Dominated

by KerryAnne

Summary

Slash kidnaps Leo, Raph and Mikey and forces them to be his mates. Will the brothers ever see Donatello and Splinter again?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Chapter Summary

Raphael's kidnapped by Slash for nefarious purposes.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Leo’s 16
Don’s 16
Mikey’s 16
Raph’s 15

Raphael looked up at Leo gratefully, as he placed a tray containing a bowl of chicken noodle soup on his lap.

“Thanks, Leo, but I hope ya didn’t make it,” Raphael said, picking up a spoon. “We all know what a disaster ya are in the kitchen.”
“Relax, little brother. Mikey made it. Are you sure you’re going to be okay, while we’re out on patrol?”
Raphael spooned soup into his mouth, tried not to gag at the bland and bitter taste and said, “I got bronchitis. That’s it and can still take care of myself. Go.”
“Sensei will be back from April’s place in three hours, so you’ll really only be alone for…”
“Go!” Raphael said irritably. “I said I’ll be fine. Shit, Leo. Anyone ever told ya that ya fuss too much?”
“You sure? I can stay with you and send Mikey and Don,” Leo said and placed a hand on Raphael’s forehead, checking his temperature.
Raphael swatted his hand away and snapped, “Cut it out!”
“Yes, but we almost lost you not so long ago and I…That was my fault and I worry that something bad will happen if I’m not here.”
Raphael sighed exasperatedly and said, “Firstly, it wasn’t yer fault. It was mine. I disobeyed orders. That’s why I got shot by the damn Kraang, so quit the guilt trip. Secondly, what the hell could happen here? What trouble can I get up ta? I’ll be fine. Please go. I appreciate ya care, but yer treatin’ me like an invalid and I hate it. Yer gratin’ on my nerves!”
“You sure? I can stay with you and send Mikey and Don,” Leo tried to reason. “Come on, Raph. We both know you’re still weak from….”
Green eyes flashed and Raphael yelled, “When will ya stop treatin’ me like a pathetic baby and like one of the team again? I got shot, I got bronchitis and I’m already feelin’ better. I’m dyin’ ta get out there again, Leo. I’ve been stuck in bed for six weeks. Six fuckin’ weeks and I can’t take it no more. I’ve been patient, I’ve listened ta yer and Donnie’s instructions, taken my meds and ain’t argued much.”
“We’ve been over this, Raphael. You’ll stay in bed, until you’ve fully recovered. You know what? I’m going to stay home. We’ll watch TV. Pick a movie.”
“I don’t want ya ta stay home,” Raphael snarled, dropping the spoon and clenching his hands into fists. “I want ya ta go out. I want some space, privacy. I don’t want ya ‘round me. Yer drivin’ me
fuckin’ crazy. Anyone would think we were an old married couple, the way ya incessantly nag at me,” Raphael hissed and shuddered at the thought.

Bein’ married ta Fearless would be hell, Raphael thought. Constantly fusses over and bossed ‘bout. Probably also in the bedroom. Ugh. The bedroom. Matin’ with Fearless would suck, especially as I ain’t gay and I doubt he is neither. I don’t think Fearless even thinks ‘bout sex. He’s too pure and stuck-up for that and would think it’s dishonorable.

“Too bad,” Leo said, setting his mouth into a thin line and ignoring the rant. “I’m staying. I’ll run out and get pizza and some other snacks. I should be back in an hour tops. Stay in bed. What pizza would you like, Raph?”

“Somethin’ better than this soup. It fuckin’ blows. Ya did make it, didn’t ya?”

“You got me. Mikey was busy with his video games and I thought it didn’t look that hard to make. I’ll get the meat lovers. That’s your favorite.”


“I try my best, but I’m never going to win with you, am I?” Leo said miserably.

“What the hell is that supposed ta mean?”

“Forget it,” Leo said, picking up the tray. “Stay in bed.”

“Hai, chief,” Raphael said and gave him a mock salute.

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Leo sighed, deposited the tray in the kitchen, gave orders to Don and Mikey to go out on patrol and left the lair, his shoulders slumped and his spirits low. He’d been at Raphael's bedside for six weeks, keeping vigil over him and all he did was bitch that he wanted his privacy. Leo could sort of understand it, but all he was doing was trying to help his little brother. Why couldn’t he be more appreciative, like Donnie and Mikey were? They never gave him shit. Leo found himself wondering what life would be like without Raphael. Peaceful, quiet, no arguments, sanity. He quickly dismissed the thought. Raphael was his brother, he loved him and no matter how big a shit he was he’d always be there for Raphael. He knew Raphael would be there for him too. They were brothers and nothing or no one could break their bond.

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Raphael sighed in frustration and boredom.

Screw Leo, Raphael thought furiously. Who does he think he is bossin’ me ‘bout? He ain’t my dad and I don’t gotta take this shit.

He blew his nose, coughed, grabbed his phone and went on a porn site. Ogling the busty women with their skimpy and skin tight clothing and those who were nude, his eyes almost popped out of his head and his shell began to feel extremely tight.

Wow, Raphael thought. They’re fuckin’ hot. I’d like ta stick my thick ten inch cock into them and drive them wild. I bet I’d be amazin’ in bed. They’d love me, even if I got scales and a shell.

Raphael stroked his slit, his eyes riveted on a particular woman with the pseudonym Malia, who was blonde, blue eyed, had a chest size of 38 DD and legs that went on forever. His dream girl. It wasn’t long before he dropped down, his thick ten inch purple dick slick with precum.

Raphael sped up the stroking, his eyes glazed over, as he churred loudly, his dick throbbing. He knew it wouldn’t be long before he climaxed. He had had a large porn stash, but Splinter had found it when inspecting his room and he'd confiscated it, calling it “filthy” and “perverted”. Raphael
was now limited to his phone. There was no chance of Don blocking him from doing so. Raphael knew he looked at porn and that Mikey also did.

Leo probably only looks at “honorable” things, like war books, Raphael thought snidely.

Raphael came a few minutes later, a deep rumble escaping his lips, as he sprayed his warm, salty and ropey cum onto his plastron and the bedsheets.

Raphael sighed in satisfaction, kissed the phone and said, “Thank ya, Malia. That was amazin’. I wonder what ya’d be like in bed. I shouldn’t wonder shit like that. Ain’t like I’m gonna meet ya or a girl anyway. My right hand is all I got and I’m gonna be a virgin forever. Unless I fuck my bros, which I fuckin don’t wanna do, because I’m straight. That'd be revoltin’.

His phone dinged, distracting him from his dark thoughts.

Raphael glanced at the message, which said “Raphael, you free after patrol tonight and want to hang?”

“Can’t, Slash,” Raphael typed. “I’m sick and contagious.”
“Can I bring food. Come on, buddy. It'll be fun. We can watch movies. You shouldn’t be alone,” Slash wrote, fishing for information. He wanted to know if Raphael was alone.
“Leo’s gettin’ some snacks and then he’ll join me. Thanks for the offer, pal. Rain check?”
“Yeah. Get better, Raphael.”

Raphael put his phone on the dresser and decided to nap, while he waited for Leo. He didn’t think anything was weird about Slash’s text. They’d mended fences after all and Slash even got along with his brothers.

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Slash waited in the sewers for Leo to return home.

Slash saw Leo's approaching silhouette and called out, mimicking Raphael's voice, "Yo, Fearless. ‘Bout time yer back.”
Leo immediately turned in the direction of the voice, walked towards it and said angrily, “Raphael, I told you…”

Slash stretched out his thick broad arms and picked Leo up like a ragdoll, making him drop the snacks.

Leo struggled futilely, because Slash was too strong.

The bigger turtle squeezed Leo’s neck, his eyes bugging out, until he’d passed out. Then he tossed Leo onto the ground. He checked Leo's pulse, saw that he was just unconscious and headed to the lair for his prey. Leo wasn’t needed for the moment.

Slash calculated that he probably had twenty minutes until Leo woke up and longer for the others to return. It’d be just long enough to capture a sickly Raphael and to take him to his dwelling.

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Slash entered the lair a few minutes later. He withdrew a syringe, containing an anesthetic from his belt and stepped into Raphael’s bedroom.
The emerald skinned turtle was on his side facing the door in a deep sleep, snoring, his plastron rising and falling with each breath.

Slash studied him and his heart swelled with lust and desire. Raphael was exquisite, muscular, with beautiful toned legs and a firm butt and he wanted him to dominate and to abuse forever. To rut him and fuck him. Raphael belonged with him. Not fighting crime. His purpose was to be Slash’s mate and he would soon realize and accept that. Leo and Mikey belonged with Slash too, but that would be handled another time.

I can’t wait to fuck him hard and deep, Slash thought and beamed.

He approached the bed, Raphael still snoring and pricked him in the arm.

The emerald skinned turtle immediately woke, his green eyes wide in amazement when he saw Slash.

“What the fuck?” Raphael growled, his green eyes blazing. “Why’d ya do that?”
“T’m here to claim you, my cherub. You’re mine to possess and dominate.”
"Are ya fuckin’ nuts? I ain’t gay or interested in ya. I thought we were friends. What the hell did ya do?” Raphael shouted, trying to stand up, but the drug now affecting him, he fell back, his head falling onto the pillow and his eyes closing.

Slash picked him up and sprinted, as fast as he could to his home, thinking of all the fun he was going to have with his new mate. Raphael was soon going to be under his thumb, his nose pressed against Slash’s cock, where it belonged. His hole would be stretched wide and he’d be Slash’s for all eternity.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Will Raphael see his family again?
Master Slash

Chapter Summary

Slash endeavours to break Raphael.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Slash headed to the tunnels, where he’d set up home and carried his prize to the grimy mattress he’d salvaged from the rubbish dump. He sniffed Raphael, inhaling his musk scent and trailing his hand over the still passed out turtle’s body and settling it on his tail.

Raphael’s perfect, Slash thought, stroking his tail and then thumbing his slit. I can’t wait until my cock’s buried deep into him, where it belongs. My pet and my possession. He may resist now, but he’ll soon be a docile wimp and will accept that he was born to pleasure me. I can break him.

Raphael had slept without his gear and mask and Slash couldn’t help admiring his naked body again. He was gorgeous and all his working out had paid off. Bulging muscles, toned legs, a rock hard butt, the ultimate crime fighter, but of course he wouldn’t fight ever again. He’d be fucked and suck cock for the rest of his life. His world would consist of Slash and that’s all he’d need and desire. He wouldn’t even want to see his family ever again, being content that he was a slut and drinking all the cum he could get. He’d beg for it, beg to be used and abused. Just a dirty, horny and weak slut.

Slash gleefully rubbed his hands and placed a pink collar around Raphael’s neck with a buckle at the back. He attached it to a chain on the wall. Raphael could move, but not far or he’d choke himself. He settled on the end of the mattress and waited for his toy to wake up.

Green eyes opened an hour later and studied their surroundings.

Seeing Slash, Raphael panicked, his heart racing, eyes wide, a shiver running down his spine. He moved to get away, but the collar choking him, he sat down, his hands going to the thick collar, trying to remove it, but without success.

Slash watched his movements with amusement and said, “It’s futile, Raphael. You can’t escape. You’re chained to the wall and there’s no way I’m going to let you go. You’re mine. The sooner you understand that, the better it’ll be for you. We can do this the easy way or the hard way. Choice is yours.”

“Fuck ya!” Raphael spat, his green eyes blazing. “Let me go, Slash! Let me go and I might forgive ya someday!”

Slash laughed scornfully and said, “Nice try, but not going to happen. Make yourself comfortable.”

“Get bent!” Raphael roared.

“Lovely choice of words,” Slash said with a sadistic smile. “But it's you, who'll be bent over with my huge cock buried in you. You’ll love it, Raphael. You’ll feel so good when you’re stuffed and full of cum. My cum. It’s your destiny. You can’t escape it.”

“My brothers will find me!” Raphael said, trying not to tremble at the thought of being fucked by the larger turtle.

“I wouldn’t count on it. This is my temporary home. I reckon I can break you within three days.
You'll only care about sucking cock and about being fucked then. Nothing else. You won’t care about Splinter or Donatello. As for Leonardo and Michelangelo, well, they’ll belong to me too. You’ll also fuck them, like the perverted slut I know you can be. Then we’ll move elsewhere and we’ll be a happy unit. My three sluts and myself.”

“Yer delusional!” Raphael said and snorted contemptuously. “Ya can’t break me and ya will never get Leo or Mikey ta do what ya want neither!”

Slash leant down and unchained Raphael, but the emerald skinned turtle was on Slash's lap and facing him, Raphael's beak between Slash's legs, before he could move.

“Time for your initiation, Raphael,” Slash said.

Raphael panicked and tried to kick out, but Slash bit down hard on his collarbone, a domination technique, making the hothead whine.

“Lie still, Raphael!” Slash ordered and smacked his butt hard. “You'll learn to obey your master.”

“Go ta hell,” Raphael said, summoning up bravado. “Ya can’t break me and my bros will find me and we’ll kill ya.”

“Sure you will!” Slash said sneeringly, as he administered another smack, causing Raphael to whimper again.

“Slash, I don’t want this. Ya can let me go. I promise I won’t tell no one,” Raphael said, trying to negotiate. “I swear. Ya got my word. Let me go and we won’t talk ‘bout this neither, buddy, okay?”

“NO!” Slash shouted, hitting Raphael’s butt with such force the turtle almost jumped out of his skin. “I won’t let you go. Not ever. You’re mine. I know you like brutality. You like it rough. I’m going to give you all you want, Raphael. Give in and accept it. You’re my bitch, my slut. Mine.”

“I’ll never accept it. I ain’t no one’s bitch and certainly not yers. I hate ya.”

Down went Slash’s hand, smacking him hard.

Raphael blinked back tears of frustration, rage and sadness.

“Stop. I don’t want this, Slash!” Raphael said.

“You do. You want to be hit, beaten and treated like an object and a sex toy. I’ve seen you look up BDSM on the Net. Your fantasy is being owned, Raphael.”

“BDSM with a hot fuckin’ girl. Not an ugly beast, like ya, a boy. I ain’t gay! Let me go,” Raphael shouted, trying to ignore a painful bulge, which had appeared and which was making his shell feel tight.

Raphael tried to ignore his straining erection and thought, why the hell does the smackin’ feel good and turn me on somethin’ fierce? Am I gay? Shit. No way. No damn way. I’m straight.

Slash sniffed the air and grinned, as he hit Raphael again.

The emerald skinned turtle whined and unable to control himself he dropped down, his cock leaking precum and pressing against Slash’s legs.

“My, my, Raphael. You’re one excited boy, aren’t you?” Slash said mockingly and sniffed the air. “You’re turned on, my rose blossom. I knew it. I knew you would be. It was just a matter of time. Welcome to the party, turtle dove.”

Raphael flushed in abject mortification and thought, fuck. What the hell’s wrong with me? How could I be excited when I wanna get away so bad?
Slash rubbed a hand against his own cock, still keeping a firm hold on Raphael, and growled when he dropped down, his massive thirteen inch cock mere inches away from Raphael’s face. It pulsed, thick veins twitching, precum dribbling down the shaft.

Raphael’s belly bubbled in dread.

Fuck, no, Raphael thought. No, no. I don’t want this. I don’t wanna be fucked and rutted. I don’t wanna be his. Leo, Mikey, Donnie, find me. Please, Raphael thought, tucking his dick back into its protective pouch.

“My dick's thirteen inches and it'll stretch you nicely,” Slash bragged. “You’ll be impaled on it, like a good slut and your new name is Raphie. Raphael's too macho for a weak dweeb. My pet, Raphie.”

Raphael's beak was pressed against Slash's cock before he could comment. It was warm and wet. Cum dribbled down Raphael’s beak, making him want to gag. Slash's musk and essence cloying, making him want to vomit. They were overpowering. Just like the large turtle himself. Raphael couldn’t escape it, but he’d damn fucking try. He wouldn’t give in. He was tough, brave and no one’s bitch or pet.

He tried shifting his head away, but Slash smacked his head and pressed it down hard, forcing him to inhale Slash’s musk again.

He won’t break me, Raphael vowed. Won’t let him. He can try, but he won’t. No one can break me.

“You’re not going anywhere, Raphie,” Slash said firmly. “This is your home for the rest of your life. Your place, with your beak against my cock and me filling your hole. Mine.”

Slash lifted Raphael’s head, smearing his jizz on Raphael’s beak and his skin.

Raphael whined, realizing that Slash’s scent was all over him. Slash was claiming him, marking him. Raphael groaned in revulsion and tried moving again.


Slash pressed his head again down hard and growled.

Raphael’s nostrils flared, breathing in the heavy scent, which was starting to make him feel hazy and dizzy.

Something shifted in his brain and he thought, wow. He smells good. What the fuck’s wrong with me? I ain’t gay. I’m straight, but he smells so good. Strong and manly. What the fuck? His scent’s makin’ me feel funny. It’s overwhelmin’ me. Makin’ me feel things I don’t wanna feel. I’m straight!


Warmth pooled in Raphael’s groin and his eyes glazed over, as the scent took hold of him.
Slash looked at him, laughed and said, “I knew you’d succumb to it. You want to be dominated by me. Such a good and obedient boy. You’re responding so well. Three days. Fuck. It took you less than an hour, Raphie. Maybe you were gay all along. I think you were. It just took me to make you realize it. Keep smelling. Don’t stop.

Raphael didn’t want it, but his mind was blanking and his cheeks were flushed. He churred, his body clearly betraying him and wanting it.

What the hell, he thought? I ain’t gay. I don’t want this, but I can’t tear myself away. He smells so good. So fuckin’ amazin’. So hot.

He wanted to talk, but his mind was turning to slush. All he could think about was how warm and wonderful Slash’s cock was and how incredible his scent was.

Slash chuckled and said, “You’re appreciating it, Raphie. Good boy.”

Raphael didn’t answer, his heart racing, as he sniffed, his nostrils flaring again. Breathing in Slash’s scent, obeying, the scent driving him crazy. His dick dropped down, pressing against Slash’s legs and the larger turtle chortled.

“Such a good boy, Raphie. You’re doing as I want. I might go easy on your brothers. Keep smelling.”

Slash removed his hand, but Raphael lost in the scent, didn’t move. He only moaned and inhaled the intoxicating scent again. His master’s scent.

Slash grinned like a Cheshire cat, turned Raphael around, rubbed his own cock and impaled the emerald skinned turtle on it, stretching his hole, like he’d promised.

Warmth filled Raphael, as he was stuffed good and he hissed at the unexpected penetration.

Slash ignored his discomfort, thrust hard into him and bounced him up and down, laughing, as he did so. Loving that he was dominating Raphael, his former master and that he’d broken him so quickly. He’d expected more of a struggle. Life was full of surprises.

Raphael groaned in pain, but the moans soon turned to ones of pleasure, as Slash repeatedly stabbed at his prostate. He churred loudly, his face flushed, his eyes hooded, smelling Slash’s scent everywhere.

Slash’s thrusts grew more savage and he grunted, “You’re so tight, Raphie. Love fucking you! You’re owned, Raphie. Mine. Mine!”

Raphael bucked his hips, his heart racing, churring even louder, lost in his pleasure, his eyes riveted on his master.

Slash nipped Raphael’s collar bone. He mewled, but he didn’t try to move away. Didn’t want to. It felt so good. All of it. Slash’s scent, his dick buried deep inside of him, being owned. Maybe he’d been gay all along. It felt right. So right.

A deep rumble rose up Slash's throat and he said, “You’re mine, Raphie. Mine.” He bounced Raphael harder on his cock, until he finally came, shooting his essence deep inside of the smaller turtle, filling him up with his warm seed. Some of it oozed out of Raphael’s hole and down his legs. “Say it, Raphie.”

“Yers,” Raphael said mechanically, his own dick leaking, as he came. “Yers.”

“Yours, what?
“Master, I’m yers.”
Slash pulled out and said, as he turned Raphael around to face him, “Such a good boy. We’re going to be very happy together. You’re mine for all eternity, my good boy. I fucked you good and you loved it. I knew I’d tame you and I did. You’re mine and soon your brothers will be too.”

Slash pressed Raphael down into his crotch, shoved Raphael's beak against his cock and kept him there with his hand.

“This is how you’ll sleep, Raphie,” Slash said. "With your beak against my cock, where it belongs. No more crime fighting for you.”

Exhausted, confused and his ass throbbing, Raphael had no choice, but to obey. His nostrils flared and his eyes glazed over again, as he inhaled his master’s heavy scent, breathing it in deeply.

Slash smiled and said, "You’re home, Raphie. You belong with me and you like my cock. I broke you. You don’t need anything else. Only me. I’m your world, your universe. You exist to pleasure me. That’s your job. You love everything about me. My smell, my cock, me inside of you.”
“Master, ya feel so incredible,” Raphael whined, enjoying the warmth of Slash’s cock, which felt wonderful.

Recovered, Slash turned Raphael around again, rubbed his cock, impaled Raphael onto it, smeared his fluids on Raphael’s beak and bounced him up and down.

“We’re not sleeping yet. I changed my mind," Slash said. "I’m fucking you again, Raphie. I’m still horny.”

Slash fucked him hard and deep.

Raphael churred, his heart pounding, his nostrils flared, taking in the intoxicating scent, his own dick leaking again and cum running down his thighs.

Slash gave one last thrust a while later and ejected his hot essence inside of Raphael, filling him again.

Pulling out, a spent Slash said, “You’re owned, Raphie.”

Slash turned Raphael around and pushed him into his crotch, his beak firmly against his cock. He smiled, as Raphael inched closer to take a deep whiff of his scent.

Why am I doin’ this, Raphael thought? Why do I wanna? Why did him fuckin’ me feel so fantastic? Why do I want this? I wanna fight. I feel I should, but I also don’t wanna, because it feels so right bein’ here like this. Like I belong. I love his cock and his scent. Holy shit, Raphael. Did ya just say that? But it feels natural. Why?

“Good boy, Raphie. I knew you’d like my cock. Breathe it in," Slash said.

Raphael took a deeper whiff, his eyes hooded again, drowning in his master’s heavenly scent that was now so comforting. He was content and so tired.

“Sleep, Raphie. You’ll learn how to give a blowjob tomorrow, my pet. Sleep,” Slash said.

Raphael yawned, sniffed again, closed his eyes and thought, I’ll fight tomorrow. I’ll try. Too tired now. Am I really gay? I can’t be. I’ve always liked girls. I…

He never finished his thought, because he was soon asleep, his tail relaxing and dropping down.
Slash beamed and thought, he’s mine. I broke him. I expected more of a challenge, but I’m so happy. He’s finally mine and I’ll never let him go.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Thanks for the kudos. :)

Has Raph really been broken or will he try to fight?
Chapter Summary

Raphael retaliates and Slash resorts to brutality, maiming him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Raphael woke up five hours later, his ass and tail throbbing, like he’d been brutally rutted.

It was a nightmare, he thought. None of it happened. I’m home in my bed and Leo’s gonna be there waitin’ for me to wake up. Yeah. Just a nightmare. He tensed, hearing heavy breathing, and trying to calm himself down, thought, just Leo. Fearless was worried ‘bout me and decided ta bunk with me and is holdin’ me.

Green eyes opened and Raphael sniffed the air. Panic surged through him when he realized the being holding him wasn’t Leo and that it stank heavily of sweat and musk, like he did and that his snout was smooshed into Slash’s crotch, which reeked of his heavy musk. Feeling something around his neck, Raphael realized it was the collar. It was reality. His reality and he didn’t want it at all. Raphael struggled, feeling a mixture of revulsion, shame and rage at being treated like a toy and collared like an animal, but Slash gripped him even tighter and grinned sadistically, as he cracked open his eyes and peered down at his prey.

“Hi, Raphie,” Slash said. “Stop resisting and give in.”
“Fuck ya!” Raphael hissed, trying to move again. “Let me go!”
“No and you don’t really want to leave, Raphie. You churred loudly, as you bobbed up and down on my dick, like such a good little boy. A good slut. Such a cute slut. You were born to be impaled on my dick.”

Raphael’s nostrils flared in indignation. He sank his teeth into Slash, who howled in rage, picked up the turtle and threw him.

Raphael’s shell landed against the wall with a sickening crack. He sank to the ground and grunted in pain.

“You fucking shit!” Slash yelled. “How dare you bite your master! I’ll teach you not to.” The larger turtle began to rain down blows on Raphael, who held up a hand, trying to ward off the blows.

“Slash, stop. This ain’t ya,” Raphael said, trying to appeal to his humanity, his green eyes pleading. “Ya don’t wanna do this. I know ya. Yer good, strong and brave and ya don’t wanna do this. We’re…brothers. Let me go and I’ll forgive ya.”
“Oh, but I do want this, Raphie!” Slash snarled, lifting a leg and bringing it down hard on Raphael’s left leg, making him whine, drop his hands and clutch it.

Raphael’s face twisted in agony. He knew what the bastard had done. A dirty technique, rendering him incapable of walking, let alone escaping, by shattering his kneecap. He’d be trapped here forever and there was nothing he could do about it.
Nothin’, Raphael thought forlornly.

“I probably shattered your kneecap and the tissue, Raphie, which means you can’t fight or run ever again. You’re my prisoner and you have only yourself to blame,” Slash shouted and backhanded Raphael across his face, making him wince. “Your fucking fault. I’m not going to treat it either. No need anyway, because all you’ll do is sit on my huge dick.”

Raphael tried to crawl away, as unwanted tears streamed down his cheeks, pain coursing through him, but Slash picked him up as if he was a ragdoll and tossed him onto the mattress. Slash pinned him down with one hand and reached into a bag.

Slash withdrew a pink object and said sneeringly, ignoring Raphael’s tears, “This is for you. Do you know what it is? It’s a cockring. Perfect for my slut.”

Slash rubbed Raphael’s slit, ignoring his protests.

Raphael emitted a reluctant churr, as tears ran down his cheeks. He dropped down, his dick immediately encased in the cockring. Snug and tight. Raphael knew what its purpose was. To deny him pleasure, to stop him from cumming, to drive him mad and to make him needy. He’d seen them on the Net and had thought it might be fun to try with a girl, but not with the sinister Slash, a fucking boy. He wasn’t gay, was he?

Slash beamed and said, “It’s a perfect fit, Raphie. Pink is so your color, my little fag. You’re a fairy now, Raphie, a little fag. You’re going to sit on my thick fat dick for the rest of your miserable life. I’ll ensure you’re fed. Not just on cum, but on proper food too. I’ll bath you and will take good care of you, but this is your life. Cum, cock, being used and abused. Man, if Splinter and your brothers could see you now they’d be disgusted at how quickly you succumbed to my will. Strong-willed and macho Raphael. Hah. As if. You’re weak, Raphie. So very weak, pathetic and used. That’s right. You’re weeping, huh? What a wuss you are, Raphie. Where the hell is your pride? Some warrior you are!” Slash mocked.

Raphael covered his head in his hands, thinking about his brothers and praying they never saw him this way. He couldn’t take the humiliation. It was bad enough being jeered at by Slash, but he couldn’t take it if his brothers ridiculed him. He clutched his leg and winched. It hurt like hell and he knew he was effectively defenceless. He was powerless if Slash tried to take him again. Raphael shuddered at the thought of being fucked again. He didn’t want it, despite his body reacting the way it had. He was straight, wasn’t he?

Slash rubbed his own dick, as if reading Raphael’s mind and wiped his jizz onto Raphael’s beak and his body, staining him again, forcing him to breathe it in. Then Slash grabbed Raphael and impaled him onto his cock, ignoring his terrified shrieks.

“Let’s play,” Slash said. "You like it, Raphie. Bobbing up and down and pleasuring your master, like a sweet slut. I wish Splinter could see you. He tried to tame you, but failed. I did in less than an hour. Less than an hour. Impressive. I’ve robbed you of everything you held dear: your pride, your strength and your fighting spirit. You’re nothing but my cumslut and your hole's getting looser. Perfect for all my toys.”

“No, no,” Raphael sobbed, green eyes filling with tears and hating himself for his wretchedness. He tried to wiggle, Slash’s warm and massive dick filling him, hurting him and stretching him again, but Slash held him still with one hand.

“Sh, Raphie. It’s going to be fun,” Slash said and thumbed Raphael’s tears away with his hand.

“Quit bawling. You’re behaving like a sissy, which you are, I know, but there’s no need to, because I make you feel good. I understand you. No one else ever did. I know what you need. Me. And only me. You know that too. All you want and need is me.”
“No. I don’t want this, Slash. I…”

Slash bounced Raphael up and down, watching his head bobbing like a metronome, his rock hard cock straining against the cockring, as it began to leak, a clear sign the turtle was turned on, despite his protestations.

“Good boy,” Slash grunted, going faster.

Raphael’s eyes glazed over, as pleasure soon coursed through his body. He churred loudly, his cheeks flushed, his busted leg still throbbing. He knew it was, but instinct took over, making him forget about his leg and focus on the moment.

Raphael panted, his mouth open, churring louder, his heart pounding, bobbing up and down, Slash’s dick penetrating deeper, stuffing him, feeling so warm, so full. Owned.

Why does it feel so right, Raphael thought? Is it my body betrayin’ me again or do I really like it and like bein’ dominated and screwed by a boy? Why couldn’t it have been Leo instead? Couldn't it have been Leo if I had ta have been fucked by a boy? He’d have been…He’d never have forced me ta do stuff. He’d have been gentle and would have wooed me. Why the hell am I thinkin’ ‘bout Leo that way?

“Argh!” Raphael moaned.

“Such a good slut, Raphie,” Slash purred. “That’s right. I know you love this. You like it hard and rough. My slut. I’m pounding you, like the whore you are. Dominating and owning you and you love it. Such an obedient little boy. I’m so proud of you. Keep churring. There’s a good boy.”

Raphael churred again.

Slash churred back, trailed a hand down Raphael’s plastron and pressed hard on his plates. He stroked Raphael’s plastron, watching him.

“Arggh!” Raphael said and groaned at the new sensation. Slash’s hands were rough, but they felt so good touching him.

“Churr!”

Raphael churred obediently.

Slash sped up the pace. Raphael was a good fuck and he had loads of fun in store for him. Nothing pleasant. Slash was a kinky bastard and his eyes shone at the thought of all the abuse he’d inflict on his former master.

Slash came with a loud growl a few minutes later, filling the smaller turtle with his seed. Some of it seeped out of Raphael’s hole and ran down his legs.

Slash pulled out and looked at a still flushed Raphael, who whined at the lack of warmth, and smirked. “I bet you want to cum, Raphie, and don’t feel so bad, muffin. My cock will be back in you soon.”

Green eyes met his and Raphael nodded, his cheeks red in embarrassment.

“Well, that’s never going to happen. Not ever. I won’t let you cum, Raphie. The cockring will stay on. You’ll never cum again, unless I say so, because you belong to me and you do what I want. I’m your master.”

Raphael covered his face with his hands, ashamed, his cock still rock hard. He badly wanted to
cum and it was humiliating being denied.


“N…no,” Raphael stammered, but it sounded pitiful, even to his own ears. He knew he was no longer the courageous warrior he’d prided himself on being. He was a toy. Slash’s toy. Slash laughed mirthlessly and said, “Always have to argue, huh? Well, I have a better use for your mouth. He withdrew a pink object from a bag and shoved it into Raphael’s mouth. “Suck on the dildo and then we’ll play. I’m still horny. Suck or I’ll knock your teeth out and maim your other leg. Suck.”

Humiliation surged through Raphael, as he began to suck, Slash forcing the dildo down his throat inch by inch, until he was deep-throating it, preparing him. Raphael knew what for and a wave of nausea overcame him. He’d soon be sucking Slash’s cock and he prayed he wouldn’t choke. It was long. How the hell was he supposed to…?

Raphael’s thoughts were interrupted by Slash rubbing his own dick and spreading his essence onto Raphael’s beak and body again, marking him. Raphael’s nostrils flared, inhaling the scent. It was heady, intoxicating and his eyes grew hooded, as he drowned in it.

It’s happenin’ again, Raphael thought. The mindbreak. My instincts kickin’ in and my body betrayin’ me. Tellin’ me I want this. I don’t. I don’t. Not really. I wanna go home.

Raphael’s brain switched.

Sensing it, Slash chortled, picked up Raphael, placed him onto his cock and began to bounce him on it, enjoying the fact that two of Raphael’s holes were stuffed and that his dick was forever trapped, as he desperately tried to cum, but knowing he would never do so again.

Raphael’s eyes glazed over, his heart began to race and his dick leaked, straining against the cockring, as Slash repeatedly hit his prostate. A deep rumble rose up his throat, making his captor chuckle. The emerald skinned turtle loved it. His body had accepted it. Instinct always took over, no matter how hard one tried to fight it.

Raphael had a moment of clarity before his mind blanked and instinct completely took over.

He thought, as Slash bounced him faster, this feels so good. My reality. Bein’ fucked, abused, rutted, claimed, his scent all over me. Pleasin’ my master and servin’and obeyin’. I love it, the warmth of his cock and his sweet, heavenly scent. Impaled on his fat cock. That’s my purpose and the reason for my existence. My only purpose.

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Meanwhile, Leo woke up and was surprised to find himself in his bed, Donnie by his bedside.

“Huh?” Leo said, blinking in confusion. “Donnie? How’d I get here? I thought you were out patrolling.”

“That was hours ago, Leo. We found you unconscious on our way back and brought you home.”

“Hours?” Leo said in alarm. “How many?”

"Six."
"Raph," Leo said in panic, suddenly remembering his brother. “Is he okay? I went out to get us some snacks and was waylaid by Slash on the way home.”

Donnie shook his head sadly and said, “Raph’s not in his bedroom.”

“Slash must have taken him,” Leo said anxiously. “We have to find him. It’s my fault, Donnie. I should never have left him alone. I had a bad feeling something was going to happen and…”

“Leo, get a grip. Blaming yourself won’t solve anything. I’ve alerted April, Casey and the Mutanimals. We’re going to look for Raph as soon as it’s dark. Try and stay calm in the meantime.”

“But it's my fault! I should have stayed home. I…”

“You weren’t to know that Slash, assuming it was him, would kidnap Raph.”

“No, but I’m usually not wrong about my gut. Have you told Sensei?”

“Yes and Mikey. We’ll find Raph. Have faith.”

“Do you think he’ll hurt Raph? Is Sensei mad at me?”

Don’s heart sank at the first question, his gut telling him yes. Slash had indeed hurt Raphael, because he’d stop at nothing to keep Raphael with him.

“I think we should pray hard,” Donnie said.

Donnie didn’t pray, because being a scientist he didn’t believe in things, even like religion, unless there was scientific proof.

Leo’s heart shattered into a million pieces, realizing that Don meant yes with his answer.

Leo emitted an anguished cry.

Donnie immediately hugged him.

Leo thought, as tears ran down his face, I’ll never forgive myself if Raph dies. Never. I should never have left him on his own. Please let us find him and bring him home and please, please let him be okay.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Thanks for the kudos. Much appreciated.

Will Raph's leg heal?
Slash's manipulation

Chapter Summary

Flashback to when Slash begged Raphael for another chance after a heavy betrayal. And Slash tries to manipulate his former master by telling him that he's a monster too and only he understands Raphael.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Slash looked at his prisoner when he'd climaxed.

Raphael had come out of his trance and was sniffing, his cheeks stained with tears, as he perched on Slash’s dick.


“Yes. You do,” Slash said, stroking his cheek with a calloused finger and making him flinch. “You were churring. You love being a bitch. My bitch. As for your leg, forget it. I like that you're a cripple and pathetic.”

“No. It’s my body betrayin’ me. I don’t wanna do this. I wanna go home. Let me go home. It’s Thanksgivin’. Me and my bros celebrate with a turkey and veggies and April and Casey come over and we…” Raphael hiccups. “And Mikey makes a dessert. We play games and we... I gotta go be there. Let me go. Please. Please.”

“It’s Thanksgiving all right. Mine. I got a lot to be grateful. Finally owning you. I’ve dreamed about this for so long. Stop snivelling. You have a lot to be grateful for too. You’re no longer a virgin. How about that? You never thought it would happen and if you’re a good slut, Raphie, I might be a little kinder to you, but you have to be nice and listen. No more fighting and trying to escape. No biting, slapping, punching. Do any of that and you’ll taste my wrath. You’ve had a small taste. I doubt you want to go through it again, hmm?” Slash said, stretching out a hand, placing it between Raphael’s legs and stroking the soft flesh. “Man, you feel so soft and warm, Raphie. I bet you still want to cum and not being able to is driving you mad.”

Raphael ducked his face, tears shimmering in his eyes and thought, I wanna go home. It’s Thanksgivin’. I ain't never missed one with my family. I wanna see them so bad and tell them I love them. I don’t want this.

Slash tilted his face up and said, “We can celebrate. We’ll fuck and I’ll give you all the cum you want. Lots. You love cum, Raphie, and it looks so good on you. You’re a dirty bitch and you love it.”

“Yer crazy,” Raphael said sadly. “I never treated ya this way. I was good ta ya, gave ya all you needed. I loved ya, treated ya like family. Why are ya doin’ this? What the hell did I do ta deserve this?”

“Because I love you and I know what you need. You don’t need your brothers or that ancient rat. You need me. I allow you to be the real you. I understand you and your desires and I know what’s good for you. Me. Only I understood you. You know no one else does. And you know what you
did. You chose your brothers over me, especially that bossy Leo, whom you claim to hate. You’re always whining that Leo doesn’t understand you, he’s stuck-up and lame, yet you crave his approval and chose him. How could you choose him over me? I apologized and you still wouldn’t let me see you!”

“I love my brothers and Leo, despite all I’ve said and they love me. I admire Leo’s courage, his loyalty, his dedication and the love he has for us and I’d risk my life for them all. I picked them, because they love me, they don’t hurt me and they’re my family. They’re everythin’ ta me.

Everythin’.”

“I’m supposed to be everything to you!” Slash roared jealously. “I used to be, but then you chose them.”

“Ya changed…”

“Your fault. The mutagen.”

“Fair enough. It was my fault it got spilled on ya, but ya changed, Spike…”

“SLASH! That’s my name now!”

