be part of the assault to retake Minneapolis, the rat had jumped on the idea. If he couldn’t be part of the team rescuing his family, rescuing the Richard elder was the next best thing. It was why Donal was part of his group, and why in this stairwell, They couldn’t afford for the squirrel to be injured before he freed Byrnwood from Henry.

The initial plan had been for the larger force to storm the elder’s office and stun everyone there, but one of the margay with his memory restored, maybe Vincent, Thomas hadn’t exactly paid attention to that part of the planning, had pointed out that Byrnwood’s personal security wore interference vest, and that the moment they thought their elder was in real danger, they would switch to bullets when defending him. So the beanbag shotguns were being repurposed here, along with more Samuel had delivered to the jet before they took off.

Thomas’s group had traveled in one of the three black vans that had been waiting for them when they landed, and driven to an office building in the center of St-Paul. From the parking lot, they’d made their way too many flights of stairs for Thomas to keep track until they had crammed themselves into this small section of it.

There were no armadillos on any of the teams. Samuel had the teams in place even before everyone had had their memories restored. Gavin hadn’t been happy when he found out, but the private call between elders had resulted in the armadillo allowing Samuel to run things.

The badger had reassured Thomas that while he was helping with the Richard elder, Samuel would see to his family’s rescue personally. Which Thomas had taken to mean he’d be expected to pay for it at some point down the line. Samuel hadn’t stopped grinning while Thomas considered putting his foot down about everyone treating him like a commodity they could buy for the cheap price of helping him, but how much of an afterthought would his family be, if even that, without Thomas dangling there to make everyone salivate. He wrapped himself with the idea his family would be safe to keep the sense he was whoring himself out from overwhelming him.

When Thomas the trail Limbani was grinding become wet was when he decided he’d had enough. He was in the process of turning, intent on ripping the jeans off the monkey and forcing him to shove that cock up his ass when Vincent opened the door and freezing air replaced the warmth their bodies had built up.

“Go,” the margay whispered, stepping out, and Thomas’s horniness was sufficiently frozen he followed the man as the crouch-stepped to the ledge. On the other side of the road stood another office building, four stories shorter, the top floor of which was home to Richard Management.

Thomas took out the binoculars and searched the windows for the elder. Samuel had showed him pictures after pictures until Thomas could see the elder’s markings in his sleep. Byrnwood Richard loved looking over his city, Vincent had explained, so on top of his corner office, he had insisted his secured quarters have large windows. The plan was to corner him in the office, but they couldn’t know how quickly Byrnwood’s security would respond, so Thomas scanned from window to window, looking for him.

“Second window,” Vincent said, “east from the corner.” Thomas located it as Byrnwood reached his desk, phone to his ear. He made out four other men in the room. “We are in position for insertion. The distraction can be started at anytime.”

On that signal, Limbani grabbed Thomas’s crotch, and the rat stared at the grinning monkey.

“Grab—” Vincent said, glancing at them. “Doesn’t he need direct contact?”

“Don’t give him—”

Limbani already had his freezing hand in Thomas’s pants.

“I am so fucking you when this is over,” the rat threatened through chattering teeth.

“Don’t worry, I’ll warm you right up,” the monkey promised, and was stroking his hardening cock.

Thomas grabbed Vincent’s gloved hand as Donal put a hand on his arm, before putting the binoculars to his eyes and focusing on this office.

“On my signal,” Vincent said.

If Samuel was wrong, Thomas thought, that was another one he was fucking right after this.

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“Stop worrying,” the badger said, dropping in the jet’s seat opposite Thomas, cleaning cum off his fur with a finger. “It’s going to work. Look,” he added, before Thomas could voice his doubt. “Your exhaustion levels only depend on three factors. I know that because, while you’re not remembering thing all that clearly, due to how those teleports left you, the memories are there for me to see. You teleport blind, and you need to be revived. It doesn’t matter if you’re alone or you brought three others with you. You drop and you have to be fucked back. There’s the line of sight. If you’re alone, you barely feel anything unless you chain like two dozen of them. No, you didn’t do that, I’m extrapolating. If you bring someone with you, you’re winded, like you ran hard for a minute or two. So this is all that’s going to be, but that’s why the monkey’s on your team. If I’m wrong, he’s there to fuck you back. Tell you what, if he has to do that, you’re welcome to fuck me in return.” The badger pushed himself to the edge of the seat. “Of course you can fuck me now, too.”