

CHAPTER-39

“Yes!” Limbani ran into the suite’s eating area. “We’re going to succeed!”

The squeal from the puma as she dropped the plate she’d been moving from the cart to the table made Thomas look away from the naked monkey to her and only then did it register she was ogling before turning her head away.

“Oh, hello,” the monkey said, moving to the table and grabbing a toast on which he added a poached egg, then roasted sausage before folding it and taking a bite.

A barely awake panda walked into the room. “What’s with running off?” he asked.

The puma squealed again. Yating was also naked, but he didn’t seem awake enough to register her presence.

“Maybe you two should get dressed?” Thomas suggested.

Yating looked at him and said something unintelligible and Limbani’s reply was as incomprehensible, but due to the food in his mouth. Thomas was surprised at that since the monkey could talk around a cock.

No one else commented on the situation and he was left wondering if offending hotel staff was so common a thing they no longer acknowledged it. The Marriot wouldn’t have been Thomas’s first choice, and he still had no idea what the snickering had been when Gilbert had picked it, but for a hotel chain whose reputation was that it was affordable, they had some high-end rooms.

“Thank you,” the armadillo told the woman. “We’ll handle the rest ourselves.” He gave her a hundred-dollar bill. She bowed and thanked him profusely before leaving. What would she have the most to say about? Seeing two hot naked men, or the tip?

“So this is going to work?” Gilbert asked, visibly relaxing.

"That's good to know."

Limbani nodded. "In two days we're driving on the I-80 and Madoc's with us."

Yating sat and forked a steak off the cart and onto his plate. "How do we do it?" he asked around a jaw-breaking yawn that had Thomas echo it.

"No idea." The monkey made himself another rolled toast. "That's when my vision kicks back in."

"So..." Thomas trailed and when no one picked up on it. "Do you guys think I'm ready?"

"You're familiar with the room. You've jumped to it from the park across the hotel," Gilbert said, then took a slow sip of his coffee. "And you didn't die."

"That's because Limbani was there to fuck me," Thomas said.

"And I'm going to be there this time too." The monkey smiled at him.

"You are enjoying this too much," Thomas said.

"You ass, my cock. What's not to enjoy?"

"And Madoc's going to be there too," Yating said, filling his cup from the carafe of green tea. "I wasn't affected by the teleportation, and the odds are good that whatever they did to him will still be affecting him, so getting him to fuck you isn't going to be hard."

"Is it ever?" Limbani said.

"Except they're using him to get buff," Thomas pointed out. "I've got no interest in ending up looking like some roid abuser."

"That won't happen," Yating said. "What did you and Laurence say it was? A week's worth of training?"

The armadillo nodded. "Around that. It's not like it was

extensive research. So you'll end up with a month or two of muscles. You could use it."

"I'm perfectly fine as I am." Thomas didn't share their confidence.

They'd been appalled that when they suggested having Thomas pop into the warehouse, grab Madoc, and pop back out, the rat had pointed out all the ways in which he couldn't do it. From not being able to teleport some place he couldn't see, never having teleported a second person and not nearly die, to line-of-sight teleportation still tiring him if he needed to do many in succession.

Somehow, the first question from Gilbert was "why didn't you practice it more?"

So this last week had been that. Thomas teleporting across their suite instead of walking, then figuring out how to get him to teleport to the bedroom that was his 'landing' spot. No matter how much studying of it, he did. How he visualized it, he went nowhere when he tried for it.

Pointing out that the two times he'd ended up in the grotto, he hadn't been thinking about it or had even gone to it in years of the first time, had only made Gilbert ask questions about how he'd felt, before and after.

Thomas decided that giving the problem to the scientist of the group hadn't been the best thing if he'd wanted to get out of it.

The armadillo's questions and experiments had worked. Thomas had isolated a sense of security and comfort with the grotto, and why, when he'd needed to be saved, he would have gone there.

Yating asked why he hadn't gone back home, since that had to be a safer and more comfortable place.

"You've never lived in the Hertz house," Thomas had replied. "Comfortable or safe with my sister isn't something you have when she can burst in at the most inappropriate time. You remember the chaos she caused when she burst into the frat, right?" The look of

confusion that had come over them had been a reminder someone had done something to them.