“Ya changed. Growin’ aggressive, vindictive, hostile, disloyal, obsessive, a monster, a nightmare ta be ‘round! Why would I wanna be ‘round that, huh?”

“I think you avoided me, because I remind you of yourself. All the traits you mentioned are you, Raphie. You know it and I know it.” Slash said, pinching Raphael’s tail and making him squeal.

“And you still chose your brothers, even though you have shit in common with them. You’re a monster, Raphie. Just like I am. A misunderstood monster, but now you have me, who knows you. Really knows you. Inside and out.” Slash chuckled. “I’m you and I know exactly what you deserve. Me. And you know it too. You know you deserve me and all I can offer. You don’t want your brothers or the rat. They bore you senseless. I provide you with sex, excitement and I wake the beast in you. You show what’s hidden when we fuck. Your true nature. Your primal instincts. The real you.” Slash cupped his cheek and added, “You’re lucky I love you. Some people never find their soulmates, but you have, Raphie. Me.”

“This ain’t love. It’s rape. Ya don’t do that to someone ya love. Yer obsessed and a tyrant, Slash. I thought we were friends. How wrong I was. I shoulda known better that ya were never really sorry and that ya were just bidin’ yer time ta kidnap me. I’m nothin’ like ya. Nothin’. I never will be. I would never wanna be a fucked-up dipshit, like ya!”

“But it’ll grow into love, Raphie. You’ll see. It already is. I see it in your eyes when we fuck. You love me and you’re happy. You’re just in denial, kid.”

“I could never love ya someone like ya. Yer twisted and a coward, who uses force ta make people submit ta ya. A real man don’t do that. Ya can fuck me all ya want, but ya can’t make me love ya.”

Slash’s face contorted in rage. He pulled out, shoved Raphael down onto the mattress, lined his dick up at Raphael’s entrance, parted his legs and thrust his rod into him, ignoring Raphael’s pleas for him to stop.

Slash’s eyes glazed over, as he pounded away, his body on top of Raphael’s, pinning him down, his hot breath tickling Raphael’s neck, his scent heavy.

Raphael squeezed his eyes shut, prayed for it to be over fast and mentally replayed the time Slash had begged for another chance.

FLASHBACK SIX MONTHS EARLIER. May 6:

Raphael and his brothers were out on patrol when they saw Slash approach them. They were immediately alert and pulled out their weapons, ready to fight.

Slash held up his hands and said, “I come in peace. Relax.”

“Why should we believe you?” Leo demanded, protectively edging closer to Raphael, showing Slash if he tried anything that he, Leo, was ready for it and he’d defend his brother to the death.
“Because I’m sincere,” Slash said and smiled. “I know I was a jerk, but I’ve changed my ways. I
miss my Master and I’m sorry for all the trouble I’ve caused. I want to come home and be a family
again. I miss you all too. So much. I regret what I’ve done. Master, you have to believe me. I mean
it. I really do. Please.” Slash looked earnestly into Raphael’s green eyes and said, as he knelt down,
I love you, Master. Please forgive me. All of you, please forgive me. I'm a wretched creature and I
implore your forgiveness. One last chance, please.”

Raphael listened, his expression impassive, but his emotions were churning inside. Relief that
Slash was okay, love, distrust, suppressed anger. Slash sounded sincere, but he had been before and
had horribly betrayed them by revealing a place they sometimes used as a hideout to the Shredder,
resulting in their capture and them being brutally tortured. Slash had expressed remorse and had
saved them, but it'd taken months for Raphael to get to a point where he could forgive his former
pet, let alone see him without wanting to rip him to shreds. He hadn’t been able to see him. He was
at a loss as to what to do now. He still loved Slash. He always would, but he didn’t know if he
could trust him. His family had nearly died, because of him and here he was asking for another
chance.

His brothers glanced at him, waiting for him to say something.

“How do I know ya won’t betray us again?” Raphael asked.
“Because I’ve learned my lesson, Master,” Slash said and kissed Raphael’s feet. “I’m sorry for all
the heartache and…”

“Ew!” Mikey said, wrinkling his beak in disgust. “He’s kissing Raph’s feet and Raph hasn’t
showered in days! That’s so gross! Raph probably has toe jam!”

“Shut up, Mikey!” Raphael snapped. “We’ve heard it before, Slash. Same old story. Ya will just
sell us down the tube again. Ya know we still got nightmares ‘bout our capture? Mikey's got
trouble with an arm of his and Leo….My bro fuckin’ cries at night, because we nearly died and he
couldn’t protect us. He thinks I don't hear him, but I do! And it’s all because of ya and yer
obsession ta make me only spend time with ya! Ya can’t handle the fact that I got brothers and a
family. Ya want all my attention. Anyone would think yer in love with me!”

“I understand your hesitation, Master,” Slash said and kissed Raphael’s feet again.
Raphael moved away and said, “Don’t do that.”
“I don’t like you that way, Master. It’s true I love you, but as a brother only and I'm willing to share
you. I understand you have brothers, who also need you and I’m sorry. I really am. Please consider
my apology. Please. Please, Master. Your slave is…”

“Ya ain't my slave, Slash, and are yer own person and…”
Slash started to cry, tears streaming down his cheeks and said, “Please, Master. You and your
family are all I’ve ever known and I’m lost without you. Please forgive me. Please. Please.”

Raphael watched him and he cracked, despite his misgivings. Tears always worked on him,
because he was a real softy beneath his gruff exterior. His family and Slash knew it.

“Stop sobbin’. I’ll consider it,” Raphael said. "Get up."
“Thank you, Master!” Slash said, throwing himself at Raphael's feet again. “I’m grateful. So
grateful.”

Raphael’s brothers rolled their eyes, doubt showing on their faces.

“If I forgive ya and give ya another chance,” Raphael said, placing his weapons back into his obi
and helping Slash to his feet. “It’s the last one. I won't have my brothers’ lives endangered and ya
bein’ so obsessive over me. I love them and ya gotta accept that. I love ya too, but they’re my
family and come first. Ya understand? And ya gotta be nice ta them. I’m gonna talk it over with
my family. They gotta agree too.”
“I will. I'll be nice. I can be really nice,” Slash sniffed
“And if in the unlikely event I find a girl ya also gotta accept that, Slash, and be nice ta her. Ya
don't gotta feel threatened, because I got enough love for everyone.”
“I can do that, Master.”
“Stop callin’ me that. It’s degradin’ ta ya. Ya ain’t inferior. Yer my equal, so call me Raph or
Raphael.”
“How will I know if you forgive me... Mas…uh, Raphael?”

Raphael called Slash a week later and said that the family had agreed about him having another
chance.

Slash had gone to the lair the next day, had been pleasant to his brothers and Raphael had thought
it'd be different that time.

The following months were good. Raphael had grown to trust Slash again, even going out with him
alone. Slash had stopped his obsessive ways and Raphael loved spending time with him, even
confiding that he was thinking of leaving New York the following year with Leo to go to Japan for
training with the Ancient one. Slash had been supportive of it. Raphael had had no reason to feel
that it, the kindness and pleasantness was just a charade and that deep down Slash’s obsessiveness
love for him was as deep as it'd been before and that he was planning on making Raphael his and
for him to never leave the country.

Leo still doubted Slash’s intentions and raised it once.

Raphael shot him down and said, “Leo, he’s changed and won’t blow this chance.”
“I was never in agreement. He only got a chance, because of a two thirds majority. I don’t like this,
Raph. I think he’s still obsessed with you and he’ll betray us again.”
“Like what? He gonna rape me or somethin’? No need ta fret. I can take care of myself and he
wouldn’t do that. He’s changed. I swear he has, bro.”
“TI hope you’re right, Raph.”

Leo had then left the room.

Even Leo’s doubts had vanished after a while, with Slash still maintaining his sweet as pie
personality.

BACK IN THE PRESENT NOVEMBER 23

I was a fuckin’ fool, Raphael thought, as tears ran down his cheeks, Slash still pounding away.
How could I have believed him? It was all a sham. He was probably plottin’ for months ta kidnap
me when I was alone and had dreams of me bein’ his slut. I feel sick, dirty, used and abused and
I’m conflicted. My body keeps tellin’ me this is right, but my mind keeps sayin’ otherwise. What
the fuck am I? Straight or gay?

Raphael’s thoughts were interrupted by Slash suddenly sinking his teeth into Raphael’s neck,
making him whine, his cock straining again the cockring. He was hard, leaking, wanting to cum
and frustrated that he was not able.

Slash raised his head, paused thrusting and said, “You’re mine, Raphie. All mine and you’ll never
meet a girl. No trip to Japan either. You’ll be my bitch forever and you’ll regret all that shit you
said earlier. You'll love and adore me. Your master. You'll accept your place and you won't care
about reason, logic and thought. I never wanted you for your intelligence anyway or for
conversation. I wanted your sweet ass and now I have it I’m never going to let you ago.”
“I shoulda never trusted ya,” Raphael said miserably.
“Yep, but you did. Good old trusting Raphie. Tears always work, don’t they, sweetie pie, because you’re a sucker for them and I know how to press your buttons?”

Slash resumed his thrusting. He repeatedly slammed into Raphael, as he bit and licked Raphael everywhere, marking him and leaving angry red marks that Raphael would see. Marks that he knew meant he was claimed and dominated. Slash’s mate. His bitch.

Raphael reluctantly churred, as he was brutally fucked. Instinct was now taking over and his cock still leaked.

I was a damn fool, Raphael thought. But I'm gonna try and get away, when I feel a bit stronger and when the asshole gets offa me. I'll crawl ta the door and get out. Maybe someone will see me and will help me. I’m gonna try. I wanna see my bros and that’s the only way I can. I also gotta fight. I ain’t a submissive bitch. I know I ain’t and I ain’t a monster, am I? I’m strong, loyal, a fighter and I will escape. I'm a warrior and brave and I’m straight, right?

Chapter End Notes

A/N Thanks for the kudos.

What else has Slash in mind for Raph?
A shock revelation

Chapter Summary

Raphael learns something disturbing about himself.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Raphael had wearily passed out.

Slash injected him with a mind-numbing concoction of drugs and aphrodisiacs. Then he slung Raphael over his shoulder like he was a sack of potatoes, threw another bag containing his toys over his other shoulder and walked through the tunnels, until he stopped at a manhole.

Slash went up it and realized that he was next to a parking lot outside a bakery that was deserted, apart from an SUV. It'd do for what he had in mind.

He placed Raphael on the ground, hotwired the car, threw the still passed out turtle into the trunk, climbed in and started the engine. It'd take just over an hour to get to Bear Mountain Park. There wouldn't be many people, because it was November and Thanksgiving. Just like he preferred. It was perfect for his home. At least until the spring, when he’d trek elsewhere with his harem. His obedient and loving pets.

Raphael had taught him to drive. How ironic sort of that it Raphael who was now the permanent driver and that he was just a passenger in everything. Slash chuckled at the thought and grinned, as he thought about all he had planned for his prisoner. Raphael had no idea what he was in for or did he?

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Two hours later, Slash drove through the gates to the park. There was no guard there. Raphael was still out. He parked, deciding to leave the car there. He didn’t need it again. He could always hotwire another car in the spring if need be.

He walked, Raphael over one shoulder, his toy bag over the other and headed deep into the mountains, to the top, where he knew there was an abandoned cottage. He’d done the journey a few months before and had come across the rundown cottage that didn’t have electricity, but who cared? They’d live on the lay of the land and would cook their food over an open fire. Leo liked it simple and would easily adapt. Raphael liked his luxuries and would be harder to convince, but he’d have no choice but to agree, especially as he couldn’t hunt for food himself and would have to rely on Slash, Mikey and Leo for his food. And the bastard had better be grateful or Slash would shove his teeth down his throat! But Slash was positive the turtle would like his new home. He’d beautifully decorated it after all and had gone to so much trouble and it wasn’t like Raphael wouldn’t see his brothers again. He’d be reunited soon enough when Slash returned to the sewers and hunted them down.

Slash eventually reached the cottage and went inside.
Slash noticed the place looked just like he’d left it back in July. He placed Raphael onto the mattress in the first bedroom and chained him to the wall.

The cottage was small. Three bedrooms, a tiny kitchen, a small bathroom with a shower and toilet and a cramped living room, but it’d do. The first bedroom was for him and his mates to share. The second was for a nursery and the third would be a punishment room. The first bedroom had a king size mattress in it. He’d salvaged it from the rubbish dump and had driven up here and set it up. The second bedroom had a blue crib, which he’d stolen from an apartment in Manhattan. See, he knew things that Raphael didn’t, having accidentally seen a medical file of his in Don’s lab. Yes. He couldn’t wait to tell Raphael and to see his reaction.

The third bedroom contained Slash’s toys, which lay on another mattress. Tons of toys, ranging from anal plugs to role playing costumes to whips and bondage devices and his personal favorite, the cock torturer, which fulfilled what it promised. Steel pins that’d be thrust into the head of Raphael’s cock, causing maximum pain, but Raphael loved pain. He knew that, because Raphael had confessed that he thrived on fighting, which gave him an adrenaline rush.

He’d certainly get his share of it, Slash thought evilly.

He went into the kitchen, which had a gas stove and began to brew tea. Then he took out two cans of beans from the cupboard, (he had a healthy supply of various tinned foods) threw the contents into a saucepan and warmed it on the stove. It wasn’t the kind of food that Raphael was used to, but too bad. He had to accept it. Slash would go hunting the next day. There were plenty of deer and other small animals about.

Raphael woke up, feeling groggy, his leg throbbing and his hole aching.

Where am I, he thought, as he shook his head to clear the dazed feeling and took in the unfamiliar surroundings? Some kinda house? This don’t look like the sewers. He tried to move, but groaned, as pain coursed through him. Grimacing, he thought, fuckin’ busted leg. He’s gotta fix it. How the hell am I gonna exercise? I don’t wanna become a blob. I wanna go home. I miss my brothers. Shit. I even miss Leo’s lecturin’. That’s how much I miss them. What I wouldn’t give ta hear their voices right now.

“Wankbot!” Slash declared, entering the bedroom and carrying the saucepan, a spoon in it, his voice sending a shiver down Raphael’s spine. “Like your name? I read it on a website.” He set down the saucepan and helped Raphael into a sitting position.

“Figures.” Raphael said, trying to muster up bravado. “Ya can’t even think of nothin’ original, so ya gotta steal it from someone else.”

“Your antagonism is unwarranted, Raphie. I made dinner. It’s Thanksgiving after all. I hope you like beans.”

“Go ta…”

“Yes. Curse me all you like, Raphie, but we both know you want me. Your body tells you, so give in and be a good boy. Besides, you should be grateful that someone went to the trouble of cooking dinner.”

“Where are we?”

“Far away from your brothers. Like it? I’ve done everything I can to make it a home. Open wide, Raphie.”

“I ain’t hungry. I wanna go home.”

“Not going to happen. Open wide.”
Raphael stubbornly clamped his beak shout.

Slash snarled, pinched Raphael’s beak, forcing him to take a deep breath, dipped the spoon into the pot and shoved it into his mouth.

“Swallow, Raphie, or I’ll knock out your teeth and you’ll only be able to eat solids for the rest of your life!” Slash growled, his eyes flashing.

Raphael swallowed and grimaced. The beans were slightly overcooked, tasted bitter and they were burning hot, scalding his throat, as he swallowed.

“Happy Thanksgiving, Raphie,” Slash said, dipping the spoon again into the pot and offering it to the turtle, as if he were a baby.

Raphael’s stomach rumbled, despite his unwillingness to eat. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d eaten. The foul soup that Leo had made? Yeah. That’s when. Was it really only hours earlier? No. How many hours had passed since then?

Slash laughed and said, “Eat up, my sissy boy.” He trailed a hand down Raphael’s flat plastron.

Raphael shivered, his stomach tightening in knots, fearing he was going to be fucked once again.

Raphael dutifully ate, the bitter beans scalding his throat again, as they went down.

“Good boy, Raphie,” Slash said and stroked Raphael’s plastron. Raphael reluctantly churred at the touch, heat flooding his groin and his cheeks, making Slash beam. “You’re such a slut, Raphie. I know you want to part your legs. Go on. Part them. Let Daddy see your hole. Good boy.”

“I don’t wanna,” Raphael choked out, his cock straining at the cockring and starting to leak, clearly proving he was lying and evidence that he was turned on.

“But you do. Your body does,” Slash said, pushing his legs apart and ignoring his shriek of pain.

“My leg’s fucked up. Ya gotta fix it. I can’t be no invalid,” Raphael whined. “I’m gonna get fat if ya don’t fix it, so I can exercise! I’m gonna be a bloated mess.”

“I know,” Slash said with a large grin. He bit Raphael’s collarbone hard, making him whimper and tears fill his eyes. “You’re going to become very fat and round, like a delectable peach, Raphie, and you’ll love the changes that’ll soon occur. Wonderful changes. A new generation.

Raphael sniffed and said, “What do ya mean a new generation? Ya’ve lost it. I can’t have babies. I’m a guy and yer a guy and that ain’t possible. No way.”

“Yes way. Raphie, I accidentally saw your medical file. Donatello’s kept a huge secret from you. I guess he thought you’d never have sex, so there was no reason to reveal it.”

Dread bubbled in Raphael’s belly and he said fearfully, “What?”

“Yer intersex, Raphie, and have both male and female parts. Want to guess what that means? My luscious breeding pet. You have ovaries, a uterus and can lay eggs. My eggs.”

Understanding, Raphael’s eyes green eyes flew wide in revulsion and horror. Nausea rose in his throat and he upchucked his dinner all over a revolted and pissed off Slash.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Poor Raph. Will he lay eggs? Will he accept the new changes?

Thanks for the reviews and kudos :)
Leo and his family find out about his and Raphael's conditions.
Don returned a few minutes later, shoved two files under Leo’s nose and said, “Your medical files.”

Leo read and his jaw dropped in shock. What the hell, he thought? Me and Raph are girls? We can lay eggs, but why didn’t I suspect I was one? Why haven’t I laid dud eggs or liked boys? I’ve only ever liked girls and….This has to be a joke, right?

He looked up at Donnie, who was nervously adjusting his glasses and snapped, “This is a sick joke, isn’t it, Don? We can’t be girls. Look at us. We’re muscular, have dicks, like women and are Alpha. You’re wrong!”

"Actually, Leo, I’m one hundred percent correct. You and Raph both have ovaries and uteruses. Your tails are shorter than mine and Mikey’s are. Look at the X-rays. I never showed Raph when I took them and you know him. All that matters to him is that he's healthy. Your pлаstrons are currently concave. Female turtles have flat pлаstrons, which allow them to hold the eggs internally…"

Leo’s face paled and he said, “What do you mean currently? Eggs? I can lay eggs?” He rubbed his face. “This is too much. I’m a boy for damn’s sake. Look at me!”

“You relate more to a boy physique-wise, but you can lay eggs. You won’t become a complete female, which means laying eggs will be more laborious and tougher than it will be for Raph. Your hips aren’t wide enough. Raph’s different. His genes are changing. I noticed that last year. It’s not uncommon for male turtles to turn into females. I’ve read up on it and it’s fascinating. Want me to explain?”

“If it’s not happening to you!” Leo hissed. “I can’t believe you kept this from us! And no. I don’t want a lengthy explanation or your science babble. Keep it short!”

Donnie pushed his glasses back up. They’d slipped down again. Then he said, "Anyway, Raph’s going to change. I don’t know when exactly, but he will. His pлаstron will become convex, he’ll be slimmer, will lose his muscles and his voice will become high pitched. His hips will be perfect for him to lay eggs. He’ll be a female and even more alluring to Slash, who’ll breed him if he hasn’t already tried. Female red sliders lay between two and thirty-two eggs and….”

Mikey entered the room and said, “Hi, guys. Hey, Leo. How are you feeling, Leo?”

“Nauseated! Care to fill Mikey in, Donnie?”

The genius adjusted his glasses again and said, “Mikey, I’ve held back Leo and Raph’s medical info, but it was only because I thought none of us would find mates and that it wouldn't be a factor in our lives.”

“Are they sick?” Mikey asked worriedly. “Leo said he's nauseated.”

“No. They’re healthy, but females, Mikey,” Don said and explained to a flabbergasted Mikey, who shook his head in amazement.

“Does that mean I am too, Donnie?” Mikey asked.

“No. You’re one hundred percent male.”

“And Raph doesn’t know?”

“I don’t know. Slash might know and might have told him.”

“So Leo and Raph are going to lay eggs?” Mikey said excitedly. "How many?"

“Why are you so thrilled and not repulsed?” Leo demanded.

“Because,” Mikey said. “There’ll be cute little babies. I’m going to be an uncle! I always wanted to be an uncle!”

"We're mutants, so maybe three eggs max," Donnie said.

“WOHA!” Leo roared. “You really are a numbskull, Mikey. If Raph has babies and he’s been kidnapped by Slash that means they weren’t created out of choice! And as for me, I have no
intention of laying eggs. I’m a fucking boy! And Raph won’t fucking want them either. We have to fucking find him before that happens and if he does fall gravid it’s your damn fucking fault, Donnie!”

Leo never swore, so both Donnie and Mikey looked at him in surprise.

“What’s going on?” Splinter asked, entering the room. “I heard raised voices. Are you all right, Leonardo?”

“No, Sensei. Donatello kept a gigantic secret from me and Raph.”

“I am sure he had a valid reason,” Splinter said, looking at Don, who shifted his gaze and studied his hands. “Donatello?”

Don looked up, his eyes filled with ashamed tears and said, “Sensei, I found out that Leo and Raph are females, but whereas Leo will always look like a boy on the outside, Raph won’t. His chromosomes are changing and he’s going to turn into a complete girl. I fear Slash knows. I’m sorry. I thought it wouldn’t be relevant, because we wouldn’t find mates and….”

“It didn’t cross your mind that you and Michelangelo would maybe desire your sisters when mating season occurred?” Splinter said, struggling to find the right words. “I am shocked, because you’re usually so intelligent, Donatello.”

“No, because I’ve been injecting Mikey with a drug that decreases sexual desire for the past few years, so that we wouldn’t feel any attraction to them. We weren’t interested when mating season happened. I told Mikey it was because he was sick and he believed me.”

“What the hell, dude?” Mikey shouted, his blue eyes flashing. “You lied to me!”

“Yeah, but it did the trick,” Don said. “Otherwise we’d have been all over you guys. I had a huge desire to have you both as mates and to have babies with you. I couldn’t help it. Shit. I’m a scientist, but even I have raging hormones and…I feel…” Don's family looked like they were going to throw up, but he continued. “Raph’s so cute with his green eyes and his little tail that drops down when he’s so relaxed. And he has a firm ass that I wanted to caress. Raph’s like a Greek god and so is Leo with his leaner features, gorgeous eyes and toned legs. Don’t look at me that way, Mikey. I saw you checking them out!”

Mikey dropped his head in shame.

Splinter tapped his cane on the ground and said coldly, “Such perversion in this place! I’m speechless! Michelangelo, did you harbor the same desires?”

“Yes, Sensei,” Mikey mumbled. “I wanted them both and it’s not like it’s a sin. They’re not really our sisters. Only me and Don are related.”


“You were wise, Donatello,” the old rat said furiously. “I am disgusted. They might not be your biological sisters, but they were raised as such and that will remain. I forbid you from ever having sexual intercourse with them. You will be banished if you do. Do I make myself clear? The injections will continue. Leonardo, have you had any fantasies about your siblings?”

“NO!” Leo almost screamed. “I like women and so does Raph. I could never feel that way about my siblings. The idea of it makes me want to vomit. I feel betrayed, sickened and hurt that this was kept from me. Sensei, I deserved to know it and so did Raph. Now he’s in the hands of a psycho, who may be raping him right now. It’s Donnie’s fault! If he’d been honest….”

“I don’t think your sister’s kidnapping is Donatello’s fault, but I do believe he should have been honest with you and us all. We are a family. There will be no secrets in future among us. Got it?”

Everyone nodded.
“What if there are babies, Sensei? Slash could make Raph gravid,” Mikey said. “I have a feeling Raphael won’t want them. They’d be a product of rape and seeing them every day would be too painful. You can’t blame her.”
“But they’d be her babies too. Hey. Do Leo and Raph need female names now? I like Lisa and Angelina. My two cute sisters. Raph will be Lisa.”

“Yes!” Leo yelled, his blue eyes blazing. “No one’s changing their names. Sensei, we have to respect whatever Raph wants. It’s his choice. I won’t call him a girl. He’s still a boy to me and I’ll regard myself as a boy, no matter what anyone says! Sensei, it’s nine a.m. and it’s a long time until dark. We have to do something. Every second that passes….”

“I understand, Leonardo,” Splinter said. “I am also worried about your sister, but I can’t endanger my remaining family by venturing out now. We’ll leave at nightfall. Donatello, is there anything else you’ve kept from us?”
“No.”
“Then you and Michelangelo will train with me and then we’ll meditate. Leonardo, you will rest.”

“I feel fine, Sensei. Honest, Leo said.
“You look exhausted. Sleep and you can meditate with me after lunch,” Splinter said. "Come on, Donatello and Michelangelo.”

Mikey shot Don a death stare for lying to him and then left the room, followed by Splinter and the genius.

Leo moved his tray to the other side of the bed, his appetite ruined and pissed off at Don’s deception. He lay down, stared at the ceiling and tried to sleep again, but thoughts of Raphael tormented him and he was unable.

He stood up, donned his gear and grabbed his weapons. Then he slipped out of the lair. Screw the fact that it was daylight. He’d stay in the shadows and he’d find Raphael. His precious little brother needed him and he’d do whatever it took to bring him home.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Yay! An update. Thanks to all following and reading. Will Leo find Raph?
Acceptance

Chapter Summary

Slash learns that Raphael's transforming into a girl.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Slash looked at the vomit all over him and his eyes flashing, he backhanded Raphael across his face so hard his head spun.

“That’s for throwing up on me, you insignificant gnat!” Slash roared, hitting Raphael again and making him whine. “You’re disgraceful. I should teach you a lesson.” His eyes gleamed malevolently, he picked up a knife and placed it by Raphael’s cock, watching, as the emerald turtle’s eyes widened in panic.

“Please don’t, Master,” Raphael sniffed, tears filling his green eyes. “I didn’t mean ta get sick. I was shocked and I’m sorry. Please don’t. I’ll do anythin’ ya want. Anythin’, I promise.”

“Anything? You want cock, don’t you, my pet? You live for cock. I tamed you and turned you into a cocksucker. You love it and pleasing me.”

“Yeah, Master. Anythin’. I swear. I want yer cock,” Raphael choked out, hating how pathetic he sounded, but he’d do anything to keep his cock. It was his pride and glory and he couldn’t lose it.

Slash untied Raphael, lifted him onto his lap, shoved his beak into his groin and dropped down with a loud growl. His thirteen inch cock leaked precum and pulsed, veins twitching.

Cum dribbled down Raphael’s beak, as he inhaled his Master’s scent, but he didn’t want to gag to his surprise. The scent was cloying and heavy, but it was familiar now and rather comforting. He didn’t want to move. He just wanted to breathe in his Alpha’s heavenly smell, to satisfy him and to be a good pet. Wasn’t that his job after all?

Maybe I’ve always been gay and was in denial, Raphael thought? I belong here with him. I’m his and I always will be. That’s my sole purpose.

Slash lifted Raphael’s head and smeared some of his jizz onto Raphael’s skin, beak and everywhere he could, marking and claiming him.

“This is your home, Raphie,” Slash said. “You love it, don’t you? You love my scent. I can smell your arousal. You love being my little toy. You were born for it.”

Raphael churred, his cheeks flushed, as he breathed in the overpowering scent, which was starting to make him feel hazy and dizzy and his eyes glazed over.

Slash grinned and said, “That’s my pet. Good. Your body’s accepted me and you have too.”

Raphael churred again, his heart racing, as he sniffed again, his nostrils flaring.

I want this, Raphael thought. I can’t get enough of him. He smells so enticin’ and his cock. I wanna suck it so bad. I wanna make him feel good. I wanna satisfy him. His own cock strained against the cockring, as he churred for the third time.
“Wow. Listen to your churrs,” Slash said and chortled. “You really do love this. So obedient. I wish Splinter could see how I’ve tamed you. He’d be stunned.”

Raphael wanted to answer, but his mind was turning to slush. All he could think about was how warm and wonderful Slash’s cock was and how incredible his scent was. His Alpha.

Slash chuckled and said, “You’re appreciating it, Raphie. Good boy. Open up.”

He lifted up Raphael’s head, shoved his cock inside of his mouth and pressed down hard on Raphael’s head, forcing him to deep-throat him.

The emerald skinned turtle’s widened in surprise, but he didn’t resist. He willingly sucked Slash and prayed he was doing a good job.

Why do I like this so much, Raphael thought, as he listened to a deep rumble of pleasure roll up Slash’s throat? I should be revolted. I’m suckin’ off another man, but this feels so good. I like makin’ my Alpha happy. I love his salty taste. I love everythin’ ‘bout my Master. I can’t get enough of him. I want his cock fillin’ all my holes. I’m home. This is my purpose.

Slash soon came, shooting hot jots of ropey cum down Raphael’s throat.

The emerald skinned turtle swallowed it all, inwardly smiling, as Slash patted his rump in praise. He’d done a great job. His first blowjob and he was proud of himself for satiating his Master.

Slash pulled out.

Raphael licked him clean, savoring each morsel and thinking how delicious it was.

I’ve changed, Raphael thought. I liked chicks, but all I can think ‘bout now is cum and cocks. Maybe I never really liked chicks and was deludin’ myself. This is my life now and I’m grateful ta Master for it. Never gonna make a fuss again. Just want cum and cock.

Slash placed Raphael on his lap upright, so he was sitting facing him and said breathlessly, “That wasn’t a bad job, fairy. You’ll get better, of course. Did you have fun, pet?”


Raphael mewed, but he didn't shift away. He turned his head, so Slash had greater access to his neck. Slash sank his teeth into it, leaving deep bites. Raphael groaned. His Master was claiming him again and he loved it. Who’d have thought he’d love being owned and bossed around? He never had when Fearless had bossed him around and had fought every chance he got, so why was now any different? Oh, right. Slash could crush him if he didn’t comply and Slash turned him on, so he’d listen and would do anything to get cum. Cum. He felt like he was a sex deviant wanting it all the time. Splinter would have told him he was sick. Maybe he was, but…. 

Slash released his teeth and sniffed the air. There was a strange scent. Something feminine, like roses or was it peaches? He couldn’t quite place where it emanated from. Then it hit him. Raphael. What was up with that? Was Raphael turning into a girl?

He sniffed again. Yes. Definitely peaches and Raphael was turning into a girl. His cock would probably shrivel up, he’d lose his muscle mass and would be an alluring female. No matter. Slash also liked females and it’d be easier for Raphael to lay the eggs. He wouldn’t say anything and would wait for the transformation to take place.

Slash ignored his question, picked him up and carried him into the bedroom.

XXXXX

Slash placed Raphael onto the bed and said, “You’ll do what I want. I own you. You know that, right?” he said, staring deeply into Raphael’s eyes.

“Yes,” Master. I’m yers. Yer toy. My sole purpose is ta please ya.”

Slash reached into a box, took out a pink ribbon and attached it to Raphael’s tail. “Wag your tail, my sissy,” Slash demanded. “Wag it and show me you love me.”

Raphael blushed and wagged his little tail.

Slash stroked it, watching as Raphael’s eyes glazed over and listening to the loud churr the emerald skinned turtle emitted.

“I remember when you were a warrior and so strong and obstinate,” Slash said. “You’re different now. You yearn for my praise and attention and you don’t resist me. You love me and want my babies, don’t you, Raphie? You want my seed filling you up. You like being used and abused. You need it. You need me.”


“I’ll kill you if you try to escape, Raphie. That’s a promise, so you’d better behave,” Slash said and tugged hard on Raphael’s tail, making him cry out. “I’ll kill the babies too if I have to. Do you understand? But I’d first torture you, yank out all of your teeth and your nails with wire cutters, will burn you and will cut off your cock. I won’t want to do it, but I will. Do you get the point?”

“Yes, Master,” Raphael said fearfully, his eyes brimming with tears at the thought of his death. “There ain’t no need for that. I’ll be a good little sissy and will do all ya want. I promise. I won’t try ta escape, but I would like ya ta fix my leg. I don’t wanna lie in bed all day and be a blimp. Can….”

Slash shook his head and said coldly, “No. And I’ll cut off your cock if you ask me again. I’m not fixing your leg. Shut up. There’s no point for it if all you’ll be doing is pleasuring me, so quit asking, you dumb and insolent pet.”

“I’m sorry. I don’t mean ta make ya mad, Master,” Raphael sniffed. “Please don’t hurt me. Please don’t. Yer pet is….”

“Pathetic and a faggy. Say that.”

“Yer pet’s pathetic and is a faggy. Yers for all eternity.”

Raphael despised what a drip and a pathetic sack of shit he was. Sucking up to his Master and accepting his abuse, but he knew he didn’t have a choice and he couldn’t escape with his dodgy leg. He’d be killed if he fought back and he liked the rough sex anyway. Maybe it was what he’d needed. Maybe it was his true self, instead of the brave warrior he’d thought he was. He wasn’t cut out to be a ninja if that was the case. He was better off being a pleasure slave and getting all the cum and cock he could want. He’d still be useful and have some purpose to his life. Maybe Slash would change his mind and would fix his leg if he proved his worth.

He wondered about his brothers and quickly shoved the thought to the back of his mind.

I don’t want them seein’ me this way, Raphael thought. I’ve accepted this is my fate, but I don’t want them seein’ how I’ve changed or seein’ me gravid with babies. I don’t want that. The guys would be revolted with me. I’m a disgrace.
Tears streamed down his cheeks to his shame.

Slash raised an eyeridge and said, “Why are you sniveling, worm?”
“I used ta be courageous and now I’ m a spineless nothin’,“ Raphael wept. “I’ve changed. I know yer my superior and I gotta do what ya want. I’ve accepted it and so has my body, but it ain’t what I thought my life would be like, Master.”
Slash shrugged and said, “No. I made you a something. I’ve given you a purpose. Serving me. You should be grateful. I’ve given you a home and you’ll soon bear young. Something else to be proud of. You were an empty shell before. You desired a purpose. You needed someone to look after you and to tame you, because you’re really a weakling deep down. You faked your strength. You need mine. You need me. So what if you’re pathetic and so what if you become a fat blob? Who needs muscles when you’re a pleasure slave? Dry your moronic tears. You know I’m right. This is the authentic you, Raphie. So many people struggle to find themselves. I helped you do so and you should be thankful.”
“I was somethin’. I was a ninja and...”
“Shut up. I don’t want to hear any more complaints.”
“I wasn’t moanin’, Master. I was...”
“You’RE IRRITATING ME!” Slash boomed. He grabbed Raphael’s arm and twisted it so hard Raphael head the bones snap.

The emerald skinned turtle screamed in anguish, tears running down his cheeks.

He’s fuckin’ broken my arm, Raphael thought tearfully. Shit.

“That wouldn’t have happened if you’d kept your fucking beak shut,” Slash yelled. “You always try to test my patience. You promised you’d behave. Now you can wallow there with your busted arm and leg. See if I care. You did this to yourself, you ungrateful shit.” Slash kicked him in the side and added, “I may be gone for a few days. Try not to defecate on yourself. I’ll whip you if you do.”

Slash stalked out, leaving a sobbing Raphael.

I tried pleasin’ Master, Raphael thought miserably. But I had ta open my beak. It’s my fault he hurt me. I shoulda stayed silent. I hate makin’ him mad. I’m gonna apologize when he returns and I’m gonna be a better pet. I’ll do whatever it takes ta show him how sorry I am. I’m his. He’s my Alpha and I’m never gonna misbehave again. I promise. Come back. Don’t leave me. I can’t be alone. I need ya, Master. I’m nothin’ without ya. Ya give me purpose. Ya were right. Bein’ a ninja wasn’t my purpose. My purpose is pleasin’ ya and havin’ babies. Our babies. I’ll try ta be a good daddy, Master. Come back. I’m scared. I need yer strength and ya so bad.

Chapter End Notes

A/N So Raphael's transformation is starting to take place. Will he accept it or resist? He's accepted his life, but turning into a girl's another story.

This chapter was meant to be about Leo, but Raphael took over lol.

Sorry for taking so long to update. I don't have much family near to me and the ones I'm close to live overseas. My uncle and aunt are visiting from Canada and I've been spending my time with them and also my nephew, who's down. My nephew is staying on for work experience though and my aunt and uncle go back at the end of March.
Updates will be as often as I can and more regular when they've left.
Leo seeks the Mutanimals's help and gets a possible lead about Raph's location.

A disheartened Leo wended his way to the Mutanimals’ headquarters, an abandoned warehouse in an industrial area in Queens. It was freezing. He knew he shouldn’t be out in the abysmal weather, but he had to find Raphael. He couldn’t imagine what unspeakable hell his brother was suffering. Thinking about it chilled him to the bone. His brother must be beyond petrified. He’d pretend he wasn’t, of course, but he would be and he’d be counting on his brothers to rescue him.

We can't and won't let him down, Leo thought.

Snow blanketed the ground and fell. Some of it landing on his skin, as he trudged on. He wished he’d donned boots or at least a jacket to keep out the cold. He'd neglected to dress warmly in his haste, but he couldn’t afford to think about that. He had to keep going. He gritted his teeth and continued his journey. Maybe the Mutanimals would have something warm to drink.

Sometime later, Leo reached the warehouse. He knocked on the door, gave the required password and the door opened. He went inside.

Leo greeted Mondo Gecko and glanced around the room. Mona Lisa, Mondo and Leatherhead were there.

The warehouse was sparsely decorated with a couple of space heaters, a gas stove and three battered sofas that'd been salvaged from a dump. It was also dilapidated, the floorboards creaking, as he walked, the paint on the walls peeling and the roof starting to collapse. A draught blew in from under the door and Leo shivered. It was chilly, even though the heaters were on. He’d give anything to be in his cosy and warm bed right now.

