

CHAPTER-16

"A Lewiston?" Luisa glowered at Corina and Ettore.

Thomas looked at his grandmother, standing at the bottom of the stairs. He couldn't remember ever seeing her this unhappy.

"Luisa, this is Ettore," Corina introduced her fiancée.

"I heard," she replied, crossing her arms over her chest.

"I'm sorry," Ettore said, "have we met?" he looked confused instead of annoyed, like Corina.

Luisa harrumphed. "Your family stole my sister."

"I'm sorry, my family did what?"

"You heard me. Adelle went and married a Lewiston, and she was never heard from again."

Ettore raised his hands defensively. "I'm sorry to hear that, but my family isn't the only Lewistons out there. I doubt we're the only rats with that surname even." He looked at her. "If you want to, I can try to help you locate her. My family has a few security specialists in it. What's her full name?"

Luisa studied the rat for a few seconds. "Adelasia Royer."

"Grandma Adelle?" Madoc asked, head snapping up. He'd been focusing on the child in his arms. His son, Thomas reminded himself. Wow, Madoc had a son. He remembered him mentioning it during the football game, but still...

"So it was your family," Luisa said, tone victorious.

"Madoc?" Ettore asked.

"Grandma Adelle," he said, "she was married to Jurrien."

Ettore looked thoughtful. "He isn't from my branch."

Madoc snorted. "Of course not. They were my grandparents."

Back then, it wasn't like keeping track was as easy as now." His expression darkened, and then he shook the mood off.

"Then I'm sorry," Ettore told Luisa. "But if she didn't contact you after getting married, I doubt it's because of any rules we have. Even now, Raphael doesn't lock the women away."

"Really?" Luisa asked. "Then why isn't she here? Royers never miss Thanksgiving if they can help it."

Ettore's expression became brittle.

"She died," Madoc said in a flat tone.

"When?" Luisa asked, surprised.

"Twelve years ago. They were in a car accident." (this is the only way I can think of to keep the whole thing from blowing up into a 'fight'. And to make the death not related to Damian's action.)

"Why wasn't I told?" she asked, voice trembling.

"I don't know," Madoc said. "I don't think she hid where she came from." He smiled. "I remember her telling stories of her family, the guys she knew, the things she and her sister — you, I guess — did, and who she did. She and my Granddad were fu—"

"Madoc!" Thomas exclaimed. How could he talk like that with his son in his arms? He looked around, but at least the twins weren't there. Victor had taken them up to a bedroom for their nap.

Neiro chuckled. "Well, that confirms she was family. You okay mom?"

Luisa looked her age now that the defiance had passed, but she rallied. "I will be. Madoc, is it?"

Thomas's frat brother nodded.

"I'm going to want you to tell me about her after we've eaten."

"I'll be happy to." He looked at Thomas. "Although we're going to want to do that away from this one. After months in Sigma Theta

Gamma, we still haven't gotten him to loser this odd habit he had of blushing and clamming up anytime one of us starts talking about fucking a guy in public."

Thomas blushed at the chuckles. Even Luisa smiled a little. At least this had lifted the mood, even if it was at his expense. But if he didn't stop it now, this would become a discussion about who had the best sex, and he wouldn't be surprised if dicks were taken out for comparison.

If that happened. Madoc would steal Neuro away and the only thing that would be heard were the rats' cries of pleasure.

He pulled Madoc away. "I'm going to introduce him to Mom and Dad," He said.

"I have met them," the rat pointed out, not fighting Thomas.

"I'm going to introduce Pryce to Mom and Dad," Thomas corrected, then he leaned close and lowered his voice. "What are you doing here?" Pryce reached out and grabbed Thomas's whiskers.

"No pulling on that, Pryce," Madoc admonished his son. "You want to aim lower." The rat reached for Thomas's nipple.

"Madoc," Thomas hissed, and the rat chuckled. "Don't you think he's too young for that kind of stuff?"

Madoc rolled his eyes and leaned close to his son's ear and whispered. "Wait until he's sitting down, then reach for his cock. You'll see, he won't complain about you pulling on that."

Thomas gave Madoc a horrified look and the rat simply grinned at him. "I ran into Ettore and Corina when I got home," he said, as if he hadn't scarred his son for life with his talk of sex. "They were by to give the perfunctory greetings and for Ettore to introduce her to Raphael. She said they were heading to Minneapolis to visit family and, of course, Raphael gave her the third degree. He isn't all 'you have to be from a proper family' and all that, but after..." he trailed off. "He wants to know where the women who join our family come from."

“And she mentioned my family.”

Madoc nodded. “To be honest, I didn’t want to be there. If I could bring Pryce to the frat, I wouldn’t go back except for the usual family functions.”

“Why don’t you bring him? I’m sure the guys would love to meet him.”

Madoc chuckled. “I know they would, but can you imagine them, trying to help out? Limbani’s idea of it would be to bring guys to Pryce’s room to fuck on the floor.”

“I doubt Henry would let him do that.”

Madoc frowned, then shook his head. “Anyway. Raphael won’t allow it. He’s adamant about keeping the kids at the estate.” He messed Pryce’s short head fur with a finger before looking up. “And really. Did how could I stay away from the Hertz guys.”

“They are rather magnetic, aren’t they?” Orinda said, stopping by them. “Oh, what a handsome boy. Pryce is it? The twins are going to love him.”

“Just be careful he doesn’t molest them,” Thomas mumbled and his ears folded back at the realization he said the thought out loud.

Orinda laughed. “I do love the Hertz lack of filter.”

