

CHAPTER-52

Thomas wished they'd hurry, he was getting tired of being cramped at the top of a stairwell waiting for the signal to go. As if the lack of maneuvering room wasn't enough, he was in it with a margay at the door, a monkey behind him, and a squirrel at the rear.

The margay was one of the Richards who'd come after Thomas in Houston, his memory now restored, and with an earpiece connected to his phone. He was who would hear that the other team had started their part of the assault. He also held a machine gun. There had been a discussion of using stunners, but the Richards had confirmed that everyone who protected the man they were after wore interference vests. So rubber bullets was the ammunition of choice.

The monkey behind him was Limbani, who was alleviating his boredom by grinding against Thomas's ass. He was slow and Thomas was reaching the point where he'd pull both their pants down and tell the monkey to get on with it. The last was Donal.

They were the smallest team Samuel had conceived on the flight to St Cloud Airport. Donal was needed because of what he could do, Thomas to get him in, Vincent Richard for protection and Limbani... well the monkey had been the first to point out Thomas's energy limitations and offered to be there to recharge him. Samuel had been fine with it.

The whole plan had been the badger's idea, with the approval of his elder, not Gavin Rowling. While Samuel hadn't mentioned a payment, he had been clear that one part of the mission was rescuing Thomas's family, so he expected

the Mercier would be claiming his services at some point. The badger had simply smiled as Thomas debated with himself arguing right there and making it clear he wasn't a commodity to be used, which would probably mean his family would go back to being low on the list of priorities, or after the fact once his family was safe, but then Samuel had leverage to encourage Thomas to agree.

Thomas felt Limbani reached around, hand moving down to the rat's crotch and rubbing it. "You know," he whispered, "it's probably going to take the others a while before they're ready, I should start charging you right now."

Thomas bit his lower lip to keep from moaning. He could feel how wet the front of his jeans were. He leaned back and opened his mouth to agree-

"Go!" Vincent yelled. "It's started!" He shoved the door open and the cold air chased all thought of sex from Thomas. He pushed away from the monkey and crouched to the edge of the building, the other three close around him. He raised the binoculars to his eyes and looked at the building on the other side of the street.

It was a four story one on the north end of St-Paul, with a nondescript business finish that didn't reveal that in one of the rooms was one of the most important men in the city. Thomas had memorized the facial markings of Byrnwood Richard, the Richard elder, and Vincent had marked the most likely locations. His elder loved his view of the city so his officer was at the corner, but if his security felt he was in danger he'd be moved to one with smaller windows on the east side.

Thomas cursed when he didn't see the elder in either room. Not that he had a great view of the panic room, only the officer desk and part of the bed. He panned again.

"Got him," he hissed. The elder walked into his office, phone to his ear and speaking agitatedly. "Four men are with him." Hands took hold of his arms, three of them. He was momentarily surprised the monkey hadn't gone for his crotch.

"We're good for insertion," Vincent quickly stated while tapping the a button on his phone.

At least he hadn't said penetration, Thomas thought and willed himself and them into the elder's office.

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"It won't matter," Samuel had said. "Look, I know you have your doubts, but you always feel the same level of exhaustion. None if you're alone for line of sight, out of breath if you have passengers in the same situation, and you're knocked out if you warp without line of sight. You were knocked out when you did it with one; the same knocked out when you did it with two or three. Trust me on this. You can take three people in line of sight and it won't do more than knock the breath out of you."

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Thomas was on all fours as chaos erupted around him. At least he wasn't unconscious, so Samuel had been right. Not that he was happy about it. His pants were pulled down and a cock went in his ass. He felt the pull of Vincent's power as he used it to throw the men protecting Byrnwood off balance,

literally, as he created zones of vacuum. There was gun fire, heat, cold, then quiet, broken by Limbani cumming.

“I have the door,” Vincent called. “Go do your thing to him, and make it quick. We only succeed if Mister Richard calls the security off. I am nowhere near the strongest of them.”

