

## CHAPTER 20

Bozeman, MT, January 17th

Thomas grunted as the cock in his ass twitched, then muttered. "Don't stop." Just as the guy pulled out of him.

"Fuck," Grant said as he rolled off and flopped next to him. I thought you were going to die on me."

"Did I fall asleep?" He was so tired thinking was hard, but he couldn't have been tired enough that he wouldn't have made it to the bed. And why was the floor so damned cold?

"You passed out. What is this place?"

Thomas opened an eye and looked at a rough stone floor illuminated by daylight coming in from somewhere. He'd get a better look if he raised his head, but it was so comfortable, resting on his arms.

"Dunno," he said, the word slurred.

You brought us here, Thomas," Grant said, sounding somewhat exasperated for some reason. You have to know where we are."

"If you say so." The yawn that followed cracked his jaw. "Ask me again after my nap, and then a fuck, and maybe more napping—ow!" the slap at the back of the head had him fully awake now.

"Don't you dare fall asleep on me," Grant told him.

Thomas tried to resist the hand that grabbed his muzzle and turned his head until he was looking into the kangaroo's searching eyes, but he didn't have the strength.

"I guess not all the stories are true. Society guys aren't roaring to go after just one fuck."

"I'll fuck you if you want." Thomas tried to put a hand under him, but dragging his arm took almost more strength than he had, and someone had put a ton of weights on his back. "Roll me over and you can sit on my cock."

"Is that going to help you?" Grant asked.

"You're going to love it." The rat yawned. "I promise."

"Don't fall asleep," Grant snapped, shaking him. "Thomas, does fucking a guy restore your energy?"

"Yes?" he answered with a tentative shrug, which his body barely executed.

Grant ran a hand over his face. "Right. I'm the one with all the answers here." Thomas smiled as Grant took his pants off and lay them next to the rat. "I did see you fuck guys without stopping, so I'm going to hope that's a yes on recharging your normal batteries." He rolled Thomas onto the pants and looked at his crotch, smiling. "Not that I won't enjoy myself, but remember that the goal is to get you sufficiently conscious so you'll answer my question." He straddled Thomas's waist. "I really should have worked on something around the concepts of potency, since I know fucking you works, but I can't risk that you have the time I need to figure out something that'll get me hard again just using what's we brought with us.

Thomas had a comeback ready. It was a great one too, Thomas was sure of it, but he opened his muzzle as Grant lowered himself and it was a moan that escaped instead of words as his cock entered the hot, slick ass.

This was way better than any comeback he'd had.

He tried to grab for the hips as the kangaroo undulated on his cock, but his hands weighed a ton each. It felt too good to let Grant do all the work, but he couldn't even thrust.

"Fuck," Grant whispered, eyes half closed. "That is a good cock."

Thomas grinned and with a grunt of effort, one of his hands

was grabbing onto the kangaroo's hip. Another grunt and his pelvis thrust forward and Thomas moaned.

"Feeling better?" Grant asked, tightening his ass.

"No," Thomas replied once he could breathe again. "I'm going to have to fuck you a few times more." He had his other hand on the kangaroo's other hip and he grabbed on.

"I don't think we—" the rest was a gasp as Thomas thrust in hard and hit that sweet spot. One of the many things his frat brother had taught him in his months residing at the frat was how to use his cock to shut up guys, even when it wasn't shoved in their muzzle.

Grant caught his breath, opened his muzzle, and Thomas thrust hard again, and it was another grunt instead of words that came out. After the third attempt, the kangaroo got the message, squeezed Thomas's cock, and moved in time with the rat. That had him cumming loudly and then panting hard as he relaxed, but it was easier to think.

"Fuck, I needed that."

"Well, that sounds more coherent," Grant said, as Thomas noticed the irregular stone walls and the grotto's ceiling of time-polished broken stones.

"How did we get here?"

"You brought us," Grant replied. "Where is here?"

His visual search brought his gaze to the kangaroo's flaccid cock. "You didn't cum." He reached for it; Thomas wasn't the kind of guy who didn't make sure his —

"Focus, Thomas," Grant said, grabbing his hand. "Where are we?"

"This is the grotto on my grandfather's property. Although, it's too warm. I mean, it's always been warmer than it should. I think there's —"

“Focus,” Grant said, tone sharp with exasperation. “I managed to get something going before I started waking you up.”

Thomas snickered. “Is *that* what they called it in your day?”

Grant glared at him. “I’m not that old. It’s what I call fucking a Society guy who nearly killed himself getting us here. You grandfather, that’s the one on Bozeman?”

Thomas held the kangaroo in place as he started standing. “I want to fuck you again. And yes, that’s him.”

“My ass needs a rest.”

“But you’re still soft.”

“I’m not like you,” Grant replied, pulling the hands away, and they dropped to the floor without something to hold on to. “My refractory period is measured in... well, not in nanoseconds.”

“About sucking me off, then? That’s going to help, right?” he shuddered as Grant stood and the cool air made his cock shiver.

“I can’t talk with my mouth full.” He stretched and Thomas admired the toned body. “How did you do this? You said you need to see where you’re teleporting to.”

Had he forgotten to mention those? “There were two times. I told out about the flash fire at the frat, right?” He had to since he’d told him how he’d ended up on the run from them. “And then there was—” His muzzle snapped shut.

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Bozeman, MT, December 24th

Thomas hurried to close the door to his grandfather’s office, hoping it would also close on the images hearing his brother grunting through the door of the bedroom they were forced to share had conjured, and he leaned back.

Fuck. He did not need to know his younger, his hot, buff, younger brother was jerking off only two doors down. He looked at the tent in his pants. He certainly didn't need to want to go back, go in the room, and give Roland something to grunt again. To moan about, to have him begging for Thomas to do more to him.