Then, Gilbert ran experiments—mostly involving more and more sex—until the bed became a place of comfort. On the third day, Thomas had focussed on that sense and ended up in the bed. And was fucked back to consciousness.

The previous day had been the experiment with taking Yating there from the park. He'd been fully mobile after two fucks. When he'd pointed out it had taken a lot more with Grant, Gilbert listed the distance as a factor, as well as the fact Grant wasn't part of the Society, since it was documented that each of them gave a stronger boost than someone from another faction or no faction at all. And lastly, the training they were doing.

So Thomas ate well, both because he wanted the energy and because it was easier to do than stress over what was coming.

* * * * *

The first part of the plan was easy. Thomas entered the store, walked to the back, looked into the window leading to the storage, and teleported there when no one was looking. Gilbert and Yating were outside, keeping track of him through the phone the panda had gotten for him as well as a piece of magic. Something Gilbert had written on a strip of leather with his cum, let dry, then had covered it with a spray-on sealant.

That, the armadillo explained, was a *phrase*. Special intonation and all that. So it was kind of like Grant's talisman, except it was cumming instead of crafting. Thomas couldn't decide which was better. Which one was more fun, was easy, but better?

Step two was simple, in that it only required Thomas to not be seen as he jumped about and located the door leading to the warehouse. It proved as simple in execution. At the back of the storage for the health store was an open door leading to a cavernous space.

Step three. Find Madoc. Signal Yating with the phone, which would get phase four started.

Finding where Madoc was being held proved simple enough. On the left, some guys with enough muscle on them to no longer need the gym were seated by a door, talking and laughing. Occasionally referring to the fun they're having with the guy in the back.

He got himself as close as he could, then texted Yating. *I'm as close as I can get. On the left side, two hundred feet ahead of me. Two guards, no idea how many inside. I'm going to wait for the distraction.*

He put the phone away and waited. Five minutes later, a commotion from the other side of the door caused the two to call out. Then they stood and, as the first one reached for the handle, it exploded off its hinges.

Not the explosion he expected, Thomas thought as he ran for it. For the talk of Gilbert and his love of fireworks, and the grenade he carried for 'good luck', Thomas had expected the door to fly across the warehouse. Instead, it just fell down as the two guards moved away from it.

Thomas looked in, ready to initiate phase five, which would have him teleport the Madoc back to the hotel while Yating phased himself and Gilbert out. Then, by the time the two would be back at the hotel, Thomas would be mobile and they would hightail it out of the city, well ahead of schedule of Limbani's vision.

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"Over there," Yating said, pointing to three men standing in a line. Thomas saw motion behind them and teleported to the other side.

"Madoc," he said as he reached for the naked rat. "We're—"

Madoc backed away. "Don't!"

"We're here to rescue you," Thomas replied, just before jumping away as a man grabbed for him.

"Will you all stop?" Madoc yelled. Somehow, everyone

stopped.

Thomas didn't question it. He appeared next to Madoc, only for the rat to throw himself out of reach. "Please tell me they didn't scramble your mind too."

"Just stop!" Madoc yelled at him. "Don't blink closer."

"I'm trying to save you!"

"I don't want to be saved!" Madoc yelled back.

"Are you fucking insane?" Thomas replied, louder. "They kidnapped you!"

"Have you looked at them?"

"Of course I have. How can I not? They're so big I'd have to be blind not to see them."

Madoc grinned. "Exactly. When I fuck them, they start getting bigger way faster than normal, and anyone else." The glee in the rat's eyes made Thomas nervous. That couldn't be normal.

"We don't have the time for this," Yating said, stepping next to Thomas. He agreed and Teleported behind Madoc. They could figure out — the rat jumped away, and a man grabbed Thomas's arm.

"Gilbert!" he yelled to the armadillo who was walking into the room from the hall, but before it registered, he was shouldered aside by Madoc, who disappeared toward the no longer standing door.