Thomas thought it odd Vincent referred to his elder as ‘Mister Richard’. None of the other elder’s he’d met demanded that kind of formality. Even Raphael was okay with ‘sir’. Further thought on the subject was interrupted by Limbani turning Thomas on his back, pulling his legs over his shoulder and plowing his ass again.

“You are enjoying this way too much,” Thomas commented, tightening his ass on the thrusting cock.

“Are you kidding?” Limbani replied. “Fucking someone in the middle of a fire’s always been a fantasy of mine.”

Of course it was.

Quickly enough, Limbani was cumming again.

Thomas glanced at Donal, and the squirrel was still focused on the margay, so he pushed the monkey on his back and started fucking him.

“I hate to rush you,” Vincent said.

“Working as fast as I can,” Donal replied through gritted teeth. “Henry went deeper than we thought.”

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Thomas pounded Limbani's ass and the monkey grinned at him, wrapping his legs around his hips and encouraging him to go harder. Thomas shoved his cock in deep and grunted his orgasm at the same time Donal said, "Done!"

"Sir," Vincent said. "Elder, I'm Vincent. You need to tell security to stand down."

"Why are you here? Who? Where is he?" The margay demanded angrily.

"We're dealing with him," Donal said as Thomas pulled out of the monkey. "What we need you to do is play along with Henry until I've treated enough of your subordinates."

"And who the fuck are you to tell me what to do?" Byrnwood growled.

"He's the man who freed you from Henry, sir," Vincent said. "With all due respect, there is an operation underway. The Mercier are in charge," he added when the elder indicated Thomas and Limbani. "He's transportation. The Adesida is power."

"You know, being referred to as the car isn't doing much for my self-esteem," Thomas said as he threw his pants over his shoulder. "Tell me my landing location is ready."

Vincent looked at his phone. "The house is secure, no one was harmed."

Thomas grinned as he threw an arm over Limbani's

shoulder. “The same way we’re leaving.” And with that he willed them home.

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“Come on,” Limbani said as Thomas got off the bed. “Just one more, to be safe you’re fully powered up.”

“I’m fine,” Thomas said as he pulled back on his jeans. “And it isn’t like I’m going anywhere for a while. You’ll get plenty of chances to fuck me again.”

“Fine,” the monkey pouted. “Then at least send in Madoc to keep me busy.”

“How about Felix?” Thomas suggested, “I think he could still use a distraction from... well, all of this.”

“Both?” Limanbani bargained.

Thomas rolled his eyes. “I’ll see which one loses the draw and send him.” And with that he headed down the stairs.

“No,” Olavo said. “Shila, that isn’t how this works. We need your-” He was rubbing his muzzle when Thomas entered the kitchen. “I’m well aware what my father agreed to, but-” He made a strangling motion with his free hand. “No-” he said something in his native language and looked around, his gaze stopping on the fridge. “Fine, yes, you are exasperating. Happy? Now, will you tell me how the chaos is going? What is Henry doing now?”

Thomas left the kitchen. Food could wait until Olavo was done coordinating.

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He found Felix in the living room, feet on the formica coffee table and watching something on his phone. “If you’re bored, Limbani needs to be fucked.”

“Not up to the task?” Felix teased.

Thomas rolled his eyes, “You know, I was really hoping I’d get a Felix that’s at least a little bearable out of this.”

The otter smiled. “Go on. I’ll deal with the insatiable monkey.”

They both went back up the stairs, Thomas continuing on down the hall and then up to the third floor, stopping to stare at the master bedroom door knob. When he’d told Samuel all they’d need to do to secure his family was put door knobs with locks on them, he hadn’t expected his house would end up with three hundred dollar crystal door knobs on each of the bedroom doors.

Samuel had men walking the house’s perimeter. Primarily to prevent anyone from assaulting the house, but also to keep his family members from escaping. Unlike the houses where Society men lived, his didn’t come with security features besides the locks on the front and back door.