“Leonardo!” Mona Lisa exclaimed and rushed to his side. “You look frozen, my love. Why are you out in this weather?” She grabbed his hands and warmed them up with her own. “My love, you should be home,” she added and wrapped her arms around him.

Leo breathed in her familiar and comforting scent and nuzzled his beak against her chest. How he adored her. She was perfection personified, his dream come true and his haven.

Mona had moved to Earth from Salamandria six months before and they were secretly dating. Leo planned on telling his family, but only when they’d all found love. He didn’t want any jealousy to occur or for his brothers to feel left out, especially Raphael, who was probably the most sensitive of them all.

Leo and Mona had fooled around, but hadn’t gone further than that, because they wanted to wait until they’d had their bonding ceremony. If they had one. Leo didn’t think that’d happen when
Mona knew the truth about him, but that wasn’t his priority. Raphael was.

Leo kissed his girlfriend on her lips, smiled at the others and said, “Can I please have something to drink?”
“I’ll make it,” Mondo offered and went to the gas stove.

Leatherhead said, “Leonardo, something must have happened for you to be out in this weather.”
“Yes. Raph’s missing. We suspect he was taken by Slash. You haven’t seen him, have you?”
“No. He hasn’t been around in months. He quit the team. Said he wanted to be on his own. Didn’t think it relevant. He’s done that before and always returned, but he hasn’t this time. Perhaps you’re mistaken about him kidnapping Raphael.”
“I don’t believe in coincidences. Slash has always been obsessed with Raph. He choked me when I was on the way home from getting supplies for me and Raph. I think that’s when he kidnapped Raph. My poor brother’s somewhere out there and that madman has him!” Leo hissed. “Raph must be out of his mind.”

“Wasn’t he already?” Mona muttered.
Sapphire eyes bore into her hazel ones and Leo snapped, “What do you mean, Mona?”
“Raphael’s also psycho. Come on, Leonardo. He has anger issues and lashes out at anything and everything. He’s crazy. I know you love him, but he is. Maybe he and Slash are soulmates, they ran away to be together and it’s not what you think.”
“My brother’s not gay and I know he has issues, but he’s not twisted or demented! I can’t believe you’d say that about your future brother-in-law, especially now!”

Mondo brought a steaming cup of tea to Leo, who smiled his thanks and gratefully sipped it, feeling better, as the liquid warmed him.

“Oh, yeah? How many times has Raphael endangered Donatello and Michelangelo’s lives, let alone yours, Leonardo?” Mona persisted. “You were in a coma for four months the last time. Donatello told me and you almost died. It was because Raphael second-guessed you. You ran in to the building to save his ass and you were ambushed. He wasn’t harmed, of course! So don’t tell me he’s not a psycho and a sociopath. How you’re brothers I don’t understand. You’re nothing alike. Why do you always defend him? It’s not like he deserves it. He deserves reprimands, banishment…..”

“Mona Lisa, now is not the time to talk about such matters,” Leatherhead chimed in. “Raphael’s missing and that’s the priority.”

“You clearly hate my brother,” Leo said frostily and pulled away. “And you wouldn’t even begin to understand what loving a sibling means, because you’re an only kid, Mona. I know he’s pushed my buttons and he drives me up the damn wall sometimes, but he’s still my baby brother and I love him. I’d die for him, like I would for my other brothers. No questions asked. Raph would do the same, because he’s tender, kind and affectionate beneath that snarky and malevolent exterior you seem to think he has and he’d give the damn shell off his back. That’s the true Raph. The only reason you probably haven’t seen that is because he despises you. That pisses you off, because maybe you have feelings for him and want him, but he’s not interested. Hell hath no fury, like a woman scorned, right?”
“I’d think you’re in love with him if I didn't know better,” Mona said nastily. “And I don’t love Raphael. I don’t even like him and he doesn’t like me. He told me that and said I wasn’t good enough for you. Maybe he wants to crawl up your shell and plug your hole, but he’s settled for Slash, because he can’t have you. Now that’s a more reasonable explanation than me liking him. I like nothing about him.”
Leo wrinkled his beak in disgust at the crass words and said, “He’s not gay and he wouldn’t want
me. We’re brothers. It’d be wrong.”

“Not biologically. You know what, Leonardo? There’s a fine line between love and hate. Perhaps Raphael pretended to loathe Slash, because he feared the backlash that’d follow if he revealed they were an item and that’s why he pretended he liked girls. Think about it. The Bushido code. Your clan’s honor. His coming out would have jeopardized that and your Sensei’s old fashioned. He wouldn’t have approved. Baby, listen to me. That makes sense. You know I’m right. Raphael prides himself on his masculinity and he’d be embarrassed if anyone found out he liked girls. He’d be a disgrace, an embarrassment. Rightly so. I think it’s disgusting. Raphael will come home when and if he wants. You can’t keep running after him, Leonardo. He has to stand on his own two feet. He wants to do that now, else he’d have been in contact and would tell you where he is.”

Leo furrowed his brow in thought. Maybe his girlfriend was right and Raphael had run off with Slash. It made sense if Raphael was gay that he hadn’t told his family, because they'd be mortified if they found out, knowing their views on homosexuality. Well, Splinter, Mikey and Donnie’s views. Leo didn’t give a shit what sexual orientation his brother had. He loved him, would always love him and just wanted to know he was safe. Then he could rest.

“Okay. So he could be gay, Mona,” Leo said. “I don’t give a damn if he is, but he’s still out in this horrendous weather. I need to see him and to know he is okay for my own peace of mind. Straight or not, he’s still my baby brother and my responsibility. You wouldn’t understand that, being an only kid, but no matter how old he is he’ll always be my baby brother and I’ll always worry about him. Another scenario is that Raph was kidnapped and is in severe danger, especially as he’s damn intersex and Slash will try to breed with him, but the kicker’s that his chromosomes are changing. He’s becoming a girl and he doesn’t even know it. Slash will suspect and then it’s hell for Raph. Slash will dominate him and will breed him like an animal and he'll be powerless to defend himself. Slash might even go as far as to incapacitate Raph, so he won’t fight, like break his legs or whatever. Do you understand? He’s a raging psychopath and my sweet brother’s in deep trouble.”

The others’ jaws dropped in astonishment.

Mona was the first to recover and said, “He’s intersex, Leonardo? I always thought he was male.”

“Donnie found out last year and didn’t tell him, because he thought we’d never find mates and it wasn’t necessary.”

Revulsion flashed on Mona’s face and she said, “That’s fucked up. He really is a freak.”

Leo’s heart sank. It was clear she detested his brother. How would she feel if he told her he had the same condition? He couldn’t do that. Couldn’t stand seeing her look at him like he was a freak that should never have been born. And how could she say that about his brother? It wasn’t Raph’s fault he had the condition. How could she be so callous? Maybe she was jealous of him? But why? Leo wasn’t in love with his brother. He’d adored her. It made no sense at all.

“Whatever my brother is and whatever the situation,” Leo said coolly. “We have to find him. I need to know he’s safe. Your feelings about Raph are very clear, Mona. He can’t help his condition. He didn’t ask for it and I expect you to treat him with respect.”

“You mean her,” Mona said snidely. “Sure. I’ll buy her a dress for Christmas. And you make it sound like I’m a bitch. Raphael was rude to…..”

“I DON’T CARE!” Leo roared, his blue eyes blazing. “He’s missing. I’m going to look for him. I came here to ask for help. Not for a lecture on how repulsive and awful my baby brother is. Shove your opinions up your ass, Mona, and he had a point. You’re being a bitch and have been extremely unhelpful. I need help and comfort. Not insults. He’s my family. You have to fucking accept that or we’re done!”

“How dare you,” Mona hissed, her own eyes flashing. “I think you love Raphael more than me.
You always defend him and now I’m the bitch once again!”

“Enough!” Leatherhead shouted. “This bickering isn’t helping any. Leonardo, have you tried tracing Raphael’s phone?”

“He left it at the lair.”

Mona Lisa crossed her arms, fuming at her boyfriend’s treatment of her.

He’s unreasonable, she thought. I wasn’t attacking Raphael. I was merely being honest and trying to assist him by seeing things in a new light. Yet he thought badly about me!

“Have you tried tracking Slash’s cell?” Mondo asked.

“He’d have ditched it,” Leo said glumly. “He’s not as dumb as people think.”

The door opened and Man-Ray and Dreadmon entered the warehouse. Leo told them everything.

“Hmm,” Dreadmon said, rubbing his chin. “I think I know where to find your brother, Leonardo.”

“Where?” Leo asked eagerly.

“Bear Mountain Park. I’ve been there with Slash a few times and he mentioned it’s his favorite place. It’s highly possible he’s there, however the terrain is vast and the weather’s…."

“I can handle the weather. What’s a little snow? What are we waiting for?”

“No, Leonardo. You don’t understand. It’s severe. The lakes are iced over. There could be avalanches. You could freeze to death.”

“So you won’t help me?” Leo said irately.

“It’s best to wait until Spring,” Man-Ray said.

“That’s months away!” Leo yelled. “I can’t and seeing as no one’s going to help me, I’ll go alone.”

Leo glared daggers at everyone, stalked out and slammed the door behind him.

I’m coming, Raph, Leo thought. I’ll find you. I’ll save you if you’re in trouble and will bring you home and there’s nothing to be ashamed of if you’re gay. I’ll always love you and will be there for you. Nothing will ever change that.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Will Leo find Raph or will he perish in the harsh weather conditions?

Thank you for reading, following, the reviews and kudos. :)
Degradation

Chapter Summary

Raphael's subjected to more abuse when he enrages Slash.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Slash trudged through the snow back to the cabin, thinking about the family he’d soon have. He’d dreamed of being a dad, of having babies with the volatile turtle, had thought he may have to kidnap Raphael and implant him with a uterus and ovaries. But he’d joyfully discovered that Raphael was intersex and even better he was transforming into a girl. Luscious Lisa would be continuously bred, her plastron swollen with their young. Slash’s dreams were becoming a reality. Wasn’t life sweet? Raphael was now a blubbery drip. So much better than his argumentative, crass and macho former self. He was perfection now. Docile and a plaything. That was his purpose and perching on his Master’s cock or writhing underneath him, like a good little Omega. Slash had always known that. It’d just taken the asinine smaller turtle time to accept. It hadn’t really taken much time to break the emerald skinned turtle. How long would it take Leonardo or Michelangelo? Slash was eager to find out.

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Slash entered the cabin and looked at his prey, who trembled when he saw him, his green eyes brimming with tears.

“You been a good sissy?” Slash demanded, his eyes flinty, getting up close, his face mere inches from Raphael’s, his breath tickling the smaller turtle’s neck. “Did you piss or shit on yourself?”

“N-no, Master,” Raphael stammered. “I held it in. Didn’t wanna make ya mad.”

“Do you need the bathroom, shitface?”

Raphael flushed in embarrassment and said, “Real bad.”

Slash removed Raphael’s cockring.

The turtle immediately came, hot jets of ropey cum coating his plastron and the floor and enraging his Master, who glowered at him.

Raphael quailed and said, “Master, I didn’t mean ta cum. It just happened. It was restricted and the build-up....”

“I don’t fucking need a biology lesson from you, gnat. You need the toilet. Here’s a fucking bucket,” Slash said, moving a bucket underneath Raphael’s rump. “You shit and piss in that and you’ll clean up any fucking messes with your tongue. Do you understand me?” Slash demanded and pinched Raphael’s tail.

Raphael yelped and stammered, “Y-yes. Master, do ya gotta watch? Can I have some privacy? Please? Ain’t used ta people watchin’ me when I gotta take a leak.”

“You insolent shit. How dare you ask such a thing! Privacy? As if. Who do you think you are? A diva? Fucking get it over with. Daddy’s horny and you’re making him wait!”

Raphael trembled, his shoulders quaking, as tears rained down his cheeks. It was so degrading
doing his business in a bucket and someone watching him, as he did so.

What if I mess, Raphael thought fearfully? Master will tan my hide. Oh, fuck. Steady. Don’t miss
the bucket. Don’t.

“Stop shaking like a fucking leaf, Raphie, and piss already. I haven’t got all day!” Slash roared.
“Gosh. You really are pitiful. Leonardo would laugh at you if he saw you now. Look at you peeing
in a bucket and stripped of your pride. Not so tough now, are you, Raphie? You can’t call yourself
a boy, can you? Real men don’t cry and snivel.”

Tears rolling down his cheeks, a humiliated Raphael peed, desperately trying to stay in the bucket,
but some of his pee landed on the floor and onto Slash’s feet to his immense horror.

Slash’s eyes blazed and he backhanded Raphael across his face so hard his head spun. Then he
untied Raphael, flung him onto the floor, plastron down, planted a foot into the small of Raphael’s
back and yelled, “Clean up your fucking mess. I warned you. There’ll be severe consequences if
you don’t.”

“Master,” Raphael moaned, his face in the puddle of urine, the acrid smell assaulting his nostrils
and causing his stomach to churn in revulsion. Petrified, he shat on himself, the foul odor
permeating the room. A blinding white hot pain coursed through his wounded arm and leg and he
mewled, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean ta….”

“I don’t want excuses. Clean up your fucking mess. Now. I won’t tell you a third time, Raphie!
Want me to go after Leonardo and Michelangelo and bring them to our party? I bet Leonardo
would look cute underneath me, as I plug and stretch his little hole. Yes. I like that idea very much.
Mikey would look delectable sitting on my fat cock. The leader, the so called Alpha and the
prankster all part of my harem. The others will need names of course. Feminine. Leonardo will be
called Bluebelle and Michelangelo will be Katie.”

“M-Master, I’ll do what ya want. Ya know that. Don’t hurt them. I’m yers, okay?” Raphael
pleaded, terrified his brothers would also be captured and sentenced to the same fate as him.

“You don’t tell me what to do, Raphie. I call the shots around here. You’re a fucktoy. That’s all.
You don’t get to make decisions. Drink up.”

Tears streaming down his cheeks, Raphael licked up the warm, salty and slightly bitter urine that
burned his throat, as it went down.

I wanna gag, Raphael thought. It tastes ghastly. I feel sick and scared. I miss my brothers,
especially Leo. He was always able ta calm me down. I’d give anythin’ ta see them again, but I
know I never will. I know this is my fate, but I don't wanna see them suffer this way. Gotta
convince Master not ta go after them and that I’m enough.

Slash listened to Raphael lapping up the urine and condescendingly patted his rump, as he said
sneeringly, “You’re an excellent piss licker, Raphie. Want some more?”

Slash stood up, turned over the emerald skinned turtle, forced his mouth open and shot a long
stream of yellow urine down his throat.

The smaller turtle coughed, spluttered, his eyes wide in alarm.

The villain chuckled and said, ”Never thought you liked water sports, Raphie. You’re a kinky
bastard. Shall we try scat next?”

Bile rose in Raphael’s throat. He sat up and quickly upchucked what he’d been forced to intake.
Then he said miserably, “I don’t care what ya do. I’m yers ta do with as ya want. Ya want water
sports, I’ll do it. Ya want scat, I’ll do it. I’m yer fucktoy and a thing ta be despised, but ya don’t
“Jealous they’ll outshine you? Leonardo always did. You were always in his shadow.”
“Pretty much. I’m all ya need, Master. I’m yer fantasy. They ain’t. Leo’s so borin’ and Mikey would drive ya insane,” Raphael said and crawled to his Master. He purred and kissed his Master’s feet. “I’m yers and I’m enough. Leo’s a douche. He’s a supercilious bastard, ya know?”
“You weren’t so easy yourself, Raphie, but look at you now. You’re a weak little sissy boy, aren’t you? I so wish Splinter could see you now. He’d be ashamed. Rightfully so. Look at you. You sure have changed, but for the better. You were too arrogant. I’ll make you a deal, Raphie. You be a good little sissy and I might not seek your brothers,” Slash lied. “But you cross me and I’ll go hunting for them.”
“Ya’ll see,” Raphael said wretchedly. “I’ll be the best sissy. Yer sissy. Ya won’t want no one else. I’m yers, Master. Ya wanna fuck?” He lay down and spread his legs, still covered in his excrement. Then he wagged his tail invitingly and said huskily, “I’m yers for the takin’, Master. Need ya thick rod in me. It belongs there. Feels so empty without it.”
“After your bath,” Slash said, looking at him in revulsion. “I’ll be back in a minute,” he added and headed to the kitchen.

Raphael watched him leave and studied the front door.

Should I try ta escape with my dodgy leg, Raphael thought? Should I? Master will pissed if I do. Leo. I wanna see Leo again. Wanna tell him I’m sorry for bein’ a shit ta him. Wanna… I don’t know what ta do. Raph, think, think. I can’t think. I… My leg and arm hurt like a bitch. I… What would Leo do? Fearless wouldn’t let them break him. He’d try to flee, even if he was busted up. He’s brave and noble. I’m just a pathetic creature ta be played with and fucked. That’s all I am. Leo. I can’t. I’m sorry, Fearless. I let ya down. I let Slash destroy me. I ain’t ya. I’m just…. An image of Leo looking at him sternly flashed in his mind and he cringed.

“Leo,” Raphael whispered. “Don’t look at me that way, Leo. I’m sorry I’m a disgrace, but ya don’t understand. I can’t do nothin’. I’m too scared ta. I don’t got no confidence and it ain’t so bad. Slash fucks me and it’s kinda nice sometimes. Try ta understand, okay?”

Slash appeared with a kettle and a cloth. He poured water onto the cloth and began cleaning Raphael.

“Leo, I’m sorry. Don’t hate me. Please,” Raphael muttered.
“Everyone does, Raphie,” Slash said. “They loathe you and you can never go home. You’re tainted and a fag. What would Splinter say? You violated the Bushido code. Weren’t you supposed to remain a virgin? And you’re gay. Not exactly things to boast about, but I have you and you’re safe here with me, your Master. Leonardo never understood you either, but I did,” Slash said and nipped Raphael’s collarbone, making him squeal. “I always knew who you were. I knew your true potential, didn’t I? I’ve given you a home, food and sex. You’d have been a virgin forever if it hadn’t been for me. And you’ll soon bear young. Lots of them. Isn’t that amazing? My young. My babies.”
“Yes, Master. Babies. Lots. Want them. Wanna be a daddy so bad.”
“Mommy, Raphie. You’re a sissy and hardly worthy of being called a man. Keep that in mind!”
“Mommy. Sorry, Master. Don’t get mad.”

Slash finished cleaning Raphael. Then he gave him a tongue bath, licking him all over with his leathery tongue.

It was sensual and so arousing that the smaller turtle churred and dropped down, his cock leaking precum. Covered in Slash’s saliva, he was once again claimed and he liked it.
Slash beamed. “You’re an eager sissy. Going to pound you good.”

Raphael shut his eyes, as his Master slid his huge cock into him and started pounding away.

That’s it, Raphael thought. Was kinda empty without his cock in me. I need it. Need him. Need his strength to protect me and he does love me, don’t he? He just wants the best for me. Didn’t he say that?

Raphael’s nostrils flared, as he breathed in Slash’s heavy musk. His eyes grew hooded, his lips parted, as he panted and his heart raced.

“I’m such a lucky guy to be stuffed by my lovin’ Master, Raphael thought. He was only cross, because I was bad. I’m gonna be so good and never gonna be naughty again. I don’t wanna anger him and I wanna make him proud of me. I need his praise. Argh! That’s so fuckin’ heavenly. I don’t want him to stop.”

“Master, don’t stop,” Raphael whispered, opening his eyes. “I need yer cum. I love it. I’m so grateful I got ya.”

Slash bit him all over, leaving angry welts that’d leave bruises for days. Savage, brutal. He didn’t believe in showing his softer side. Maybe to his young, but probably not. That was the mommy’s job. He’d be the disciplinarian and punish them all if they stepped out of line.

“Hmm,” Slash said, raising his head and looking into Raphael’s eyes. “Just took you some time to realize that, my pet. I just had to wear you down, didn’t I? But I did. Oh. You’re a prize all right, now that you’re tamed and submissive. I can’t wait until you’re as round as a peach. I have a kink for chubby girls. Did I ever tell you I’ve banged a few chubby human girls? Forcefully, of course. I had to tie them up and they screamed, as I plowed them. Music to my ears. Their blubber wobbling, as I fucked them. Just gorgeous. I wonder how fat you’ll be. Mmm. Fat sissy Raphie or should I say Lisa? I reckon you’ll be a pretty girl.”

His lust-fuelled mind blank, Raphael didn’t hear him.

Slash grinned sadistically and rammed harder into Raphael.

Shortly after, Slash gave a final thrust and came, shooting his essence deep inside of Raphael.

The smaller turtle churred and climaxed, his essence painting his plastron white.

Raphael came out of his trance and whispered breathlessly, “It’s great feelin’ needed and loved. I never felt it back home.”

“I know,” Slash said, pulling out. He nipped Raphael’s collarbone and he shrieked. “I knew you needed me. I gave you a purpose and helped you realize and embrace the real you. I gave you what your brothers never did. Acceptance and the freedom to be yourself. I did. They failed you. They damned you, never understood you,” Slash said and cupped Raphael’s face with his calloused hands. “I did all of that and I’ll soon give you young. I’m an Alpha, tough and brave and your boss. You’re nothing without me.”

“True. I don’t know what I’d do without ya, Master,” Raphael said and nuzzled his beak against Slash’s hands. “I’m real sorry for pissin’ ya off earlier. I didn’t mean ta mess. It won’t happen again.”

“It had better not,” Slash warned. “I’ll cut off that small thing you call a cock if it does. Do I make myself clear?”


“Wonderful. It’s bed time.” Slash picked up the smaller turtle and said, “You’ll sleep with me...
Tonight.”
“Thank ya, Master. I’m honored.”

Slash went to the bedroom.

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Slash lay on the bed and positioned Raphael on the lower half of his body, so that the smaller turtle’s head was shoved into his groin, his nostrils flared, as he inhaled his Master’s comforting and intoxicating scent. Slash wrapped his arms around him to keep him in place.

I sincerely doubt I’ll ever get trouble again from Lisa, Slash thought and closed his eyes.

Raphael soon fell asleep, his plastron rising and falling with each gentle breath.

FLASHBACK: FIVE MONTHS PRIOR: JUNE 16

Raphael found himself sitting on his bed in his room, his head in his hands, tears rolling down his cheeks. He’d been sent there after coming home drunk. Splinter had caught him sneaking into the lair, had hit him with his cane and ordered him to his room. Angry and hurt, Raphael felt like no one loved him.

The door opened and Leo stood there.

"Can I come in, Raph?" Leo asked.
“Go away, Fearless,” Raphael hissed, wiping away tears with the back of his hand.
Leo closed the door and stepped closer. “I heard what happened. I know you snuck out, snuck back in and you’ve been drinking. I know you drink to numb your pain. Let me tell you a secret. I tried a bong to help me with…”

Green eyes stared at Leo in amazement. “Ya smoked a bong?” Raphael said, stunned.
“Sure did. Thought it’d help me forget my problems, but you know what? They were still there when I came out of my stupor. They’re still there when you’re sober, but I did find talking helps. I sometimes talk to Donnie. You should try it, instead of running the risk of dying from cirrhosis before you’re twenty-five.”
“Yeah. I’ll stick ta drinkin’. People don’t get me, they don’t wanna and no one loves me. I’m a liability and it’s better I…”

“Rubbish,” Leo said and sat down next to him. Raphael stiffened, but Leo continued. “We love you. I love you, Raph. It kills me seeing you harming yourself with alcohol and goodness knows what else. I don’t want to lose you. None of us does. You’re my second-in-command. I doubt Donnie or Mikey would be as good as you and who else would keep me on my toes? You help me be a better leader and brother.”

“Ya don’t need me, Leo. I’ve done nothin’ but be a shit ta ya our entire lives. Wouldn’t ya be glad ta be ridda me?”
“No. I’d be lost without you, brother. Honestly. You keep me grounded, you remind me I’m not as powerful as I think and ensure I’m not arrogant. Nobody does that better than you. You want me to become haughty again?”

Raphael chuckled. “Someone’s gotta do that.”
“See,” Leo said and touched his temple to his brother’s, who uncharacteristically didn’t shift away from the affection. “I need you, Raph. Please don’t shut me out. Please stop this binge drinking and talk to me when you’re hurting. I swear I’ll listen and I’ll try to understand. I won’t yell and lecture. I worry so much about you.”
“Ya really need me that bad, huh?”
“Yes.”
“Okay. I’ll stop drinkin’ so much, but ya talk ta me too, Leo. Don’t bottle things up and share if ya
“I promise. Wait. You want a bong?” Leo said, raising his head.
Raphael lifted his head and smiled. “No. I was kiddin’. I’m sorry I worried ya, Leo.”
Leo wrapped his arms around his brother and said, “I love you. Never doubt that, Raph. I lecture
sometimes, but it’s because I want the best for you. I want you to be happy and to live a long life.
I’ll always have your back.”
Raphael sniffed, as tears filled his eyes. He choked out a sob and said, “Don’t ya fuckin’ tell the
others I cried, okay? Don’t wanna ruin my tough guy image.”
Leo laughed and said, “I promise.”
“I love ya too, Leo, and I’ll also always have yer back. And don’t tell no one, but yer my favorite
bro.”
“I swear,” Leo said, breaking apart. He looked at Raphael warmly and said, “You’re an awesome
guy, Raph. I hope you’ll believe it and will stop beating yourself up.”

PRESENT DAY: NOVEMBER 23

Green eyes opened.

Master was wrong, Raphael thought. Leo does love me. He always had my back. What am I doin’?
I gotta…I’m so scared. Master will kill me if I try to leave, but Leo? I can’t disappoint my bro, who
loves me. What the fuck do I do?

Raphael wrestled with his decision for hours and finally made up his mind after digging deep. He
found one last shred of courage, a final ounce, as he thought about Leo’s love. Leo, who’d always
been there for him, even when he’d been obstinate, ungrateful, a shit, cantankerous and rude as
hell. Leo’s love for him had never wavered.

I’m gonna try ta get outta here for Fearless, Raphael thought. I owe it ta him. I don’t know what
the others will think ‘bout me, but Leo will take care of me. He’ll help me with whatever I need.
Gotta try. Gonna try when Slash least expects it.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Yay. Another chapter. Will Raph escape?

Thanks to all reading and reviewing and for the kudos.
**Bear Mountain Park**

Chapter Summary

Leo, Don, Mikey and Casey search for Raphael in Bear Mountain Park

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Don knocked on Leo’s door and said, “Leo? We’re heading out. Leo?”

Receiving no answer, he went inside the room and was stunned to see it was empty.

Where on earth can Leo be, Don thought? Realization suddenly hit him and he thought in abject horror, Leo’s gone looking for Raph in this atrocious weather. We have to find him.

Don dialed a number and said, “Leo, where the heck are you? You shouldn’t be out…..”

“I have a possible lead about Raph. I visited the Mutanimals and they think he’s in Bear Mountain Park. Bring the van, Donnie. I’m on Hudson Avenue. I’ll wait for you.”

“Leo, are you insane? Look at the weather and…..”

“Fuck the weather! We owe it to Raph to look for him now. Bring our warm clothing and supplies. I’m waiting,” Leo said and disconnected the call.

Don cursed and went to tell April, Casey, Mikey and Splinter.

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“Be careful, my sons,” Splinter said, placing his paws on Mikey and Don’s shoulders. “I do not wish to lose you.”

Don nodded and said, “Mikey will drive the van. Casey, you’ll come with us. I want you to stay with Sensei, April.”

“But…..”

“No buts. We’ll be in contact if we can. Come on, guys.”

Casey, Mikey and Don packed supplies, warm clothing, a machine to stay in contact with April and a map of Bear Mountain Park. Then they piled into the van and headed to Hudson Avenue.

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They spotted Leo a while later and pulled up next to him.

Leo gratefully hopped into the van, glad to be out of the cold. He shivered, as he donned a thick coat and a custom made pair of boots. April had had them made for the brothers.

“This is your stop, Casey,” Don said. “Initially I thought you should come along, but on second thought you should stay with April. She needs you.”

“But, Raph’s my friend,” Casey protested. “I have to help him. I’d be no use at the lair, Donnie. I’d only get underfoot and I’d go insane. I have to be out in the field. Please.” He turned to Leo and added, “Come on, Leo. Please. You can’t make me go back to the lair and sit twiddling my
“I can,” Leo said firmly. “Your wedding’s coming up, Casey, and I don’t want you to miss it, okay? There’s a chance you will if you come with us. The Mutanimals talked about avalanches, the iced over lakes, which could crack, the harsh weather could make us freeze to death, we could run out of supplies and….You’re staying.”

“Screw you, pal,” Casey spat. “I’m not. I’ll take my chances, Leo. April understands….”

“Will she when you don’t return?”

“Guys,” Mikey chimed in. “We need to go. Casey, get out of the damn car now.”

“The hell I will. I understand the risks, Leo. I’m willing to risk my life. Raph did many times for me and I wouldn’t forgive myself if I didn’t do something to help him. I owe him that, so cut the BS and drive to Bear Mountain Park!” Casey hissed.

“Stubborn bastard,” Leo muttered. “Mikey, floor it.”

Mikey gunned the engine.

A couple of hours later, they pulled up outside the gates of Bear Mountain Park.

Not seeing anyone about, they drove inside for quite a distance.

Then they parked and the rest of them donned warm clothing and their boots.

Leo jumped out, as the rest joined him. They carried bags containing the supplies.

Leo grabbed a stick to use for support and said, “It’s stopped snowing, but be careful where you walk, okay? It’s slippery in places. Don’t wander off either. We need to stick together. Donnie, you brought a machine to stay in contact with April. Is it working?”

“It’s battery powered, Leo, and should run for a few hours. I have spares in my duffel bag.”

“Use sticks for support and be careful, team.”

“We don’t actually know where Raph is, Leo, so the trek could take days,” Mikey said.

“Yes, but I suspect Slash is on higher ground, where few people go if he is here. Donnie, do you have a map?”

“Yes. Mikey has it in his bag, Leo,” Donnie said.

“Get it out.” Mikey did and handed it Leo. “Hmm. There’s a cave about four hours from here. We’ll stop there, have a bite to eat and continue.”

“Um, Leo,” Casey said, looking at the vast terrain that was blanketed by snow. “You really think we’ll find Raph?”

“We have to. Look, there’s still time to turn around if you’re worried.”

“I’m not. I’m just saying we don’t even know where to begin. This is like finding a needle in a haystack and we don’t even know Raph’s here for sure.”

“I do. I have a gut feeling he’s here somewhere. My gut’s hardly ever wrong. I’m going. I will find him, even if it means losing my life in the process. If any of you are having doubts you can turn back now. I won’t hold it against it you, but I can’t and won’t give up on finding him. He is here somewhere and he needs us more than he’s ever needed us. I have a feeling Slash is mercilessly abusing Raph and he’s broken in heart, body and soul. Our tough and courageous brother. You know, if any of you were in that position Raph would immediately go looking for you. He wouldn’t stop to contemplate the risks, the warrior he is and he’d gladly lose his life it meant you thumbs.”
were safe.”

Mikey nodded and said, as he grabbed a stick. “Count me in. I won’t let Raph down.”

“Me either,” Casey said, picking up a stick. “I trust you, Leo. I was just stating a fact. The park is huge.”

“I’m in too,” Don said, grabbing a stick. He heard April on her end of the radio and said, “We’re starting now, April. Will be in touch.”

Leo led and thought, as they trudged through the icy environment and he avoided slippery patches of ice, please let us find Raph. Please.

Leo looked up at the sky and whispered, “Raph, we’re coming. Hold on, little brother. Hold on.”

The cold wind stung his and his pals’ faces, but they bravely soldiered on, determined to bring Raphael home at any cost.

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Four hours later, the gang arrived at the cave and plopped down inside.

“Man, I’m beat,” Casey said and panted. “And starved. Where’s the grub?”

“Coming up,” Mikey said and withdrew energy bars from his bag. He handed them to the others and took one for himself.

“Thanks,” Casey said and took a large bite. “But that won’t fill us.”

“We have to go easy with the supplies,” Leo said and took a small bite of his energy bar. We’ll have more to eat at our next stop. Ready?”

“Leo,” Don said and tucked into his energy bar. “We’ve barely been here three minutes!”

“I know, but I can’t sit around anymore.”

“Too bad,” Don said, glancing out of the cave. “It’s started snowing again. We’ll have to crash here until it abates.”

“I agree,” Mikey said around a mouthful. “Besides, I’m also tired. You could also use a bit of rest, Leo. You look drained.”

“I’m fine and I’ll be better when we’ve found Raph. I can’t stop thinking about him and what that madman must be doing to him. Bastard. I’m going to kill Slash,” Leo vowed, his eyes blazing and clenching his fists.

Casey had been informed about Raphael’s condition. He said, “Do you really think Slash will breed with Raph?”

“Yes,” Don said. “Rape is a form of control, Case. There’s no doubt in my mind that he’ll do it and he’ll use the kids as a weapon to get Raph to stay with him, because he knows Raph doesn’t know the terrain and can’t leave with them. All of it will crush Raph.”

“But he’ll recover with our support,” Leo said. “We’ll see to it.”

“And if there are babies, Leo?” Casey asked.

“We’ll take them home if Raph wants them and we’ll love them, but he might not, because they’ll remind him of his abuse. Get some sleep then. I’ll try to as well.”

Mikey, Casey and Don sat down, backs against the wall, and soon fell asleep, but Leo was unable to. All he could think about was his precious baby brother and how petrified he must be.
Soon, Raph, Leo thought. Soon. Hold on. We’ll find you and we’ll kill that bastard. We’ll take you home and we’ll be a family again. Hold on. Please.

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The snow abated a few hours later and they continued their trek.

They hadn’t gone far when Leo heard a roaring and crunching sound from behind him.

It can’t be, can it, Leo thought?

Leo froze in his tracks. It’d suddenly gone quiet.

Then there was a slight ringing sound, like a clink of a metal pin falling off of a table and falling, slowly spinning as it fell to the ground.

That was what Leo thought it sounded like.

Everything seemed to be in slow motion now.

Leo then heard what sounded like squawking. He looked up and saw a flock of blackbirds, which seemed to be flying away from something. Something had spooked them, but what?

He turned his head to see what could have scared them and saw a solid white mass falling towards him, rolling so quickly Leo knew he didn’t stand a chance.

“Donnie, Mikey! Casey!” Leo screamed, as the mass neared him. “Avalanche!”

This is the moment, I die, Leo thought, as he remained frozen in shock. Raph, I’m so sorry, little brother. I failed you.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Yay. Another chapter. Thanks for all the kudos and feedback. :)

Did the guys make it?
Dominated

Chapter Summary

Leo and Mikey suffer a huge loss.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

SEVEN MINUTES PRIOR:

The large white mass cascaded towards Donnie and Mikey.

Remembering what he’d seen in a movie, Mikey immediately climbed the nearest tree right to the top and hung onto the branches for dear life. That’d saved the movie character. It’d hopefully also save him and Donnie would do the same thing. It felt like an eternity that he hung there, but the mass eventually passed by him and he slowly climbed down unhurt.

“Donnie? Leo?” Mikey shouted anxiously. Seeing no one, dread bubbled in his belly.

They didn’t make it, he thought mournfully. Oh hell. How am I going to tell Sensei and April and how will I find Raph now?

An anguished moan pulled Mikey out of his thoughts. He realized that it emanated not far away from him and he rushed towards it.

Frantically digging through the snow with his hands, Mikey soon found Donnie, whose body had been crushed by the avalanche; his breathing labored, as he gazed into Mikey’s eyes.

Pain was evident on Donnie’s face, as Mikey gripped his hand and blinked back tears.

“You’re going to make it, bro,” Mikey said tearfully. “You have to. We need you and love you. I’ll look for….”

“No, Mikey. I’m not. My injuries are severe,” Donnie said weakly. “I’m not afraid of death. It’s my time and I accept it. I love you all and I’ll miss you all so much. I’m sorry I failed you guys by dying and by not being able to find Raph. You find him, okay? Don’t give up. I’ll….”

Donnie’s words trailed off, as he shuddered a final time, his body shutting down. His eyes then grew glassy and he stared vacantly around him. Gone forever.

Unable to contain the grief and desolation he felt, Mikey threw himself onto his brother’s body and wept uncontrollably. His intelligent and loving brother was no more. Life was so damn unfair. Donnie had been such a wonderful person. He hadn’t deserved this. It wouldn’t have happened if Slash hadn’t taken Raphael. Mikey wasn’t a bloodthirsty or vengeful person by nature, but it was a different story if anyone messed with the people he loved. He’d do anything for them, even avenging their murders. He vowed he’d be the one to throttle Slash with his bare hands. It wouldn’t bring Donnie back, but it’d be justice for all the heartache that Slash had directly and indirectly caused.

Mikey heard voices in the distance and his heart skipped a beat.
The guys, he thought. They made it. Have to go to them.

He pressed a kiss to Donnie’s temple and then headed to the source of the voices, his head bowed, tears running down his face and wondering how to break the news of Donnie’s death to the others.

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Seeing Leo rooted to the spot, Casey ignored his own safety and lunged at him, pushing him out of harm’s way and falling hard to the ground, his body shielding Leo’s. The white mass continued rolling, destroying everything it encountered: trees, bushes and of course whatever wildlife happened to be in the wrong place. A solitary hawk hovered above, shocked that its intended victim had been swept away and an eerie stillness now reigned.

Panting hard, Casey climbed off of Leo and said, “Leo, you okay?”
Leo sat up and said shakily, “Yeah. Thank you. You saved my life. I thought I was a goner.”
“No problem, pal.”
“Did Donnie and Mikey make it?” Leo asked worriedly.
“I don’t know, Leo. I hope so, but...” Casey said and gestured towards the damage caused by the avalanche. “Nothing could withstand that.”

Leo was about to reply, when he saw a familiar figure walking towards them, its head lowered. It was Mikey.

Leo rushed to Mikey's side, grateful he'd survived, but fearful he was about to learn heartrending news. Something that’d devastate their family and that’d leave a huge void in it forever. The loss of another brother.

Mikey raised his head.