“It’s more of a Royer thing,” Thomas said with a sigh. “You’d think diluting the blood would make us less prone to say inappropriate things.”

“But it’s so endearing,” she said. “I’m Orinda, by the way. Victor’s wife.”

“Madoc Lewiston.” He shook her hand.

“Oh, you’re the one who offered to have sex with him.” She chuckled. “I’m afraid you’re too late. He’s all mine now.”

“Maybe I can convince you to lend him to me?” Madoc asked.

She patted his cheek. "Sorry hun, I am not the sharing type. But I have it on good authority Thomas is playing his part in demonstrating how good Hertz boys are in bed."

"Oh, come on," Thomas grumbled, ears burning.

"Being praised is not something you should blush about," she said.

"Maybe not, but having my sex life be the subject of discussions isn't exactly something I was looking for."

"You joined Sigma Theta Gamma," Madoc said, grinning. "We aren't known for being discreet."

"All I wanted was a room."

Madoc stifled a snort. "Right, after you sucked off every brother at the party, and then—"

Thomas placed a hand over the rat's muzzle. "Okay, I think that's enough indiscretion."

"It's okay, Madoc," Orinda said. "I already hear all about how Thomas impressed the frat on his back before being accepted." She smiled. "Anyone, the table's set, you three head there, I'll get the others."

Madoc shook his head when Thomas gave him an accusatory stare. Okay, if not him, who? Paul knew better than to talk about that with his family, and none of the others at the frat... Thomas hung his head. Judith. There was no way she hadn't pulled all the details out of Yating.

With a sigh, he led Madoc and Pryce to the dining room, where, in short order, everyone was seated.

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"How did you meet?" Eric asked Ettore as he passed the roasted potatoes to Karlos. "Roland, have more turkey. You need more protein. You too, Thomas."

Thomas glared the grinning Madoc silent.

“Oh, honey,” Nadia said. “I doubt Thomas has any trouble getting protein in him.”

“I don’t think there’s any protein in cum,” Eric replied, taking out his phone, but Nadia stopped him.

“Not at the table, dear.”

“Actually,” Neiro said, “percentage-wise, cum is nutritious. The main drawback is the low quantity each orgasm produces.” He looked at Thomas, who wished he could just disappear and be somewhere else. “Are you getting a lot of it?”

“Oh,” Madoc said, adding greens to his plate. “We are keeping him well fed.”

“Not anymore, you aren’t,” Thomas grumbled, glaring the threat and being ignored.

“I’m in charge of ensuring the chain of hotels my family owns meet the expected standards,” Ettore said, as if the sexual conversation was utterly normal. “I go from hotel to hotel, look over the books, speak with the staff. We’re not only concerned with the bottom line but also morale.”

“So he barged into my office,” Corina picked up, “full of bluster about how he was going to improve things.”

“That isn’t how I remember things,” Ettore said.

Please, Thomas prayed, please let this not be another story that turned into sexual exploits.

“Then you are wr—”

“Dear,” Ettore smiled at Corina, “We talked about this. No altering how things happened to impress your family. There’s no need for it.” He looked at Eric. “There were minor things to adjust, but nothing that could be blamed on Corina. She does a wonderful job managing her hotel. When I was done, she asked if I wanted to have a

drink with her, now that we weren't working anymore and..."

She placed a hand on his. "I had to insist it was nothing like a date. Just a drink to unwind."

Thomas stifled the groan. He knew how his family unwound, so he prepared himself.

"It was comfortable," Ettore said, then paused. "I lost my wife a few years. It's been hard. I lost myself in my job, but Corina pulled me out enough to remember life goes on. When I flew by Des Moines again, I called her and asked if she wanted another drink." She smiled at her. "She said yes."

"A few months later, he took me out to dinner," Corina said. "It was such a fancy place."

"I might have gone overboard," Ettore admitted.

Corina chuckled. "But it was so sweet, and the way you couldn't stop apologizing and offering to take me somewhere less pretentious was endearing. I kind of wish we could go there again."

"Why can't you?" Nadia asked.

"Oh, there was an incident."

There it comes.

"Oh, do tell," his mother said.

"Well," Corina said, "I needed to use the restroom, and Ettore, being a gentleman, at least in that regard, escorted me."

"I needed to go too," he corrected.

"There was a lineup at both the men's and women's."

"Then, Corina noticed that the handicapped restroom was unlocked and unoccupied, so she pulled me in with her."

"I didn't want someone else to take it once I was done and leaving him to have to wait even longer."

“Of course,” Eric said, smiling knowingly. Why was it Thomas was the only one not looking forward to what was coming? Even Pryce and the twins were silently paying attention.

“After we were done with that part of things,” Ettore said, and Thomas thought he might get away with not having to hear about sex at the table. “I had to make sure she was properly clean.” Thomas sighed, nope. “And since by then I was already kneeling between her legs, I figured, why not. It wasn’t like whatever dessert the restaurant offered was going to be better. So I proceeded to eat her out.”

“He is very good,” Corina said with emphasis. “And I couldn’t not return the favor, so I suck him off.” She smiled at Neiro. “I think he might be bigger than you.”

Thomas’s uncle tilted an ear. “More than ten inch?” he looked at Ettore challengingly.

But it was Karlos who said it. “I’m not going to believe it until I see it.”

Thomas hid his face in his hands.

Madoc leaned in and whispered. “Do you think I should introduce them to Chima?”

Thomas stared at his frat brother in horror, and Madoc grinned. Oh, that was not a good thing.