Realizing he was stalling, Thomas knocked on the door. “Mom?”

“Thomas?” His mother’s voice came from the other side of the door. “Is that you? You’re home? Henry did it, he brought you back home.”

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Thomas's heart sank. He'd hoped that Henry wouldn't bother with her, since she was a woman, but she too thought Henry was the best thing under the sun.

"Look, Mom. I know this isn't the best time, but I think you need to know that Victor and Orinda were kidnapped. And that Raphael is—" He choked, and rested his head against the door. How the fuck was he supposed to tell his mother that her eldest boy had been, and probably still was, being raped?

"Tell Henry, Thomas," Nadia reassured him. "He'll fix this. He brought you home, and he will bring the rest of our family back together."

"Yeah," he replied bitterly. He wished he could have Donal into fixing his mother's memory, but even Thomas admitted she didn't hold strategic value so she was at the bottom of the list. But at least she was home and safe. There was no way Henry could get to her, or Roland. The two of them had been the only ones in the house when it was secured. His father was still at university, so the Mercier were keeping an eye on him from a distance. Judith was still unaccounted for.

He left his mother's door, walking back to the second floor to face another problem. He was briefly distracted by Yating leaving the guest room with a toddler bat in his arms... only to see Yating plowing a mirror image of Thomas himself in said guest room as he walked by. There was strategic value to having Firmin copy Thomas, but being part of two sets of twins in the house put way too many distracting thoughts into the rat's head.

Focus on the important part. They had Horst, so all of

phase one is complete. Now they just needed to not die from stress while Donal completed phase two of freeing the Richard command structure while Henry was distracted by the loss of his son.

Thomas also needed to stop finding mental ways to avoid the problems in front of him, so he forced himself to continue walking down the hall until he was in front of Roland's door. He knocked... and then knocked again more forcefully. He thought about calling out, but he had no idea what Henry had done to his brother beyond raping him. He seemed to enjoy making people silently suffer, so maybe he'd given memories to Roland of Thomas abusing him.

He listened for the sound of movement. Nothing. Someone would have told him if Roland had gotten out through a window, right? He unlocked the door and slowly pushed it open, looking for his brother and not seeing him. He stepped in. "Ro-" something hit the side of his head and the room spun. He fought to stay standing, then hands were holding him, guiding him. A voice resolved itself.

"Thomas, I'm sorry, I thought it was one of the goons. How did you get by them? Are you here to rescue me?" Roland hugged him tightly. "I knew you'd come back for us. You're too tough to need Henry to rescue you."

"Roland?" Thomas blinked; what was going on?

His brother beamed at him, then hurried to put the little league trophy behind him. "Sorry." His ears went back and looked bashful.

What the fuck had Henry done to his brother? Where

was the anger and the bluster anytime Thomas looked in his direction.

“I-” Thomas started to say.

“You guys okay?” Madoc asked, stepping in and Roland moved away from Thomas. “Sorry. I heard something and the door’s open. I thought you might have escaped, Roland.”

“I... err, I was planning on it, but...” the youngest rat stumbled over his words before doing a double take. “Wait, aren’t you with the people who kidnapped Thomas?”

“What did Henry tell you?” Thomas asked.

“It wasn’t Henry, it was some cop who told us you were kidnapped by someone from the Lewiston family.” He glared at Madoc. “Your family. Grandma was right. Nothing good comes from the Lewistons.”

Madoc raised his hands. “I had nothing to do with that, I helped him escape.”

“And more of what you remember isn’t true,” Thomas added. “Henry can change your memories, but we’re going to fix that. Donal will get to it and you’ll be fine.”

“Things aren’t going to go back to how they were, Thomas,” Madoc said.

“I don’t want to hear about it,” Thomas replied.

“Thomas, you have to face this,” Madoc said firmly. “Roland went through two of the ceremonies.”