Leo saw he’d been crying and just knew. Donnie, their genius brother, was gone. No words were necessary. He pulled Mikey in for a hug and both sobbed freely, the leader allowing himself to mourn, instead of maintaining his usual stoicism. His brother, his baby brother, was gone and nothing would ever be the same again. Leo’s heart ached for Donnie, who’d often been his confidante. The mild-mannered genius had been taken too young and it was all Slash’s fault. None of them would be here if the bastard hadn't kidnapped Raphael and Donnie would still be alive. Leo’s blood boiled at the thought and he imagined avenging Donnie by killing Slash with his katana. Splinter and Leo didn’t believe in vengeance, but they’d make an exception for this and in Raphael’s case.

The brothers broke apart.

Casey, who usually didn't cry, blinked back tears and said sadly, “I’m sorry, guys. Donnie was a fantastic guy and I’ll miss him.”

“Thanks, Casey,” Leo said. “Mikey, how’d it happen?” he asked in a broken voice.
Mikey wiped fresh tears away with the back of his hand and said, “He yelled that an avalanche was coming. I climbed the first tree I saw, right to the top, and hung there, praying it’d soon be over and we’d all be safe. When I climbed down...” Mikey paused and sniffed and Leo flung an arm around his waist.
“It’s going to be okay, Mikey,” Leo soothed and kissed his forehead.
“I found Donnie squashed like a bug. Oh, the agony he must have been in. I held his hand. He told us he loved us all and he’ll miss us so much. He told me we mustn’t give up on finding Raph and that he’s sorry he’s failed us by dying and for not being able to help us find Raph. Then he died. That was so Donnie. Always worried he was going to let us down and never thinking about
himself. Oh, Leo. What are we going to do now?” Mikey wept. “The radio was also smashed. We have no means of contacting April and all of our supplies and the map was lost in the avalanche.”

“First, we bury our brother. Then we go bring Raph home. We’re not losing him forever as well! Then we’ll mourn Donnie and will have a celebration of his life. I studied the map earlier. There’s a cabin not too far away from here that the park rangers use when the weather’s foul if my memory serves me right. Should be food there and maybe Raph’s being held there.

“I hope to hell you’re right,” Casey said. “Because I’m getting a horrible image of us having to do what they did in that movie Alive.”

“What happened in that movie?” Mikey asked.

“People were stranded in the middle of nowhere in bad weather and had no food. They had to resort to cannibalism.”

Mikey’s eyes widened in horror and he said fearfully, “I don’t want to be eaten. Leo, that’s not going to happen, is it?”

Leo glared at Casey, furious for upsetting his brother and said, “Of course not, Mikey. That was just a movie. You know a lot of movies aren’t based on facts.”

“I’m not making it up!” Casey protested. “They really did eat one another!”

Leo elbowed Casey hard and hissed, “Not helping here, Casey! Mikey, relax. No one is going to eat anyone, okay? We will find that cabin. I’ve never let you down before, have I?”

“No, but…”

“Then have faith, Mikey. Take us to Donnie, so we can say our goodbyes.”

Mikey nodded and led Casey and Leo to Donnie’s corpse.

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Leo’s eyes glistened with tears, as he studied Donnie’s prone and battered body. It was true. He was really gone.

He bent down, touched his temple to Donnie’s and whispered, “I love you and will always carry you in my heart, Donnie. I swear I’ll avenge your death and we’ll get Raph back. I promise. You didn’t fail us. You are a hero, Donnie. You always selflessly devoted your life to us all and we are going…”

“We’re going to miss you so much,” Mikey said miserably. “Nothing will ever be the same, Donnie. Not without you. What are we going to do without you?”

“I liked you, despite our differences, man,” Casey said. “I’ll miss you too. I’ll miss the bantering. You were one heck of a guy, Donnie, and I’m sad you’re gone.”

Distant thunder rumbled.

Leo looked up at the now gray sky that threatened to bucket down with rain at any moment.

“We need to find shelter,” Leo said. “And fast. We’ll bury Donnie under that bush over there and cover him with branches. Hurry. We don’t have much time before the rain comes.”

The trio lifted Donnie up, hid him under the designated bush and covered him up with branches, praying that’d be sufficient to ward off any surviving wildlife.

Leo vowed inwardly to return one day to find his brother’s remains and to give him a better burial. Donnie deserved better than being hurriedly stashed under a bush.
The thunder roared again.

Leo whispered, as tears rolled down his cheeks, “I’m sorry, Donnie. I’m so sorry. I love you. I’ll stay gold, like you always told me to and I’ll never forget you. Farewell for now, little treasured brother. Until we meet again.”

“Goodbye, Donnie,” Casey said.


Leo led Casey and Mikey up a steep path, praying that his memory had served him right and that they’d soon find the cabin, otherwise they might really have to resort to the grisly notion of cannibalism. He knew who’d have to go first. It certainly couldn’t be his little brother and he couldn’t do that to Casey. It’d have to be him. He’d willingly do it in a heartbeat to spare his brother and his friend, but he also would prefer not to, so his dad wouldn’t lose yet another son and so he, Mikey and Raphael would be reunited with their dad and they could grieve Donnie’s loss as a family. What was left of it anyway.

Mikey whispered, as if reading Leo’s thoughts, as Casey bent down to tie his loose shoelace, "I know what you’re thinking, Leo.”

“Huh?”

“That cannibalism.”

“It’s not going to happen, Mikey! Stop thinking about it!”

“I want it to be me if it has to happen,” Mikey said and swallowed hard. “I mean, I don’t want it to be me, but Casey’s going to be married and he’s going to have a bright future and...I don’t want it to be you, Leo!”

Lightning flashed.

Mikey squealed in terror. He hated thunderstorms and would often find comfort with his brothers in their rooms when they happened.

“It’s okay, Mikey,” Leo whispered. “You’re fine. I’m here.”

Another flash of lightning occurred and Mikey almost jumped out of his shell.

“It’s okay, buddy,” Casey said and placed a hand on his arm. “You’re fine. Hey, Leo, there’s a cabin on the other side of the river there. Think we can get across it?”

“If we tread carefully. Watch where you step and go slowly.”

The trio headed to the lake and cautiously picked their way across it.

Chapter End Notes

A/N A huge thank you to everyone following and reading and for all the kudos. I couldn't do it without you guys and thank you to all for your patience when I've been unable to update due to eye trouble. That's all sorted now. My eyes are fantastic again. I don't have to see my doc until next year for an update, so updates are back to normal now. Yahoo. Missed writing so much.

Did the guys make it? Will they have to resort to drastic means to stay alive if there's
no food at the cabin?
Raphael woke up, his beak still smooshed against Slash’s groin, his own cock snugly encased in the cockring. It occasionally strained against it and twitched, desperate to be released, so Raphael could finally cum, but that was impossible, because Slash had the key and it was hidden someplace only he knew. Slash’s intoxicating musk permeated the air and filled Raphael’s nostrils, as he breathed it in. Comforting. His Alpha’s.

Damn. Slash smells so good, Raphael thought. So manly. My Alpha and I’m his little Omega, his treasure. Damn ya, Raphael. Ya promised yerself ya’d try ta flee when ya got a chance. Why are ya thinkin’ those thoughts? Ya know ya gotta escape or ya’ll never see yer bros again. Think of Leo especially. What would he think of ya givin’ up so easily and acceptin’ the abuse?

Slash rolled over, so that he was on top of Raphael, his strong body pinning him down, his breath tickling Raphael’s neck.

Raphael trembled, his eyes brimming with tears. He knew what was about to happen and he knew he had to make a last effort to resist, before he was too ensnared and dominated to have the confidence.

Slash removed the cockring, bent down and nipped Raphael’s collarbone, as he roughly kneed Raphael’s legs apart. Warm cum oozed from Raphael’s cock onto the sheet, as he finally came.

Raphael summoned up his courage and punched Slash’s beak, angering the villain, who snarled, picked Raphael up and threw him onto the floor.

Pain coursed through Raphael’s body, as he hit the floor, plastron down, his unbroken leg sticking out at an awkward angle and he grimaced. Every part of him hurt. He whimpered, as Slash regarded him with hatred, his eyes blazing.

“You fucking stupid asshole!” Slash raged, picking him up and throwing him hard against the wall.

There was a sickening crack, as Raphael’s shell hit the wall. White splotches of pain erupted before his eyes, as one of his left scutes split from the underlying membrane in a deep break. He whined in agony as a searing pain coursed through him. Like nothing he’d ever felt before. He gasped and whimpered, unable to stop, as tears ran down his cheeks and as Slash leered down at him.

He’s severed parta my scutes, Raphael thought wretchedly, as he slumped onto the ground and saw blood gushing out of the wound. Fuck. It hurts like a bitch and will take forever ta heal. Oh, man. I feel like I’m gonna die. It hurts so bad.

“Look at you all filthy and sobbing, like a little pansy,” Slash scoffed. “I warned you, but you had
Raphael continued mewling, as Slash pressed his body weight onto Raphael and kneed his thighs apart.

“Slash, get offa me. I don’t want this,” Raphael begged. “Please. I know I acted like I did, but it was forced and I didn’t really want it.” Raphael pressed his tail against his body in fear and said, “Please. I don’t want this. I wanna go home. I swear I’ll tell no one ‘bout this. Take me home, please. Please. Please. I implore ya. My brothers are so worried and it’s Thanksgiving and….Ya can still visit me and the lair. I swear. I won’t tell no one. Please let me go.”

Slash rubbed Raphael’s little tail, making him cringe and thrust his finger inside of him.

Raphael stiffened. He didn’t want it. Refused. He wouldn’t take it, didn’t deserve it. So be it if he died fighting back. It’d be preferable than a lifetime of abuse with his former pet.

Slash lined his dick up at Raphael’s entrance and thrust inside of him, making the emerald skinned turtle hiss at the unwanted penetration.

Indignation, palpable fear, resentment, rage, grief and disgust flared up in the smaller turtle, as Slash fucked him hard, making him feel like he was being split in two, his ribs feeling like they were being crushed and struggling to breathe under the larger turtle’s weight. He had to fight back and now.

Slash lowered his beak and nuzzled into Raphael’s neck, as his thrusts became more savage.

Raphael took a deep breath and bit Slash’s collarbone hard, trying to assert some pride, dignity, drawing blood and making the huge turtle shriek in astonishment.

Blood dripped from Raphael’s teeth, as he gazed at his Alpha, who appeared stunned at the sudden attack, his jaw dropped.

“Back offa me,” Raphael spat, his green eyes blazing. “I don’t want it. Stay away from me, ya freak. I could never want ya, even if I were gay, which I ain’t! I’d rather die. Back off. Yer sick, Slash. Ya think ya really got me under yer thumb, huh, and that we’re gonna live together forever and have babies? Yer fuckin’ crazy. I don’t want yer kids or ya. I hate ya. I always will. Yer the biggest mistake I ever made and I fuckin’ despise ya. I wish ya were dead! Ya can kill me if ya want, but ya’ll never have my love. Not even my friendship. What ya gonna do? Hit me, cut me up some more? Go on. Do it. It’ll only reinforce my opinion of what a sadist ya are and it’ll hasten my death. I welcome that. It’d be preferable than livin’ with ya. Ya know what? Ya call yerself a man, but ya ain’t. Yer just an insecure, creepy, deranged psycho, who uses abuse ta try and get people ta love him. That ain’t a man,” Raphael spat. “Ya know what a real man is? Leo. He’s everythin’ pure, good, noble and wonderful. Ya should emulate him.”

Anger flashed on Slash’s face and he clenched his fists. Then he hit Raphael so hard he lost consciousness.

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Raphael woke up and groaned, as his jaw throbbed. He ran his tongue inside his mouth, checking if any teeth were broken or missing, but none were to his immense relief. Only his jaw hurt, so Slash must have dislocated or broken it.
"You’re awake," Slash said. “You’ve been out for six hours. I brought you some water. Your jaw should heal in a few days. It was just a huge punch. No biggie, but you’d better not test me again or you’ll lose your teeth. I’ll pull them out and I’ll force feed them to you. Do you fucking understand me? Drink some water,” he added and gave Raphael a bottle of water with a straw in it.

Raphael sipped the water, hatred bubbling through him at Slash’s words.

“I’ve decided something. You clearly don’t want this or me, so I’m going to do as you wish. I’ll take you home," Slash said.
“That’s right, but there’s a catch. You’ll go home and I’ll find someone else to live with me. Leo. He’ll be perfect. Untainted. I’m sure he’ll resist at first, but he’ll soon give in and he’ll look adorable in bed under me. Him and Michelangelo. I can’t wait to break them.”
“No!” Raphael said in panic. “Ya can’t do that. Ya don’t wanna.”
“I do. Finish your water and I’ll take you back. Just think you’ll soon be home in your warm bed and you won’t have to see me again. Isn’t that great?”
“NO!”
“What do you mean no, Raphael? You want to go home, don’t you?”
“Yes, but ya can’t do that ta my brothers. Don’t. I...” Raphael paused, as a mixture of revulsion and misery fired into him for what he was about to say. ‘Ya don’t want them. Ya want me and...I want ya. I was just playin’ with ya. Ya know I act tough and act like I don’t want stuff when I really do. Don’t take them!”
“Hmm. I don’t know. I kind of like the idea of fucking the leader of the Turtles and turning him into a submissive drip. Very appealing.”
Raphael parted his legs wide and said, “I want ya, Slash. Really I do. This was just strange for me, ya know. Sex, fuckin’ ya, but I actually love it. I love ya. I need ya. Need ya inside a me and filln’ me up. Come on. Ya know my bros can’t satisfy ya the way I can. We can be good together. Ya and me and have the babies ya want. I won’t fight ya no more. I’ll do all ya ask. I promise.”
“Really?” Slash said in disbelief.
“Really,” Raphael said and wagged his tail teasingly, hoping Slash bought it. “I promise I’ll be yer good Omega and mate for the resta my life. I’m yers, Slash, and we belong together. We always have. I was just too stubborn ta admit it, but now I see it and I want ya.”

Slash’s eyes shone with happiness. He climbed onto Raphael and forcibly kissed him, thrusting his tongue inside of the hothead, who tried not to flinch and who forced himself to return the kiss.

“I won’t go after them then,” Slash lied. “As long as you honor your promise, Raphie. I’ll be gentle if you behave and I’ll give you tons of young. I know you’ll be an excellent mommy. I’m Daddy.”
“Yeah, yeah. Whatever ya want. I’ll do everythin’ ya ask. We’ll have a terrific life. I’ll cook, clean, look after the young and love ya the way ya deserve. I was wrong sayin’ what I did. Yer incredible. I’m so lucky that a hunk like ya wants me, who ain't worthy of ya. I’m sorry I said those things. Ya know me. I sometimes say things I don't mean.”
"So you love me?"
Raphael cringed inwardly, plastered a fake smile on his face and said, "I always have. I was just too shy ta say it. I love ya madly, deeply and I always will.”
"I told you I knew you were playing hard to get. I know you better than you know yourself! Now lie still. I'm going to love you the way you want and need!"

Slash lined himself up at Raphael’s entrance and brutally thrust inside of him.

Tears welled in Raphael’s eyes, as he was roughly penetrated, Slash bucking and churring. Raphael squeezed his eyes shut, feeling a mixture of humiliation, abject misery and agony, as Slash thrust
harder and deeper, his body feeling like he was being rent into two again.

He emitted a guttural, strangled cry, as Slash announced he was coming, his spirit broken and his will to live.

Raphael gritted his teeth, as Slash gave a final thrust and pulled out of him, the larger turtle’s jizz and Raphael’s blood intermingling and dripping from Raphael’s well used hole.

Slash flopped down beside Raphael, wrapped his arms around him and pulled him close, his beak nuzzling Raphael’s neck.

“I’m glad you came around,” Slash whispered. “I’ll treat your wounds if you’re really good, but I’ll get your brothers if you act up again. Do you understand, Raph? Look at me.”

Raphael nodded, too weak and exhausted to do anything else.

“Good. Get some rest, Raphie,” Slash said and closed his eyes.

Tears spilled down Raphael’s cheeks and he stifled a whine, still in agony, as Slash snored next to him. He knew he was no longer the confident, cocky, brave Alpha he’d once been. That was his old life and it was gone forever. This was his new life.

Slash’s mate, his toy, his Omega, his to do with as he pleased.

I don't want this, Raphael thought miserably. But I won't protest and I won't fight no more, because Slash has promised he won't go after my brothers. I'll do everythin' I'm asked, so he don't gotta doubt me. I'll suck him, allow myself ta be fucked, lay eggs, whatever he asks. I know I'm destroyed and beyond help now, but my brothers are gonna be safe, unhappy and touched. That’s all that matters. I've protected them and I can be at peace knowin' I have.

An image of Leo flashed in his mind.

He thought, as fresh tears sprang to his eyes, Leo, I’m gonna miss ya so much. I hope ya don’t forget ‘bout me and all the fun times we had, ‘cause I never will.

Raphael managed to ignore his throbbing body and drifted off to sleep, dreaming about his brothers and all the happy memories they shared.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Thanks for all the kudos and reviews. You guys are the greatest.

If you're looking for more Slash/Raph fics, you should read Sleepingseeker's What he deserves. Part one and two. It's masterfully written and I'm still blown away every time I read it.

A/N Will Raph see his bros and will Slash keep his 'promise'?
Raphael suffers more abuse and pleads for Slash to fix his injuries, fearing he'll die without treatment.

Raphael whined in his sleep, plagued by memories of his brothers. How he missed them. He’d give anything to be home with them, even watching one of Mikey’s dorky Disney movies or Leo’s Space Heroes.

“Leo,” Raphael muttered. “Leo, oh, Leo. I miss ya.”

Rough hands grabbed Raphael around the throat and shoved him up against the wall, reigniting the pain in his shell that had become a dull ache.

Now it throbbed, as Raphael woke, his eyes wide and panic-stricken. He heard another scute snap and his stomach dropped, as he emitted a gargled scream.

There goes another scute, Raphael thought in alarm, as fresh blood gushed from the wound and dripped onto the floor. Fuck. He’s gonna kill me. I’m gonna die. I’m only fifteen. I ain’t had a real life yet. Is that really how I’m gonna go? Dead at his hands? What did I do ta deserve this abuse? I was only good ta Slash and treated him like a brother. Fuck. I wish I’d listened ta Leo and hadn’t given the bastard another chance, but there ain’t nothin’ I can do. I’m his until I die. I think it’s gonna be soon if he keeps this up. I’m never gonna see my bros again and tell them I love them. Never gonna tell Leo I’m sorry for bein’ a shit ta him. Leo, I’m so sorry. I wish I’d been a better brother. Now I'm never gonna get the chance to be.

“Why the fuck did ya mention that asshole?” Slash demanded, glowering at the smaller turtle, who trembled. “You in love with him?”

“No! Let me go. I can’t breathe,” Raphael said and gasped, his ribs and lungs feeling like they were crushed and on fire, as he struggled to breathe.

Slash released him and continued glaring.

Raphael rubbed his bruised throat and said weakly, “I ain’t in love with him. I love ya. It’s only been ya. Ya know that. Ya don’t gotta be jealous.”

“Then why did you mention him, Raphie? Did you and Leo have a thing? Did he fuck you before I did?” Slash asked.

“No. I was a virgin until ya. I swear. I belong ta ya. I’m yers. It was just a dream. I’m yers and that’ll never change. I never loved Leo. Not the way I love ya. Ya don’t gotta doubt me.”

Mollified somewhat, Slash peered down at him, cupped his cheek and said, “That’s right. Don’t ever forget it, Raphie. You’re mine. I own you body and soul.”

“I w-won’t,” Raphael stammered and shivered at his touch. How he hated being petted and treated like a toy, but he wouldn’t fight back. He’d promised.
Slash pushed Raphael down hard, climbed onto him and kneed his legs apart, his dick lined up at Raphael’s entrance.

Raphael screeched, as his injured shell fell onto the mattress and tears welled in his eyes.

“What the fuck’s wrong with you?” Slash demanded. “You said you love me and that you want me, so why are you crying like a weak and pathetic creature?”

“Look at me, Slash,” Raphael wept. “Look at me. I’m covered in filth, blood, I’m broken, battered, snivellin’, a huge mess.”

“You’re beautiful this way,” Slash said and stroked his cheek. “Besides, you like the pain, so stop pretending you don’t. You should see yourself. This is you. The real Raphie. You know it. You never were the Alpha you projected. That was a farce. You deserve this and me. You deserve all of it and you want it. Be a good whore and part your legs.”

“Slash, I’m gonna die if ya don’t treat my wounds,” Raphael said and gritted his teeth at the blinding pain that surged through him. The first fracture had been bad enough, but the new one was far worse. He had a feeling that an infection could set in if left untreated, that his carapace could crack and that death could follow.

“Don’t be so melodramatic. They’ll heal.”

“They w-won’t. Look, ya gotta help me. I won’t try ta escape. I’m yers forever, but an infection is gonna happen and I’m gonna die if ya don’t do somethin’ ta help me.”

“What am I supposed to do? Take you to a vet? You’ll heal, Raphie. Part your legs.” Raphael gritted his teeth again and said in a broken voice, “I won’t. I’m gonna die. The body can only take so much. Ya’ve already done a number on me, Slash, and I can’t take much more. Ya know as well as I do that the shell’s important to a turtle and that death can result if it’s injured. Do ya want me ta die?”

“No. I want my family with you. You can’t die. You’re mine, you hear me? You won’t die!” Slash yelled.

“Donnie would usually,” Raphael said and stifled a sob, “Fix me. He’s the doctor, but he can’t, so ya gotta help me. How can I honor my promise if I die, huh? I wanna honor my promise, Slash, and I…I don’t wanna leave ya. I wanna give ya the family we talked ‘bout,” Raphael lied. “I love ya, Slash. Ya’ll help me if ya love me. Please. I’m relyin’ on ya,” Raphael added, his green eyes boring into Slash’s brown ones. “Ya always claimed ta love me. Now show me. Please.”

“What do I have to do?”

“I saw a program on TV ‘bout a snappin’ turtle, who had a large tear in the skin between her neck and carapace, as well as a fracture of the carapace. They drilled a hole in the nucal and marginal scutes just above the skin tear. They managed ta…. Raphael paused, clenched his teeth in pain and said, “Suture the skin back into place usin’ the drilled holes as anchors. They cleaned the wound in the fracture area ta remove debris and dead tissue and then put screws on either side of the broken shell. They then wrapped wires ‘round the screws and tightened them ta hang the broken edges close together, like braces. They wrapped the defect in calcium hydroxide paste ta protect the bone and covered the entire area with quick-dryin’ epoxy.”

“Where the hell am I going to find all of that, Raphie? We’re in the middle of nowhere.”

“I don’t know. Every parta me hurts, Slash,” Raphael rasped. “I’m feelin’ weaker with every passin’ second. “Ya gotta do somethin’ before it’s too late. I can’t walk. All I can do is lie here and wait for my death. Help…”

Raphael’s voice trailed off, as he lost unconsciousness.

Slash looked at his quarry, shook him by the shoulders and shouted, “Wake up, Raphie!” Getting no response, he frowned and went to look for the items.

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Slash rummaged in all of the drawers and cupboards in the cabin, finding antiseptic, cloths, epoxy, screws and wires. He was also stunned to find quick-drying epoxy and calcium hydroxide paste. It was odd that a park ranger would have those items, but that didn’t matter. Now he could help his Raphie, even if he thought the emerald skinned turtle was being a drama queen about his injuries.

Slash looked for a drill, but he frowned when he remembered that the cabin had no electricity. How would he operate on his Omega without one? An idea hit him. Nails. He could shove the nail deep into his prey and then do whatever else was required. Surely it’d still work. It had to. There were no other options.

He gathered the tools and returned to the bedroom.

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Slash entered the bedroom, placed the items on the bed and inspected a still passed out Raphael’s injuries.

The emerald skinned turtle had been right all along about the extent of his injuries. Deep fractures to his scutes that could result in the cracking of his carapace and death if untreated.

Raphael also had two broken legs and a broken arm, but Slash would tend to that later. Well, just his arm. His prey didn’t need to walk and he wouldn’t. Not now. Not ever.

Slash cleaned Raphael’s wounds with the antiseptic, making sure he thoroughly disinfected them and got rid of the debris and dead skin. It was a grisly job, but he had to do it or he’d lose his prey. He’d finally managed to have Raphael and he was never going to let him go. Not to this. Not to anything ever.

He picked up a nail that was smaller than the screws, attached a screw to it with a screwdriver and drove it deep into Raphael.

Raphael woke, screamed and looked at him fearfully, his eyes brimming with tears.

“They had a drill, but we don’t have electricity, so I have to use nails, Raphie,” Slash said.

“Do what ya gotta do,” Raphael stammered.

“We don’t have anesthetic either.”

“I know. Do it, okay? I’ll deal.”

“I will. You aren’t dying on me, Raphie. I won’t let you. Hold still,” Slash said and drove another nail into his Omega, who sobbed again.

Raphael shut his eyes and tried to block out the excruciating pain, as more nails were driven into him. Damn it. Maybe he should give up and die. Was honoring his purpose worth all the torment he was enduring? Was it really? He could tell Slash he’d accepted his death, let Slash fuck him and drift off into sweet oblivion, but then what would happen to his brothers? Slash would no doubt kidnap them and would subject them to abuse. Perhaps even worse than his own. He couldn’t let that happen to them. No.

“I’m gonna make it, Raphael resolved. I’m going ta fight, do all Slash wants and maybe I’ll get ta see my brothers someday. Maybe Slash will trust me enough ta let me see them someday. Even if it’s just once ta tell them I love them.

Slash finished with the nails and got the wires. He wrapped them around the screws and tightened them to hang the broken edges together. He wrapped the defect in calcium hydroxide paste to protect the bone and covered the area with quick-drying epoxy.
The process had only taken fifteen minutes, but it’d felt like an eternity to a traumatized Raphael, who couldn’t help blubering throughout it all.

“Is it over?” Raphael asked.
“Yes,” Slash said and stroked his cheek. “All over. You should heal, but it’ll take a long time. I want to look at your other injuries.”
“Thank ya. I'm grateful.”
"You should be. It was such a hassle. You really are a nuisance, Raphie. It wouldn't have happened if you'd behaved."

Slash fetched cardboard, scissors, towels for padding, bandages, roller gauze and tape from the bathroom. He had a medical kid there. Then he returned to the bedroom.

He picked up Raphael’s broken arm and said, “I’m going to splint it. It might hurt, so relax.”
“Been through worse,” Raphael said courageously. “And I didn’t cry.”
“Rubbish. You bawled like a baby the entire time I worked on you, so stop pretending you’re a brave and macho guy. You’re not.”
“That was different. It was my body, my scutes. Ya ever had nails driven into ya without no anesthetic and fractured scutes? It’s hell, Slash. The worst pain I ever felt and ya did it ta me.”
“I’m not going to apologize. You deserved it for disrespecting me, Raphie. You're lucky I’m even helping you. I could let you die and go find your brothers. It’d be less trouble. Now shut up or I won’t fix your arm and you won’t be able to wipe your ass.”
“I’m sorry. Don’t look for them. I’ll keep quiet.”
“I’m so glad we understand one another. Never question me and only speak when you’re spoken to. Very easy rules to follow. Even a moron like you can grasp them, Raphie.”
“Y-yes, Slash,” Raphael stammered.
“It’s Master to you.”
“Master.”
“Good whore.”

Slash asked Raphael where the location of the break was. Then he cut the cardboard splint to the right size, shaped the splint to fit the arm, folded it to wrap around the arm and bent the splint to fit around the elbow. He then finished the splint by folding the remaining flaps around and taped them in place.

Padding was the next step.

Slash padded the splint with towels and positioned Raphael’s arm into it, checking that it was snug, but not tight. He placed roller gauze in Raphael’s hand to maintain the position of function.

Raphael curled his fingers slightly and the position of function had been achieved.

Slash filled the voids around the broken arm with more towels. Then he secured the splint around the broken arm with roller gauze and tape. He noticed the arm was now immobilized.

Slash made Raphael check the functionality of his hand with regards to movement, circulation and sensation.

"All good,” Raphael said. “Thank ya, Master. I feel much happier knowin’ it’s been treated.”
“Great. I’m going to get some food. You need to eat.”
“Are ya gonna treat my legs?”
“Hell no. What, so you can escape when you think I don’t notice? No way. You don’t need to walk, Raphie. Your shell is a different story and so is your arm, so you can feed yourself and don’t die on me. See, I still believe that there’s a part of you, who’ll try to resist and escape if given an
opportunity, despite your promise to me. I’m not fixing your legs. See? I do know you. You say you’re all broken and what not. Then, when I least expect it, your fucking stubborn pride makes a return and you flee. I won’t let that happen. Not now or ever. I’ll be back with the grub now.”

“I wish I’d died,” Raphael said miserably.

“Oh, really? I’d have gone after your brothers if you had. I still can, so no funny business from you, Lisa.”

“Lisa?”

“I like the name Lisa and that’s your new name from now on. Lisa. I’ll find your brothers if you refuse and question me. I’ll start with Leonardo. I’ll rape him and fill him up with my seed. He’ll bear my young. You see he’s also intersex. I like that very much. I’ll call him Bluebelle. Get it? The ex-leader in blue.”

“Leo’s intersex?”

“He is, Lisa. Hmm. I think I’ll go find him now.”

“No. I’ll answer ta Lisa. Ya don’t need Leo or Mikey. Ya just need me,” Raphael said quickly, terrified Slash would follow through with his threat.

“Good pet,” Slash said and condescendingly stroked Raphael’s tail. “I’ll see you shortly.”

Slash left the room.

Now I’m Lisa, Raphael thought. I don’t wanna be called by a chick’s name, but I got no choice or he’ll look for the guys. Hey. Is he callin’ me that to prepare for my life as a mommy? Or is he callin’ me that, because I’m turnin’ into a chick and Raphael ain’t gonna be no more soon? I ain’t gonna turn into a chick, am I? Ain’t it enough that I’m abused by Slash, gonna lay eggs and be his Omega forever? Do I gotta be a girl as well? Gonna ask him if that’s the case.

Slash returned with the food a few minutes later.

“Master, can I ask a couple of questions?” Raphael asked, as Slash sat on the bed with a steaming plate of beans.

“Fine,” Slash said.

“Am I ever gonna see my brothers again?”

“No. They’re effectively dead and I’m all you’re ever going to need. I thought I made that clear, Lisa.”

Raphael blinked back tears at the answer and said, “Why do ya call me Lisa? Is it ta demean me or for another reason?”

Slash smiled meanly and said, “You really want to know? I don’t think you can handle the answer.”

“I wanna know, because I’m still a guy, although I’m yer Omega. I got a cock, ya know.”

“Not for long,” Slash said and grinned sadistically. “It’s going to shrivel up, your voice is going to become more feminine and you’ll have a feminine body. Just perfect for bearing my young.”

Raphael stared at him in astonishment, his eyes wide. Then he screamed, forgetting his promise, as the news overwhelmed him, his shrieks echoing off the cabin walls and even reaching the woods outside, startling three people, who raced towards the source of the screaming.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Thanks for the kudos and reviews. :)

Who heard Raph's screams?
What he deserves

Chapter Summary

Raphael's cavalry arrives. Slash gets what he deserves.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“That sounds like Raph’s scream,” Leo said in a panicked tone, as he, Mikey and Casey raced towards the cabin. “The kind he makes when he’s immensely frightened. What has that monster done to him? I’m going to kill Slash!”

“Me too,” Mikey growled uncharacteristically. Gentle and even-tempered, he could be just as lethal and vicious as his brothers when it came to protecting them. “No one hurts my family and lives to tell the tale.”

“Or my pals,” Casey said. “Poor Raph. I’m going to rip the bastard a new hole!”

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An infuriated Slash reached for a rifle nearby and smacked Raphael over the head with the butt, immediately sending him into unconsciousness and causing blood to gush from the wound. Maybe the kid would have concussion now, but so what? It was better than listening to the shrieking that was giving him a migraine. Ah. Better. Now he could think. What was that? Footsteps and familiar voices. Lisa’s pals. Well, fuck them. They wouldn’t come between him and Lisa. No one would.

Slash opened the bedroom door and rapidly fired when he saw Raphael’s cavalry, a menacing expression on his face, his eyes stony.

Ambushed and with nowhere to hide, there was no way Leo, Mikey and Casey could avoid the barrage of gunfire.

Casey shrieked in pain, as two bullets slammed into his chest and groin area and he went down.

Mikey howled in agony, as a bullet tore through his left leg, shattering the bones and sending him crashing to the ground.

Leo fell to the ground, clutching his right leg, but he was lucky. It was only a flesh wound.

Slash chuckled and said sneeringly, “So much for the cavalry, huh? Nice going, Leonardo.”

“Leo, it hurts,” Mikey whined. “Leo, help me. Please. It hurts so bad!”

Casey gurgled, blood gushing from his mouth, as his life source formed a pool around him, his vision growing dimmer with every passing second.

“Leo,” Casey said weakly, his eyes glassy. “Tell April I love her and tell Raph he was the best bro and friend I could ever have wanted. Leo…..”

Leo crawled over to him, grabbed his hand and said, “No, Casey! Don’t die on us. Don’t. Don’t. You have so much to live for…..Casey…..”
“Yawn. I hate sentimental shit,” Slash said and fired a single bullet into the back of Casey’s head, thereby ending his life.

Casey’s eyes rolled back in his head, his body gave a final shudder as it shut down and he was no more.

“Casey!” Mikey screamed. “Casey, you damn bastard. How could you do that? He was our friend and supposed to be getting married soon!”
“Want a quarter to tell someone, who cares?” Slash said sarcastically. “Anyway, he’s gone. One less obstacle in my life.”

Leo stared down at Casey, blinked back tears and thought, he didn’t deserve this. No. That Slash will pay. I’ll see to it.

Leo crawled over to Mikey, held his hand and said, “It’s going to be okay, Mikey. I swear.”

“It’ll never be okay, Leonardo,” Slash said. “Because you’re now mine as well. My harem. Mine!”
“You sick fuck,” Leo snarled, his sapphire eyes flinty. “We’ll never consent to that. Where’s my brother?”
“You will, because I’ll fuck up your brothers if you don’t. You wouldn’t want that, would you? You’d do anything for your baby brothers. Even sacrificing your honor, right?”

Leo’s stomach dropped. The sicko was right. His wound wasn’t serious. He could make a break for it, but there was no way he could leave his brothers behind. Game. Set. Match. Slash had won.

“Leo, I don’t want to be his,” Mikey whined. “Leo, I want to go home!”
“Shut up! I’m tired of your whingeing!” Slash shouted and fired bullets into Mikey’s other leg and Leo’s right leg.

The injury was worse this time.

Leo fell, his face a mixture of agony, misery and shock.

Slash grinned. Now they were powerless. He’d won.

“My pets,” Slash said and beamed, as he looked at his groaning prey. “My beautiful pets. You do realize that Michelangelo will never be able to walk again. Not that he needs to. Leonardo, you might. All you’ll both do is writhe under me, as I fuck you brutally and mercilessly.”

A shiver ran down Leo’s spine, his stomach feeling like lead.

Did he do that to Raph, Leo thought? Where is he?

“I want to go home,” Mikey wailed, his blue eyes brimming with tears. “Let us go. Please. Please.”
“Nope,” Slash said and smiled sadistically. “I have a lot of fun planned for you and you’ll love it. I know. My pets. My whores. I’ll start with you, Leonardo. I think I’ll like hearing your crying the most.”

Leo gritted his teeth in pain and thought, I’ll do it if that stops him from harming my brothers. I’d do anything to spare them, even give up my life. Raph, where is he?

“Raph,” Leo said, recoiling, as Slash cupped his cheek. “Where is he? Fix Mikey. Please. Don’t worry about me. Just fix Mikey.”
“I won’t fix Michelangelo. Not now. Not ever,” Slash said. He went to the front door and locked it.
“I was careless and didn’t lock it before, but now it’s locked and your fate’s sealed.”
“Leo,” Mikey shrieked. “Leo, make the pain stop. Leo!”

Mikey’s cries pierced Leo’s heart, but there was nothing he could do. He was defenceless. They both were and Raphael probably was, wherever he was. Or maybe he was dead. Maybe that would be a blessing in disguise, because he had no doubt that he and Mikey were in for the worst torture of their lives and that they’d never see Splinter and April again. At least not alive.

Slash set down his rifle and grinning sadistically, pounced on Leo.

The leader struggled futilely in the villain’s strong grasp and was soon collared and chained to the wall, his stomach tightened in knots, knowing that now Mikey was totally at Slash’s mercy.

Leo glowered at the goon and said, “Don’t. Take me, Slash. It’s me you’ve always wanted. Not Mikey. It’s me and Raph you want. Me, because you think I poison Raph against you and Raph, because you have a twisted interest in him.”

“You’ll have to wait your turn, Leonardo!” Slash said and chuckled. “I know you’re eager, but you’ll have to. Don’t worry so much. Michelangelo’s going to love it. Come on, Michelangelo. Come to your Daddy,” Slash cooed, as he lifted Mikey into his arms.

“Leo!” Mikey bawled, tears streaming down his cheeks. “Leo! Leo, help me.”

Leo squeezed his eyes shut, as tears of his own rained down his face.

Some big brother I am, Leo thought. I can’t protect my brothers. My brothers. My poor innocent brothers.

Slash disappeared into the bedroom.

Leo opened his eyes and saw that the rifle wasn’t too far away from him. If he could only undo the chain and the collar, which was padlocked at the back, he could reach it and they’d have a shot at escaping. Maybe they’d be stuck here for a while, but a passing person would eventually find them and they’d give them the medical attention and help they so desperately needed. Maybe Slash would give him more freedom if he allowed Slash to have his way with him and he could get the rifle. It was a huge maybe, but Leo couldn’t think of another way out, other than death and that was something he didn’t wish to contemplate.

We’ve already lost Casey and Donnie, Leo thought. Our family can’t afford to lose the rest of us. I won’t allow it. I’ll gain Slash’s trust and I’ll ensure we all return home to our dad. Slash won’t win.