Thomas teleported out of the hold as Yating ran after Madoc, through the men, trying to keep him from following. Thomas appeared by the hall, only to be tackled to the floor. He teleported before hitting it, but now he was in the air. He glanced and appeared on the other side, hitting as hard, but with no extra weight. He was up and in the hall in time to watch Yating grab Madoc's arm, only for one of the men by the door to grab the Panda and pull. He phased out of that grip, but it allowed Madoc to get out of his.

Madoc was making a line for the open door Thomas had come in through. Thomas was there before Madoc and grinned as he crossed his arms over his chest. The rat skidded to a stop, and his eyes grew wide.

Take that, Madoc, Thomas thought, please at impressing the— Some behind Thomas cleared his throat. He looked over his shoulder, ready to inform them they were all busy, but the wall of muscle covered with striped fur smiled at him. Thomas backed away, surprised he didn't simply teleport to the grotto. That was not a pleasant smile.

The men who ran out of the hall came to a sudden stop and were pushed ahead by those behind them. Yating ran through them and he too stopped, fear on his face.

The tiger looked the scene over, his gaze slowing on the muscular men, more than Thomas, Madoc, Yating, or Gilbert, who stopped partially through pushing his way through, and curse on seeing the tiger.

So Thomas didn't imagine the shit they were in. At least that was good.

"I count twenty-three of them," someone said, and Thomas looked at the baboon standing next to the tiger and holding an extended phone, going down it with a stylus. There was a sense of a secretary to the man; if those came in a three hundred pound of muscle format. "That leaves eight of them unaccounted for."

This was feeling like a bad movie. He caught the erection Madoc was sporting. A bad porno at that.

"You're Dietrich Orr," Madoc said with awe.

What were the odds this wasn't one of those super dangerous Orrs they weren't supposed to have to tangle with?

"You aren't one of mine." The tiger's voice was deep. "What is your part in this?"

"You were Mister Universe in twenty-three, four, and five,"

Madoc said, instead of answering the question. "Before that, you won the San Francisco Bay Master Muscle for four years. You were the youngest one to ever win."

Thomas was surprised by how the tiger straightened as Madoc mentioned the awards. He took a step toward Madoc. They needed to—

"Young man," the baboon said, "I strongly recommend you stay where you are. You are in enough trouble as it is. You don't want to anger Mister Orr."

Thomas froze, and the words seemed to remind the tiger there were other people here, that he was here for a reason. "I am going to ask this once. If no one answers me, you will all be kicked out. You will all lose the benefits that come with being part of my gym. All of them. Am I understood?" Thomas didn't hear or see the men behind him, but the tiger nodded. "Who is responsible for the muscle mass you've gained?" the anger in the voice made Thomas step back.

"I did it," Madoc answered with pride.

The tiger looked at him and narrowed his eyes. "You expect me to believe a kid came up with a steroid that's undetectable and creates the kind of results in a few days anyone can notice?"

"No, not steroids. It's my power. When I fuck a guy, I can give them the equivalent of three or four intense training sessions."

"That would explain why the drug tests came back clean," the baboon said.

The tiger nodded. "You aren't off the hook," he growled, looking around. "You did this behind my back." When he looked at Madoc again, some of the severity was gone. "Which family are you from?"

"Yours," Madoc replied breathlessly.

The baboon snickered.

Thomas didn't like where that was going.

The tiger canted an ear. "I'm talking about the Society. That's who four are with, right? So which of those families are you from."

"They don't matter," Madoc replied, "Please take me."

"You have got to be kidding me," Thomas let out in exasperation, turning on the rat. "How can you say your family doesn't matter?"

"Fuck off, Thomas. You don't get to talk to me about family after the betrayal you pull in Raphael."

"I don't even know who the fuck that it! Shut up!" he told the rat. "I don't give a fuck who he is. What I want to know is how you can say your son doesn't matter."

Madoc stared at him. "What son?"

Thomas caught the look Yating, and Gilbert gave him from the corner of his eye. The same confusion. How had they all forgotten Madoc had a son?

"Alright," the tiger said, and Madoc looked away from Thomas. "You're all—"

Thomas had his arms around the rat and then they were falling. Space wrenched around them hard, and instead of hitting the concrete floor of the warehouse. He and Madoc bounced off the bed.