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“That’s been a while,” Roland replied dismissively, then grinned at Thomas. “Come on, you were waiting for me afterward and we-”

“Stop.” Thomas swallowed the bile. “That didn’t happen. And Madoc, I don’t want to hear about any of this. My brother isn’t part of this.”

“Thomas,” Madoc replied, “This isn’t something you can wish away. He, as in our god, claimed him. You don’t just walk away from that.”

“Thomas, what’s wrong?” Roland placed a hand on his thigh and squeezed. “Look, whatever it is, it’s going to be okay.” His brother smiled sweetly and Thomas bolted up.

“I can’t-” Thomas started to say as he tried to leave the room, but Madoc stood in front of him.

“Thomas?” Roland asked, hurt.

“That isn’t who my brother is,” he snarled, glaring at Madoc’s hand on his chest, keeping him from leaving.

“I know. I remember him,” Madoc firmly stated. “But that’s who he is right now. And he’s going to remember this when it’s all done. Do you want him to remember you just walking out on him? Whatever you think your Roland thinks of you, this one adores you. He wants to be around you.”

Thomas closed his eyes. The hand on his thigh had felt right. Putting his hand on top of it was so fucking easy to imagine. At least when Roland hated his guts, he had that to

keep his feelings at bay.

He turned. "I'm sorry, Roland. It's been a rough few days. How has it been since I left?"

"It was rough at first," Roland said. "But you know how the team is. They rallied around me. They kept me from missing you too much. Neil's been over almost every night and-"

"Oh fuck." Thomas closed his eyes.

"What?" Madoc and Roland asked at the same time.

Thomas sighed. "Henry got to the football team."

Roland looked confused, and Thomas decided that was his perfect excuse. "I need to go deal with something, Roland. I'll be back."

Madoc followed him out. "What did you mean?"

Thomas slumped against the wall. "Roland's football team. The way he said they rallied around him, I'm pretty sure he meant they had-"

"And for the entire team to have sex with your brother, Henry would have to have changed their memories too." Madoc breathed in and exhaled sharply. "I've got to give it to the man, he is thorough."

"He's a fucking rapist," Thomas glowered. "Look what he did to my brother."

Madoc eyerolled. “Will you stop it, Thomas?”

Thomas glared. “And what the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

Madoc crossed his arms. “Stop shoving your brother in the closet just because you don’t know how to deal with having the hots for him.”

“I don’t!” Thomas shouted.

Madoc rolled his eyes. “I’m not blind, and you aren’t as subtle as you think.”

“How I do or don’t feel about him isn’t the problem here,” Thomas evaded. “He’s straight. Always was.”

“He never was,” Madoc countered. “I met him twice before today and it’s obvious. And you want to know something else?”

“No,” Thomas stated.

“Too bad,” Madoc continued, “Because your brother never hated you.”

Thomas snorted. “You obviously weren’t paying attention to how he looks at me.”

“Oh, I saw a lot. Particularly during Thanksgiving,” Madoc said confidently. “What you never see is how he looks at you when you’re not looking. That forbidden hunger that mirrored your own. The difference is that where you broke eye contact when he noticed you, he clamped down into jock

gruffness.” He raised his hand to stop any counter argument. “I’m not saying you should go in there and have sex with him. I’m saying the lust you feel for him isn’t wrong in and of itself. Your brother is hot. That’s got to be a family thing, because I’d happily pull you, him, and your dad in bed on meeting the three of you.”

Thomas almost protested his own hotness only to get whiplash, “My dad?”

“Don’t worry, I know your uncles have dibs,” Madoc said before continuing. “I’m not going to be Raphael and force you to start behaving as if you were Society born and raised. Sex is sacred to us, to Him, and the most important part is consent from both parties so the act honors him.”

Thomas rolled his eyes, “So you’re saying Raphael raping me for days straight didn’t do anything for him?”