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Slash placed a trembling Mikey on the mattress next to his still unconscious brother and said, “We’re going to have fun, my cherry blossom.”

“Raph!” Mikey squawked, looking at his injured brother. “What did you do to him?”

“I fractured his shell, broke his legs and his spirit,” Slash said flatly, as if he were discussing the weather. “Now it’s your turn, sugar blossom,” he added and climbed onto Mikey, pinning him down with his body. ”I don’t want this. I don’t want this. Stop!”

Slash parted his legs and said, “You do and you’ll soon love it. Just like Lisa.”

“Who’s Lisa?”

“Your brother’s becoming a girl and I call her Lisa. There’s a good boy,” Slash said and lined his dick up at Mikey’s entrance. “This’ll burn, so brace yourself, sweet pea.”

“NO!” Mikey yelled, as Slash thrust his huge dick inside of him. It stung like hell and tears pricked his eyes. “STOP!”
Slash ignored Mikey and fucked him mercilessly and savagely, taking great delight in his sobs and the blood that dripped out of his abused hole. He had no doubt the youngster would soon be as tame as Raphael. Life was good. He’d soon break Leonardo as well and he’d have gorgeous babies the following year. Yes. Life was perfect.

Slash nipped Mikey’s collarbone, making him mewl, as he pounded away, his eyes glazed over with lust and churring loudly.

The pain soon turned to pleasure to Mikey’s consternation, as Slash repeatedly stabbed his prostate. He churred, his heart racing, his mouth open, as the onslaught continued.

I shouldn’t like this, Mikey thought in horror, his brain switching, as Slash’s strong musk filled his nostrils, his mind turning to slush. I should fight. I should. I don’t want this, but damn, that feels so good. My Alpha, my Master. It feels right.

Slash sensed the change in him and said, “That’s right. You know your place, don’t you, pet? Under me, my cock in your hole and full of my seed. I’m your Master. You’re my slut and pet, aren’t you?”


“Good boy,” Slash praised and kissed his plastron. “Such a good boy. Now I have you all. My harem. Leonardo is Bluebelle and you’re Katie. My sweet maids,” Slash said and fondled Mikey’s little tail. “My girls.”

“Yes, Master!” Mikey churred. “Oh, this feels amazing. I belong here. Your pet. Yours!”

Slash fucked Mikey for a long time, the prankster’s churring growing increasingly louder, each moan feeling like a dagger in Leo’s heart.

Slash gave a final thrust and emptied his seed inside of Mikey.

Then he pulled out, stood up and said, “You can sleep with Lisa tonight. I’m going to make some dinner. See you in a bit, Katie.”

Worn out and his legs and ass aching, Mikey drifted off to sleep, only to be woken by Raphael a short later.

“Mikey?” Raphael said in amazement. “Mikey, yer here? Where are Leo and Donnie?”

“Donnie’s dead,” Mikey said sadly. “Casey too. Leo’s in the other room. Raph, what happened to you?”


“Donnie died in an avalanche and Slash shot Casey. Raph, you don’t look so good.”

“I ain’t, but never mind me. Yer jokin’, right? They ain’t dead?” Raphael said hysterically. “Tell me that ain’t true and we’re home at the lair and…. They can’t be dead and ya can’t be here, because that means we’re trapped forever!”

“It’s true, Raph. We’re all here, but it wasn’t so bad. I kind of liked what he did to me,” Mikey blurted out. “I shouldn’t have, but it didn’t feel wrong.”

“It is wrong. Fuck it. I hold on, so that ya guys won’t get tortured and now yer here as well. Fuck it. We’re screwed. I’m gonna be a chick soon and we’re never gonna see Dad again. Oh, Donnie. I miss ya, bro. I miss ya.”

“It’s not so bad, Raph. We have Slash. He’ll take care of us. All of us. I’m Katie now and I don’t mind.”

Raphael’s heart sank. Slash had already broken Mikey. What if he did the same thing to Leo? No. He couldn’t let that happen. He had to do something, but what could he do?
An idea hit Raphael. Yes. That’s exactly what he had to do. Aim for the carotid artery the next time the fucker raped him. It was the only way he could save his brothers.

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Leo saw Slash come out of the bedroom and said irately, “You dickwad, what did you do to Mikey?”

“The same thing I’ll do to you when my libido’s recharged or you know what? I’ll fuck Lisa and make you watch first. How about that?” Slash said and smirked. “Don’t worry, Katie had a blast and Lisa loves me plugging her hole. Hmm. Sweet Lisa. She smells different than you guys, because she will soon be a delectable little girl and gravid with my young. Can you imagine? I can’t wait to be a daddy.”

“You touch them and I’ll…”

“You’ll what, Leonardo? Fight me? I don’t think so, but at least you can watch. You can also soon take comfort that you won’t be a virgin either. I can’t wait to hear your sobs. It took one session to break Katie and it took less than an hour for Lisa to crack. How long will it take you?” Slash picked up Casey and an axe and said, “Time to take out the trash.”

Slash went outside, skinned Casey and dismembered his body, keeping the heart, liver, kidneys, lungs and the head. He placed them in a bucket and went back inside.

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“What the hell did you do to Casey?”

“Want to see? Here you go,” Slash said and picked up Casey’s head. “Nice, huh? I’m going to use it as a door stopper and paper mache it or maybe I’ll keep it as a trophy on the bedside table.”

“You sick fucker!” Leo hissed, nausea bubbling in his belly at the sight of his friend. “Could you possibly be any more depraved?”

“Oh, yes. I’m going to leave Casey by you, I think,” Slash said and smirked. He placed Casey’s head on the floor near Leo and went into the kitchen.

Bile rose in Leo’s throat, he upchuck ed on the floor and thought, as tears rained down his face, I’m sorry, Casey.”

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Slash got out a pan, poured cooking oil into it and fried the heart, lungs, kidneys and liver. Then he dished them up on a plate and went to Raphael’s bedroom.

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“Lisa, you’re awake,” Slash said and smiled. “Hungry?”

“How could ya hurt Mikey?” Raphael said miserably. “Ya gave yer word ya wouldn’t if I behaved.”

“You did behave, but they came to rescue you and I couldn’t let anyone take you from me, so they had to be stopped. You hungry? How about you, Katie?”

“Look, let them go, Slash, okay?” Raphael pleaded.

“I could eat,” Mikey said.

“I asked you a question, Lisa,” Slash said. “Leo’s in the other room and itching to have his turn with me, but I might leave him alone if you behave. Well, at least for tonight.”

The thought of Leo being violated chilled Raphael to the bone
Raphael hated offal, but he'd eat it if it meant it prevented Leo from being harmed it.

“Yeah. I’m hungry, Master,” Raphael said.
“Good girl,” Slash said and fed Raphael the heart and the liver.

Raphael tried not to throw up, knowing he and Mikey would be punished if he did.

“Mmm. Tasty,” Mikey said, as he ate the lungs and kidneys. “You’re a wonderful cook, Master.”
“Did you enjoy it, my pets?” Slash asked.

“Yeah. It was good,” Raphael lied.
“The best!” Mikey said. “I wish there was more!”

Slash laughed and said, “Casey Jones is no more, but at least you enjoyed him and his organs didn’t go to waste.”

Oh, my fuckin’ shit, Raphael thought in dread, the realization that he’d eaten his best friend hitting him like a ton of bricks and his eyes growing wide in astonishment, bile rising in his throat. I ate Casey. We both did. Fuck it. I didn’t think Slash could be more depraved and wicked, but he is. He fed us our friend. Poor Casey. How could anyone do that to him? He was such a good guy and he had so much to live for. I’m gonna barf.

“No!” Mikey screamed in shock. “Tell me that’s not true! Leo said we’d never eat one another and it wouldn’t happen. I’m going to be sick.”

Mikey vomited all over the bed.

Slash gleefully watched, a large smirk on his face.

Unable to contain the nausea and his revulsion, Raphael leant over the side of the bed, threw up and thought, yeah. I’m gonna kill that psychopath the first chance I get. I owe it to Casey and I owe it to my brothers. I don’t know what I’ll do if I bear his young, but that’s the future. What matters now is gettin’ outta here and we will. I just pray he leaves Leo alone and comes to me first. I don’t want Leo goin’ through what we have.

Slash laughed and gave them cloths to wipe their mouths and to clean up the mess on the bed.

Then Slash said, "All true, Katie and Lisa. I’m going to see Leo, but I first want a kiss from my girls.”

A terrified Mikey kissed Slash.

Slash then bent down, climbed onto Raphael and said, “I think I want some action, rather than a kiss.”

Yer gonna get it, fucker, Raphael thought. But not the action ya want.

Slash thrust inside of Raphael, his beak inches from Raphael’s own.

Raphael knew it was now or never. He latched his teeth onto Slash’s carotid artery and bit hard, knowing that it’d sever with one lethal bite and that the bastard would keel over.

Slash shrieked in shock and pain, as his carotid artery was severed. Blood gushed out of it and he fell onto Raphael. Lifeless, his eyes closed.

Raphael’s teeth dripped blood and he battled to breathe under Slash’s massive weight, but his heart
soared, knowing Slash was dead and that their nightmare was over. He’d done it and saved his brothers.

“Mikey!” Raphael said. “Help me lift him. I can’t do it alone.”

Mikey reached over.

They managed to shift Slash off of Raphael and onto the floor.

Slash’s eyes stared vacantly at the sky, a huge bite mark on his throat.

“You killed him, Raph,” Mikey said.
“I did. Can ya move?”
“No. He did a number on my legs.”
“I’m in worse shape than ya.”
“What are we going to do? He’s dead, Leo’s chained and collared and neither of us can move.”
“I’m gonna try ta get ta Leo, okay? There’s a key on a table in the other room, which unlocks the collar’s padlock.”

Grunting in agony, Raphael dropped himself off of the bed, landing with a thud, pain radiating through his body. He stifled a groan and began the long crawl to the other room.

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It took Raphael nearly an hour to get from the bedroom to the front room, because he kept passing out from the pain.

“Leo,” Raphael said, his green eyes and face lighting up when he saw his brother. “Leo, oh, Leo.”
“Raph, you’re alive. Oh, Raph!” Leo said joyously. “Where is he? I heard cries and…”
“He’s dead. I killed him.”
“How’s Mikey?”
“Shattered. He fed us Casey, Leo. Cooked him and fed him to us. Donnie’s dead as well.” Raphael saw Casey’s head, blinked back tears and said, “Sick creature’s gone now. He can’t hurt no one no more. There’s a key on a table and I’m gonna try ta get it.”
“You have a serious fracture on your shell that I see someone tried to fix. You shouldn’t move, Raph.”
“It’s nothin’. Just a few more inches,” Raphael said bravely and crawled to the table. Reaching up, he grabbed the key and slowly crawled to Leo, every part of him feeling like he was on fire. Just a few more inches and Leo could free himself.

He reached Leo and gave him the key.

Leo managed to unlock the padlock and to remove the chain and collar. Then he folded Raphael into a gentle hug.

“Raph,” Leo said. "Oh, Raph."
“Leo, ya need ta get outta here. Go find help.” Raphael said, tears sliding down his cheeks.
“I won’t leave you,” Leo whispered and stroked his face. “Not now and I won’t leave Mikey. Besides, the weather’s shitty out there and none of us are in a condition to do much.”
“Then we’re gonna die here. Look, I’m in shit street with my shell and legs. Ya can still get out. Take the chance and go.”
“I’m not leaving you. My leg’s busted, but I can hop around a bit and I’ll take care of you all. I will. I’ll splint Mikey’s legs and I’ll look after you guys until you’re healed. Then we’ll go home.”
“Yer so stubborn,” Raphael said affectionately and buried his head against Leo’s plastron.
“I am and you’re going to be fine, Raph.”
“I’m gonna become a chick, Leo. What if I have his babies?”
“I’ll take care of you, Raph. I always have. Nothing will change that.”
“What if ya fancy me when I’m a girl?”
“That’d be a bit strange, but if it happens and if you feel the same way about me, then I’ll look after you as my cherished mate forever. You have nothing to worry about. Nothing. Slash is dead. Focus on healing.”
“I’d be a lucky girl if I like ya, when I become a chick and ya like me. Yer one heck of an awesome guy, Leo.”
Leo smiled and said, “You’re a very special person, Raph, and more loved than you realize. Why don’t you get some rest? I’ll bring a mattress and some food. Sleep.”

“Leo?” Mikey called.
“We’re in here, Mikey. Everything is okay. Get some sleep. You’re safe.”
“You sure he’s not going to come back from the dead?”
“I’m sure. Rest, bro.”

Leo got up, hopped to a bedroom and lugged a mattress and pillow back to where Raphael was.

“Here you go, bro,” Leo said and eased Raphael on it and the pillow under his head.
“Thank ya, Leo,” Raphael said and grabbed his hand. “Stay with me.”
“Of course, bro. I’m not leaving your side. Rest.” Leo kissed his cheek and said, “The nightmare’s over and we’ll be home before long.”
“But Donnie and Casey are gone,” Raphael said mournfully.
“Perhaps Dad knows how to bring them back. We’ll ask him. Now rest.”

Raphael clutched Leo’s hand, drawing on his strength and thought, we’re safe. Slash got what he deserves. Death. He can’t hurt no one no more. Do I regret he’s dead? No. He got everythin’ he deserved and more. No one messes with my family and I hope he’s burnin’ in hell!

Raphael drifted off to sleep, feeling safe and soothed by his big brother’s presence. Now they could focus on healing. It’d take a long time, but they’d get there.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Thanks for all the kudos and reviews.

This isn't the end yet. Still have some more planned.
Hey, everyone. Sorry for the long hiatus. I've been dealing with personal stuff, but am ready to get back to updating.

I have a new twist in this story. Just when the guys think their nightmare is over. It's not and is worse than anything they've ever faced. You think Slash was twisted. Well, Venom and Tyler are worse. And then there is Karai, who adds more strife and complications.

Will the brothers survive? How will Raphael fare with his already fragile mind?

I'm limited to using data right now, as my fibre cable is damaged. Waiting for a tech to fix it. As soon as it's fixed I'll post the next chapter.

And also update my other stories.

Thank you for being so patient and for all your support. :)

Can't wait to post.
Karai’s fiendish plan.

Chapter Summary

Karai has wicked plans for Raphael.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

THE PREVIOUS DAY at 2 p.m.

Tyler, a brown and brown eyed mutant Komodo dragon frowned, as his Mistress studied her red nails, three of her guards standing by her, weapons drawn and ready to use at her signal.

Karai’s shoulder’s shook in rage, the only visible sign of an impending tantrum, a reprimand. One Tyler knew he was going to get, but didn’t feel he deserved. He’d done his utmost to fulfil her orders of getting a worthy specimen for her breeding facility. It wasn’t his fault that the fucking bitch, April O’Neil, had escaped, but of course Karai wouldn’t see it that way. She’d blame him and his men and heads would roll. Starting with his. He may be beaten, whipped, sent to Siberia or perhaps even Rinca, one of the Indonesian Islands, where his ancestors came from. That’d be preferable to the harsh wasteland of Siberia with its freezing winters and isolation. He wasn’t a particularly sociable being, but even he liked being around others sometimes. It made him feel almost human and he had to laugh at the irony. He was anything but. He was a sadistic, banal, selfish, opinionated, firebrand, sex-obsessed beast and he didn’t care what or whom he mated with. It was a means to an end in his opinion. An itch he occasionally got and took care of and it didn’t matter if they didn’t want it. He took what he wanted and to hell with their wants. He didn’t love anything and doubted he ever would. Love was pointless and only lead to heartache. He heard it among his peers all the time and sometimes he thought he was lucky to have been spared that, besides, who would really want a mutant Komodo dragon that was as hideous as he was vicious? No one in their right mind.

Tyler thought back to the day he’d been mutated. Karai and her henchmen had immediately taken him under their wings, teaching him all he knew. He was grateful to know an existence outside of the zoo walls, from which he’d been captured by them. It beat a life of lazing around and people gawking at him. At least being a mutant he could do something. Even if it was nefarious and out of servitude. Whatever. He wouldn’t be a slave forever. He was no one’s pet. He was Tyler, a formidable being in his own right with super human strength, venom that could kill any being within hours, sharp razor teeth and claws to match. Yes, one day he would go to Indonesia and settle there, but for now he’d bide his time and adhere to the bitch Karai’s orders. How he hated her. Sure, she’d taught him Ninjutsu and other essential life skills, but she’d also taught him how to hate from all the beatings he’d endured when he’d messed up, the constant taunting about his looks. How he wished he could pay her back for all his abuse. Maybe he’d eat her before he took his leave one day. Komodo dragons sometimes attacked humans. He’d read about it. She would make a tasty snack.

“You fucked up,” Karai spat, gazing at Tyler, her dark eyes flashing. “But I’m going to give you another chance, Tyler. Your mission is to go to Bear Mountain National Park. There isn’t much by way of wildlife around this time of year, but there are bound to be a few bears and maybe a few
deer. They’ll do for what I have in mind. Bring them home. Do you understand? If you don’t succeed I’ll do worse than Siberia. I’ll have you killed and your head roasted on a spit!”

“At this time of year, Mistress?” Tyler protested. “It’s bitterly cold and the lakes have frozen over. How am I supposed to find wildlife?”

“Use your snout and your brains. You’re a Komodo dragon. You know how to track animals. Do it and I might even release you. How about that?”

“You promise?” Tyler asked eagerly, hating himself for his keeness.

“Absolutely,” Karai lied. “But you must first study them, make notes on their personalities, their strengths, their weaknesses and break them to follow commands. Essentially turn them into pets. Breeding pets for my facility. I know how much you enjoy laying down your law. You were born for the position as my enforcer and research scientist. You may find other aspects of your job unpleasant sometimes and I know I am sometimes harsh to you, but I know you do love shattering hearts, destroying bonds, eradicating hope, creating submission, pillage and rape. That is you, Tyler. You are a demon to be both revered and frightened of.”

“False flattery?” Tyler asked, his chest puffing up at the praise.

“On the contrary. It’s you to a T. You’re so like a Ninja Turtle I know of. Raphael. A wretched creature I can’t stand. He and his brothers have foiled so many of my operations,” Karai said furiously, her face darkening. “Raphael is brash and has an awful temper, which is so similar to yours. A temper that has almost cost his and his brothers’ lives several times. He’s scared of this temper, which overwhelms him and endangers others, reminding him that although he is a mutant turtle he’s a beast and a monster, who is a threat to his family and himself. He tries to hide it, but it always surfaces. I’d love to see that jerk naked, bound and tamed! You’d be perfect for that job, but alas, those Turtles live in the sewers and no one knows the location of their lair. They sometimes patrol, so perhaps when next they do you can ambush them and take Raphael.”

“He sounds interesting,” Tyler said, licking his lips at the thought. “I do like a challenge, but what does he look like?”

“Emerald green, green eyes and wears a red bandana, although he won’t need any of his gear or clothing when he’s at the facility. There, he’ll act like an animal and be naked, like nature intended. An animal, whose sole purpose is to breed. He’s also a shortass. Five foot. You’re six foot three and probably much stronger than him. He’ll be putty in your hands.”

“What if the others try to stop me?”

“Oh. That’s easy. You’ll take Dogpound, Baxter, Fishface, Hun and poisoned darts. The darts have the poison from that venomous frog in the Amazon jungle. It’s lethal, but do not shoot at Raphael. You’ll use your venom. Ordinarily, your venom would kill, but since you’re a mutant it’s modified. All it’ll do is drive Raphael wild with desire for you, giving into his base needs, which will make it a lot easier to tame him. Once tamed, he’ll do all you want and what I want, even betraying his family.”

“So if I bit a human would that kill him?”

“No. Only incapacitate, but your teeth on the other hand are razor sharp. They’d tear a being to shreds within nanoseconds.”

“Why don’t you want the other Turtles? And Raphael is male. How can he breed? There are no other mutant Turtles and cross species doesn’t work.”

“I’ve thought about that. Implantation of a uterus and ovaries should suffice. I believe it could work. Naturally, you and Raphael will mate. As for the others, destroying Raphael will destroy them. That is sufficient punishment. Leonardo will punish himself for the rest of his days and the others will follow suit. They aren’t likely to find Raphael either, because we’re on the move soon. Now go and follow my orders.”

“One last thing. Are you saying that Raphael belongs to me until I’m granted freedom?”

“In a way, yes. He’s mine ultimately, but yes. He’s yours to train how you see fit with a view to being mine. Do you understand? I do not intend bedding the shit. I mean using for my missions if I see fit, but that’s not what I want with Raphael. I want him to carry my super army. Who cares if he loses his identity, pride and whatever in the process? I thought you’d be delighted to have a pet of
your own.”

“I am. It’s just….Forget it. I’ll make him submit and own him. He’ll be mine,” Tyler said, his eyes gleaming at the thought. “He’ll look glorious underneath me and with my dick in his ass.”

“Great. Take a jacket. It’s cold,” Karai said and grinned. “Good luck. Oh and take Hun, Fishface and that new recruit, Luke. He’ll be a great asset.”

“The mutant beaver? What’s he going to do? Gnaw trees and yell timber as they squash the Turtles?” Tyler said sarcastically and swished his tail.

“Komodo on a spit could be a hit for my new restaurant,” Karai said, studying her fingernail.

Tyler quickly beat a retreat, gathered up his colleagues and headed to Bear Mountain National Park in the van. He was behind the wheel and thinking about his future quarry.

I hope I do find that Raphael, Tyler thought. He sounds fascinating. Does he like pain? Going to give it to him and make him writhe and scream. Nothing turns me on more than helplessness and vulnerability and I’m going to shove my fourteen inch dick up his hole. I’ll plug it and make him cum endlessly. It’ll be a pleasure to watch that creature crumble and to shatter everything he’s ever known. I’ll even give him a new identity. Beast. My beast. My beautiful and sensual beast and I’ll never let him go. Who knows, maybe if I like him I’ll take him with me to Rinca.

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Raphael shivered in his sleep at 2 a.m., as images of all that had happened plagued him, his heart hammering, sweat beading on his forehead and he uttered a bloodcurdling scream. It felt so very real. Slash on top of him, taking what he wanted, breaking him, shattering him and stripping him of all he’d ever known. His identity. Raphael, rendering him a mere plaything, filth, something to be despised. Damn, he was disgusting, broken, weak, small, everything he loathed. His family wouldn’t want him and would be ashamed of him. With good reason. He was ashamed of himself too for submitting so easily. How could he call himself a man after that? He wasn’t. He was tainted. Used. Trash. Better off dead. Hell, death would be preferable than being a pet, a thing, controlled and abused. Couldn’t the great Being grant him that than a lifetime of torture? What the hell had he deserved to endure all those unspeakable and vile things that had been done to him?

“No!” Raphael yelled hysterically. “Fuckin’ stay away from me. Don’t touch me. I don’t want this. Get yer paws offa me!”

Arms were wrapped around a trembling Raphael and a soft and familiar voice said, “Raph, you’re having a nightmare. It’s okay. I’m here. Slash is dead. Sh. I have you. Open your eyes. You’re safe. I promise you. You’re safe.”

Green eyes hesitantly opened and looked at his big brother. “Leo, it’s really just a dream?” Raphael asked hopefully. “Our nightmare is really over and we’re gonna go home?”

“Yes, Raphie. Slash is dead. His corpse is on the bedroom floor and he can’t hurt us anymore. The monster is gone for good.”

Raphael heaved a relieved sigh and melted into his brother’s embrace, immediately reassured. Leo had always been able to soothe him and his demons, even when he was on the verge of an impending meltdown and sometimes even during them. No one else could. Not even Splinter.

“Yes, Raphie. Everything is going to be okay,” Leo said and kissed his brother’s forehead. “You have nothing to fear. Not ever. Get some rest.”

“I wanna talk ‘bout what happened. I didn’t mean ta be so open. I didn’t want it. I….He stripped me of my identity and my very core. Made me want it when I didn’t want it. Made me feel so vulnerable, so destroyed and shattered,” Raphael choked out, his eyes brimming with tears. “And he won, Leo. He fuckin’ won. Even if we go home and we rebuild our lives, I don’t know if I’ll ever be the same Raphael again. I don’t know if I can bounce back. He tore me apart so quickly,
Leo. How could he do that and why the fuck did I let him?”
“It was your body betraying you.”
“What if it wasn’t and what if I really am an Omega? What if that’s the real me and the tough one is just a façade. A façade I built, because I didn’t wanna accept the real me,” Raphael said tearfully. “I mean, no one wants ta accept the real them if it ain’t what they wanna be and should be.”
“Don’t be stupid, Raph. You’re not an Omega. You’re an Alpha and a strong and a brave guy, whose body betrayed him and who was cruelly raped by someone you trusted. You’re still the same guy. It’ll take time, but you will heal and…..”
“Ya didn’t hear the way I churred and see the way I responded, Leo. I was like…I was cravin’ his touch, wantin’ him, wantin’ ta mate, to breed, to do what nature intended and with a fuckin’ guy. I was always straight. I liked chicks. Now what? What the hell am I? Gay or straight? No. I’m a gay guy, whose gonna become a chick and like guys. Fuck. Why me? What the fuck did I deserve ta first be ambushed and abused that way and now I’ve gotta become a chick. Why? Why me? Don’t come with yer shit that I was probably a girl before I mutated and somehow got male parts too and…..”
“I don’t know, Raph. I really don’t, but I do…..”
“And me bein’ a chick will make others treat me differently. Casey won’t wanna hang no more, especially if I lay eggs. Eggs,” Raphael said and shuddered. “Did ya know I lay them through my cloaca? That’s gonna hurt and then I may like ya and wanna fuck ya. Dad won’t like that and he’ll wanna cast me out for bein’ a slut and…..” Raphael said wretchedly, tears falling down his cheeks. “Oh, Leo, I don’t wanna be a girl!”
“I promise you that I’ll be there for you whatever happens and I mean it. You won’t be alone and if we fall in love and others are against it,” Leo said and paused.
“What?”
“We’ll make a new life somewhere else. We’ll be more than fine. I have a few contacts in Brazil, who’ll help us with whatever we need, so don’t worry. Just focus on getting better.”
“Ya really would leave the family for me?”
“Yes. Now rest. You’ve been through hell and back and need all the rest you can get. Think you can now?”
Raphael nuzzled Leo’s cheek with his beak, a rare display of affection he hadn’t shown since they were tots and said, “I think so. Ya always make me feel safe, Leo. Thank ya. I don’t tell ya often enough, but I’m grateful for ya and for all ya do. I love ya and I’m gonna work on gettin’ better, but I don’t want the eggs. They’re his, ya know, and I know I should feel bad for sayin’ that if I fall gravid, but I know I’ll see them as a reminder of the abuse and….I’m horrid for sayin’ that. I’m a monster. Just like Slash said.”
“No! You’re not. You’ve suffered so much and it’s understandable you’d feel that way, Raphie. No one will hold it against you if you choose to get rid of them, okay? Just know I’m here whatever decision you make and I’ll support you. I’ll always have your back, but it’s too soon to think that. You might not even fall gravid.”
Raphael snorted contemptuously and said, “Leo, it’s gonna happen. I get all the bad luck…..”
“Just remember that they’re also a part of you and they’re also innocents, Raphie. They didn’t ask for this either.”
“What would ya do?”
“Me? I’d have the babies and give them to Usagi if I couldn’t raise them. He’s always wanted kids and he’d be good to them. If they wanted to meet me someday I would and would explain what happened and that it wasn’t their fault, but I knew I couldn’t give them the life they deserved, so that’s why I gave them up.”
Raphael wrinkled his forehead in thought and said, “That’s what I’ll do then.”
“Really?”
“Yeah. Yer right ‘bout them also bein’ innocents, Leo. They deserve a shot at life and Usagi will be an awesome dad.”
Leo smiled and said, “I’m proud of you. I know it won’t be easy, but we’ll get through it.”
“Hey, Leo, promise me something.”
“Anything.”
“Ya won’t treat me differently if I become a chick. I still wanna train and go out on patrol and stuff.”
“Deal. Raph, your body may be changing, but you’re still the same person personality-wise. I won’t treat you any different. That’s a promise and I won’t call you by a girl’s name either.”
Raphael beamed and said, “Thank ya, but I’ll still call ya a dork when ya space out ta Captain Ryan.”
Leo laughed and said, “I wouldn’t expect any less from you. Get better, Raph. I love you.”
“Love ya too, Leo, and if we fall in love then I’m a lucky person, because yer the most magnificent bein’ alive. Yer noble, tender and my perfect match.”
“I think you have concussion, Raph,” Leo said teasingly.
“No. I’m bein’ honest. If I become a chick and I like guys, then I hope I’m with ya, because I know ya will be the perfect mate in every way and a terrific daddy to any kids. I give ya shit and mock ya, but I don’t mean any of it, Leo. I actually admire ya and think yer perfection.”
“You’re wonderful too, Raph, and stronger than you know. Our path and journey ahead may be tough, but you’ll always have me whatever happens. I’ll always be there, even if others aren’t. Now rest. I have you and I won’t let anyone hurt you ever again.”
“Ditto,” Raphael said sleepily and snuggled against his brother.

The duo fell asleep, unaware that a new enemy, which was more terrifying than they’d ever known, would soon locate them and that their lives would never be the same again.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Will Karai’s plan succeed?

Thanks to all supporting me during my hiatus. I’m back and will update other stories :)
A new threat

Chapter Summary

Tyler and his colleagues find Leo and Raphael. Raphael is subjected to further degradation.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

An exhausted Tyler and his colleagues were thrilled when they saw a hut at 2:34 a.m. Their mission had been an epic fail so far. All they’d seen were a couple of rabbits they’d roasted over a campfire to try and satiate their rumbling bellies. Not enough and still famished, Tyler hoped the cabin had some food. There, they could recharge their batteries and then set out again as soon as night fell, but he knew there was the possibility that humans could reside at the cabin and they had to be eliminated first.

“There won’t be any humans at the cabin,” Luke said. “The caretaker’s gone home for Thanksgiving and won’t be back until next week. I was reading up on the website on the way here.”

“Foolish how they make that information public, but whatever,” Fishface said. “Let’s get some grub, man. There’s bound to be something.”

“You’re always thinking about food,” Baxter said irritably. “I can’t help it. I haven’t eaten in ages!”

“None of us has,” Luke said. “Not since an idiot dropped the bag of food in the lake! Gosh. I wonder who that person was,” he added sarcasctically.

“Hey. I didn’t mean to,” Hun said. “It was an accident!”

Tyler rolled his eyes and thought crossly, this is what I live with on a daily basis. Idiots, who never stop arguing. Sometimes I wish I could tear them to shreds. I’m tired of the sniping and backbiting. Is that Turtle worth enduring all this shit? I could just as easily make a dash for my freedom now and no one would run maybe.

But images in his mind of a submissive Raphael pinned beneath him, his dick in Raphael’s hole and the delicious noises he knew Raphael would make, as he was savagely taken made him rethink his plans.

No, Tyler thought. I’ll take Raphael, fuck him hard, train him and then I’ll take my leave.

“You morons can fight later,” Tyler said angrily. “We need to find shelter, as dawn will break in a few hours’ time and we can’t run the risk of a potential human seeing us. Come along!”

The villains slowly made their way across a frozen lake.

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They reached the cabin and cautiously entered it, their footsteps soundless, their darts ready in case there was a human, but all they saw were two sleeping Turtles snuggled against each other, serene
expressions on their faces.

Tyler’s breath caught when he recognized the one Karai had called Raphael. Emerald green with striking green eyes and toned arms. He was extremely ripped. Tyler’s eyes raked over Raphael approvingly, taking in his handsome features and wondering what was beneath the blanket that was draped over Raphael and his brother, whom he guessed was Leonardo due to the blue mask. He guessed Raphael was as ripped with his legs and thighs.

He’s beautiful, Tyler thought in awe, heat flooding his groin, as he continued gawking at Raphael. Truly exquisite. I’ve never seen anything like him before. I bet he’s as stunning underneath the covers. I can’t wait to find out and learn everything about him. What makes him tick, his passion, how to make him lust and yearn for me, a superior being. How to twist him into what I want and to strip him of everything. He’s the most magnificent being I’ve ever seen. Yes, he’ll do very nicely. I will possess him. I will own his soul, his mind, his body. My beast. My gorgeous pup, bottom crawler, pet. Mine.

Tyler raised a finger to his lips indicating to his men to stay silent. Then he pounced on the Turtles, swiftly biting each in the neck with his razor sharp teeth.

Leo and Raphael immediately woke, eyes flying wide in terror, as the venom entered their bloodstream and their eyes landed on their enemies.

“W-what the fuck are ya?” Raphael asked, trembling, as Tyler approached him and then caressed his plastron with a long talon, his eyes predatory and hazy with lust. “I ain’t never seen ya before. Man, yer so ugly. Is that drool? Ew. Back off, creep!”

“Leave him alone!” Leo snarled, his eyes flashing, trying to protect his brother and petrified at the look the new and enormous villain gave Raphael. One of want and desire. “Leave him. He’s not yours!”

Leo tried to hold onto his brother, but the poison made his arms feel like lead. He dropped them at his side, watching in horror as the Komodo dragon licked his lips and then smiled malevolently. The rest of Leo’s body felt like lead too and he knew he was powerless to help his brother against this fearsome mutant, because it was clear what the mutant wanted. His brother.

“Yours, huh?” Tyler said, his hands roaming lower, settling between Raphael’s legs and then stroking his slit, where he knew his dick was contained, making the volatile turtle whimper. “No matter. He won’t be for long. My venom and I can be very persuasive. Let me explain. My venom can reduce one to a sniveling beast, who wants to be used and abused, a mere thing, a toy for me to use and to have fun with as I please. It also brings out the true personality of someone. By that mean, I whether they’re a sub or an Alpha and it’s permanent. I have no interest in you, Leonardo, so your body feels like a solid weight, but he is a different story. Your glorious brother enraths me. My my venom is making every inch of his body tingle with want, desire and lust for me and for me alone. He can’t move and fight back, because the poison has rendered his limbs useless, but his body will react to my touch and produce his sweet and natural nectar. It will be wonderful to witness and know that I made him do that. Me, his universe.”

“You’re psycho!” Leo spat, his eyes blazing.

“I’m just taking what I want,” Tyler said with a shrug. “And giving him what he really needs. I’m doing him a service actually. Well, both of us. I am his Master, his Dom, his superior. He’s a bottom crawler, who only exists for pain, for pleasure and for whatever I choose. You can’t stop it. It is his destiny. The venom is only necessary for probably a month. Then he’ll be so broken, so ashamed, he’ll willingly submit his body, his soul, his essence to me. It’s worked before on countless others. It will on him. I will enjoy it very much. I may be repulsive looking, but that won’t matter when your brother embraces his servitude. All that will matter is me.”
Every part of Raphael felt like he was on fire, his groin flooded with heat, want, lust, desire. Never had he felt so alive, so hot, warm and so frightened. Not even with Slash. What had happened with Slash was tame compared to what he knew this monster would do. He would never recover and he would not want to. He’d met his match and was doomed to a life of servitude and submission. What was he? A bottom crawler? How disgusting. That wasn’t his destiny surely? Fate couldn’t be that cruel to be forced into that again. What had he done to deserve this? He’d tried his utmost to be a good son and brother. Why was the universe against him? Why? And why did Leo have to see him at his most vulnerable state. Why? The person he admired most. What would Leo think of him? What would the family think if he willingly submitted to this freak? The answer cut him to the core. They would loathe him and truthfully he wouldn’t want to be around them and see their condemnation in their eyes. He’d rather be locked in a prison with his new Master.

Tears ran down Raphael’s cheeks and he couldn't help moaning in terror, as Tyler gently rolled him off of Leo and then once again stroked his slit, searching for his hidden dick.

“You sick fuck!” Leo growled, watching his vulnerable brother quake. “Why? Why do you want to do this? Back off now! Leave him and take me!”

“My reasons are none of your business,” Tyler spat, speeding up his strokes and watching in delight, as Raphael’s thick and purple dick unsheathed and dropped into his hand, precum already glistening on the head. “My, you’re a beauty. My beauty. My beast. Mine. I’ve never seen anything quite like you. I will enjoy owning you. I reckon you’re ten inches. Guess what? I’m twelve inches and it’ll stuff you nicely. I bet you’ll love that. I see you’re injured. I’ll heal you. Then you’ll be right as rain for all I have planned.”

“I don’t want this,” Raphael said and groaned, fresh tears springing to his eyes, hating how good it felt and how much he secretly wanted it. He wanted the degradation, to cum, to release, to please his Master. “Please. I’ve already been through hell. I can’t endure more. Stop! My busted shell hurts too. Fuck. Just stop.”

He growled, but it sounded pitiful even to his own ears. What the hell! He was courageous, a warrior, fearless, so why the hell didn’t anyone take his threat seriously? Right. He was lying on his broken shell, as he was molested and he wasn’t exactly fighting. That’s why. He was doing what they wanted. Fuck. He was an Omega. Leo was wrong. He was an Omega and he couldn’t change that, because that was his true personality.

The other villains laughed at Raphael’s humiliation. It was a turn on to see him so degraded. So different from the warrior and snarky guy he’d been in battle. It suited him and they had no doubt that Tyler would soon turn him into a meek and compliant slave. Exactly what Raphael, the bottom crawler, pup or whatever demeaning name Tyler chose deserved.

Raphael whined, as his body seemed to have a mind of its own, the heat becoming unbearable, the pressure in his groin so devilishly good. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad to have some release? Just some, right? It didn’t mean he was a slut. It was the venom and not his fault. No. He couldn’t do that. He had to fight somehow. Had to, but damn it was amazing. No. It shouldn’t be. He was being violated with his brother and enemies watching, so how could he possibly enjoy this public humiliation? How could he let himself be treated like a sex object? He had to resist, but the hands felt so good, as they expertly stroked him and tried to please him. Ah. How could he fight this? It was so challenging.

I have ta. I ain’t merely a pleasure slave, a slut, somethin’ ta humiliate, Raphael thought. I ain’t, am I?