“Maybe after we’re done eating,” Ettore said. “Corina has a wonderful mouth and an eagerness I had forgotten a woman can have.”

“You would not believe it, but he was still hard after I sucked him off.”

“My family’s good about having staying power; isn’t that right Madoc?”

“Yeah.” He thought about something. “I think that even if I just go with the mood, seven times is how often I did it without getting soft. I’d have kept going, but by then the guys were exhausted.”

“That’s can’t be right,” Thomas said. “The guys at the frat have just as much stamina as you do. They’d keep at it all the time if not for classes.”

Madoc smiled. “Who said it was with our brothers?”

“Huh,” Neuro said, looking from Ettore to Madoc. “You,” he pointed to Ettore, “it’s too back you’re going to be my brother-in-law. But you,” he pointed to Madoc. “I’m calling bullshit. I don’t care what the genetic’s like. A man’s body simply isn’t built to handle that level of horniness.”

“I will happily demonstrate,” Madoc said.

“Just a moment,” Ettore interrupted. “What does me being your brother-in-law have to do with not having to prove myself?”

“Aren’t you straight?” the rat looked from Ettore to Corina.

Madoc snorted.

“You’re making an assumption, dear,” Karlos said, patting Neuro’s hand.

“Then I’m sorry. But you’re going to be married.”

“Not everyone is as possessive as Orinda and Nadia,” Corina said. “Ettore loves me, I know that. Where he puts his dick when we aren’t together, that’s his business. And if we’re together, then the deal is I get to watch.”

“Someone kill me,” Thomas whispered. He noticed Roland had a similarly stricken expression. One thing they could agree on. Soon they’d be best buds. If only Thomas could be that lucky.

“If I heard right,” Neuro said, “you two have a hotel room, instead of spending the night here.” He looked at Karlos. “You know, a bed would be way more comfortable than the couch.”

Karlos looked at the couple. “How about it?”

Ettore looked at Corina. “They’re your family, hun. I know that part took some getting used to.”

She nodded. "Just so we're clear, once you're done and it's time to sleep, I am getting in the bed next to my fiancée."

"That's perfectly reasonable," Neuro said.

Thomas watched Pryce and the twins run around the living room. Somehow he'd survived the dinner of sexual talk without melting away, and now he was squeezed between his uncles, Neuro and Karlos, listening to Ettore.

"The Denver house of Sigma Theta Gamma was nothing like the one here, from what Madoc told me. Much smaller. When I was there, it was only five of us. There was a Cormoran, a Chouteau, a Ling." His expression darkened, "and a Rasia."

"I guess even in an exclusive frat like yours, not everyone likes everyone," Eric said.

"I liked the guy well enough, slim, nice cock, really nice ass. But I couldn't trust him. He and his family were just trouble. But the sex was definitely good. Thomas, as an outsider, what's your opinion of your brothers?"

"I'm part of Sigma Theta Gamma," Thomas protested.

"Sorry, I mean as someone who isn't from the families who comprise the house, how do you feel about being part? Are they all treating you well?"

"Oh, we fuck him senseless," Madoc said and Thomas glared at him.

"They're treating me like they treat each other," Thomas said, and refused to elaborate. Maybe they could all talk about sex like it was the most normal thing, but he wasn't doing that, not with his grandmother seated there, within earshot.

After a few more attempts to get Thomas to talk about his sex life, the conversation moved to Neuro and Karlos, their meeting, their work, and, of course, their sex life. It almost sounded like Ettore was

gaging what to expect from them.

Then the conversation moved to families. Did Neuro and Karlos plan on having kids?—they talked about it every so often but didn't think it was time. Would Ettore and Corina have kids—definitely. It was a Lewiston imperative, after all.

Thomas raised an eyebrow at that and looked for Madoc to ask what that was about, and found his frat brother had vanished. Looking around the living room, he also noticed Roland was missing.

No, no, no.

Thomas excused himself and went up to the second floor. He looked in Roland's bedroom before hearing the voices coming from the bathroom. He opened the door and there were his brother and Madoc, still wearing pants, thank God, but shirtless, and Madoc had his hands over his brother's defined stomach and the bicep Roland flexed.

Thomas buried the jealousy as deep as he could. *That wasn't* why he was angry. This was his brother Madoc was molesting. Thomas opened his mouth to order Madoc out of his house, but closed it as footsteps hurried up the stairs. His parents entered the first bedroom, the one Victor and his family were going to spend the night in. And before he could open his mouth again. His mother's loud moaning made his ears burn. Then his father joined in.

He had to talk with whoever had soundproofed the frat because his family's house was nothing like soundproof. He put his parents out of his mind and focused on his brother and his would-be molester, only for Roland to shove him out of the way, ears flat against his skull as he pulled his shirt back on. He glared at the closed door and hurried down the stairs.

"Not so fast," Thomas told Madoc, shoving him in the bathroom and closing the door behind him and wishing it had a lock. "Just what the fuck do you think you're doing?"

"I was giving Roland a few pointers on his workout routine," the rat replied, sounding mildly amused.

“Right,” Thomas said, stretching the word. “Remember that I know how you treat your ‘projects’ I’m one of them. I’ve met a lot of them. Hell, they’ve fucked me. You aren’t going to do that to my brother.”

“Thomas,” Madoc said, tone turning serious. “I think Roland is—”

“Roland is fifteen! And he’s straight. And even if he wasn’t, do you know what his first exposure to gays was? It was me coming home with a black eye because I’d been dared to kiss the star quarterback and he didn’t exactly appreciate it. And because that’s how schools are, every one at his school knows about it. He’s the brother of the slut how can’t keep his hands to himself. The only reason they leave him alone is that he’s one of the best players his team has. They can’t alienate him, but it doesn’t stop anyone from whispering behind his back.”