"Don't let him leave," Thomas said, then lost consciousness.

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CHAPTER 1.5-39

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park across the hotel," Gilbert said, then took a slow sip of his coffee. "And you didn't die."

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"And I'm going to be there this time too." the monkey smiled at him.

"You are enjoying this too much," Thomas said.

"Your ass, my cock," Limbani said as his smile shifted to one of his less innocent ones. "What's not to enjoy?"

"And Madoc's going to be there too," Yating said, filling his cup from the carafe of green tea. "I wasn't affected by the teleportation, and the odds are good that whatever they did to him will still be affecting him, so getting him to fuck you isn't going to be hard."

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"Except whatever they're doing to him is forcing him to use his power," Thomas pointed out. "I've got no interest in ending up looking like some roid abuser."

"That won't happen," Yating said and then glanced over at the armadillo. "What did you and Laurence say it was? A week's worth of training?"

* * *

The armadillo nodded. "Around that. It's not like it was extensive research. So you'll end up with a month or two of muscle. Which after a few weeks on the run couldn't hurt."

"Still afraid he's going to ignore all restraint in using his power on me now that he doesn't have to hide it," Thomas said, ignoring the looks from the other as he built himself a breakfast sandwich. Both sides had their own perception of reality, and Thomas was still sure his was right.

They'd been appalled when the rat pointed out he couldn't just pop into the warehouse, grab Madoc, and pop back out. First thing, he needs line-of-sight to go somewhere unfamiliar. Second, the only places he's gone without line-of-sight so far are the grotto and his bedroom in the frat; both of which drained him to the point of almost dying. He doesn't even know what will happen if he carried someone with him while limiting himself to line-of-sight yet.

The first question from Gilbert was "Why didn't you practice it more?"

So this last week had been that. Thomas teleporting across their suite instead of walking, then figuring out how to get him to teleport to the bedroom as their 'extraction point' for the mission. Thought alone wasn't enough, even with photographic or video reference; every one of those attempts at best resulted in nothing, and at worst had Thomas's nose pressed up against the screen in question.

So Gilbert got to start playing twenty questions with Thomas about what made the grotto and the bedroom special. So Thomas

explained how he'd gotten lost and found his way there after a hunting trip when he was young, and how every vacation to his grandfather's afterward he always managed to find time to slip away to it and just soak in the serenity there.

With the armadillo's help, Thomas was able to use that sense of security and safety to actually feel the open path to the Grotto in his mental memory. Which was cool... if they wanted to be stranded at his grandfather's in Montana.

Breaking apart the bedroom was more difficult. Like why the frat bedroom rather than the one in his home? Well, his home bedroom was disassembled to make the frat bedroom, basically piece by piece; he didn't even sleep in it during Thanksgiving, instead bunking with Roland. But losing some posters and a TV didn't make it a different room, right?

With constant poking and prodigy from Gilbert, he eventually managed to isolate the feeling of going to his room in the frat... and at home. And both bathrooms, both kitchens, and even the sauna at the university gym. The question, what made all these places destinations; it couldn't be sex because he never had sex in his family home, and he'd only known the frat and the university for just shy of six months.

Gilbert's theory was intimate familiarity, and he had just to script to rush that. Which was Thomas's first exposure to scripts, with Gilbert writing symbols on the back of his hand with cum, and then fucking him in the bedroom. The experience was something that should have been overwhelming, with Thomas experiencing a three-sixty vision of the entire room as Gilbert was fucking him. There should have been vertigo, but somehow the sensation of being fucked kept him grounded right until climax.

* * *

They repeated that three times until Thomas found himself able to teleport through a closed door into the bedroom... and immediately collapse.

As Thomas was being fucked by Limbani back to consciousness, he heard Yating ask Gilbert why he had such a script memorized, and to which the armadillo responded he invented it himself so he could experience every single detail of an explosion and remember it forever. Yes, that does require him to be having sex with someone else right in the middle of an explosion. Why does this surprise anyone?