He strangled a cry. That was his brother, not some hot guy at university. What the fuck was wrong with him?

At least he'd made it to his grandfather's office. The one room in the house no one wanted as theirs because the murphy bed was so old as to be all spring and no padding. Thomas had opted to sleep in the same bed as Roland because that level of uncomfatableness would have been better than the murphy-bed—sure keep telling yourself that was why—but right now, there was no way he was sleeping in the same room as his brother, even if he wanted to wait until he was done. But it was too fucking late. He'd eaten too much, and he needed to lie down.

He pulled the fake bookcase and the musty 'trying to pass itself off as a mattress' came down. This wasn't going to be comfortable, but it was the only option left.

Naked, he stretched on the bed. The search for some comfortable position was quickly eclipsed by the pole jutting out of his crotch.

"Will you give it a rest?" he asked his cock. His cock was too hard to answer. "Fuck, how can you be such a needy bastard?"

With the images he was fighting against running through his head? How could it not? He was stroking it before he realized it. And moaning as he remembered he wasn't in a bathroom or had access to a hot mouth to wrap around it to avoid making a mess.

*But there is one, two doors down*, the dirty, nasty part of his mind reminded him.

What did he used to use before he'd had constant access to guys? He looked at his clothes. Did he really want dried cum on his underwear? Or to walk around with it on his socks. That one was

probably safer, but with his luck, Roland would notice something and bend down to—

Get out of the fucking gutter.

He spotted the box of tissue on the corner of the desk and had a handful of them out before his mind could offer more forbidden ways to not have to use them.

He was back to stroking himself, only it was Roland's hand on his cock, looking him in the eyes, smiling lustfully as he lowered his muzzle, tongue flicking out to lick—

Bad, bad subconscious.

He had an unending list of memories to feed his fantasy. Why did he have to constantly think of his brother?

Okay, he wasn't letting his subconscious control this. He could go with Madoc, pounding him in the gym's sauna after an arduous weight lifting session. He moaned at that memory, his hand moving on his cock.

Felix, hate fucking him after Thomas had yet again snipped him over and over in the matches the Shoot-'em-up game had pitted their team against one another.

Limbani, pulling him into the university restroom stall right next to the teacher's lounge and sucking him off in that way the monkey did that made it nearly impossible for Thomas not to scream as he came.

Paul.

Thomas moaned deeply, his hand tightening on his shaft at the memory of taking his best friend for the first time, and the knowledge they were going to do it again, and do more.

Chima.

Thomas almost came as he remembered the Adonis of a hyena with that bestial mask on pounding his ass. Losing himself in the

empty orbs. The power that filled him when he returned the fucking in kind, the hyena the one laying on the altar, again wearing that mask that made him someone-something more. The others had only played dress-up when they fucked Thomas wearing it, but on Chima, it was something div –

“What cabinet are the pictures in, Grandpa?” Judith called out, pushing the door opened

Terror stopped time on the edge of his orgasm. His sister was about to catch him not just jerking off, but cumming. She was never going to let him live this down. He needed something, anything, to hide. His clothes? On the floor, out of reach. The bed covers. Under him. Why hadn’t he gotten under them before stating this?

His heart beat so fast it might drill its way out of his chest as the door started moving again, and he made out his sister’s head, turning to look in the room, and see him!

He couldn’t be here! It wasn’t safe. He needed to be elsewhere now!

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Bozeman, MT, January 17th

“I was blinded, and all I could think about was being somewhere safe.”

Grant looked around in mild disbelief. “Well, you probably saved my life, so thanks.” He offered Thomas his hand. “Let’s see if you can stand on your own two feet.”

Thomas threw his hand up and Grant caught it, then pulled, and immediately the kangaroo had to support his weight.

“I’m good,” Thomas said as Grant lowered him back to the floor

“You’re better,” Grant said with a chuckle. “But not up to

standing. I wish I had more of those lube packets from the bathhouse on me."

Thomas chuckled. "I still can't believe you stole lube from the bathhouse."

"You know what?" Grant said, kneeling around the rat's neck. "I don't need you mocking my supplying habits." He shoved his soft cock in the eager muzzle. "Get me hard again."

Thomas moaned as he licked and moved the cock in his muzzle.

"Fuck," Grant exclaimed, and Thomas grinned as the cock hardened. "Is that more Society magic?"

Thomas pulled back, and the cock bounced out and at attention. "Maybe being close to me is filtering that white light of yours toward sex. Now, fuck me." He forced Grant to stand as he rolled onto his stomach, then hissed as his crotch came into contact with the cold floor. He shoved the discarded back under him in time for Grant to lie on top.

The kangaroo fucked him hard and fast, as if he wanted this to be done and over with.

Thomas thought he should take his time and really enjoy it. He smiled. He certainly was.

Grant thrust hard and grunted. The cock twitched and Thomas sighed in delight as cum filled him, and his mind cleared.

"Who were those guys?" he asked, remembering they hadn't been his frat brothers and had been after Grant, not Thomas.

Grant lay on top of him, panting. "You're really going to ask about that now?"

Thomas tightened his ass on the softening cock, making the kangaroo grunt.

"Unless you way to put those hot lips around my cock so you



can't talk with your mouth full..."

Grant rolled off him.

Thomas turned and sat. He was sore, but he no longer felt like there was an entire building resting on him. He found his pants and threw the ones he'd been on to the kangaroo. He'd take them off once they were fucking again, but for now, the stone floor was too fucking cold.

Grant put them on, then his jacket before leaving against the wall. "They're called the Chamber."

"So, they're an enemy faction?"

Grant snorted. "If only it was that simple."