“I don’t think you—”

“No, you don’t think, Madoc. You’re my brother, but fuck, you and the others can only think with your cocks. That’s fine at the frat and Uni, but not in my house. What you almost did to my brother isn’t acceptable behavior, Madoc. Don’t put me in a position to pick the frat over my brother, because family is really important to me.”

Madoc watched him and eventually nodded. “I understand, and I’m sorry for overstepping my bounds. Roland’s lucky to have a brother who sticks up for him like you do. I don’t know if mine would have.”

Thomas’s further tirade left him as Madoc’s expression fell and then turned forcefully neutral. “Madoc? What are you talking about?”

The rat shook his head. “It’s not important. It’s in the past, mostly.”

Thomas hesitated. “You know you can talk with me, right? I’m your brother too.”

Madoc's smile was sad. "There's nothing to do about it. And talking just brings it all back. Thanks for the offer, it means a lot that you made it. But I'm going to head downstairs and spend time with Pryce."

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"Are you sure you don't want to spend the night here?" Nadia asked her brother as she hugged him.

"And give up sex with that guy?" he nodded to Ettore. "I'm sorry Sis, but your couch is nowhere near that good, even with Karlos under me."

"Remember," Madoc said once the siblings let go of one another. "I want you to pester Thomas until he agrees to bring you to the house. If you enjoy Ettore, you are going to love our frat brothers."

Karlos smiled. "No worries there. We have Thomas's number and, even better, Judith's. She knows how to get the Hertz boy to give in."

Thomas silently glared at Madoc, but his expression softened as they hugged. "It was good meeting you, Pryce," Thomas said. "Even if your father is a pain in my ass sometimes."

"Don't believe him," Madoc said. "I'll make a recording and you can hear for yourself there's no pain in the cries he makes when I fuck him."

Thomas's ears burned, but he only shook his head in disbelief. "You really shouldn't expose him to that kind of talk."

Madoc chuckled. "We learn young in my family. It's what makes us so talented. You enjoy the rest of the holiday. It was good meeting you all," Madoc told those who weren't leaving. With Neiro and his husband taking Ettore up on the offer of their hotel bed, the house would be less crowded.

Once they were gone, Thomas dropped onto the couch. "Can we not do this again?"

"I can't wait for next year," Victor said, holding one of the sleeping twins in his arms. That Pryce had still been conscious as they left amazed Thomas. He'd run as much, if not more, than the twins. "Ettore will officially be part of the family. I can't wait to hear the stories they're going to have to share. Can you imagine what their honeymoon will be like?"

Orinda looked at Victor, the other sleeping twin, in her arms. "I don't believe I'm saying this, but I didn't think there was such a thing as another family with the love of sex I've heard from the Royer, and that they've granted to the Hertz boys."

"Can we not talk about how much more sex talk there will be?" Thomas asked, ears burning as he imagined all the over sharing would happen now that Ettore was part of their family.

"Don't worry, dear," Nadia said. "I'm certain that by this time next year you will also have a great many stories to share."

"It's not about having the stories," Thomas whines. "I have the stories, it's about the sharing of them with people who were basically strangers."

His family leaned forward in their seats.

"Well," Luisa said, "it's only us right now."

"Yeah," Judith said. "Spill, bro."

Thomas grabbed the cushion next to him, put it over his face and screamed in it.

CHAPTER 1.5-16

"A Lewiston?" Luisa glowered at Corina and Ettore. Thomas looked at his grandmother, standing at the bottom of the stairs. He couldn't remember ever seeing her this unhappy.

"Luisa, this is Ettore," Corina introduced her fiancée.

"I heard," the old rat replied, crossing her arms over her chest.

"I'm sorry," Ettore responded, "Have we met?" He looked confused instead of annoyed, like Corina.

Luisa harrumphed. "Your family stole my sister."

Ettore blinked, "I'm sorry, my family did what?"

"You heard me," the grandmother continued accusingly. "Adelle went and married a Lewiston, and she was never heard from again."

Ettore raised his hands defensively. "I'm sorry to hear that, but my family isn't the only Lewistons out there; I doubt we're the only rats with that surname, even." He looked at her. "If you want to, I can try to help you locate her. My family has a few security specialists in it. What's her full name?"

* * *

Luisa studied the rat for a few seconds. "Adelasia Fontana ."

"Grandma Adella?" Madoc asked, head snapping up from his child.

"So it was your family," Luisa said, tone victorious.

"Madoc?" Ettore asked.

"Grandma Adella," the younger Lewiston responded, "She was married to Jurrien."

Ettore scrunched his eyebrows, "He isn't from my branch."

Madoc rolled his eyes, "Of course not. They were my grandparents. Not like you could keep track of us on one piece of stationary back then ." The younger rat trailed off at the end before shaking his head to clear his thoughts.

"Then I'm sorry," Ettore told Luisa, "But if she didn't contact you after getting married, I doubt it's because of any rules we have. Even now, Raphael doesn't lock the women away."

"Really?" Luisa asked. "Then why isn't she here with you?"

Ettore's expression became brittle. It was eventually Madoc

who answered in a flat tone, "She died."

"When?" Luisa asked in shock.

"Twelve years ago," Madoc answered sullenly, "There was a car accident."

"Why wasn't I told?" She asked, her voice trembling.