There were more experiments after that. Did multiple runs of the super-sensory script decrease his energy usage? If it did, ten was too few to see results. Did distance? The park with Yating as a passenger knocked him out as much as teleporting through a closed door, so inconclusive on a scale as small as a city block.

Even now, with the decision to do the rescue almost immediately, Gilbert's breakfast table conversation wasn't on the mission but instead all the other tests he wanted to do. Giving the nuclear chemistry grad student the job of dissecting a previously impossible power was turning out to be a can of worms.

So Thomas just tuned him out and focused on eating.

#####

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walked to the back, looked into the window leading to the storage, and teleported there when no one was looking. Gilbert and Yating were outside, keeping track of him through the phone the panda had gotten for him as well as a piece of magic. Something Gilbert had written on a strip of leather with his cum, let dry, then covered it with a spray-on sealant.

When Thomas asked about a phrase not needing fucking to be powered, Gilbert sighed and said he was going to hold off explaining until they were sure there was no way to restore Thomas's original memories. All the ins and outs of how phrases work was a laundry list a mile long, so for the moment just consider it a variable depending on how the phrase is constructed.

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“Just stop!” Madoc yelled at him. “Don’t blink closer.”

“I’m trying to save you!” Thomas shouted.

“I don’t want to be saved!” Madoc yelled back.

“Are you fucking insane?” Thomas replied, louder. “They kidnapped you!”

Madoc spread his arms wide. “Have you looked at them?”

Thomas forced himself to calm down. “Of course I have. How can I not? They’re so big I’d have to be blind not to see them.”

Madoc grinned. “Exactly. When I fuck them, they get bigger way faster than anyone else I’ve ever fucked. Visibly, tactically, larger

right under me as I fuck them.” There wasn’t just lust there, but a near maniac glee that reminded Thomas of when Gilbert talked about explosions.

Was this a Society thing? Was Thomas going to discover a kink he could not get enough of?

“We don’t have time for this,” Yating said, stepping next to Thomas. The rat snapped back to the moment and teleported behind Madoc. They could figure out- the rat jumped away, and a man grabbed Thomas’s arm.

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"Yours," Madoc replied.

The baboon snickered. Thomas found it much less funny.

The tiger canted an ear. "I'm talking about the Society. That's who you four are with, right? So which of those families are you from?"

"They don't matter," Madoc replied, "Please take me."

"You have got to be kidding me," Thomas let out in exasperation, turning towards the rat. "How can you say your family

doesn't matter?"

"Fuck off, Thomas." Madoc snapped. "You don't get to talk to me about family after the betrayal you pulled on Raphael."

"I don't even know who the fuck that is! Shut up!" He yelled before the other rat could respond. "I don't give a fuck who he is. What I want to know is how you can say your son doesn't matter."

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"Don't let him leave," Thomas said, then lost consciousness.

OUTLINE-39

Chapter 39

###

On the Road, Thomas, Search Squad: Mood: **cramped and uncomfortable**

Thomas finds the van ride slightly more comfortable than the streets. The further south they get, the warmer it gets, but in a van that suffered a lightning strike, he should be thankful it is still running. Thomas may ask why they didn't get a new one, but Gilbert will say that it is his van in such a way that it is clear he isn't going to be reasonable about this [if this is Gilbert's van, where are all the explosives? Most of them were detonated during the lightning strike. This thing is being held together by a mixture of duct tape and cum at the moment.]

[Like, not literal cum. I'm assuming there is some sort of repair object script out there.]

In the van with him is Gilbert, Yating, and Limbani. Olavo and Felix are back in Denver holding Donal hostage, since that from outward appearances seem to be what is making Thomas behave. Olavo seems to think that he should be on the front lines, but Yating and Limbani were more needed... and Gilbert... well it was his van.

But while he can now add worry about Donal to the worry about Grant and his family, ultimately Thomas just has a long ride with three people he doesn't entirely trust anymore. There is a palpable tension between him and Yating [does yating still date his sister? would Thomas bring that up at somepoint? like jut about as early as they talk? It was really more of an occasional bang with a shared meal

being the excuse to meet up, when they even bothered. They've certainly haven't had time to do it since Thomas started running.]