“It was sex, he enjoyed it, and technically we only gain less energy without consent but that’s distracting from the point,” Madoc replied. “The point is in two years-”

Someone clearing their throat made Madoc stop. The two rats looked down the hall to see a naked copy of Thomas nodding to the other side of the hall. With a sense of dread Thomas turned to look, and there he saw Roland’s head poking out of the partially opened door, his eyes wide and looking so very young.

“What do you mean you were raped?” the younger brother asked.

Thomas froze. How the fuck was he supposed to-

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Madoc shoved him against the wall and kissed. When the rat pulled away, expression serious, Thomas was too stunned to question it. "I'll explain what happened," Madoc said. "It's my family who did it, so it's my responsibility, not yours. Why don't you go enjoy yourself in the meantime?" He nodded to the other Thomas who was leaning against the wall.

By the time Thomas was able to protest, Madoc was in the room with Roland. With Firmin wearing his naked body watching him. Thomas watched him back, then frowned as he took him in. He stepped closer and Firmin moved away from the wall and crossed his arms over his chest.

Thomas walked around him, taking in the muscled thighs, firm ass, defined pecs and abs. Of course he was hard by the time Thomas was in front again, and he had a good looking cock too. Nice length and thickness.

"You can do something to the bodies you double, right?" Thomas asked.

Firmin shook his head. "What you see is what you have."

It was Thomas's turn to shake his head. "No. I don't look anywhere that hot."

His double snorted. "You have got to get a reality check. You have had guys drooling after you the moment you joined, and then Madoc started beefing you up. Do you have any idea how infuriating it was for Felix to know you drew more of the guys at the party than he did." Firmin paused,

looking embarrassed. “Okay, I might have had something to do with that. I might have gone and slept with a few guys as you.”

Thomas straightened. “Why would you do that?”

Firmin motioned to himself. “Have you looked at this? How could I not take advantage of it?”

“That isn’t what I mean,” Thomas protested. “What are people going to think of me?”

“That you’re pretty hot and great in bed,” Firmin stated.

Thomas protests died as he realized something. “You aren’t all depressed and emo anymore.”

His double shrugged. “Felix, of all people, pointed out that I don’t have to let my real memories define me. I know what it’s like to have enjoyed what I can do, instead of being shamed into never doing anything.” He held up his hand to forestall comment. “There’s a sordid history with people who’ve had my power. Considering how Henry used me, some of how my family treated me is justified, but I think that now I get to decide how I’m going to live. And being one of two teleporters in existence will help me get that.”

Thomas sighed, “I’m going to regret agreeing to letting you copy my body, aren’t I?”

Firmin stepped in close and leaned next to his ear. “I will honor this body as if it was our god. I will see to it that it is treated with pleasure and orgasm.” He left out a slow breath and Thomas shivered. “And i will give you the best spot in my bed if you ever want to find out what it’s like to fuck you.”

* * *

What was it with-

A commotion sounded downstairs. “Let go of me,” Judith exclaimed. “If you don't, I swear on His balls, my boyfriend is going to rip yours out.”

“She does mean His balls,” a man answered smugly, “And yes, one word from her and yours are gone, Mercier.”

CHAPTER 1.5-52

OUTLINE-52

Chapter 51

###

Twin Cities; Thomas, Limbani, Donal, ???: Mood:

Dominos. If this all goes right it should be watching a chain of dominos start to fall. Chances of that were slim, but they had high hopes things would start falling into place. In fact a lot has fallen into place in a short amount of time just to get them here. Right now Thomas, Limbani, Donal, and one of the Richards sent to assault Houston are waiting on by a rooftop door with some binoculars for their their time to move.

...that call lingers just enough that Limbani of course suggests a quickie, but the call from Olavo does come in. Moving out, the gang exits the door onto the rooftop, and Thomas starts scanning the windows of the building across from where they are. It takes a surprisingly small amount of time to find his target... maybe the gods like to meddle. In any event Thomas gives a quick "I see him," all four people standing around him put their hands on their shoulders, and in an instant they are in the Richard headquarters right next to the elder and his bodyguards.