"I don't know," Madoc said, "I can't recall her hiding anything from us." He smiled. "I remember her telling stories of her family. The guys she knew, the things she and her sister did. I guess that would be you. And of course who she did. She and my Granddad were fu--"

"Madoc!" Thomas exclaimed. Seriously, informing an old woman of her estranged sister's death was no time to get into escapade recounting; with his son in his arms no less.

Neiro chuckled. "Well, that confirms she was family. You okay mom?"

Luisa looked her age now that the fury had passed, but she rallied. "I will be. Madoc, is it?"

The younger Lewiston nodded.

* * *

The old woman walked forward and put her hand on one of his, "I'm going to want you to tell me about her after we've eaten."

"I'll be happy to," he said before sparing a glance towards Thomas, "Although we're going to want to do that away from this one. Months in Sigma Theta Gamma, and we still haven't gotten him to lose this odd habit he has of blushing and clamming up anytime one of us starts talking about public sex."

Thomas flushed at the chuckles this encouraged all around. Even Luisa smiled a little; OK, that little bit made the embarrassment worth it, but he had to stop this now or things would spiral out of control.

He pulled Madoc away, "I think we still need to introduce you to Orinda."

"Which one would that be?" Madoc asked, not resisting the forceful tug at all.

"Victor's wife," Thomas answered before leaning in close and lowering his voice. "What are you doing here?"

Pryce reached out and grabbed Thomas's whiskers. "No pulling on that, Pryce," Madoc admonished his son. "You want to aim lower." The dad reached for Thomas's nipples.

"Madoc," Thomas hissed, and the rat chuckled. "Don't you think he's too young for that kind of stuff?"

* * *

Madoc rolled his eyes and leaned close to his son's ear and whispered something Thomas couldn't hear. Then he finally responded, "I ran into Ettore and Corina when I got home. They had stopped by to give the perfunctory greetings and for Ettore to introduce Corina to Raphael. She said they were heading to Minneapolis to visit family, and of course Raphael gave her the third degree."

Thomas could only imagine what kinda grandfather this Raphael was like, "And she mentioned my family."

Madoc nodded, "To be honest, I didn't want to be there. If I could bring Pryce to the frat, I don't think I'd go back at all."

"Why don't you bring him?" Thomas asked, "I mean while you're here with him, that is. I'm sure the guys would love to meet him."

Madoc smiled, "Ettore and Corina are dropping me off there before they head to their hotel room." Then he frowned. "But Raphael wouldn't let him stay. He's adamant about keeping the kids at the estate." He messed Pryce's short head fur with a finger before looking up. "And really, how could I stay away from the Hertz guys."

"They are rather magnetic, aren't they?" Orinda said, stopping by them. "Oh, what a handsome boy. Pryce, is it? The twins are going to love him."

Just as long as he doesn't molest them, Thomas thought.

“Madoc, this is Victor’s wife, Orinda.”

“So we managed to find you after all,” the rat shifted his son in his arms to free a hand so he could offer it to the lady, “Madoc Lewiston.”

“Oh,” Orinda responded as she took the hand, “So you’re the one who offered to have sex with my Victor.” She chuckled. “I’m afraid you’re too late. He’s all mine now.”

“You sure I can’t convince you to share him?” Madoc asked.

She patted his cheeks. “Sorry hun. Unlike Nadia and Karlos, I’m not the sharing type. But I have it on good authority Thomas is doing his part in showing all the boys how good the Hertz men are in bed.”

Thomas’s ears burned, “Orinda, I think you’re picking up too many of your husband’s bad habits.”

Both of them laughed. “Someone is going to tell me,” Madoc eventually managed to say, “How such an open family managed to raise someone so reserved.”

Orinda got herself under control as well, “You know, that is a mystery that might never have a solid answer. Personally I think it has to do with oversaturation, because if you look at Roland...” And her voice trailed off as the two of them walked off together.

* * *

Thomas ran a hand down his face in exasperation as he enjoyed a brief moment alone in the crowded house. "Most awkward Thanksgiving of the century," he muttered.

* * * * *

"How did you meet?" Eric asked Ettore as he passed the roasted potatoes to Karlos. "Roland, have more turkey. You need more protein. You too, Thomas."

Thomas glared at the silent grinning Madoc.

"Oh, honey," Nadia said, "I doubt Thomas has any trouble getting protein in him."

"Even if there's protein in cum, he hasn't gotten any since yesterday," Eric replied in a simple matter of fact tone.

"Actually," Neiro said as he reached for the gravy, "percentage-wise, cum is nutritious. The main drawback is the low quantity each orgasm produces." He looked at Thomas, who was trying to will himself anywhere else but this conversation. "Are you getting a lot of it?"

"Oh," Madoc said as he added greens to his plate, "Between the thirteen of us we keep him very well fed."

* * *

"I'm in charge of ensuring the chain of hotels my family owns meet the expected standards," Ettore said once there was a pause in the train of teasing Thomas. "I go from hotel to hotel, look over the books, and speak with the staff. We're not only concerned with the bottom line but also morale."

"So he barged into my office," Corina picked up, "Full of bluster about how he was going to improve things."

Thomas knew where this was going, if not by their direction then by the will of everyone else in the room. He just hoped Ettore had the tact of someone like Henry or Olavo, instead of brazen and in the open like Judith or Limbani.

"That's not how I remember things," Ettore calmly stated.

"Then you're remembering-" Corina started to say.