Leo shut his eyes and tried to block out Raphael’s mewls. He couldn’t bear seeing his macho
brother treated like a sexual object, a toy. Couldn’t stand being unable to defend his brother. It was his job and he couldn’t do it. All he could do there was lie there, as Raphael was molested and humiliated and their enemies reveled in and snickered at the sight.

The ruthless and constant stroking excited and terrified Raphael. He churred unwillingly, as his body gave into the unwanted assault, instinct taking over, his eyes glazed over from the pleasure, his arousal evident, cock rock hard and throbbing, as he released his pheromones, his musky and spicy scent permeating the air.

Tyler sniffed the air and said, “He’s aroused and smells incredible. Those sounds he makes are so adorable. Too cute, my pet. You really are precious. It’s working wonderfully. I knew it would. That’s it, creature. Give in, submit and show me what you’re made of. Show me the real you and not what you pretend to be to others. You’re perfection personified. Look at your muscles, your toned legs, thighs. I’m salivating,” Tyler said, drool falling onto the Turtle’s plastron and making him recoil.

I don’t want this, Raphael thought miserably, as he panted, his heart racing, his stomach tightened in knots. I wanna fight, but I can’t. My body’s on fire. All I wanna do is cum, spill my load and please my Master. What? I ain’t no pet. I’m Raphael. Damn it. I don’t want this. I gotta fight. Gonna try. Raphael, yer gonna be his if ya don’t. Do ya really want that? No. Yes. I don’t know. No. Yuck. He’s so gross. At least Slash was a Turtle. He ain’t even my species!

“Boss, he needs more stimulation if you’re trying to make him cum,” Baxter said, wrinkling his nose in disgust at the idea. “Dual stimulation. I hate the thought, but I’ll gladly do if it’ll humiliate him more.”

Tyler turned Raphael onto his side with one hand, while still pumping him with the other.

Baxter got onto his knees and licked and sucked Raphael’s puckered hole, making slurping sounds, the gland twitching, Raphael trying to cover it with his tail, obviously in discomfort and also indignant at the touch.

Baxter pushed Raphael’s tail aside and resumed licking, his tongue soon dipping in and out of the exposed hole and finding Raphael’s prostate. That delicate walnut size lump that brought infinite pleasure.

“Nghh!” Raphael rumbled a few minutes later, as the pressure in his groin was too much and the added stimulation to his prostate now had him seeing stars. “Ngggh!” he bellowed in shame and in ecstasy, as load after load of cum splattered over his plastron, Tyler’s fingers, down his thighs on the floor and even underneath Leo’s body.

I have never cum so much before, Raphael thought fearfully, his body shaking with the orgasmic afterglow. Never. It was so good and so wrong. I didn’t want it. I truly am trash now. Filth. What will everyone think, now that I put on such a show and so willingly? Maybe it was the venom now, but what if I really do submit willingly without coercion and venom? How could I recover from that? I’m done now, ain’t I. Can’t be no cum left. I hope Leo didn’t see me. Oh, Leo. And Mikey? I hope he didn’t hear me.

Raphael was wrong, as he came again and blew another load over Tyler’s fingers. His cheeks flamed, he realized his hole was also sopping wet, fluids dripping out of it and down his legs. He was disgusting, tainted, soiled and owned.

“My, you’re so potent and you self-lubricate too,” Tyler said and smiled. “How amazing you are, my pup. I’m so pleased.” He licked his fingers and added, “You taste fantastic. You did so well.
Congratulations. You have so much potential. Don’t cry now.” He dropped the spent and sobbing Turtle’s dick and then stroked his cheek. “I’ll take care of you, my weakling. You’ll lack for nothing, as long as you listen. Sh. I have you. I know some of your most intimate places. It will be fun learning where else you derive pleasure. You’re still soaked,” he said, turning Raphael onto his plastron. “Damn. You smell so good, my Omega, my bitch. Yes. You’re a prize for sure.”

Tyler lapped the juices dripping out of Raphael’s hole and to his immense shame the poor Turtle came again in another body shattering orgasm that made him weep when it had subsided. Tears of rage, helplessness, indignation and immense shame.

All I keep doin’ is cum. I fuckin’ don’t want it, Raphael thought dejectedly. Just one touch and I leak like a faucet. Is that the venom’s work too or is it my body’s?

“How old are you?” Tyler queried, turning Raphael over again and placing a hand on his tail, making his heart hammer. Raphael was so sensitive there and he knew he could explode any moment again. He didn’t want that. Not again. He’d already cum more than he ever had and he was drained. “You look young and the way you react to my advances shows inexperience,” Tyler said, removing his hand and then nuzzling his cheek against Raphael’s. “Something I haven’t told you is that you’re now extremely sensitive to touch. The slightest touch will make you cum. Good for me. Not so much for you right now, as I imagine it’s embarrassing, but that’ll soon change. You’ll love making cum for me, my baby boy. You’ll make loads and loads of it that I can use for whatever I want. You’ll also love my cum, but we won’t do that yet. You’ve done enough for one night.”

“Fifteen,” Raphael choked out, noticing Leo’s eyes were closed and grateful that Leo hadn’t seen him at his most wretchedness. “I don’t like cummin’ so much It’s degradin’ and sordid. Make it stop.”

“Ah. So young and inexperienced. Never mind. I’ll teach you all I know and I’ll be all you need,” Tyler said, ignoring his pleas. “I am so proud of you. Has anyone ever told you that before, baby?” Panic, abject fear and also unwanted pride tore through Raphael at the praise. Someone was proud of him? Really? All he’d done was cum and act like a wanton slut. Was that really something to extoll? And why did that make him feel good in a way he didn’t want? Praise he’d always wanted and never got from his dad and especially from Leo. Praise he desperately craved and here this vile mutant was giving it to him. Him, who’d never felt good enough and who’d felt he had nowhere to belong. Why did that praise make him feel warm and fuzzy inside? It was false flattery, sure, like what Slash had said to him, but it was flattery all the same and he wanted the praise. Needed it. He was sick, wasn’t he for wanting and for having enjoyed the abuse?

“No,” Raphael admitted, tears running down his face. “No one has. I’ve always felt alone. Craved praise and never received it. Always felt like an outcast and unwanted.”

Why did I tell him that, Raphael thought despondently? Obviously he’ll use the knowledge against me. How could I open up like that to that psycho?

Tyler nodded and said, “Then we’re a lot alike, but you are wanted now, beast. Just submit and free yourself from those who don’t appreciate you. They don’t deserve you.” He licked Raphael’s face, making his heart race. “They never have. I will give you a home, shelter and a place to belong and I will give you a purpose. Your true purpose.”

“I wanna go home,” Raphael begged, ignoring his words. “Please. I just wanna go home to my dad and to forget this ever happened. Please. I’m only a kid and so is Leo. Ya don’t want us. Not really. How can we possibly be of use ta ya?”

“No. I don’t want both of you. I told you that.”

“Then leave Leo and just take me. I’ll do what ya want, okay? Just leave Leo alone. He don’t
“On the contrary, I might not want Leonardo, but I’ll take him for now,” Tyler said. “I may find a use for him. You’re so passionate and protective, pup. I like that. You have fire, but that won’t last long. I will take you, use you, strip you of everything, your passion and everyone you love. You’ll grow to welcome my advances. You’ll blindly obey my every order. Your eyes will be dead and soulless, your spirit broken forever. I will possess you in mind, body and soul. The process has begun. You’ll either disregard the shame you feel now and accept it as as something out of your control, because it is or you’ll self-destruct. The choice is yours. You can wallow from shame or accept your new role. There is no hope for you. No other life than as my pet. The sooner you embrace it and get past your shame, indignation and foolish pride, the better it will be for you! It won’t be all bad, as you’ll get pleasure if you behave. Mind-blowing pleasure that’s better than what you had today. Pleasure that’ll be worth all your suffering. As for my intentions beyond being my slave, you’ll find out soon enough.”

“I’ll never submit ta ya willingly and ya won’t break me,” Raphael hissed. “Now was just lucky, ya jerk. I’m a fighter and an Alpha in my own right.”

Tyler snickered, licked the pulse on Raphael’s neck and said, “Hmm. You’re delicious. I love it. You’re glorious. Mine. You’re wrong. The process has begun, like I said. You’ll crumble, you’ll shatter and you’ll be mine completely. There is no escape, no outlet. Nothing. Enjoy the ride, pet. I sure as hell will. Did you get the pun? You’re slow if you didn’t and you’re not an Alpha. You know that. You know what you really are. I know that. Heck, even my colleagues know that from all those delicious sounds you made and your loads. You like submission and you crave it. That’s what you really want from life. Not fighting bad boys and going on missions. We both know it, baby boy. I’ll give you that and so much more. You’ll thank me every fucking day of your life for saving you from this unnatural life with the so-called family, who don’t appreciate you. Humiliation, pain, denial, controlled. That’s what you crave.”

“Yer wrong! I’m an Alpha and I don’t want that,” Raphael said plaintively, green eyes filling with tears and hating how pathetic he was. “I am. Ya shoulda seen the guys I’ve fucked up. I’m strong!”

“Yawn. Are you trying to convince me or yourself? I’d say the latter, my beautiful. My little baby boy, my precious cargo. Hun, pick up Leonardo. I’ll take my pet.”

Leo had gone almost catatonic, as he tried to block out the ongoings and he wasn’t even aware of being lifted and of then being carried.

Raphael was all too aware of Tyler picking him up like a baby and cradling him against his chest and there was nothing he could do about it with his broken limbs and shell. He was defenceless. Their only hope of rescue was Mikey, but he was injured too and there was no way he could seek help. No. He and Leo were doomed now. Doomed to be prisoners, slaves, fucktoys. Leo didn’t deserve that, but he did, right? He was the monster. His shameful actions over the years and his performance that evening had proved it. He’d literally cum on demand, been debased and somewhere deep in his soul, the part that petrified him, he’d loved it and been excited. Hell, he’d churred, he shamefully recalled. Wasn’t that already acceptance of his plight?

“I ain’t weak!” Raphael hissed. “I ain’t never been. Always been fearless and macho. That’s my role in the family. The protector and the brawn. Yer so wrong ‘bout me.”

“You’re tedious, beautiful,” Tyler said irritably. “Stop your drivel. You aren’t fooling anyone, least of all yourself. You’re a pathetic sack of shit. That’s the reality. A slave, a fucktoy, a thing and mine. That’s what you are. Accept it and shut the fuck up about your past. It’s gone. I am your present and your future. Do you fucking hear me? Don’t test me. I am not pleasant when I am pissed off. I have shown patience, because I know you’re an inexperienced kid, but even I have my
limits. I’m close to reaching them. Shut up or I’ll fucking tear out your larynx!”

Raphael blinked back tears at the harsh words and whimpered, burying his head in Tyler’s neck, so that he couldn’t see the tears.

I wanna go home, Raphael thought sadly. I wanna go home so badly. I don’t really want this. I’m so fuckin’ petrified. More than with Slash. I was able to kill him, but this guy is much more powerful. I ain’t no match for him. He knows it too. How can this asshole know my deepest and darkest desires and thoughts ‘bout humiliation and pain? How can he sum me up like that when he’s known me maybe two minutes? How? Am I that easy to read? How can he know I want acceptance so much and I’ll do just ‘bout anything to get it, even if it means losin’ my identity, my soul and everything I know in the process? He’s preyin’ on my vulnerability, my nakedness, my openness, my fear. There ain’t nothin’ I can do ‘bout it. Not really, but I’ll try. I’ll fuckin’ try. I’ll try for Leo. I gotta get us home, so Dad don’t lose more sons. I gotta try. I can’t sink into the abyss. I won’t be able to get out if I do. I won’t betray my family, though, whatever he does. I won’t. I’ll sacrifice myself it comes to it, but I won’t betray my family. I want it, but I don’t want it too. I’m so confused, so humiliated, so tired, heartsore and so drained.

Tyler began the walk down the slippery paths to the Park’s exit. Then he paused and bent down, his yellow and forked tongue swiping across Raphael’s cheek, tasting him and loving the mewls he uttered in a weak attempt at a protest. So different from the Raphael before all of his trauma.

“You’re so gorgeous, pup. Has anyone told you that before?” Tyler said. “Truly a work of art. My art, my canvass. You’re so young. I like that. It means you can be trained. Trained to do what I want. Complete submission and you will be subservient. I am so very proud of you. Proud to have you as my eternal pet. You are everything I wanted and more. Such a scintillating, gorgeous and spectacular creature. Mine.”

“Yeah, chump?” Raphael said, summoning up courage and spitting at him. “I don’t think so. I’ll kick yer butt when I’m better. I know Ninjutsu and so does my brother. Ya will never win and we’ll escape. We always find a way. Fuck ya. Ya won’t break me! Others have tried and failed. Ya will too. Count on it.”

“It’ll be you, who’ll be fucked and we’ll see, creature.” Tyler said and inwardly chuckled, knowing something the Turtle didn’t and would soon find out. It would devastate him and would send him further into the abyss he would never claw out of as long as he, Tyler, was around. “I do like a challenge, cumlicker. How much cum can you drink in a day? We’ll find out and test your stamina. How many times can you rut in one day? How much pain can you stand? Hmmm. This is going to be so much fun. I think you should rest. You’ll need it.”

Tyler suddenly nipped Raphael’s neck, blood oozing out of the wound, as he howled in pain.

“That fuckin’ hurt, ya asshole! I hate ya!” Raphael shouted indignantly, his green eyes blazing.

The villain licked Raphael’s neck, blood dripping off his teeth and said, “Yummy. Almost as yummy as your cum, which was a mixture of sweet and spicy. Hmmm. This venom will make you sleep until you’re wanted. I know you hate me, but that’ll soon change too, like I said. You’ll desire me and I will be all you want and need!”

“I’ll keep fightin’. I won’t be yer bitch.” Raphael managed, unable to say more, as his tongue suddenly felt thick, his body heavy and he felt incredibly tired, as the venom coursed through his bloodstream.

He shut his eyes and was soon dead to the world.

Karai will be pleased, Tyler thought, as he gazed at his prey. I sure am and I look forward to our playtimes. I will have fun devising new things to try and watching him shatter. My pet, my pup, my
baby boy for all eternity.

Tyler continued his trek and thought, tonight was so much fun. I finally have my pet. He’s more sensational than I ever dreamed and I have so much more planned. That was only the beginning. Rest, my pet. You’ll need as much as you can get. Your life as you know it is over forever.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Will Leo and Raphael survive this new nightmare? Will Tyler be the one, who finally sends Raphael into the abyss? And if he does, will Raphael ever recover?

Thank you for all the awesome reviews and kudos. You guys are the best.
Tyler and his colleagues arrived back at their base with their still passed out prisoners and immediately went in search of Karai to report. The Komodo dragon knew he may be reprimanded for having also taken Leo, but he had a feeling he might find a use for Leo. Perhaps the threat of hurting him would tame Raphael. They seemed to care for one another.

“Is Mistress Karai around, Sting?” Tyler asked a colleague, a mutant scorpion.
“Nope, but Master Shredder’s in the throne room. You can report to him. Whoa. Are those really the Ninja Turtles? How did you capture them?”
“We’ll talk later. Come along, Hun. I’m sure our boss will be thrilled.”

Tyler and Hun headed to the throne room and went inside.

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Shredder sat on his golden throne and his eyes widened in surprise when he saw the Turtles.

“You captured the Turtles, Tyler. Well done,” Shredder said. “At least I can exterminate two of them. Drop them. I’ll kill them now. What a pleasure it will be to see their life source gushing from them and knowing they won’t be able to foil any more of my plans.”
“Master, that’s not the plan. Mistress Karai thinks Raphael will be perfect for the breeding facility. He’s male, but a uterus and ovaries can be implanted into him and Leonardo could be his mate. They will breed and we will have what we want. A super army of mutants to help you conquer the world.”
Shredder rubbed his chin thoughtfully and said, “How twisted. I like it. Very well. You’ll be in charge of them.”
“You won’t be sorry and if the others come looking for them, I can handle them.”
“A warning. These two are the Alphas and the backbone of their team. They are the strong ones and they will not break easily and give into what’s demanded of them.”
“I have ways and means of making people crumble,” Tyler said and grinned. “Don’t worry about a thing.”
“Keep me posted.”
“I will do. Come along, Hun.”

The villains left and headed to the breeding facility.

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They entered the medical facility.

Leo was strapped down to a stretcher in the first room.
Hun took Raphael into the second room, where the chief research scientist and doctor was studying his notes at a huge desk.

“Brought something for you, Venom,” Hun said. “We caught him tonight. He’s injured with a busted shell and I think his arms and legs are broken. Fix him and get him ready for breeding. His brother’s in the other room with Tyler.”

Venom, a mutant black Mamba snake with black eyes that appeared almost soulless and which were slits, a mouth that was completely black inside and a black forked tongue stood up, came over and studied the Turtle with great interest, desire growing in his groin. The Turtle was absolutely gorgeous. Yes. He would fix the Turtle and then he’d have some fun with him.

“He’s beautiful,” Venom said in awe and caressed Raphael’s cheek with a long talon. “I’ve never seen anything like him before.”

“Beautiful? Are you insane?” Hun said and laughed. “He’s hideous. I mean, he has a shell and scales, man. I guess beauty is in the eye of the beholder. His name’s Raphael.”

“No, it’s not. It’s whatever I wish to call him. He’ll answer to it.”

“Good luck. He’s a fighter and won’t listen, although I didn’t see much of it this evening. Tyler reduced him to a horny whore. All he did was cum. Multiple loads. It was impressive. Raphael certainly is virile.”

“Oh, did he?” Venom asked jealously. His rivalry with Tyler was well known. They always tried to outdo one another. “Well, not anymore. I own the beast now.”

“Why the jealousy?” Hun said and laughed. “Raphael’s no prize.”

“Oh, I don’t know. I think he could be and I intend to find out.”

“Whatever. I don’t care what you do with the freak. He’s given me and Master so much shit over the years. It’ll be so much fun seeing his and his brother’s spirits die. Have fun.”

Hun left the room.

Venom looked down at his newly acquired patient, stroked Raphael’s plastron and said, “I have you, exquisite beast. You’re mine now. Not that ugly Komodo dragon’s. Mine. Let’s get you patched up. I don’t want a cripple for a pet. They’re no fun.”

He injected Raphael with an anesthetic, got his surgical tools and began the long operation. First, he would do a better job with Raphael’s shell. Someone had tried to mend it, but they clearly lacked the medical skills he had. Then he’d tend to Raphael’s broken limbs.

Raphael would need six weeks of bed rest and would mostly lie on his plastron, while his shell healed, but the long wait would be worth it. For him and his adorable pet.

He flicked his long tongue and thought, I can’t wait. Been so long since I had any action.

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Leo woke up three hours after Venom had begun the operation on Raphael and groaned, as he tried to shake the fog away. When it had cleared, he blinked and took in his surroundings. He was in what appeared to be a medical room. The walls were white, the room sterile, a strong aroma of antiseptic permeating the air, but it wasn’t enough to hide the pungent odor of death. He knew it all too well, having been in countless battles. He didn’t know how to describe it. Only that it was like one of Mikey’s farts, but a billion times worse. Oh, Mikey. How he missed him. He prayed Mikey was okay and that he would somehow find help.

Leo shivered. Something, someone had died here. What or who, he didn’t know, but he wouldn’t.
Vials and beakers containing various liquids were on a large desk and was that a doctor in a white coat at the end of the room?

Yes. It was. A doctor, who probably wanted to dissect him and perform other science experiments on him. Well, he wouldn’t let that happen.

He bet it was the psycho Komodo, who was the doctor. He looked like someone, who would enjoy inflicting pain on people.

Leo tried to move, but found he was strapped down, his legs spread wide in a humiliating position, his puckered hole on display. He blushed and immediately pressed his tail as close to his body as he could to cover it.

He glanced around the room, searching for his brother, but there was no sign of him to his immense despair. Where was Raphael? Was he dead? No, he couldn’t be dead. There were only two of them now and he couldn’t lose Raphael too. Splinter couldn’t lose another son.

The last he’d seen his brother, the psycho had leered at Raphael like he was a sex object and treated him like a mere toy. How dare he treat his precious baby brother that way! His sweet and virtuous brother, who’d already endured so much. Raphael wouldn’t be able to handle more abuse. He was already close to falling into the abyss and if he fell he may never get out.

Leo had to find him and save him before that happened, but how? He was tied up and helpless. A thought came to him. Maybe if he played by the bastard’s rules he could gain his trust, find his brother and then try to escape. He’d suffer anything if it meant Raphael could be free. He’d do whatever was asked of him. No matter how degrading or shameful it was. Raphael was all that mattered to him.

“My brother,” Leo said, as Tyler approached him in his long white coat. “Where is he?”
“You don’t have to worry. He’s safe.”
“I want to see him.”
“You will, but I first need some things from you.”

Raph is alive, Leo thought happily. Oh, Raph, hang on. I’ll soon be with you, little brother.

“Like what?” Leo asked.
“Tissue samples, blood, semen. I need to know you’re what I need,” Tyler said.
“And if I’m not?” Leo asked in a tight voice, his gut already telling him the answer. He knew he’d be deemed worthless and discarded like garbage. Then he could never save his brother.
“Then I’ll simply kill you and use you in dissection and other experiments,” Tyler said flatly, sending a shiver down Leo’s spine. “I assure you the tests won’t hurt. All you’ll feel is a pin prick.”
“How about we make a deal? Me for my brother.”
“Why would I agree to that, Leonardo?”
“Because I think I can be what you need. I can listen, obey and do all you want. Me. You want a pet. I’ll be a fantastic one. I won’t escape either. All I ask is that you release my brother and he can go home to our dad, who’s already lost one son and maybe another. He can’t lose all four of his sons. It’d kill him. Take me, but spare Raph. Please.”
“You’d do anything to save your brother, huh?”
“Of course. Wouldn’t you. Raph’s all I have. It’s my job as his big brother to protect him.”
“Touching, but I’m going to have to say no. Raphael is mine now, Leonardo. Mine.”
“He’ll never be yours. You’ll see. He’s stronger than you think.”
“You really think so after that display in the cabin? Didn’t you see how much he cum for me and hear his churring? Oh. That’s right. You zoned out. Pity. You missed such a show. Raphael was brilliant and such a good boy for his Master.”
“You wacko! You’ll never win and drag Raph into the abyss!” Leo shouted, his blue eyes blazing. “He’s on his way there, Leonardo. It’s just a matter of time before he’s fully there. He’s crumbling. The Raphael you know will soon be just a memory and my little pet. Now be a good boy or I’ll hurt your brother, but I don’t think he’d mind too much, huh? I have a feeling he likes pain.” “You bastard. I hate you!” Leo yelled. “I swear I won’t let you win. I’ll save my brother, even if I end up losing my life. All that matters is him.”

Tyler retrieved an object off a shelf, turned to Leo and said, “I’m so damn tired of your voice.”

A muzzle, Leo thought in horror. He’s going to put a muzzle on me, as if I’m an animal. Let him. I’ll do what I have to as long as I can see Raph. I won’t give up on breaking him out.

Tyler placed the bit between Leo’s teeth and strapped the muzzle around his head.

“Great. Now you won’t distract me from my mission,” Tyler said. “Let’s first do an MRI, so I can see your internal organs.”

He pushed Leo’s bed into another room.

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Tyler pushed Leo’s bed into the MRI machine and turned it on.

He gazed at Leo’s internal organs. Everything appeared normal. There was a bullet in his one leg, but it wouldn’t cause any further complications or scar tissue, so he’d leave it in.

It was then he noticed Leo’s uterus and ovaries.


He’ll keep me, Leo thought in relief. Raph, I’m coming. Hang on. We’ll soon be together and I’ll be your strength.

“It’s a shame you’re probably sterile though, because intersex beings are,” Tyler said. "But I’ll take a sperm sample to make sure. If your swimmers don’t swim, well at least you can mate with something else and I have the perfect person in mind. You’ll create a new evolution. A new mutant. A hybrid Komodo dragon and Turtle.”

Gross, Leo thought and shuddered inwardly. I don’t want that, but I’ll do that and whatever else is asked, as long as I can be with Raph. He needs me and I need him. Wait. Raph’s intersex too. Is he going to make Raph have his babies too? Oh, Raph. No. No. He has to take me. I can’t let Raph suffer that fate.

“Mmmmph!” Leo mumbled.

“Don’t like that idea, huh?” Tyler said. “Too bad. It’ll happen. Your organs seem to be functioning well and you appear to have no health issues. You’re in peak condition. Terrific. You’re a fine specimen in your own right, Leonardo. One could even call you beautiful, but you’re not as mesmerizing as your brother. He is something extra special and I have no doubt I’ll be thrilled with him. He’ll look adorable perched on my fat cock, as I pleasure him and give him what he craves. Domination, pleasure, praise and acceptance, a place he belongs. He told me that he’s never felt like he belongs with you and your family. He’s always thought he was unwanted and felt like an outcast. Now he has a place and with someone, who wants him. You’re an asshole and have sucked as a brother for not giving him what he wants.”
That’s not true, Leo thought. Raph would never say that and I know he has issues, but he’s not that base, surely? No. That’s not my brother. The psychopath doesn’t know Raph at all. It was the venom making Raph behave that way. He would never want that or let anyone do that to him willingly. Not my Alpha and strong brother. That jackass is so wrong about Raph.

Tyler unhooked the ultrasound machine, bent down and nipped Leo’s neck, making him whine behind the muzzle.

What the hell, Leo thought in shock, as the venom began to course through his bloodstream and heat flood to his groin, his body feeling like it was on fire and tingling with desire and want for his fucking Master.

My Master, Leo thought, his heart racing, the heat becoming unbearable. This must be what happened to Raph. I don’t want it, but I’ll endure it for Raph. Raph, hold on. Please.

Tyler stroked Leo’s slit and beamed in satisfaction when Leo’s thick sheath soon dropped down into his hand, precum already glistening on the head.

Leo churred behind the muzzle, his face flushed, his heart racing, as his Master pleasured him. He didn’t really want this, but it wasn’t so bad. It was kind of lovely actually. He’d dreamed about experiencing that with a girl someday. Fuck. He was sick for enjoying it, wasn’t he? Him, a ninja, who’d been trained in the Bushido code, who’d been told by Splinter that sex clouds the mind and that it was best to remain celibate. He’d obeyed, but damn, this was terrific. He was being fucking molested and he loved it. He was sick. What would Splinter think of him? Leo knew the answer and it was like a dagger to his heart. He’d striven all his life to be the perfect son and he’d always craved his dad’s praise. Well, he sure was hell wouldn’t get it now. He was going to hell. Some leader and son he was. He was no better than a common slut.

“Come on, my beauty,” Tyler said, holding a beaker underneath Leo’s cock with his other hand. “Cum and give me your seed. I know you want to. You want to please your Master. Don’t fight it.”

Leo’s cock throbbed, as Tyler sped up his stroking. It was incredible. He’d never been touched in that way. Never thought he would be.

Damn, this is amazing, Leo thought, as he churred again behind the muzzle. I like it. His hands are so skilled. I shouldn’t like it. Have to remember I’m doing this, so I can find Raph. Don’t feel ashamed when it’s over. Just focus on Raph.

“Nearly, my pet,” Tyler said, sensing Leo was close to climaxing. He bent down and licked Leo’s cock, which sent him over the edge.

Leo came with a muffled roar, his pride gone, his seed splattering his plastron and Tyler’s fingers. Some of it spilled into the beaker.

Tyler placed the sperm in the freezer to analyze later and smiled. Leonardo had done an excellent job.

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“Nearby, my pet,” Tyler said. “You performed well. I’ll analyze your sperm later. I am very proud of you.”

Proud of me, Leo thought in mortification, as he came down from the orgasmic afterglow? Really? I behaved like a wanton hussy. I did what you wanted. I have no shame. I’m filth. Dad and everyone would be so revolted and hate me. Hell, I fucking loathe me and am ashamed of myself for behaving that way, but I did it for Raph. I have to remember that. Raph. He’s all that matters.

“I suggest you disregard your shame,” Tyler said. "Because it won’t serve you well, Leonardo. It’ll only destroy you. I’m going to remove the muzzle, but I warn you if you yell at me or disrespect me I will fucking hurt Raphael. Do you understand?”

Leo nodded and thought, whatever you say. Just take me to Raph. I need to see him and know for myself he’s okay. I’ll push the shame aside. I won’t shatter for Raph. I have to be strong for him, because what if he’s going through this same shit? If both of us break there is no damn hope.

Tyler removed the muzzle and said, “Some questions. Answer them truthfully. Have you ever had sex before, my pet?”
“No. That was the first time I’ve been touched,” Leo replied.
“Did you like it?”
Leo blushed and said, “Your venom made me.”
“For now, but did you like it?”
“Yes.”
“Yes, what?”
“Yes, Master?”
“Good boy. Has Raphael ever had sex before?”
“Yes. He was raped. That’s why you have to let him go,” Leo begged. “He can’t go through it again.”
“Quiet, pet. Have you ever dreamed about screwing your brothers?”
“Of course not! I always thought I was straight and that would be so wrong on a different levels. They’re my brothers, my family. It’s my job to protect them and love them. I would never do that. How could you think that?” Leo asked and shook his head in disgust.
“IT’s common in the animal world.”
“I’m not an animal! I’m a sentient being!” Leo said indignantly, his eyes flashing.
“No, you may be a mutant Turtle, who can walk, talk and make decisions, but you're an animal when it comes down to it. You don’t belong anywhere. You’re a freak, a genetic mistake. Just like me.”
“That’s not true. I have a place. With my family.”
“Who are also freaks and who don’t belong in the human world. You’re misfits, outcasts, unwanted. That’s what you are, like I am. You’re an animal, even though you pretend you aren’t. You’re an imposter, a poser.”
“No. You’re trying to brainwash me.”
“Am I? No. I’m merely speaking the truth. You see, Raphael knows that. He knows what he is and sort of accepts it, as much as it may scare him at times. Your problem is that you won’t accept your true personality and nature. An animal, who was mutated and given a different life. Was it unlucky or lucky that you’re different and function like a human being, but don’t belong in that world or with your relations?”
“Don’t speak about my brother,” Leo snapped. “You don’t know him.”
I know him better than you and you know what, Leonardo? You know deep down that you’re just an animal.”
“I am not like you. I have love, compassion, a soul. Raph does too. You’re dead inside. You’re more of an animal than me. How can you treat others this way? How can you live with yourself and be so apathetic? You’re the freak. Where’s your humanity?”
“Mmm. Really, my humanity? It vanished a long time ago, but that’s a long story. You’ll accept your true nature, as time passes and you’ll be happier than you’ve ever been. No longer having to lie and pretend you blend in. No longer the leader, but a willing pet and breeder. An animal. My animal for the rest of your miserable existence.”

Tyler got a knife and cut away Leo’s belt, his harness and wraps, watching how they fell to the
floor. He knew the significance of them and knew that single act would cause the leader to fall.

Leo watched him and thought, he’s trying to strip me of my identity, my place and reduce me to a nude and sniveling animal, but I won’t do that. I am still Hamato Leonardo. I am not a mere toy. I have thoughts and feelings. I love my family and I will not crumble. I am strong. He will not break me no matter what he does. And I won’t let him break Raph.

He stared stoically at the man.

Tyler held the back of Leo’s head and cut away his mask, leaving him completely exposed and vulnerable.

Leo watched his mask fall away, but he shed no tears, despite his fear at being so vulnerable and naked in front of an enemy. He’d never been so exposed before and his heart hammered. He was fucking terrified. He had no defence now. He was just a bare and helpless turtle and at the man's mercy.

The man knew it too, judging from his triumphant expression on his face.

"You're falling wonderfully, my pet," Tyler said gleefully.
"In your opinion," Leo said coolly, refusing to let the psycho see his terror. "You took my mask, my gear, my harness, but you haven't taken my dignity, my pride or my identity. You never will and I will not let you break my brother. I will protect him until the day I die. So do your worst. I can handle anything. Raph can too. He's brave and as fearless as me. We will escape and you will pay for all you've done."
Tyler laughed and said, "You're well on your way to the abyss, pet. We both know it. I have chores to do. I'll be back later."

The villain left.

Fuck, Leo thought, as he cracked, unwanted tears streaming down his cheeks. Raph and I are so screwed. I am fucking scared and revolted at myself for behaving like an animal, for enjoying the degradation and for bawling like a baby. Me, who's always kept it together and who's always been so pure. What the hell is wrong with me? How could I like it so much and then how could I fall so easily in front of an enemy and fucking cry? Me, the leader. Fuck. I can't do this. I can't. This is too much. I thought I was tough, but I am weak. I proved it to that monster. I am an animal. I am a pet, a slut, something to be used and discarded like trash. That's me. I am not Leonardo anymore. I am worthless, vile, pure filth. I am not what Dad raised me to be. Dad. How can I ever look him in the face again?

An image of Raphael flashed in his mind.

His brother needed him. How selfish he was breaking, when Raphael needed his strength more than ever. He had to get it together and fast or they would never survive their nightmare.

Leo steeled himself and thought, this was a momentary show of weakness, but I will not break again and cry like a fucking weakling, because I am not one. I am strong, a warrior. I am Leonardo. I am not an animal and a toy to be used and abused. I am fearless. I will keep it together no matter what they fucking do for Raph. He's counting on me and my strength. I will not let Dad lose all of his sons. We will go home, try to find Mikey and heal. That's a promise.

Chapter End Notes
A/N Will Leo keep it together? More of Venom is next. How is Raphael faring with him?

There is also fluff coming up.

Thanks for all the kudos and reviews. :)
“How is my beast, Venom?” Tyler asked, gazing at the passed out Turtle.
Venom bristled at the possessiveness and said, “My beast is doing fine.”
“He’s not yours,” Tyler growled, his eyes flashing. “I captured him.”
“So what? Doesn’t make him yours. He’s mine. I’m bigger and tougher than you are. Want to fight? You won’t win.”

Tyler scowled. His colleague was right. An impressive six foot six and 300 pounds, the mamba had six inches on him and over forty pounds. He wouldn’t win, but he could try to make a compromise.

“How about we share him, Venom?” Tyler said. “We can also share his brother. You’ll love him. He’s cute.”
“I’ll think about it. I’m not done here. You’re distracting me.”
“How long is recuperation?”
“Six weeks.”
“What, six weeks of bedrest? Are you kidding me?” Tyler said in disbelief.
“No. I’m a doctor and he was severely injured. The shell break could have killed him. He’s lucky to be alive and lucky I can fix his legs too. Whoever attacked him clearly wanted to immobilize him forever.”
“Isn’t that a good thing? Cripples can’t fight back.”
“No, because there is no challenge then. You want a slave, who totters after you. Not a bedridden creature. Six weeks. Now I didn’t say he wouldn’t be touched during those weeks. Just not sexually. He has to heal first. It’ll also give him time to get to know his new environment and the rules.”
“I don’t like it.”
“You think I do? I also want to fuck after being celibate for so long, but we have to wait. It’ll be worth it. The creature will make a full recovery and at worst he’ll limp.”
“Fine. Call me when he’s able to be useful! I’ll have fun with his brother until then,” Tyler snapped and stalked out of the room.

Venom returned to his work and thought, I know the wait will be worth it. This boy will be everything I’ve ever wanted and will please me no end.

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Raphael woke up four hours later, bile rising in his throat, his mind foggy and he was incredibly thirsty. He blinked and shook his head, trying to clear the fog. When it had cleared, he glanced around the room and saw that he was in a medical room of some kind.

So the psycho Komodo dragon had brought him here to experiment on him as well as to make him
his pet? Or did he have something else in mind?

What had been done to him since the cabin? Why did he want to vomit?

Realizing he was plastron down, he panicked and immediately tried to sit up, only to have gentle hands push him down and hear a silvery voice telling him to lie down.

"What the fuck, man?" Raphael said, glancing up and seeing black slit eyes that seemed to stare into the depths of his soul.

More bile rose in his throat.

He threw up until he couldn’t anymore more and gasped weakly, his head on the pillow, as soft hands made soothing circular motions on his shell, like Leo had done when he was scared, but this wasn’t Leo. Leo didn’t have slit eyes. Who the heck was touching him?

Whoever it was said softly, “You’re fine. That was just your reaction to the anesthetic. Drink some water, okay? It’ll help with the nausea and then you need to eat.”

Raphael looked up and shivered in fright, as he took in a brown face, matching body and a long tail. A tail that was incredibly long and which could do severe damage to him. The being no doubt had a massive dick. A dick that would ravage him worse than Slash had. What the hell was this creature? It looked like a mutant snake in a white coat. Seriously? Wasn’t it bad enough that he’d been molested by a giant Komodo dragon? Now a mutant snake was staring at him hungrily. Damn. He had all the bad luck.

“Relax, pet,” Venom said. “I have you. Drink the water, have something to eat and stay down. It’s vital for your wellbeing.”

Raphael sipped the cool water from a glass the goon held, the water soothing his throat, but definitely not his mind. Who was this creep? How dare he call him a pet! What operation had he performed on him? And where was Leo? He was going to rip the psycho a new hole if he’d harmed his beloved brother! Well, he would try anyway.

“My name’s Raphael, dickwad!” Raphael hissed, green eyes flashing, as he summoned up courage. “I ain’t no one’s pet.”

“Now, now,” Venom said. "That’s no way to speak to someone, who helped you. Calm down. You’re safe. Drink some more water.”

Raphael sipped the water again and said, “Helped me how? By rapin’ me like yer pal?”

“I haven’t touched you. Chill. All I did was mend your shell and your limbs, which are in casts. You should be thankful. If I hadn’t helped you, you may have been immobile forever. Recovery time is six weeks, during which you’ll remain plastron down. It’s best, so your shell can heal. I’ve hooked you up to a catheter for the next few days, so you can go to the bathroom. Your dick is magnificent by the way. How big is it at full mast?”

“Why did ya help me? What’s in it for ya?” Raphael asked, his green eyes narrowing and ignoring Venom’s crass questions. The fucking perve had probably not only hooked him up to the catheter, but had probably felt him up, as he fucking slept!

I feel sick and violated, Raphael thought crossly. He ain’t a good Samaritan. He’s a nutjob, who also wants ta degrade me.