[But, yeah. Yating's memory of Judith has been heavily altered, possibly to the point of removal. And yes, it would be a great conversation point.]still, since aside from aside form the disjunction of how they seem to remember things and how Thomas remembers things, they also never finished their fight. Gilbert is more chill, as while he was upset about his van exploding it was still an AWESOME explosion. And Limbani... well Limbani just wants sex.

So, no matter what happens it will likely end with Yating and Thomas taking turns plowing Limbani to see who can make him scream harder.

###

San Francisco Bay Area, Thomas, Search Squad: Mood:Pushy
conversionalist

Once they get into San Francisco, it is time to make the call to the number Grant provided him. Everyone, even Thomas, thought they should have called earlier, but Grant's information was to only call when in San Francisco itself... and since we're dealing with magic users, there must be a reason.

The conversation goes awkwardly at first as Thomas explains how he got this number and why he is calling. It soon becomes apparent what type of help Grant expected this lady to give as she switches the conversation from Yating's phone to the van's windshield without it needing to be docked. Eventually she says that as fun as watching them through street cameras is, she'd really like to talk to them in person.

* * *

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Shila's Apartment, Thomas, Shila, Search Squad: Mood: Don't worry, this isn't as bad as you think it is

Shila's Apartment plays a strange balance of meeting and breaking expectations. Like, rows and rows of computer stacks, that is to be expected. Houseplants and fine china tea cups... not so much. Shila meanwhile has the pep and energy of a five star office manager while dressing in such a way that Thomas wouldn't be surprised to see curlers in her hair [so bathrobe and bunny slippers? That or T-Shirt and men's boxers. Depends on how trashy you want to take it. Her personality is in development, so it's a flexible area.] if it wasn't for the fact she's a pangolin.

Getting straight down to business, Shila will yattle details about their mission they didn't know about but that she managed to assemble in the short drive down here. Like that the gym that is their only lead isn't just a gym in the city owned by the Orrs, but the gym itself is owned by an Orr. Dietrick Orr [Will the name mean anything to the guys? or does Shila need to explain who this is? also, would any of the guys have a reason to know who the Orrs are? Remember, things changed in the aftermath of Book 5. The Orrs were making an effort to be diplomatic for once. With that said, the team isn't exactly upper crust who would have been dealing with that.]

[Gilbert would be the most likely to know Orrs in general, since he's a Rowling, but otherwise I don't think even Denton would know who Dietrick is. The Uncles, unless things change, keep to themselves.]

[Though yes, I could see Arnold getting frustrated at how skinny Denton is and offer to get his Uncle to fuck him.], to be exact. Oh, but don't worry, Madoc isn't in the gym itself. He's in the basement of a

warehouse adjacent to a supermarket. The Orrs don't appear to have involvement in either, but gym goers go into the supermarket, enter the warehouse, and exit... bigger. She'd like to say more, but there are no cameras of any sort in the warehouse.

Thomas doesn't know what is going on, but everyone else seems a bit worried. When asked, they say that Madoc's power is to make people he fucks... bigger... stronger... basically more muscular overall. It's about a full week's workout per fuck, but only if he wants it to happen... meaning they must not only be torturing him to get him to use his power on them but also working him like a dog to get that sort of results.

Still, this is certainly looking to be a much easier job than before, as this doesn't appear to involve the Orrs at all but instead some of their subordinates having a side project. So the team can get in, get out, and the Orrs won't care what they were up to. Just one little question... payment[Some of them have money. would they offer that? how would Shila react? I kind of figure money isn't something she has much need for, considering her abilities with the netWe can make a play off them offering, but none of those present are sons of an elder so they won't be tossing around enough digits to make her interested.]

[And no, she doesn't need money, but there might be a pride issue on the value of her services.].

Thomas has the answer for this. He will ask for them to go to the roof first, however. And once there he borrows Yating's phone... he then teleports to the furthest room in the distance he can see, and call one of the other guy's phone. Once it's handed to / grabbed by Shila, he'll say that while he doesn't know his limits, it is safe to say the services he can provide to her are just as unique as the ones she can provide to him. So... IOU?