"Dear," Ettore smiled at Corina, "We talked about this. No altering how things happened just to impress your family. There's no need for it." He looked at Eric. "There were minor things to adjust, but nothing that could be blamed on Corina. She does a wonderful job managing her hotel. When I was done, she asked if I wanted to have a drink with her, now that we weren't working anymore and..."

She placed a hand on his. "I had to insist it was nothing like a date. Just a drink to unwind."

"It was pleasant," Ettore said, then paused. "I lost my wife a

few years ago. It's been hard. I threw myself in my job to cope, but Corina pulled me out enough to remember life goes on. When I flew by Des Moines again, I called her and asked if she wanted another drink." He smiled at her. "She said yes."

"A few months later, he took me out to dinner," Corina said, "It was such a fancy place."

"I might have gone overboard," Ettore admitted.

Corina chuckled. "But it was so sweet, and the way you couldn't stop apologizing and offering to take me somewhere less pretentious was endearing. I kind of wish we could go there again."

"Why can't you?" Nadia asked.

"There was an incident," Ettore said with none of the shame that should come with such a statement.

"Oh, do tell," his mother said with just a measured hint of sauce.

"Well," Corina said, "I needed to use the restroom, and Ettore, being a gentleman, escorted me."

"I needed to go too," he corrected.

* * *

Corina continued, "There was a lineup at both the men's and woman's"

"Then," Ettore picked up, "Corina noticed that the handicapped restroom was unlocked and unoccupied, so she pulled me in with her."

"I didn't want someone else to take it once I was done," Corina said with faked bashfulness, "and leave him to have to wait ever longer."

"Of course," Eric said, not batting an eye. He was the only person other than the children who was eating as normal. Almost everyone else was hanging on with baited breath, with only Thomas and Roland staring at their plates trying in vain to block the conversation out with mental screaming .

"After we did what we came there to do," Ettore continued, "I decided the restaurant wasn't going to have any dessert better than the beauty before me, so I ate her out."

"He is very good," Corina said with emphasis. "And I couldn't not return the favor, so I sucked him off." She grinned at Neiro. "I think he might be bigger than you."

Thomas's uncle tilted an ear. "More than ten inches?" He looked at Ettore challengingly.

"I'm not going to believe it until I see it," Karlos said with a

grin.

Thomas buried his face in his palms and silently prayed to whatever forces out there that would listen for Thanksgiving not to become a dick measuring contest.

Madoc leaned over and whispered. "Do you think I should introduce them to Chima?"

Thomas went full alert and stared at his frat brother in horror, Madoc only grinning.

"Maybe after we're done eating," Ettore said. "Corina has a wonderful mouth and an eagerness I had forgotten a woman can have."

"You would not believe it," Corina said, "But he was still hard after I sucked him off."

"My family's good about having staying power," Ettore responded, "Isn't that right, Madoc?"

"Yeah," he replied before thinking for a moment. "At the gym, I can go about seven times without going soft. And that's mostly because of the mood since all the rest of the guys are exhausted by then."

Thomas's ears burned, hoping desperately that people forgot

he was at the gym during those little post workout sessions.

Neiro scrunched his brow, looking between Ettore and Madoc. "You," he pointed to Ettore, "Get a pass as my future brother-in-law. But you," he pointed to Madoc. "I'm calling bullshit. I don't care what your genetics are like, a man's body simply isn't built to handle that level of horniness."

Madoc smiled, "I will happily demonstrate."

"Just a moment," Ettore interrupted. "How does being your brother-in-law give me a pass?"

"Aren't you straight?" the uncle said, looking between Ettore to Corina.

Madoc snorted.

"You're making an assumption, dear," Karlos said, patting Neiro's hand.

Neiro brow moved up and down as the gears in his head processed things, "OK, but even if he's bi, he's still going to be married."

"Not everyone is as possessive as Orinda," Corina said, "Ettore loves me, I know that. What he puts his dick in when we aren't together, that's his business. And if we're together, then the deal is I

get to watch.”

Thomas kept his eyes to his plate as he massaged his temples. Please, do not let mom bring up the dibs Uncle Nerio has on dad. Please. Please.

“If I heard right,” Neuro said, “You two have a hotel room, instead of spending the night here.” He looked at Karlos. “You know, a bed would be way more durable than those decade old inflatable mattresses.”

The [insert species here] looked at the couple. “Assuming you’d be willing to have us, of course.”

Ettore looked at Corina, “They’re your family, hun. I know that part took some getting used to.”

She nodded. “Just so we’re clear, once you’re done and it’s time to sleep. I am getting in bed next to my fiancée.”

“That’s perfectly reasonable,” Neuro nodded.

* * * * *

Thomas watched Pryce and the twins, Gilbert and Gerald, run around the living room. Somehow he’d survived the most sexual dinner conversation of his life without melting under the table, and now he was squeezed between his uncles, Neuro and Karlos, listening

to Ettore.

“The Denver chapter of Sigma Theta Gamma is nothing like the Twin Cities chapter, at least from what Madoc has told me. At least when I went there; there were only five of us. There was of course a Cormoran, a Carbonneau, a Song,” He paused in his recounting as he hit a sour note, “And a Rasia.”

“I guess even in an exclusive frat like yours, not everyone likes everyone,” Eric said.

“I liked the guy well enough. Slim, nice cock, really nice ass. But I couldn’t trust him. He and his family were just trouble. But the sex was definitely good.” He paused to look over at his soon to be nephew. “Thomas, as an outsider, what’s your opinion of your brothers?”

Thomas startled briefly before firmly stating. “I’m part of Sigma Theta Gamma.”