“A cripple would be of no service to me and I intend to use you, gorgeous creature,” Venom said. “Beautiful. I bet no one’s told you that before, but you are. Look at your musculature, your toned legs, thighs, your striking green eyes, your handsome face. You are sensational.” He stroked
“I shall have fun learning what turns you on and using you.”
“I ain’t no one’s ta use like trash,” Raphael said snappily, turning his head away, as trepidation crept into his heart. Now he had another monster to contend with. One, who looked more fearsome than the despicable Komodo dragon.
“Yes, you are. I think you’re perfect,” Venom said, turning Raphael’s head, so their eyes met. “But like I said, I won’t fuck you for six weeks, while you heal. That’ll also give you time to adjust to your new environment, diet and my rules. And I have tons of rules. Break them and you’ll be punished. Listen and you’ll experience orgasmic pleasure.”
“Rules? Yer a wacko. Ya think I’ll follow them rules, when I don’t even listen ta my dad?” Raphael scoffed and rolled his eyes.
“Yes. One, because I know you’ll grow to love being a dominated pet and two, I have your brother. I can always harm him if you don’t adhere to my demands. You will learn what being a pet entails. I am a good teacher. You will learn everything, my beauty. I sense you are stubborn, but you have met your match with me and I will break that iron will. Believe me. You will sit on the floor at my feet like an obedient pet. That will happen. You can’t escape your destiny.”

Leo. Oh, Leo. Not Leo, Raphael thought miserably, his face falling. This bastard has him. I don’t want Leo ta go through what I did. This bastard knows he has me by the balls.
“Judging by your expression, I win,” Venom said smugly.
Cocky asshole, Raphael thought angrily. I hate him already. If he’s hurt Leo, I swear I will…..
As if reading Raphael’s mind, the snake said, “I haven’t harmed your brother, so you can relax.”
Raphael’s mouth gaped. Was the fucker psychic or something, like April?
“I’m psychic and can read minds,” Venom said proudly. “It’s one of my many skills.”
I am so screwed, Raphael thought sadly. Even my thoughts ain’t my own business.
“You are screwed,” Venom said and grinned, showing his fangs. “My dick is sixteen inches. My tail freaking long as well. Aw. Don’t fret, my pet. I’ll give you mind-numbing pleasure that will be worth everything I do to you.”

He’s worse than the Komodo dragon, Raphael thought wretchedly, as unwanted tears ran down his cheeks. I am so fuckin’ scared. I want Leo. Where the hell is Leo? Keep it together, Raph. Don’t crack. Keep it together. Ya have ta be strong. Ya gotta. It’s the only way yer gonna survive this, escape with Leo and get back ta Dad.

“You’re never going to see your dad again, pet. There is no escape,” Venom said softly, as he brushed Raphael’s tears away with his hand.
“Why do you wanna do this?” Raphael asked, his eyes shining with tears. “Why me? What could I possibly have ta offer ya?”
“Hmm. Master wants you to breed. I just want you for fun.”
“Breed?”
“Of course, sweet pet. You’re going to be the mommy of a new super army.”
“I’m a guy. I ain’t no fuckin’ chick! How the fuck am I gonna do that?” Raphael asked, praying the creep didn’t know he was intersex.
Venom immediately backhanded Raphael across his face, the snake’s eyes blazing and hissed, “You don’t speak to me that way, slut. I am your Master and you will speak to me with respect! You will not curse. You will merely listen and speak when I say you can. Do you fucking understand?”
Raphael glowered at him and said,“ Ya will never make me cower. Go ta…..”
“I said, do you understand,” Venom yelled, grabbing Raphael’s unbroken arm in a tight grip and making him grimace. “Answer me or I’ll break this arm too!”

Tears of helplessness, pain, fear, rage, indignation and worry for his brother ran down Raphael’s cheeks.

Raphael nodded, tears falling like rain down his face. Damn. He hadn’t cried since Leo had found him, but they’d been relieved and happy tears. This was a new reality, a new nightmare. One he knew would be far worse than Slash. One that would test him to the limits and maybe his bond with Leo too. That’s what they wanted, right? To test him and to break him.

Well, he wouldn’t let that happen. He’d shown weakness and cried now, but he wouldn’t again. He would fight back and be strong for Leo. They would escape and would be with their dad and they would try and find Mikey and heal from their nightmare.

“I can see you’re slipping into the abyss. The cracks are forming in your mind,” Venom said happily. “You’re shattering inside. It’s just a matter of time before you fall completely, my creature.”

“Nope,” Raphael said. "I’ve fought in battles, killed villains, been experimented on, raped and so much more, but I’m still here and I’m whole. I ain’t in pieces. I ain’t succumbed to the darkness or am dead inside. I’m still Hamato Raphael, a fearless warrior with a heart of gold, who loves his family unconditionally and who is pure and noble. I stand for good. Ya can try ta break me, like others have done before and failed, but ya will fail too. Ya won’t break Leo neither or our bond.”

“So arrogant, huh? You’re a smug bastard for a freak, who doesn’t belong anywhere and who isn’t wanted.”

“I am wanted by my family. They love me and I love them. That love will see me and Leo triumph over ya.”

“Hahaha. Foolish brat. You have no idea what you’re up against. I am Venom. My bite turns people into sex slaves, I can read minds, I’m stronger and more powerful than you and your brother combined. I’m built like a tank, my tail is lethal. Shall I go on?”

“The bigger ya are, the harder ya fall and it ain’t all ‘bout brawn. It’s ‘bout strategy and technique too. My bro and I got that. Besides, me and Leo are ninja warriors and will kick yer butt.”

“Really? So am I and I have black belts in Karate and Brazilian jiu-jitsu.”

“I ain’t the arrogant jerk here. I know our strengths. Ya don’t know who yer dealin’ with, pal,” Raphael said and smiled inwardly, when he saw rage flash on the villain’s face.

“This conversation is tedious and going in circles. I accept the challenge, but let’s get one thing, clear, pet. I am a Master at breaking people. I have done that on countless prisoners. I am third in command under Master Shredder and a highly esteemed employee. Let me get you something to eat. You should eat something too after your anesthetic.”

“Shredder? Ya work for tin can?” Raphael said, his green eyes widening in incredulity.

“Yep.”

“Why would ya wanna work for a jackass like that? I bet he hates ya.”

“He calls me his son and the pay’s great. Plus, I have a fabulous place to stay and all the prisoners I can command and abuse.”

Raphael laughed scornfully and said, “Really? His son? Ya, a mutant freak, ’cause that’s what ya are. A freak, like me, except I got humanity, a soul, compassion and a heart. How can ya treat yer fellow mutant abysmally, huh? Where’s yer compassion and loyalty? How can ya work for a man with no honor? It says ya got none.”

“How dare you lecture me, beast! You, a pathetic pet.”

“Yer delusional, asshole. He don’t love ya like a son. He’s just usin’ ya ta get what he wants and he’s gonna dispose of ya like trash when he’s done with ya. All he cares ‘bout is himself, what he wants and his obsession of rulin’ the Earth. He thinks yer a genetic mistake too and is only pretendin’ ta like ya. Look, I’m gonna give a chance ta reclaim yer humanity and yer soul, because
I think ya’ve been duped. Let me and my brother, yer fellow mutants go. Let us go ta our dad. My brother, Donnie, died in an avalanche, when he was lookin’ for me. My other brother, Mikey, is stuck in a cabin in Bear Mountain Park and may die. He can’t move, because he was shot in his legs. Let Leo and I go, so that we can find Mikey, go ta our dad and heal from all the shit we’ve been through. Let us heal as a family. Don’t let Dad lose all of his sons. Me and Leo won’t tell no one ‘bout ya or ya can live with us. Ya’ll be safe and become a member of our clan. Ya won’t have to endure Shredder’s abuse no more.”

“You’re just trying to trick me, pet. Be your family? Seriously? Why would I betray my Master, who’s given me so much?”

“He ain’t given ya squat. Ya think he has, but in reality, he owns ya and yer every action. Yer bound ta him. Yer his slave, but it wouldn’t be like that with my family. There ya’d be safe, ya could be yer own person and do what ya want. Just think of all the freedom ya could have. Heck. Maybe I’d even date ya for real,” Raphael lied. He would say anything to free himself and Leo.

"Would ya like that? Us for real, instead of takin’ me by force? I’d love ya and would do all I could ta ensure yer happy forever. What do ya say?" Raphael asked hopefully, his green eyes staring intently into Venom’s eyes.

Fuck his pet for assessing his situation so swiftly, Venom thought. He was right. He was nothing but a glorified slave. Date his pet for real? Really? He’d really love him, Venom, him, who badly craved love and acceptance? But that would mean betraying Shredder, who’d taken him in when he’d been vulnerable and starving.

Damn, his pet was alluring with his handsome features, sensational body and his glorious eyes.

“I’ll back with some food in a bit,” Venom said.

“Ya will think ‘bout it, right?” Raphael asked. “I know it’s a lot ta ask, but just think of us tangled together in bed after…after our bondin’ ceremony. We’ll be eternal mates.”

“You’d marry me?”

“Yep. If ya let us go, I would date ya and then marry ya. Yer freakin’ sexy, ya know. I ain’t never seen anythin’ as spectacular as ya,” Raphael said and licked his lips flirtatiously, while inwardly recoiling at the thought of being his mate. The snake was fucking ugly. Not as hideous as the Komodo dragon, but a close second.

“Really? No one’s called me that before. Get some rest. I’ll be back shortly. I’ll take excellent care of you during your recovery.”

“I want my brother. I need to see he’s okay. Get him now.”

“Want doesn’t get anything, pet.”

“I WANT MY BROTHER! DAMN YA, ASSHOLE. FUCKIN’ GET HIM NOW. I NEED HIM. DO YA FUCKIN’ HEAR ME?”

The snake ignored Raphael’s tantrum and closed the door behind him, only infuriating Raphael further.

I ignored his outburst, his cursing and the fact he hasn’t addressed me as Master, Venom thought. But that was the only time. I will not tolerate such behavior ever again. I will drum obedience into him and he will address me respectfully and as Master. He will never speak to me that way again. Bloody brat. Clearly his dad taught him no manners. I wonder if his brother is more polite.

Fuck, Raphael thought angrily and punched his pillow in fury with his uninjured hand. I want Leo. I need him so badly and that snake just ignored me, as if I were a mere petulant kid. Right. I am a kid I’m only fifteen and I did act bratty, but so what. I’m scared and I need my big brother. He’s all I got and only he can calm me. No one else has ever been able to do that. It was always Leo when I had nightmares or when I was anxious. Leo always chased my demons away and he will now. Why won’t they let me see him? Is it some kinda power trip on their part? Yeah. It is. They want me ta
break and ya know what I think? I think this new experience will either break me completely or make me realize I’m stronger than I thought. I don’t know how old that snake is, but he looks at least a decade older than me and he’s much more powerful. I’d be putty in his hands, ya know. I don’t want him and I don’t want this. I don’t want Leo and I ta be his pets. I just want him ta believe me, so he’ll free me and Leo. If he don’t, then me and Leo are in for one hell of a nightmare. One we may never, as much as we fight, survive. I wanna go home. I know Leo does too, so we can be with Dad, mourn our brothers and heal. Heal from all we’ve suffered and try ta rebuild our lives. I ain’t never been much for prayer, but I’m prayin’ now that it happens, because I know there’s only so much one can take and that I may crack for good if more shit happens. Please, Lord, let me and Leo get outta here alive and back ta Dad. Please!

Chapter End Notes

A/N

Will Venom agree to what Raphael proposes?

Next up, Mikey. Did he manage to get help? Splinter and April will also be in the chapter.

Thanks for the kudos and reviews. You guys are the best. This story is nowhere done. So much planned :)

Unbearable sorrow

Chapter Summary

Mikey tangles with a gun and loses the battle. Splinter learns that all of his sons may have passed on and can't handle the raw grief. Loads of angst. Get your tissues ready. I literally wept when I wrote this chapter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

NOVEMBER 24 8 p.m.

Several hours had passed since April had last heard from her friends and with every passing nanosecond, her anxiety grew. Why weren’t they communicating? Had they found Raphael? Had something awful happened to them and they were deceased? No. That couldn’t be the case. Just couldn’t be. Splinter’s sons were everything to him and it would kill him if something had happened to them. They had to still be out there, but where and how could she get to them in the abysmal weather?

“Any news, my child?” Splinter asked, suddenly appearing in the lab, where April had been communicating with the others via her radio.

“Nothing for many hours, Sensei, but don’t lose hope,” April said.

“Nothing whatsoever?” the rat asked dejectedly, his shoulders slumped, making April’s heart shatter. She’d never heard him so broken before.

“I’m hopeful. You must stay strong and have faith, Sensei.”

“I sense something bad has happened,” Splinter said and shivered, as two chills ran down his spine.

“Something we have never faced before and which means I am not long for this world. Losing my sons will do that, my child. I love them so much and they’re the best things I ever did. I couldn’t live without them. My old heart wouldn’t cope with the grief.”

“Sensei, the boys are probably holed up somewhere waiting for the weather to change and perhaps the radio’s battery has died. They’ll be in contact when they can. I’m sure. Who knows, maybe they’re already on their way back and have Raph. Don’t panic. I’m sure they’ll come home. Can I get you some tea?”

“No, thanks, my child. I am going to meditate. I hope you’re right. Please let me know if you hear anything,” Splinter said and left the room, his shoulders slumped.

I think Sensei is right, April thought despondently. Something horrible has happened, but I pray he’s wrong and that they’ll walk through the door any minute now. They have to. Fuck. Let them. Oh, fuck, let them arrive home, so their dear dad can enjoy his golden years with them.

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Mikey woke up in the cabin and yelled, “Guys? Need some help here, please. I'm starving. Leo? Raph? You guys there?”

Silence ensured.

“Guys, come on. This isn’t funny. You know I can’t get up and walk to you. You guys still sleeping? Wake up. I need you. Hello?” Mikey shouted.
Still no answer.

How weird, Mikey thought. Why aren’t they answering? I have to find out why, but I can’t freaking move. Got to try.

Mikey hoisted himself off of the bed and landed on the floor with a thud, pain radiating through his body. He grimaced and bravely began the long the crawl to the next room, praying his brothers were just sound asleep. He knew that Raphael was sometimes a deep sleeper.

He eventually reached the lounge, but not seeing his brothers anywhere and spying the open door, through which icy snow was blowing in, the wind bone-numbing, making his aching limbs hurt even more, a shiver ran down his spine. His brothers were gone and had just disappeared into thin air. How? Where could they be? Had something taken them or it was someone? It couldn’t be Slash. He was still dead, his body prone on the bedroom floor, so it had to be something else. But what and why? Hadn’t his family been through enough already?

Hearing footsteps, Mikey looked up and right into the barrel of a gun.

His blood ran cold. What the fuck now? A gun? Why? All he wanted was to find his brothers and to get back to his dad. He had to find them. His dad couldn’t lose more sons. Fuck. This couldn't be happening.

Before he could even open his mouth to speak, the person pointing the gun pressed the trigger.

The bullet hit Mikey dead center in his forehead and he crumpled to the ground, already gone, his blue eyes shut forever. The bullet had penetrated his brain and split open his fibrous and connective tissue membranes that acted as an internal cushion. Then the bullet hit his cerebrospinal fluid, exited his body and rolled onto the floor, landing a few meters away.

Slimy brain matter, a mixture of gray and white, had spilled out onto the floor and onto the man’s shoes. Blood splattered the floor, the walls, the man’s clothing and some was even on the victim.

The man, a ranger named Robert, didn’t even flinch, because he was used to guts and gore. He was the ranger in the cabin and sometimes had to shoot animals to survive. He’d also been on two tours of Afghanistan and had seen so many horrors there, leaving him shell-shocked, then apathetic, numb, desensitized, a walking zombie, who was unable to love or to find pleasure in anything. He’d come back early from his Thanksgiving vacation, because he’d got bored at his family’s home and he missed the solitude of his cabin.

His psychologist told him he was making progress, but he thought that was baloney, because he’d been seeing his shrink for ten years and he didn’t feel any differently. He guessed that was just shit his psychologist told him, so he’d keep making appointments and spending money. Money that she burned as quickly as she made on exotic holidays, clothing, makeup and other luxuries. Well, he was done with psychologists. Nothing could save him from his demons that made him scream in the middle of the night and wake up in a feverish sweat and nothing could restore his humanity and love for himself or anyone else. He was too far gone in the abyss.

He turned Mikey over with his foot, looked at the gunshot wound in his forehead and thought, a giant Turtle. How cool. It’ll last me for a few days.

Robert closed and locked the front door, dismembered Mikey with a chainsaw and placed most of the body parts in the freezer. Never once did he think that the giant Turtle might have a family or other loved ones, who missed him and he didn’t question how the Turtle had found his way to his cabin. No. The Turtle had just been an intruder and now he was going to pay the price and be his
meals. A fitting end for a lowly Turtle in his opinion and he loved Turtle meat. It was yummier than chicken. Yes. He was so glad he’d come home early.

He placed Mikey’s head in a pot of water. Then he went for a quick shower and changed into clean clothing.

Robert returned a while later, turned the gas stove on and added vegetables and herbs to the pot. It would take a couple of hours. His stomach let him know how starved he was by rumbling, as he inhaled the pleasant whiff from the pot. He was famished. This meal would be one of his finest and he couldn’t wait to chow down.

He made a small fire in the fireplace, picked up a book he’d been reading before his trip and delved back in. It wasn’t the most scintillating book, but it’d pass the time until his meal was ready.

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Mikey was in Heaven, experiencing a sense of surrealness, as he glanced down and saw what had become of his earthly body. He was dead. Really? It had all been so swift. He hadn’t even felt the impact of the bullet. He’d just succumbed and now his vile killer was going to eat him. Leo had been wrong. This was like the movie Alive. First Casey and now him. Fuck. Had the others been eaten too? Where were they? How could he find them if he was dead? Oh, hell, don’t let them be dead and have Splinter lose them too. That would be too much for their ancient dad. He’d probably have a coronary and die on the spot.

Tears slid down his cheeks, as he thought about his family. Now he’d never see them again. No more training, no more jokes, bonding trips to the farmhouse, no more missions. He’d never hear his brothers’ laughter again. Nothing. Just eternal sadness for those left behind. He wasn’t really dead, was he?

It had to be a mistake. Yeah, he’d wake up and they’d all be gathered around the kitchen table, Leo and Raphael arguing as usual and then they’d train. Leo and Raphael would argue more, as Raphael taunted him. Then he, Mikey, and Donnie would try to stop the fight when it escalated. They’d watch movies for the rest of the day and long into the night, dining on pizza out of the takeout boxes and bantering. He and Raphael might even play video games if Leo and Donnie went to meditate and to the lab respectively.

Damn. How he missed his family. He’d give anything just to see them again.

I want my family, Mikey thought wretchedly, more tears streaming down his cheeks. This has to just be a nightmare. It has to be. I need them. Need to hear their laughter and need their hugs.

Mikey,” a voice said suddenly, as a figure approached him.

“Donnie?” Mikey said in amazement, as the genius neared him.

“Yes,” Donnie said and threw his arms around him, his eyes wet with tears. “Oh, Mikey. I love you, but I’m not glad to see you. It means you’ve joined me.”

“I have? I’m really dead? This isn’t a bad dream?”

“No.”

“Are Leo and Raph dead? We’d found Slash and Raph, who killed Slash. Then Leo and Raph were talking in the front room. Raph had two broken legs, a broken arm and a fractured shell. Leo was only shot in the one leg, so he could hop around and help us. I was shot in both legs and couldn’t move from the bed in the back room. I forced myself to crawl to the front room when I didn’t hear them when I woke up. They were gone. How could they have vanished just like that, Donnie? How? They couldn’t really get far with their injuries. Do you think they were taken?”
“I don’t know. I haven’t seen them. I hope not. They’re all Dad has now.”
“Casey’s dead too, Donnie. Slash killed Casey, cooked him and fed him to me and Raph. Oh, Donnie. I don’t want to be dead. I want to be back with our family. I want Dad,” Mikey sobbed, clinging tighter to Donnie.
“I know. I do too, but there’s no chance of that. Dad can’t bring us back from the dead. This is our life now, Mikey,” Donnie said and rubbed Mikey’s shell soothingly.
“I want our family. This can’t be it,” Mikey said hysterically. “Slash kidnaps Raph, brutalizes him, you die, Casey’s killed and now I’m dead. Come on. There has to be a way to get back alive. How much sorrow can a family withstand, Donnie? Why us? What did we deserve to do this?”
“I don’t have the answers.”

“My sons,” a male voice suddenly said.
“Dad?” Mikey and Donnie said in stunned unison, realizing their dad had reached them via the astral plane.

“I am so grateful to talk to you,” Splinter said, his eyes shining with joy. “Are you okay, my sons? Will you be home soon with your brothers? I miss you so much.”

Donnie and Mikey’s hearts clenched and their stomachs tightened in knots, as they wondered how to tell their dad the heartbreaking news that they were no more and that their brothers were missing and were possibly also deceased.

The genius took a deep breath and said, “Dad, there’s no easy way to say this, but we have passed on. I have no idea where Leo and Raph are….”
“This can’t be true. You’re alive,” Splinter said plaintively, his eyes filling with tears and then running down his furry cheeks. “Tell me it’s not true and this is a prank. Tell me, my sons. I won’t be mad. I just want to know you’re well and that Leonardo and Raphael are too. Did Raphael tell you to prank me?”

Donnie and Mikey had never seen their dad cry before in all their years. Not even when they’d come home battered from fights and missions. It tore at their hearts and they crumbled, shedding tears of their own.

“Dad,” Mikey said brokenly and swallowed the lump in his throat. “This is no joke. Me and Donnie are gone and it’s possible Leo and Raph are too. I wish I could tell you otherwise. Take comfort that our deaths were swift and that we didn’t suffer. Please don’t fall apart, Dad. You have to be strong for April.”

But Splinter wasn’t listening anymore. His sons were dead. Two of them and probably Leonardo and Raphael as well. His precious sons. Why his family? Why his sons? They’d only ever done good their entire lives. How could he go on without them? No. All of his sons were probably gone, because it was likely that Leonardo had tried to get help, even in the horrendous weather. Maybe Raphael had crawled after him and insisted on going with him or something foolish, leaving Michelangelo alone in the cabin, but to be honest, that didn’t make any sense. The brothers would never abandon each other.

No. Something else must have happened and his beloved Leonardo and Raphael must have been killed, their bodies dumped like trash somewhere to rot and maybe animals were gnawing on them at this very moment.

Oh, hell, he couldn’t breathe. His damn chest was on fire and he felt like it was going to explode. His heart couldn’t handle this sorrow.

His whole family had been wiped out in the blink of an eye. The family he’d always loved and
nurtured. Gone. He was all alone. Alone to wander the sewers and to mourn all he’d lost. His world. Everything. Gone.

His sons, his lasting legacy, his proudest achievements had been snuffed out.

“Dad?” Donnie said nervously, watching his dad clawing at his chest and gasping for air. “Dad, please don’t die,” Mikey begged, fresh tears raining down his face. “Dad! Shit. Let let April find him.”

Memories flashed before Splinter’s eyes, as he fell onto the floor, the agony in his chest intensifying, as he emitted an anguished wail.

Hatchings, family times, birthdays, training his sons, longs talks and meditation with Leonardo in his private quarters, the rare times Raphael hugged him, Michelangelo’s laughter, Donatello’s gentleness. Never again would he see his sons, whom he adored so much.

Thinking of his treasured sons hurt immensely, but soon he would be no more. Soon he’d only have eternal oblivion and no more pain and suffering and soon his sons would find their way to him in Heaven.

They would be united and a family again.

He didn’t even hear Mikey and Donnie. They seemed to be so far away and spoke as if they were under water.

Splinter knew he’d had a heart attack and that his end was nigh, but he didn’t care. Nothing mattered anymore. His sons were gone and all he craved was peace and serenity from his overwhelming heartache.

His heart giving out, he lay down on the floor, gasping for breath.

“I will always love you, my sons. You are the best things I’ve ever done. Rest in peace. We will soon be together again,” Splinter said weakly, as he struggled to breathe.

His body shut down, he gave a final shudder and his eyes slid closed, as he surrendered and succumbed to the eternal darkness.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Did Splinter really die?

This chapter takes place on November 24 and the previous and later chapters are from November 25 onwards.

Loads more angst planned, as well as fluff and love and something happens out of left field. Can you guess what?

Thank you for the kudos and reviews :)}
April finds Splinter. Lots of fluff and some angst in flashbacks in this chapter. :) 

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

April made Splinter tea, went to his room and knocked on the door, but not getting a reply, she opened the door and entered the bedroom.

“No!” she screamed when she saw his prone body. “No, no, Sensei. Wake up. Please, please. Wake up. You can’t be gone. I need you.”

She knelt down and checked his pulse. Barely there, but it was something and he was just unconscious. Thank hell, but what if he died?

April knew what she had to do if that happened and she didn’t like the thought of it at all.

The topic of burial had come up a few times in the two years she’d known the Hamato family. Splinter had said he wished to be buried in an unmarked grave at the farmhouse, but when she’d spoken to the brothers, their wishes had been different. Leo and Raphael had said they wished to be buried with their dad, but Donnie and Mikey wanted to be cremated and have their ashes scattered in the ocean they’d always desired to visit and never done. Her amazing friends. It was heartrending thinking she would never see any of them again. They’d been the brothers she’d always wanted and Splinter had been the loving dad she’d so badly needed when her own dad had passed when she’d been nine, guiding, loving her and treating her like one of his own. She had no memories of her mom, who’d died giving birth to her.

April carried Splinter to the infirmary.

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April placed Splinter onto a stretcher, hooked him up to an IV, pulled up a chair by the bed and waited. That was all she could do. He’d either make it or not and if he didn’t….She didn’t want to think about it.

She thought about how much he meant to her. Her wedding was a week away and she’d hoped he’d walk her down the aisle at the farmhouse. She and Casey had wanted a civil service at the court house first. Raphael had been Casey’s best man and the others had helped her with planning the reception. Mikey had been in his element, as he helped her decide on the menu and test various cakes he’d baked.

The Turtles’ faces flashed before her. Leo’s kind and patient smile, Raphael’s smirk, especially when he bested Leo, which wasn’t that often, Mikey’s huge grin and Donnie’s angelic smile, which never wavered. Leo had often been her confidante and she’d trusted him implicitly. She hadn’t spent much time with Raphael, because she’d always been a bit scared of his temper, but she loved him all the same and knew he’d do anything for her, even if it meant sacrificing his life to
save hers. She’d loved discussing science with Donnie and building gadgets and she’d spent endless hours cooking and baking with Mikey, whose cheery nature never failed to make her smile, even when she’d had a crappy day.

Then then there was her adored Casey, who’d also gone searching for Raphael. He was probably also dead, so she was alone. Alone with her thoughts and memories. Casey had been her rock and her anchor through many times. How she’d loved him and she knew he’d loved her. Now he was probably rotting in the middle of nowhere, his corpse unlikely to be found.

She was two months along with their first child, a fact she and Casey hadn’t wanted to tell anyone yet until she’d passed her first trimester, but she had no doubt they’d have all been elated with the news. Mikey would have immediately started rambling about building a nursery at the lair for when they visited with the baby and about baby names. Leo would have beamed and quietly congratulated them. Raphael would have thumped Casey on the back, congratulated them and probably suggested a cigar to celebrate, which would have annoyed Leo, because he was anti-stimulants. Donnie would have been over the moon too. There’d have been a huge celebration and the brothers would have been doubly excited when they learned they were the godfathers of the new little being. There would also have been a tinge of sadness, because the brothers knew that this was the closest that they would ever get to fatherhood. None of them would ever have families of their own.

April had no doubt they’d all have been excellent dads, even gruff Raphael, because he was really just a sweetheart underneath his tough exterior. She’d seen how loving he was with his brothers. It was so unfair that Fate denied them that and now Fate had caused them to die.

She would teach her baby about their dad and about their heroic godfathers and she would try to be as good a parent as Splinter and her own dad had been.

Tears rolled down her cheeks, as she studied Splinter. He had to make it, because she needed him more than ever. She needed his strength, his wisdom, his love. How was she supposed to cope on her own?

Her mind drifted to when Casey had popped the question.

FLASHBACK: AUGUST 16

It was late summer and she and Casey had gone for a stroll along the beach that afternoon. Now they were making their way back to their car.

Casey suddenly pulled out a small box from his jacket, dropped to his knees, opened the box, which contained a blue sapphire ring and said, “April, I’ve never been good with words and I’m struggling now, so don’t expect the best proposal in the world. All I know is that you bring out the best in me, I love you more than anything, we’re good for one another and I can’t and don’t want to imagine a life without you. Will you marry me? I promise to love and cherish you all my life. Just say yes, because my knees are killing me!”

April fell to her knees, tears in her eyes and said, “I will, baby. I love you too.”

Casey slipped the ring onto her ring finger, beamed and said, “It suits you. My grandmother would have been so proud to see you wear her ring. I’m the happiest guy ever! Yahoo. I can’t believe we’re engaged!”

“Let’s seal it with a kiss,” April said and kissed him tenderly. “I’m so happy I could burst. Dad would have loved you, Case. You’re the most fantastic guy and I’m glad you’re mine. I promise to love you and honor you my whole life.”

They kissed again and stood up.
“I have to call Raph,” Casey said. “He’ll be over the moon! He’s been bitching at me for months to pop the question. I think he was more excited than me when I told him I was going to take the plunge. He’ll be best man of course at the wedding. Is Leo going to be matron of honor? He acts like a mother hen.”
“Very funny, Case,” April said and laughed. “Come on. Let’s get some ice cream and call the guys.”

The brothers had been thrilled when they’d learned about the engagement, Mikey keen to throw the best engagement party ever, which would include a macaron tower, but April couldn’t help hearing a tint of sadness in Raphael’s voice, although he was trying hard to disguise it.

Casey and April visited the brothers the next day and were talking to Raphael, while everyone else was preparing snacks for their pals in the kitchen.

“Raph, are you okay?” April had asked. “You sounded miserable last night.”
“I’m fine. Really stoked for ya guys. Gonna be the best engagement party and weddin’ ever.”
“You sure you’re okay?”
“Yeah. Hey. Do ya think everyone’s got a soulmate?”

“Yeah,” Casey said. “I didn’t buy that shit before, but then I met Ape and she’s definitely mine. Have faith, bud. Hey. Maybe Leo’s yours. Ever think about that? You guys fight like no tomorrow, but you have immense love and respect for one another. Plus, all that sexual tension you guys have. I wish you guys would jump one another already!”

“AIN’T TRUE!” Raphael snarled, his green eyes flashing, as he clenched his fists. “Take that back, Case. He’s just my brother. Gross and he’s so up his own ass. Why would I want him? Can ya imagine us as a couple? It’d be hell. Neither of us backin’ down and constant fightin’.”
“I’m just messing. Easy, Raph, but would Leo be such a bad choice? You aren’t bio brothers and you fight now. It wouldn’t be anything new and you could have makeup sex,” Casey said, his eyes glinting mischievously.

“Watch yer fuckin’ mouth,” Raphael growled. “Unless ya want my fists in it. He’s just my brother and I ain’t fuckin’ gay! I like chicks. I watch porn of chicks. Honestly, how could ya even think I’d want Leo?”

“Whoa, man. I’m sorry. I was just playing around.”
“Don’t. I’m goin’ out! Ya know better than ta fuck with me ‘bout stuff like that. I mean, Leo. Seriously, man, he’s the last guy I would want. Perhaps I would want ya, huh, if I was gay? Why not? We get on extremely well and got tons in common.”
“That’s not funny, Raph!” Casey said heatedly.
“Neither is the ‘joke’ ‘bout Leo.”

Raphael stormed out of the lair.

“Nice going, Case,” April said and sighed. “You’re lucky the others didn’t hear you. Leo wouldn’t have been amused either.”
“But you have to admit he and Leo do have chemistry. I see it. They’d be good for one another. I don’t think it would be a bad thing if they hooked up.”
“Me either, but others wouldn’t be so accepting. Drop it. Here are the others.”

FLASHBACK: SEPTEMBER 20

“Hon, I haven’t been well for some time,” April said, as she and Casey tucked into a takeaway
Chinese in the living room. “I know why. I’m pregnant.”
Casey swallowed hard, blinked and said, “W-what?”
“Yes. I got a pregnancy test from the drugstore. I know we said we’d wait a few years, but life
doesn’t always happen that way. Anyway, it was blue, Case. I understand if you don’t want it. Life
is crazy right now. My college, your job and……”
“This is the most amazing news ever,” Casey said, his eyes shining with happiness, a huge grin
spreading across his face, as he pumped the air in jubilation. “I’m going to be a dad. Yahoo. Oh,
babe,” he said and reached over and planted a kiss on her lips. “I can’t wait to tell Raph.”
“So you’re on board?” April asked, her heart swelling with love for her fiancé. She’d wondered
how to broach the subject and though he was an amazing partner, she’d been a bit worried he
wouldn’t be receptive to the news. They were engaged yes, but their life was pretty hectic at the
moment and a little one would only complicate things more.
“Hell yeah! When are you due? What gender is it? When can I start buying him things?”
“Him? Casey, I don’t even know how far along I am,” April said, amused by his eagerness. “We
won’t know the gender until I’m at least four months along and as for Raph, I’d prefer if you
waited until I’m past the first trimester. Please.”
“Fine. Whatever you want,” Casey said and beamed. “Oh, Ape. I’m so thrilled. I just hope I’ll be a
great dad. You know I didn’t exactly have the best role model.”
“You’ll be more than fine. The mold stops with you, babe. I know you’ll be an amazing dad.”
“I hope so. The guys will be delighted. They’ll be the kid’s godfathers. I have no doubt the baby
will be thoroughly spoiled by them. This calls for a celebration. Let’s go out tomorrow to a really
fancy restaurant. That French one you’ve pestered me for months to go to.”
“You hate dressing up.”
“Yeah, but it’s worth it seeing how happy you are and truthfully, I don’t care what gender we have.
All I want is for them to be healthy and happy. I’m so ecstatic I could burst and I want to scream it
from the rooftop.”
“Better not. Our neighbors will complain.”
“I don’t give a shit,” Casey said and kissed her deeply. “I’m on cloud nine. Thank you, babe,” he
added and kissed her again.

BACK IN THE PRESENT: NOVEMBER 25

April shed tears again and thought, Casey was so looking forward to be a dad. It’s so damn unfair
he’ll never get that chance.

A recent memory of her trying on her wedding dress on October 10 flashed in her mind. Naturally,
Casey was forbidden from seeing it, but she’d allowed the others to see it.

“Wow,” Donnie had said in awe. “April, you’re stunning. I love the dress.”
“You’re so gorgeous,” Mikey had said approvingly. “Man, Casey’s such a lucky guy.”

“Ya clean up good,” Raphael said and smiled, though she could have sworn she saw a tear in the
corner of his eyes. Why? Was he thinking about never having a soulmate again?
“You’re breathtaking,” Leo said. “Hey, Raph, let’s go and shoot some basketball.”
“Yer on, Fearless. Loser does the other’s chores.”

April had changed into her street clothes a while later and left the lair, when she neared the
basketball court. She froze, not wishing to disturb Leo and Raphael.

“It’s so damn unfair, Leo,” Raphael said, as he dribbled the ball. “I got so much love. Why do I
gotta be alone forever?”
“I know how you feel, Raph.”
“Sometimes I think it’d have been better if we’d never mutated. At least we’d have been normal and maybe had mates, instead of havin’ ta live in the shadows. We’re freaks and outcasts, Leo. We don’t belong nowhere and all we got is one another. I love ya guys, but I yearn for a deeper level of companionship.”
“I feel the same way, but if we’d stayed regular turtles we’d never have been able to help so many people. Think of all the good we’ve done.”
“I don’t care. I want someone ta love. Maybe Donnie could make ooze and we could become humans. That would solve our problems. Think of all the opportunities we could have, Leo. A life outta the sewers.”
“And leave Dad? You know he wouldn’t take the ooze and he’s getting older, Raph. He probably hasn’t many years left.”
“Leo, I’m drownin’ in the sewers and I’m tired of hidin’ in the shadows and of bein’ called a freak.”
The leader sighed and said, “If Dad has passed by the time you’re eighteen, you’re free to do as you wish, but until then remain here.”
“And if he ain’t passed by then?”
“Then you wait until he has. I don’t like it, Raph, and I don’t want to lose you, but if being human is so important to you, then do it. I won’t stand in your way.”
“And yer gonna do it, right? We do everythin’ together.”
“No. I like who I am.”
“But who am I gonna turn ta for advice?”
“You can visit me.”
“It ain’t the same.”
“No. Nothing in life ever is, Raph. Are you going to be okay?”
“I, havin’ a family of my own means so much, but it ain’t worth losin’ ya.”
“You won’t lose me.”
“But only seein’ ya sometimes just ain’t worth it. I think I’m gonna stay here and remain a Turtle,” Raphael said, even as his heart sank.
“You can always change your mind.”
“I won’t. I love ya and our family too much for us ta ever be parted, especially ya, Leo. Yer my best friend and I can’t and don’t wanna imagine bein’ without ya.”

That is so Raphael, April had thought. He wants so much, but he won’t have it if it means losing his brothers, because they’re everything to him and it’s vice versa.

She’d waited for a couple of minutes, then turned the corner, said her goodbyes and gone home.

Another memory of a recent trip to the farmhouse surfaced in her mind. They’d all had so much fun, but Raphael had acted weird and come to think of it, so had Leo. They’d seemed a bit nervous around one another, which was odd, because they’d been around one another their whole lives, but maybe they’d finally had the fight that had severed bonds for good. Could that be it? Or was it her overactive imagination? Was Casey right and Raphael and Leo were soulmates and they’d had some sort of connection and were ashamed about it? Like maybe a kiss or something more?

It wouldn’t have bothered her at all if that was the case. All that mattered was that her friends had someone to love, but she knew that Splinter would never feel that way, so maybe something had happened and Leo had got cold feet, because he was worried Splinter would find out. It made sense, because the thing that Leo craved most was his dad’s acceptance and praise.