The Richard they brought with them quickly restrains his fellows, while Donal gets to work on the Richard Elder, and Limbani... well his job is to fuck Thomas so they can get out of there if needed. There is a little bit of tension on if Donal can do his work fast enough, but thankfully they only need to undo the most recent changes and not every single thing Henry has done to the person.

So, in quick order they go from holding their ground to being thanked. The elder is told Henry should be calling him soon in order to launch search parties for his son, and he should play along until Donal has undone the brainwashing on anyone with seniority Henry could turn to. The man might scoff a bit about getting orders, but his own man they brought with him will remind him how willingly he was just a few seconds ago to follow Henry's every whim.

This part of the plan in place, Thomas will warp him and Limbani back to his house. He doesn't even bother putting pants on because, yeah.... he's getting way to used to the handicap that comes with his powers.

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Hertz Household, Thomas, Hertz Family, Various Others[There was a question of "Who are they bringing", and the answer is EVERYONE. Yes, people like Felix and Madoc are just to stay and babysit the bainwashed Hertz while the heavy hitters fight Henry, but if they weren't doing that then some of the Heavy hitters would have to stay behind.]

[And I expect Grant is walking about the house putting up charms everywhere, just in case.]: Mood:

Thomas exists his bedroom with his pants on, despite the fact Limbani wants to do him a few more times "just to be sure". There will be time for that later, goodness knows Donal has a lot of people to do before they can move onto the next step. For now he wants to check up on everybody. Downstairs, the kitchen has basically been turned into the command center.

Olavo looks at them and just nods, getting back to the conversation he's having with Shila on all the moving pieces. From the sound of it, Henry's full attention is on his son, whom they are getting ready to

extract in a few moments. Letting the future leader have his space, Thomas instead gets a more grounds level update from Laurence. Most importantly... how's his mom?

Nadia is... fine. Still locked in her room[This can be accomplished by having the team just bring a bunch of doorknobs and install them in the appropriate rooms in the house.]

[If you feel it's pressing to address this to the audience, just have Thomas pass a box of doorknobs at some point and wistfully think it took a crisis like this for his family to finally have locks on their doors.], but fine. It pains Thomas that his family was on a low priority to de-brainwash, but... well strategically they are. Right now the important victims are those in power or with powers, and his family were none of those. Speaking of family, Laurence will also mention that Roland came home while he was gone. Thomas will be relieved that there is one more family member out of Henry's claws, but also be apprehensive about seeing him. When he talked to his mother about what Ralpheal did to Victor and tried to do to Orinda... it was painful to listen to her say that Henry would take care of everything[Also go off on an aside about she, Eric, and Henry haven't a threesome while he was gone to calm the nerves. Thomas can't tell if that is an implanted memory, or if Henry bit off more than he could chew with his mother.].

But Thomas has been trying to make a change of facing his problems... so he may as well face this one. So he heads upstairs. As he comes up, Limbani is coming down with a toddler bat in his arms. Looks like Fimir and the others arrived... which is confirmed with a quick glance in Thomas's room where an apparent clone of Thomas is getting double stuffed by Yating and Yahui. There are... too many thoughts on that image to put to words.

* * *

Putting sex out of his mind, he'll approach Roland's room and knock... there's no answer. Concerned, Thomas will open the door and look inside, only calling for Roland two seconds before a trophy is slammed on his head. It doesn't knock Thomas out, and Roland is too busy apologizing to Thomas to continue his escape attempt.

And so the two brothers will talk, with Madoc showing up because he heard something. And at first it's just Thomas explaining what is going on, that Roland's memories have been messed with, and everything will be fixed eventually... but there will be consequences... because Roland has been initiated, and they are pretty certain a divine bound will stick with him...

And Roland says cool, because he loves being Society. And they must have Henry wrong, cause he's a pretty cool guy. He called him and dad to the fraternity, explained Thomas's accidentally initiation [If this not matching up with the story in Madoc and the Search Squad memories seems apparent... it's because they don't match up.]