“Sorry,” Ettore said, “I mean as someone who isn’t from one of the traditional families that comprise the frat, how do you feel about being a part of it? Are they treating you well?”

“Oh, we fuck him senseless,” Madoc said, provoking a glare from Thomas.

“They’re treating me like they treat each other,” Thomas said diplomatically. Madoc’s words already spelled out enough he didn’t

need to say any more.

After a few more attempts to get Thomas to talk about his sex life, the conversation moved to Neuro and Karlos, their meeting, their work, and of course their sex life. It almost sounded like Ettore was gauging what to expect.

Then the conversation moved to families. Did Neuro and Karlos plan on having kids? They'd talked about it every so often but didn't think the time was right. Would Ettore and Corina have kids? Definitely; it was a Lewiston imperative, after all.

Thomas raised an eyebrow at that, recalling how Madoc first described Pryce as not planned. He looked to the rat to see his reaction, but found his frat brother wasn't with them anymore... also Roland was missing as well.

...oh no. No, no. NO.

Thomas excused himself and went up to the second floor. He looked in Roland's bedroom before hearing the voices coming from the bathroom. He opened the door and there were his brother and Madoc, still wearing pants thank you, but shirtless. Madoc had his hands over his brother's defined stomach as Roland flexed a double biceps.

Thomas paused only to bury the jealousy as deep as he could. THAT was not why he was angry. That was his brother Madoc was molesting. Thomas opened his mouth- and just let it hang open as a pair of footsteps hurried up the stairs. His parents entered his bedroom, the one Victor and his family were spending the night in.

Thomas turned back around to the rats in front of him, but before he could get a word out for a second time, his mother's moans started, quickly joined by his fathers.

He had to get Henry to give him the number of whoever sound proofed the frat.

Thomas turned his attention forward for a third time, only for Roland to shove him out of the way, ears flat against his skull as he pulled his shirt back on. As he hurried down the stairs his glare was at the closed door rather than his brother, at least for this once.

"Not so fast," Thomas told Madoc as he shoved him into the bathroom and closed the door behind them. Geez why didn't these doors have locks . "Just what the fuck do you think you're doing?"

"I was giving Roland a few pointers on his workout routine," the rat replied, sounding mildly amused.

"Right," Thomas said, stretching the word. "I remember how you treat your projects. I'm one of them and I've met a lot of others. You're not going to do that to my brother."

"Thomas," Madoc said, tone turning serious, "I think Roland is--"

"Roland is sixteen! And he's straight." Thomas shouted only for Madoc to give him an incredulous look. Before a counter argument could be raised Thomas continued. "Even if he isn't, do you want to

know what his first exposure to homosexuality was? It was me coming home with a black eye because I dared to kiss the star quarterback and he didn't appreciate it. And since that was just last year, everyone at his school still knows about it; how he's the brother to the slut who can't keep his hands to himself."

"Thomas," Madoc finally spoke up, "I think you're-"

"No, you don't think, Madoc." Thomas injected, exasperated. "There are times every single one of you is as bad as Limbani, only thinking with your cock. That might be fine at the frat, and maybe even the university, but this is my home. What you were going to do to Roland... Madoc, you do not want to put me in a position to choose between the frat and my brother, because family is going to win out every time."

Madoc waited and watched, nodding once he was sure Thomas was done. "I understand. And I'm sorry for overreaching. Roland is lucky to have a brother who sticks up for him like you. I don't know if mine would have."

Any further anger Thomas had left in a moment of confusion as he looked at Madoc go through his normal routine of looking morrouse and forcing on a strong face. "What?"

The rat shook his head. "It's not important. Just the past, mostly."

Thomas hesitated, but when the other rat moved to walk by him he reacted on impulse and hugged him hard. "I just told you

family is going to win every time, and we just learned we're cousins .
If you need someone to talk to..."

Madoc just stood there for a moment before hugging back, and then pulling away. "Thanks, but right now I just want to go downstairs and play with Pryce." And then he was gone.

...most awkward Thanksgiving of the millenia.

"Are you sure you don't want to spend the night with me and Eric instead?" Nadia asked her brother as she hugged him back.

"Even if you finally talked Eric into it..." Nerio paused to nod towards Ettore. "Just look at him, sis? I am not explaining to Karlos how we passed that one up."

"Remember," Madoc said once the siblings let go of one another. "I want you to pester Thomas until he agrees to bring you to the house. If you enjoy Ettore, you're going to love our frat brothers."

Karlos smiled. "No worries there. We have Thomas's number and, even better, Judith's. She knows how to get the Hertz boys to do what she wants."

Thomas sighed in exasperation before giving Madoc a hug. "It was good meeting you, Pryce. Even if your father is a pain in the ass

sometimes.”

Madoc blew him a raspberry. “Enjoy the rest of the holiday. It was nice meeting you all.” Madoc said before squeezing into the rental car. It was surprisingly spacious, as if they expected to leave with more than they arrived with.

Walking back into the house, Thomas collapsed on the couch. “Any chance I can sleep down here for the rest of the weekend?” His mother just smirked and shook her head, causing the rat to sigh and look at his younger brother. “Well, I tried.”

“I can’t wait for next year,” Victor said, holding one of the sleeping twins in his arms. “Ettore will officially be part of the family. I can’t wait to hear the stories they’re going to have to share. Can you imagine what their honeymoon will be like?”

Orinda looked at Victor, the other sleeping twin in her arms. “You know I find it hard to believe there’s another family out there with the same love of sex as this one has.”

Thomas sighed, “Can we please talk about anything other than more sex? I’ll talk about my nonexistent major over that at this point.”

There was a brief pause as everyone waited collectively for Eric to burst in, but they noticed that both he and Nadia were already gone. “Huh,” Justith said, perking her ears up, “I think they managed to make it to the third floor this time. Anyway, bro, perk up. This time next year you’ll have plenty of stories to share.”

* * *

Thomas leveled a humorless gaze at her, "I have stories I could share now. The fact I don't is a personal choice."

His sister just shrugged and got out her phone, "Well until then we have both Yatting and Wild Frat dot com to tattle on you," This last part was said as the living room TV booted up in sync with Judith's phone. "Who wants to take a look at what went down at the midterm party?"

Orinda said, "Just let us put the kids to bed and we'll be right back down."

As the two of them left, Roland was quickly on their heels and grandma settled into a chair with fresh tea. Thomas, on the other hand, could only bury his face in a pillow and scream. He'd lost his sense of scale of how awkward this Thanksgiving was, and next year was only going to be worse.

OUTLINE-16

Chapter 19

###

Hertz Household, Thomas, Hertz Family Extended, Ettore, Madoc:
Mood:you shouldn't be here. Why are you here, exactly?

Jaws dropping at the presence of Madoc there are somewhat diverted when the grandmother, Lusina, hrrphs how Nadia's aunt married a Lewiston and then the family never saw from her again. Ettore assures her that this is nothing like that situation. There's no overarching family policy keeping their wives from visiting family, if her sister didn't visit it was her decision[He is being truthful, though this is mostly because Raphael doesn't have as much control over the senior Lewiston members as he might wish. He can force them to bread like animals, but there would be protests from those he needs the support of if he stopped them from having normal wives and families if they so choose.]. Corina can see her family whenever she wants... particularly since one of her nephews got into Sigma Theta Gamma.

That sparks some conversation that Thomas ejects out of in order to get back to freaking out of why in the world Madoc is here? Madoc doesn't see what the big deal is. He arrived in Kansas City, found out one of his older cousins was heading to his fiance's family gathering instead, and when he heard her last name put two and two together real quick. So he came to give his son something more homey than a posh dining rooms full of catered food. Being able to check on the Hertz boys is just a plus.

Before Thomas can protest too much Victor's wife, Orinda, steps in to say that's a lovely sentiment. It also gives the twins someone their age to play with. Very quickly anyone with any protest is outvoted and

Madoc has a seat at the dinner table[Once again, it should be noted that this is a Madoc who has been "reset" to factory standard just a bit by Henry so the Lewiston's won't suspect, plus doesn't have any memory of Henry.].

What follows next is a family dinner, with casual family dinner conversation. No, I'm not going to create all the dozens of talking points right here in the outline. Have fun taking the character bios and expanding on them.

###

Hertz Household, Thomas, Hertz Family Extended, Ettore, Madoc:
Mood:

After dinner, a lot of the gathering is focused on the children, leaving Thomas trapped between his uncle and soon to be uncle-in-law. The topic is Sigma Theta Gamma, with Ettore talking fondly of his time at his own chapter house, while teasing details out of Thomas... which since he's in a conversation with his uncle with his grandmother just a few chairs away, he's being every evasive about things.

Thomas eventually notices that both Madoc and Roland are missing. He quickly narrows down their location to upstairs and he finds them... in the bathroom... together. They have their pants on when they see him, but there are some strong implications of what might have been going on or at least discussed.

Before any intense accusations can fly around, Eric and Nadia run upstairs and into the nearest bedroom, slamming the door behind them. Since these bedrooms aren't anywhere near as soundproof as they think they are Roland runs downstairs.

Thomas keeps Madoc [Major change starting here. Some of it was

implied in the discussion and not written down, some of it expanded on. Either way, I'm curious what you think.]

[Also, when you talk about thin walls, I'd be curious if Roland hung back enough to hear what Thomas said in this version. I don't see Roland hanging by since he's escaping his parents' noises and not giving Thomas the illusion of privacy.] with him and explains bluntly he needs to stay away from Roland because Roland is straight. Roland has to live with the consequences of Thomas's actions a lot, like kissing the quarterback on Prom or moving out to leave even more of Eric's attention laser focused on Roland. Some of that are mistakes Thomas can't change, but if the fraternity starts being a problem for Roland he will choose his brother over his brothers.

Madoc says he understands... in fact he finds it very admirable. Kinda makes him envious really, wondering if any of his brothers would have stood up for him like that. That will take the wind out of Thomas's sails, but Madoc will blow off any inquiry. Some scars don't heal, but if you avoid poking them they hurt less. And with that Madoc heads downstairs to play some more with his son.

###

Hertz Household, Thomas, Hertz Family Extended, Ettore, Madoc:
Mood:

Eventually the rest of the night goes on without incident, and it's time for everyone who isn't sleeping over to head home. The closest to misbehaving Madoc gets is inviting Nerio [Nerio, and his husband, is basically fanfiction bait. If you can think of a use for him in the stories, they can be your fan fiction, but otherwise his only determining factor is "hung". In this case something in Colby, Marcus, or Maximilian's weight class, not the monster that is Chima.] and his husband to visit the frat as Thomas's guests sometimes, something Ettore [Was Ettore in Sigma? He was in a Sigma. He's not likely to have gone to the Twin Cities for his education.] jokingly encourages. Pretty soon, though, it's just the family. Grandma's flight isn't until Saturday, Victor is staying

until Sunday morning, and Thomas till Sunday afternoon. Till then, they are just one big family, awkward moments in all.