[The Search Squad was out in the field, so their memories couldn't contain Henry. They needed a reason to go after Thomas, hence Raphael. And to give Raphael authority over Thomas he had to be a Lewiston in their eyes.]

[Roland and the other Hertz, meanwhile, were in Henry's seat of power. Their memories would reflect a story that was more like the draft zero version he was going to institute once Thomas was back in the Twin Cities and under his control.], and how since it was a bloodline thing Roland, Victor, and Eric must be potential initiates too. It didn't stick with dad for some reason, but it worked on Roland. They were only willing to take him to the second level, though, since those are the rules. Henry even talked to the rest of the guys on the football team so Roland would have access to sex while he still

attended school. Been a real boost to team moral.

It's about that time that Roland will start hitting on Thomas, and where Thomas needs to excuse himself to the hall. Madoc will take a few moments to join him. There he'll talk Thomas down, first by saying that of course it didn't happen that cleanly, and that Henry had inserted a perfect ideal meeting into their minds. Also probably brainwashed the football team too, so they'll have to add them to the list of people to cure. But Thomas needs to realize something... something that is going to be very hard for him to accept.

Roland was never straight. He was so deep in the closet his tail was lost in Narnia, but to anyone who looked at Roland without preconception it was obvious... well, OK, maybe the Society are a bit biased to seeing anyone as gay, but he is right about Roland. Just as he's right that Thomas has the hots for Roland and was just obeying the laws and taboos of the nation he was raised in.

Thomas will start to protest, but Madoc will put a finger to his lips. Madoc isn't going to be Ralpheal and force Thomas to conform to the Society's ways though repeated rape, but Roland is Society now, and as Thomas said will remain so even with his memories... and meaning he's going to need to fuck thirteen guys once he turns eighteen. Would be a shame if his big brother wasn't one of them.

There will be a cough, which turns out to have come from Firmir still wearing Thomas's skin... and he'll point across the room towards Roland's door... which is cracked open with the rat listening in. Roland will ask what was that about Thomas being raped? Thomas will stiffen at this... only to suddenly be kissed by Madoc. He breaks away he says he'll tell him since it's his family's shame. Along with what is happening to Victor. Thomas and Firmir should charge some more for when the call comes in.

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This leaves Thomas alone in the hallway with a clone of himself... which means he needs to reevaluate his negative body images because he looks kinda hot. Maybe Fimir just wears it better. Before they can get at it, though, there are sounds of a scuffle downstairs. It's almost wrapped up by the time they get to the living room, where they find that Judith has come home... along with Trevor.

There are some arguments... and it turns out Judith and Trevor have been dating during all of this. This... Thomas doesn't know how to process this. He can't see Henry encouraging this, but even if he did, unless he micromanaged their relationship down to the smallest detail... this might stick once their memories are restored. Thomas doesn't know if he's ready for a brother-in-law that hot.

Finally, as if there is not enough last minute things happening, Thomas is called to the kitchen. There Thomas will see two video images playing on the fridge. One of Hubert and Jacques talking to Paul and the three of them walking away... and another of Chima letting Eric into the fraternity. Thomas will lock eyes with Olavo, and it's clear to both of them that they forgot to factor in Paul.

Shila will say that she could still possibly stop the tiger from reaching the fraternity, like by calling a police alert on them. But Olavo will say no. First, that wouldn't stop Hubert and Jacques. Second, something that blatant will alert Henry. Right now the bat is working on the misinformation that this is just Thomas and some allies having stolen his son. If he suspects he's losing control of the city... they'll not only lose him and but any hostages he already has in his possession. They have no choice but to wait for the Richards to give the green light that their command infistruct is theirs again.

* * *

Faith

Thomas doesn't argue, but he still doesn't like putting Paul at risk only to ensure he doesn't lose his father. Donal better hurry.