She’d wanted to ask Leo about it, but now she would never get the chance.

April bowed her head in prayer, more tears spilling down her cheeks and said, “Sensei, please
make it. I need you and love you so much. You’re all I have. Me and the baby can’t afford to lose you too."

She was so lost in thought she didn’t hear anyone speak, but she did feel a tap on her shoulder.

April nearly jumped out of her skin and said in amazement, "I’m dreaming, right? You can't be here."

Chapter End Notes

A/N Will Splinter make it? Are Donnie, Mikey and Casey really gone for good?

Exciting news. My friend, Jerry is drawing art of Tyler, the mutant Komodo Dragon and he's coming along amazingly. I hope to post him later this weekend. He's exactly how I envisioned in my head.

Also, Venom is inspired by BlairDrakko's Shi, but my plot isn't the same at all and I have a few alternate endings planned.

The next chapter is all fluff and romantic and ties in with my tags. :) Can you guess what?

Thanks for all the kudos and reviews :)
Flashback: Moonlight kisses

Chapter Summary

The family discusses finding Leo and Raphael. That's right. They were sent back by the Great Being. I didn't have the heart for everyone to die. Leo and Raphael share an unexpected and special moment that is forever imprinted on their psyches and which changes things between them.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“’You’re not, babe,” Casey said and beamed. “’We’re all back. I don’t know how, but we are.’ Shedding tears, April stood up, threw her arms around him, hugging him tightly and said, “Oh, Case. I thought I’d lost you forever.” She looked up and saw Donnie and Mikey staring anxiously at their dad, whose condition was unchanged. “You guys are back too. I can’t believe it. I thought you were all gone and I was alone. Did you see Leo and Raph?”

“Nope,” Mikey said. “Which means they have to be alive, but I don’t know for how long, because they had severe injuries. Donnie, is Dad going to be okay?”
“I don’t know, Mikey. It’s a waiting game. Not much we can do. It’s up to him. I’ll stay with him. The rest of you need to go out and to search for Leo and Raph when it’s dark. Scour the city. Someone has to know something about their whereabouts and when they do, we’ll find our brothers and we’ll bring them home.”
“What if we don’t?”
“We can’t afford to think negatively, okay?”

“What do you mean severe injuries?” April asked. Mikey filled her in. “Then they’re sitting ducks for whoever took them,” she said sadly.
“April, we can’t afford to think that way,” Donnie said. “We will find our brothers and we will bring them home. We have to be strong in the meantime. There’s no point crumbling, because it doesn’t help.”

A voice said weakly, “My sons, my sons....”
“Dad?” Donnie said, studying the old rat. “Dad, can you hear me? Open your eyes if you do.”
Splinter opened his eyes, blinked in astonishment when he saw Don gazing at him and said, “Donatello, is that really you, my son? I must be dreaming.”
“No, Dad. We’re all here. I don’t know how, but we are and you’re going to be just fine. I promise.”

“Papa,” Mikey said, his eyes filling with tears. “You gave us such a huge fright. Don’t do that again,” he added, as he grabbed Splinter’s hand.

“No, Dad,” Donnie said, as he fetched a glass and filled it with water. He returned to his dad and said, “Drink this, Dad. Please.”
Splinter sipped the water and said, “Please find them, my son. I cannot rest until they’re here with us. I had a terrible dream when I was lingering between here and the light. Your brothers are facing the worst nightmare they have ever encountered, an evil they do not how to combat, because that
evil is nothing they have ever faced before. It’s venomous and will either break them or make them realize they are stronger than they thought. You must find them. Please don’t give up.”
“We will get them back, Dad. You can count on it. Did you happen to see what the evil was?”
“No, but my dream told me it’s something that could bring them to the point of destruction and it could even destroy our family bonds.”

“Nothing could do that, Dad,” Mikey said. “We’re brothers and we’ll always love and be there for one another, whatever happens.”
“We will bring them home, Dad,” Donnie said. “I promise. Our family will be whole again. How about something to eat? Mikey, make Dad some soup, okay?”
“On it,” Mikey said and ran out of the room.

“We’ll help you,” April said, nudging Casey, sensing Don might want alone time with Splinter.

April and Casey left the room.

“Dad,” Donnie said, “What evil did you see? You can tell me. Mikey isn’t here. I know you like to protect his innocence. We all do, but you can be real with me.”
“The worst kind,” Splinter said despondently, tears spilling down his cheeks. “They’re being treated like pets, Donatello, and subjected to all kinds of mental and physical degradation. There’s only so much the body can take and I fear they are soon entering the abyss. Raphael is not as strong as his brother mentally and may have already crumbled. Leonardo will be tougher to crack, but he has limits too and if they enter the abyss, they may never leave it and recover! Find them, my son!” Splinter said hysterically. “Do not tell Michelangelo. He may be older than Raphael, but he is younger mentally and doesn’t need to know about such perverseness.”
“We will,” Donnie said, grabbing his dad’s hand, as his own heart shattered at what his poor brothers must be going through. “We will bring them home and we will help them heal. I want you to eat the soup and to get plenty of rest, okay, Dad? You have to be brave and strong. Leo and Raph will need you more than ever when they return.”
Splinter nodded and said, “You have no idea what we’re up against here, my son.”
“Maybe not, but I do know we’re family, we’ve been through hell and back together and we will get through this too. So will Leo and Raph with our love and support.”

Mikey returned with the soup.

Splinter ate it and then closed his eyes and rested.

Mikey and Donnie watched over Splinter, praying he would make a full recovery. The heart attack had been an immense shock and it would take a long time for him to heal.

April and Casey were still in the kitchen and having a snack.

Leo and Raph, hold on, Donnie thought, his eyes wet with tears. You’re courageous, Hamato’s, noble warriors and not pets or whatever the sickos want you to be. Fight. Don’t crumble. Keep fighting and know we will find you. We won’t quit ever. I love you guys so much and when you’re back we’ll do everything we can to help you. You’re not and will never be alone. Please don’t give up. We all need and love you so much. Fuck. Just come home. Please. I don’t pray, but I’m praying now. Please come home.

XXXX

Leo realized he’d fallen asleep, when rough and calloused hands stroked his cheeks and he heard a voice urging him to wake up.
He opened his eyes and stared up into dark and soulless eyes and a brown face, which wore a huge grin and were those fangs? Was he gazing at a mutant snake? What was this new person?

“I am Venom, a mutant black mamba and your worst nightmare,” the person said. “You must be Leo. Beast has talked a lot about you.”

“What the fuck is Beast?”

“You may know him as Raphael. Beast is his new name. Suits him. You’ll soon have a new name too. How about slut? I like it, because that’s what you’ll be. A slut to use and to abuse.”

“If you touch him I will kill you!” Leo snarled, his blue eyes blazing.

“So passionate and feisty. Just like Beast, who is sorely lacking in manners. All I did was help him and he was hostile. Kids today. So ungrateful and disrespectful to their elders. Never mind. He will learn respect and so will you.”

“You leave him alone!” Leo growled, refusing to be intimidated by this creature, even as his heart pounded in fear. “I can handle whatever shit you want to dish out, but leave Raph alone. Don’t think you have us imprisoned forever. We will escape and we will kill you for all you’ve done.”

“So possessive. I think he’s more than a brother. Your lover perhaps. It isn’t uncommon in the wild for Turtles to mate with their siblings. I probably mated with some of my sisters. It’s okay, Leo. There don’t have to be secrets here. You can tell me. I won’t look down at you for succumbing to your base needs.”

“Where the hell is my brother? Get him fucking now, you asshole! I won’t play your sick games and I know my brother won’t either.”

“Last I saw him he was sleeping or perhaps he had my cock up his ass. I really don’t know,” Venom said, wishing to push Leo’s buttons. It was always so much fun riling his prisoners.

“Stop messing with me, you wacko snake,” Leo hissed. “Where is he?”

“So demanding. You really need to relax, Leo. Are you sexually frustrated and pent-up? Beast not being a willing boy in the bedroom? Too bad. I’m using him first and then you can have him. How about that?”

This snake is despicable Leo thought furiously, but snapping at him isn’t going to get me anywhere, especially as I can see he loves testing my buttons. Pretty much what Raph did. Oh, Raph. Please be okay.

“Look, we got off to a bad start,” Leo said and smiled his most winning smile, even as hatred for the grotesque mutant surged through his body. “I just want to know how my baby brother is, do you understand? Please tell me how he is.”

“That’s so much better, Leo,” the snake said condescendingly. “Politeness is so much better and more refined than swearing. Perhaps we’ll get along after all. I have to go. I just wanted to drop in and meet the brother Beast is always talking about. You’re a cutie by the way. I think we’re going to have a blast together. I’m a kinky bastard and I have so many plans for you and Beast of course. I don’t want him to think he’s neglected. He’s not and will be my star pet. I hope you aren’t jealous. I think Beast has been in your shadow his whole life and he needs to shine for a change. It’ll do wonders for his ego,” Venom said and chuckled. “Beast is extremely beautiful. I’m sorry I wasn’t the first to take him. It would have been amazing to break him in first and to hear his whispered screams, as he was ravaged for the first time, my thick cock tearing through his backside. Never mind. I will still enjoy dominating him into eternal submission.”

“Let me see him. Please. I beg of you,” Leo said, his blood running cold at the villain’s malevolent words. The guy was a sadist. It would take immense strength not to crumble. He could do it though. He was tough and he wouldn’t shatter, because his baby brother was counting on him more than ever. Raphael had to realize that he was strong too and tougher than he thought. If both of them did that then they could survive this shithole they were in and they would return to their dad. That is, if he hadn’t keeled over and died when he suspected all of his sons were dead.

Dad, please be alive, Leo thought. Please. We’ll need your strength, love and wisdom more than
ever when we get out of here, as we try to heal. Dad, if you can hear me, wherever you are, please
don’t fall apart. Stay strong. I will do everything in my power to bring Raph and I home to you.

“Afraid not, my pet, but you will see Beast when he’s accepted his new life,” Venom said.
“Perhaps or you might not. It depends on how you also behave. I’ll send my beast your regards.”

Venom left the room.

“I WANT MY BROTHER!” Leo screamed in frustration. He’d tried his utmost to be civil, but it
hadn’t got him anywhere. He still hadn’t seen his brother, who was probably terrified out of his
wits. Poor sweet Raphael, who didn’t deserve any abuse. Not that he, Leo, did either, but Raphael
had already been through the wringer with Slash. Why did he have to suffer again?

Leo badly needed the bathroom and he was so damn hungry. Why hadn’t he been fed and taken to
the bathroom? Oh, that’s right. Starving him and depriving him of the bathroom were well known
torture techniques to mentally humiliate him and to make him beg like an animal to have those
privileges.

Starvation could lead to hallucinations and eventually death. Leo knew that. He’d been stranded a
few times on missions with his brothers when food had been dangerously low. They’d always been
rescued by their allies before the food ran out though.

But this was different. No allies would come running if he didn’t submit and if he didn’t bow to his
new fucking Masters, then he couldn’t help his brother and get out of there.

So he had to forget his dumb pride, because damn it, he had pride too. It was one of the reasons
why he and Raphael fought so much. Neither liked backing down when they argued. They were
really the same sides of the coin: passionate, feisty, opinionated, had raging tempers, were hot-
blooded spitfires and deeply devoted to all they loved, although Leo had a better handle on his
temper and had learned to temper it.

It was inevitable they’d clash then and as much as Raphael pissed him off and vice versa, they
were still extremely close and sought the other out when they had nightmares and needed comfort.
They talked about everything under the sun and they knew they’d always have each other’s backs.
They were best friends. Sure, Raphael was close to Casey, but he said that Leo was actually his
best bud. That made Leo puff up his plastron in pride, because he thought the same about his little
brother and had always been a bit jealous of his friendship with the human.

Brothers. Well, Donnie had said that he and Mikey were bio brothers, but Leo and Raphael were
unrelated to them and to each other. That hadn’t mattered to any of them though, because they
counted each other as family and always would. You didn’t have to be blood to be family, did you?

Leo loved them all, but if he had to be honest his love for Raphael ran deeper. He knew that’s why
he’d so readily acquiesced when Raphael had said he wanted to be with Leo if he became a girl,
because he wanted Raphael and that’s probably why Raphael had asked him. They wanted one
another, but it was a forbidden fruit, because they’d been raised as brothers and Splinter would
never approve and Donnie and Mikey probably wouldn’t either. He and Raphael would be called
tsickos and a lot worse and would probably be banished.

Leo cast his mind back to the farmhouse and a moment that was seared into his memory forever.

FLASHBACK: SEPTEMBER 24

Leo and Raphael were standing out on the veranda late at night and talking, as they gazed at the
full moon and the stars, enjoying the view, something they rarely had the opportunity to do.

“Take off yer mask, Leo,” Raphael said. “I wanna see ya without it.”
“Why?”
“Just do as I ask. Please.”

Please, a word Raphael rarely used.

Leo undid his mask and Raphael did the same thing. They hated being maskless around others, because it made them feel vulnerable and exposed, but they didn’t feel that way around one another or their brothers and often were maskless when their human pals weren’t around.

“Better, Leo,” Raphael said. “I like ya without yer mask. Do ya remember the talk we had some time ago?”
“We talk a lot.”
“Bout findin’ someone.”
“Yeah. What of it?”
“I’ve been doin’ some thinkin’. It’s just gonna be ya, me, Donnie and Mikey forever, right?”
“What’s your point?”

Raphael suddenly smashed his mouth onto his brothers in a passionate and spine-tingling kiss, stunning Leo, who to his immense astonishment soon recovered and eagerly reciprocated, wrapping his arms around Raphael’s waist and drawing him closer.

Their hearts raced, as tongues danced and their plastrons ground against one another’s, causing an amazing friction and electricity surging through their bodies.

They churred, as the kissing intensified, hands roaming and tugging at belts, which fell onto the ground. All they wore were their bands now.

Raphael’s first kiss. It had been everything he’d ever wanted: passionate, special and mindblowing.

It wasn’t Leo’s first, but it was everything he’d ever wanted in a kiss. He should feel guilty for kissing Raphael, because he had a girlfriend, but he didn’t. Being with Raphael felt so wonderful and so right.

They made out until the need for air was too great, Raphael pulling away, a huge smile on his face.

“What the fuck was that, Raph?” Leo said breathlessly.
“I picked ya,” Raphael said shyly.
“What do you mean you picked me? And are you nuts? The others could have seen us.”
“Nah. They’re asleep. Well, it had ta be. We got the most in common, Leo, and we got chemistry. Ya can’t deny it.”

No, Leo couldn’t, but come on, this was his brother. It was wrong on so many levels.

“It ain’t wrong, Leo,” Raphael said. “We ain’t bio brothers and it’s obvious we want one another. Ya wouldn’t have kissed me if ya didn’t. Why can’t we be together?”

Leo’s head was spinning. Raphael had just kissed him and he’d liked it. Loved it. What was wrong with him? He was so fucked up, wasn’t he?

“We could sneak ‘round until Dad’s passed,” Raphael said, trailing a hand down Leo’s spine and making him shiver. “Then we don’t gotta and can do whatever we want. I love ya, Leo. I have for a long time now and yer the subject of my most intimate dreams. I want ya, desire ya and wanna be
with ya forever. Ya feel it too, don’t ya?”
“No. We have a connection. I feel the same way and have always loved you. I guess I just buried my feelings, because no one would approve. Fine. We’ll do what you suggest, but we have to be careful.”
“That’s my middle name,” Raphael purred and kissed Leo hungrily, his arms wrapped around Leo’s waist.

And they had snuck around for two weeks at the farmhouse, making out whenever they could and even petting, but Leo had gotten anxious about others finding out and had called it off to Raphael’s dismay and ire. They’d had a blazing row. Raphael had even shed tears and since then they’d been on edge and nervous around one another.

It wasn’t unusual, because they constantly fought anyway.

Raphael completely ignored him when they arrived home and chose to spend all of his free time with Casey. He talked about banging chicks and would even show his brothers the crude porn mags he had and the websites he went on. It was like a dagger to Leo’s heart. He did want Raphael so much, but he was petrified of everyone’s reaction.

So Leo wasn’t the brave leader he was supposed to be. He was a fucking coward for not having the balls to say ‘fuck you’ to the world and to all he’d ever known, so he could be with the person he cherished most.

His Raphael, his love.

Well, perhaps this new nightmare he and Raphael had been thrust into was meant to give him the push to man up and to fight for his love.

So forget his stupid pride, his ego and everything he’d ever known. None of that mattered. All that mattered was Raphael, his brother, his treasured love and soulmate.

He would do whatever the psychopaths wanted, no matter how horrific it was and would suffer if it brought his Raphael peace. He would be relegated to a mere pet, but he would do it with a twist.

He would pretend he had lost his identity, his soul, his mind. He could pretend. After all he’d pretended that he didn’t love Raphael after their breakup and had been so good at it. Sometimes he had even believed himself.

Yes. He would do that and he would be strong, relying on his meditation that never failed to help him through his trying times.

Then he would find a way for he and Raphael to escape and they’d return home to Splinter. He would apologize to Raphael, beg him back and then they’d tell Splinter they were an item.

The rat might be furious and threaten banishment, but Leo wouldn’t back down. He and Raphael would leave and would make a new life somewhere else together.

He’d lost Raphael once, but he wouldn’t again.

Leo squeezed his eyes shut, tears raining down his face and thought, I love you, Raphie. I’m so sorry I didn’t have the guts to fight for our relationship. I hurt you immensely. I regret that so much, but I promise we’ll get out of here, we’ll be together and I won’t let anyone break us up. Just hold on, Raphie. Please.
Chapter End Notes

A/N Will the family get a lead on where Leo and Raph are?

Shredder's up next and it's never good when he is :)

Thanks to you all for the kudos and feedback.
And a special thank you to ArtemisX1X for all your kind words and support. There are days I doubt myself and your words and friendship always lift me up.
Chapter Summary

Tyler, the Mutant Komodo Dragon, my friend Jerry drew for me. He's exactly how I envisioned and I think he's incredible.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.
A/N Next up, Shredder.

My friend agreed to do more art. I am so grateful :)
I am sorry I haven’t updated any chapters or stories this week. My Cassie, who was my treasured dog and my soul died unexpectedly last weekend and I have been grieving all week.

The pain is still raw and I miss her incredibly. She was family and my baby really. The sweetest and most gorgeous dog I have ever had.

I will get to updates either tomorrow or Monday.

A/N new chapter out tomorrow or Monday.
Shredder's warning

Chapter Summary

Venom has fun degrading Raphael. Shredder issues warnings to Leo and Raphael.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Raphael was woken by soft hands cupping his rear and then gently squeezing his butt cheeks.

“Piss off,” Raphael growled and stiffened in fear. “Don’t touch me.”

“What are you going to do about it, hmmmm?” Venom said, as he leered down at him. “I was examining my prize. I am curious to see what spots spark pleasure.” He pushed Raphael’s tail aside, flicked his tongue across Raphael’s puckered hole and said, “Well, look at that. You self-lubricate and are already wet. I didn’t have to do much to get you going. You really are a whore.”

The snake licked Raphael’s hole, enjoying how much he was degrading his helpless pet.

Raphael’s body started to heat up with the snake’s touch, every part of him feeling like it was on fire, as his arousal grew, his pheromones released into the air, his dick straining against the catheter. It was true. He was extremely sensitive to touch, like the Komodo dragon had said. All he wanted to do was to be fucked, to cum and to make his Master proud of him?

His fucking Master, his owner, who was eating him out with that disgusting long forked tongue of his.

Fuck. Not again, he thought in mortification. I don’t want this. I want Leo. Where is he? Please don’t let them have hurt him.

“Stop,” Raphael whined. “Please. I don’t want this.”

“Hush, Beast. It’ll be pleasurable,” Venom said, as he lowered his head between Raphael’s butt cheeks and then sucked his dripping hole, his hands stroking the soft flesh of the inside of Raphael’s thigh. Relax. Give in. You’ll enjoy it.”

Raphael had dreamed about doing things like this with Leo, but when the leader had dumped him he’d resigned himself to being alone, told himself he’d never really Leo, he liked chicks, was straight and beat off to porn videos of girls, but in the dark corners of his mind he knew he was just deluding himself and he was really gay. Why else had he fucking succumbed to Slash so easily? And why then had he literally pleaded for his ex to be with him if he did become a girl? Okay. He wouldn’t be gay then, but still. Why a guy?

Because he was fucking gay and he had the hots for his brother. Well, technically not his brother. They weren’t related, but they’d been raised as such.

Leo. He did still love Leo, but they would never be together. He was too up Splinter’s ass to make a stand and to fight for their love.

Leo, who was perfection personified and so gorgeous with his dreamy blue eyes, his exquisite body and that sexy voice, all causing butterflies in Raphael’s chest when he was around, although
Raphael pretended he didn’t love Leo more than a brother. Yeah. He was so good at pretending. Everyone bought it, including himself sometimes.


Raphael didn’t want this, despite how good it was starting to feel. He didn’t want the psychopath touching him in intimate places only a lover should. He detested the way it made him feel.

Broken, small, vulnerable, helpless and it made him hate himself for the way his body was reacting. His body, which didn’t feel like his anymore. What would he do if it went further?

Intimacy wasn’t supposed to be sordid or make one feel dirty and cheap, like the snake’s touches did to him. Leo wouldn’t have treated him this way. He’d have been caring, loving and treated him like a god and Raphael would have done the same thing.

“The name’s Raphael!” the hothead tried to assert himself. “Stop, ya fuckin’ sicko! I don’t want this. I’m just a kid.”

“Yes. You’re young and I like that a lot,” Venom said. ”It means you’ll be trained, like I said, but for now I’m giving you pleasure. Take it while you can, Beast. That is your name. My beast.”

The snake resumed his licking of Raphael’s hole, his talons raking down Raphael’s arms and causing long gashes, making the Turtle churr loudly.

“You like that, huh? You like pain! You must, because you aren’t protesting anymore. I can give you all the pain you want and crave, Beast,” Venom said.

He bit Raphael’s thigh, raking his fangs across the soft flesh, as his hands wandered to Raphael’s ass and spanked him hard.

Yeah, Raphael did love pain and often fantasized about BDSM, watching countless videos on YouTube and wishing he had a lover to enact the scenarios with. He’d sometimes flog himself with a belt, loving the feel of the whip as it lashed against his skin and marveling at the blood that spilled. Not a lot, because he hadn’t wanted his family to find out and no bruises where they would see them either.

He’d even tried erotic asphyxiation in his bedroom with his own belt. That had been such a rush.

So he was a masochist and perverted, wasn’t he? Just like this fucking snake, so maybe his new nickname Beast suited him? The snake was trying to bring out his primal urge. Urges he hid from everyone else, because he didn’t want them to think he was deranged, but he could be himself with this snake. He didn’t have to pretend he was someone else. Someone normal, like the rest of his family. He wasn’t.

He was a beast and he didn’t belong anywhere. Not even with Leo, so maybe it would be okay to trust the snake and to allow himself to indulge in his fantasies? Just for a while. He could punish himself and hate himself later, right? Man, he couldn’t think. His body was on fire and his mind was spinning. This was what he wanted, right? What he’d always desired?

“ARGH!” Raphael roared, arching his back, the dual sensations driving him crazy and on the verge of an orgasm. “MORE, MASTER! MORE! YES. YES! FUCK!”

“As you wish!” Venom said and bit Raphael’s other thigh, as he spanked him harder. “Good boy. Cum for your Master, boy. Cum and be a good pet.”

“ARGH!” Raphael bellowed, spilling his load onto the bedsheets, his one good hand fisting his
pillow, his tail thumping on the mattress in appreciation.

“Such a good boy,” Venom praised. He leant up and trailed kisses along his panting pet’s neck.

“Such a good boy. I am proud of you.”

“How?” Raphael whispered, as he came down from his orgasmic high, shame descending on him like a ton of bricks. How could he have acted so wantonly with that snake? Why? The snake had touched him and he hadn’t really wanted it, so why had he behaved that way?

The Komodo dragon had said it was the venom making him so aroused, but that in the not too distant future the venom wouldn’t be needed, because he would willingly submit himself to his Master.

Really? Was that really his fate? To be a snake’s pet and to maybe have his babies?

Babies. Well, Slash had already pipped Venom to that and Raphael was probably gravid with his babies.

But there could be snake babies after that and what else?

Because he wasn’t just a pet. He was a breeding vessel to be bred with whatever his Master desired.

What else would they do to him? Experiments? He could handle needles and blood if he had to, but the rest. No, he was up against a force he didn’t know how to deal with. He’d always thought he was strong, but he wasn’t, was he? He was weak, pathetic, everything he’d always despised. So much for the brawn of his family.

Hell, he missed them so much.

What if he did escape, went home and he had snake babies and Slash’s babies? How would they be received? Would he even want the babies? Fuck no.

I’m so fucked up, Raphael thought, as tears streamed down his cheeks. I let him degrade me and I allowed myself to give into my base and twisted desires. What will the family think? What will Leo think? I’m pure filth. I ain’t worthy of no one, especially Leo. How could I face my family again? But damn it, I just wanna hug Dad and Leo, tell Leo I’m sorry, I still love him, that I’m sorry and that I want him back, but Leo wouldn’t want me now. I’m trash and it’s only gonna get worse when the snake goes further than today.

Raphael shuddered at the thought. Fuck. But maybe Leo would find a way for them to escape? Or perhaps Leo was dead, because there was no way in hell he’d let these monsters degrade him.

If that was the case, then he, Raphael, was all alone to face his nightmare. How was he supposed to cope on his own? How? He’d fought numerous battles, but this was something else he knew he was unequipped for, especially as he was defenceless with his injuries. He was just a fucking petrified fifteen-year-old boy, who’d been trained to fight enemies, but he didn’t know how to fight this. This was a whole different ball game with enemies much smarter, deadlier and more evil than he’d ever faced. There was no doubt the bastard snake knew that too.

Venom walked to the front of Raphael, peered down at him, kissed his tears away and said, “Don’t cry, pet. I gave you some of what you’ve always wanted. The best is still to come.”

“I h-hate ya,” Raphael said in a small voice, guilt and shame washing over him like a river. “Look what ya did to me! Ya molested me and treated me like I’m filth! I’m just a kid, damn it. Have ya got no compassion? And what ‘bout what we talked ‘bout? I guess that’s a no.”

“I imagine you do, Beast, but that’ll change and you’ll soon give yourself willingly to me. Your
shame will evaporate and you’ll be thrilled and delighted to be under my control, but guess what, Beast? It isn’t molestation if you loved it and you did. You churred, moaned and pleaded for more. As for our chat, hmmm. That was an interesting one, but no. I could never betray my Master for a sniveling sack of shit like yourself, whom if I grow bored of or if you displease me I won’t hesitate to annihilate. So you know what you have to do. Perform, behave and cum. Cum, cum, cum. Easy. I have no humanity and nor do I want it. I suggest you rest. I will be back soon and guess what, Beast? We’ll go further then. I want to see your other prized spots. Sweet dreams,” Venom said and kissed Raphael’s cheek.

Raphael crumbled, his heart shattering, as he heard the snake’s cold words. He was done for, wasn’t he? Leo would never let anyone treat him this way. Damn it. He was so weak. So fucking pathetic.

“Where’s my brother?” Raphael asked.

“Your lover? Hmm. I haven’t seen him, but you’re cracking beautifully. Inch by inch, I’m wearing you down, Beast. It’s futile to fight me,” Venom said and caressed Raphael’s cheek with a long talon. “It won’t be long now until you’re completely under my spell. Mine. And yes, you’re weak, Beast. You’re not the warrior you thought you were. That was just a farce. I know the real you. Now rest.”

“I w-won’t let ya b-break me down,” Raphael said, trying to summon up bravado, even as he blinked away tears. “Do yer worst, asshole. I can t-take it.”

“Right, but you are, Beast. I can see it. Accept it. It won’t be so bad. You’ll get all the cum you want and my babies,” the snake said and grinned evilly, showing his fangs.

He walked out of the room.

Fuck, Raphael thought. Get yerself together, Raph. Now. Quit bawlin’ like a baby. Ya ain’t. Yer brave, tough and strong. Yer a Hamato. Leo needs ya. He could be abused too. Ya gotta find him. Heal, find Leo, escape and get back ta Dad. Ya gotta or yer gonna die in this place. Ya don’t want that. Fight, Raphael. Be the fearless and noble warrior ya’ve always been. For Leo. Ya can do it. Don’t let them see ya crack or sob no more. Fight. I know ya can do it. I will. For Dad. For Leo and for our love.

Raphael’s drifted into a restless sleep, dreaming about his family and the happy times they’d shared.

“Hamato!” a familiar male voice boomed into his ear slits.

Fuck. Shredder, Raphael thought in dismay. I’m so frightened, but I won’t let him see it.

“What do ya want, tin can?” Raphael asked, raising his head. “A recipe for my spaghetti bolognaise? It’s the best! Or maybe ya want my chocolate cake recipe.”

“Hardly, you filthy beast,” Shredder said. “Silence. I do the talking. I would have you exterminated, but my mutants seem to think you’re valuable for my plans. I have conversed with them and have come to the same conclusion. Venom has informed me that you self-lubricate, which means you’re an Omega and can fall pregnant or gravid when it comes to Turtles. That suits me very well, but I have a feeling you’re going to cause me much grief, which is why I’m giving you a warning.”

“I ain’t scared of ya, metal mouth, and I ain’t gonna be here long. Ya will see.”

“Oh, really?” Shredder, said lifting Raphael up with one hand, pulling the catheter out of him and making a slicing movement with his gauntlet on the other hand, which severed Raphael’s tail and caused blood to gush out of the stump onto the bed linen.

“My tail!” Raphael screamed, tears springing to his eyes and seeing his bloody tail on the bed.
“Fuck. Oh. Fuck. Fuck.”
“If you give any shit, Hamato, or try to escape, I’ll maim you and much worse. Do I fucking make myself clear?” Shredder roared, his dark eyes flashing.
“I’m sorry,” Raphael wept. “Please fix it. Please.”
“Beyond repair,” Shredder said coldly and placed Raphael back onto the bed, shell down. “I will do what I threatened. Be warned and then what the fuck will you do, huh?”

The villain flounced out of the room, leaving Raphael in a flood of tears.

“My beautiful tail,” Raphael said despondently, as he picked it up. “Now I’m exposed more than ever. I wanna go home. I can’t take much more. Leo, please find me and get me outta here.”

Raphael was still sobbing when Venom entered the room a few minutes later.

“What’s your problem, Beast?” Venom asked, looking at his sniveling and bleeding pet.

“Relax, Beast,” Venom said kindly, going to the desk to get some salve. “This will take all your pain away, but I need to turn you over. You’re safe with me. I’ll never hurt you.”
“S-safe? Really? I’m scared.”
“I know, Beast, but Master will take care of you. You just have to trust him, okay, little one?”
“I wanna go home.”
“This is your home,” Venom said and turned him over. He washed the blood off of Raphael with a damp cloth, peered down at the stump and said, “It’s irreparable, Beast. I’m sorry. Shall I give you something for the pain?”
“I want my b-brother. He m-makes m-me f-feel better.”
“I have no idea where Leo is, Beast,” Venom said, smearing the salve over Raphael’s stump and ogling his hole, which was more exposed without his tail. “But you’re safe with me. I will take care of you. Feel better now?”

Shredder did me a huge favor, Venom thought and grinned inwardly. Beast’s pesky tail is out of the way and his hole is more accessible to me.

“S-stop callin’ me Beast. It’s Raphael. I ain’t a beast. W-what are ya gonna do with my tail?”
“It’s useless, pet,” Venom said and picked it up. “I’ll throw it into the trash. Now, how about something to eat? You must be starving.”
“I can’t fix it, Beast. You’ll soon adjust to being without it. I’ll be back soon and I will always care for you. Don’t cry,” Venom said and left the room, leaving a distraught Raphael.

The emerald skinned Turtle ran a hand over his stump, as tears spilled down his cheeks, looked at his now exposed hole and said, “I feel more broken and vulnerable. Look at me. So exposed and open. I hate it. I wanna go home so bad. Please.”

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“Hey there, Hamato,” Shredder said cheerfully, as he entered Leo’s room. “Having a nice stay?”
“Screw you,” Leo snapped, his blue eyes blazing.
“I’ll pass and there’s no need to be so hostile. I’m just here for a friendly chat.”
“You and friendly don’t go in the same sentence. What do you want?”
“Just to talk and to give you a warning,” Shredder said, flashing his gauntlet. “I’ve warned your irritating brother. Now’s your turn.”
“What did you do to my brother?” Leo demanded. “I’ll kill you if you’ve laid a hand on him.”
“It’s amazing how one single action can make someone crumble and boy, did your brother! I had a blast watching. What a wimp he is.”
“I’m going to kill you,” Leo snarled, his blue eyes flashing.
“Right,” Shredder said and chuckled. He made a quick slicing movement with his right gauntlet and severed Leo’s tail. Blood immediately gushed from the stump and stained the bedsheets crimson.
“What the fuck?” Leo said and howled in agony, his bloody tail lying next to him and unable to be reattached.
“A warning. I gave your brother the same one. You pride yourself on your oratory skills and if you try to escape I will cut out your tongue and much worse. Do you understand?”
“You may have amputated my tail, but you haven’t taken away my dignity, Shredder,” Leo said, ignoring the pain. “Or my spirit. I will never lose hope of getting out of here and I will succeed.”
“Perhaps not, but I can make you listen to reason. Raphael. If you attempt anything I will maim and disfigure him and possibly even kill him, so why don’t you mull that over? I’ll send someone to give you pain killers,” Shredder said and tossed the tail into the waste paper basket. “Fitting place, don’t you think? Think carefully, Leonardo. Raphael’s life versus escaping. Which is more important? Hmm?”

The scoundrel left the room.

Fuck. We are so screwed, Leo thought. If I try anything he will do what he said. I can’t let that happen to Raph. Please let a miracle happen and someone else break us out.

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Shredder met Venom in the corridor and said, “I have a feeling that Leonardo and Raphael will still be difficult. You know what to do, Venom. Use whatever methods you need to. I want information about the whereabouts of the lair and of the Mutanimals. Do you understand?”
“Yes, Master. By the way, amputating their tails was a stroke of genius.”
“I thought so too. It sends home a message that they’re fucked in more ways than one. We leave for Japan the day after tomorrow.”
“Why?”
“I have a bigger breeding facility there and a bigger place. All of the prisoners will be transported in their cages and loaded onto my ship, including the Turtles.”
“Very well.”
“See you later. Keep me posted.”

Shredder went to his study.

Venom sought out Hun, who would be Leo’s interrogator and then Raphael’s.

Armed with a syringe containing a powerful tranquilizer drug, Hun went to the room, where Leo was and entered it.

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“How’s it going, Leonardo?” Hun said.
“Fuck off,” Leo snapped, his blue eyes blazing.
“That’s no way to talk to an old friend.”
“We’re not friends. What do you want?”

Hun smiled nastily and injected Leo in his arm.

The leader shrieked in astonishment and said, “You fucker, what did you do?”
“You’ll find out soon enough,” Hun said and grinned.

Leo tried to resist whatever it was that had been injected into him, but his efforts were futile as the drug invaded his bloodstream and his eyes closed.

Hun beamed, unstrapped the passed out Turtle, lifted him into his arms and headed to the dungeon.

I love interrogating, Hun thought. I was born for the job and I will get the answers we need out of him. I will break him down and then I will do the same to his bothersome brother. It’ll be a huge pleasure listening to their screams. Nothing gets me off more than a helpless prisoner screaming and begging for mercy.

Chapter End Notes

A/N The next chapter will be up in the next few days.

Will Leo and Raphael crack? Will the Hamato's find their brothers?

Thank you so much to all for your support, kudos and feedback.
Cassie Stone

Chapter Summary

Shredder's ex leaves him. Brotherly fluff and love. Shredder's ex has an unexpected encounter with Mikey.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Cassie Stone, a gorgeous raven haired and blue eyed twenty-five-year-old woman sat opposite Shredder at his study desk and sipped her coffee. She had worked for him for over three years as his assistant. She was also his girlfriend and had seen the atrocities he’d wreaked, giving her countless nightmares. At first she’d tried to compartmentalize. It had worked for a while, but her conscience had got the better of her and she couldn’t do it anymore. That was why she was there in his office.

They’d met at her twenty-second birthday party. Her maternal uncle was Baxter Stockman and he’d introduced them, thinking they could be a good match for one another. Cassie had been immediately taken by the striking Shredder and he had been equally smitten by her beauty. They’d got talking and had soon discovered that they had a fair bit in common: action movies, traveling, reading, art, history and Ninjutsu. Cassie’s sensei had been Tatsu, who’d briefly worked for Shredder and she was an expert with the tonfa and sai.

Shredder and Cassie had swapped numbers and gone out on their first date to a Japanese restaurant and had then gone to a coffee shop, where they’d talked until sunrise, finding a kindred spirit in one another. Cassie had been drawn to his aura of strength, domination, determination, the kindness and respect he showed her and had thought he was the one she would settle down with and have a family.

Her own life had been hell too. Her parents had died when she was young and she had been sent to live with her maternal grandparents. Life there was dreadful. Both grandparents were alcoholics and mentally and physically abused her. She had been emancipated at sixteen and had made ends meet by working as a waitress at a restaurant at night. She managed to graduate from high school and worked as a waitress during the day and on weekends and went to college at night, where she obtained a degree in Economics and English.

She moved in with Shredder after three weeks of dating and was appointed his assistant. Life was great at first and she really loved him, but she soon became disenchanted, when he became very controlling and manipulative, monitoring her every movement, physically and emotionally abusing her and isolating her from her friends. She lost her self-confidence and was scared to leave, afraid that he would find her and kill her, even though she knew that could happen when she was with him too. She didn’t know what to do or who to turn to and she certainly couldn’t talk to Stockman. He wasn’t exactly someone you could confide in.

The turning point came when she felt nauseous. She dismissed it as food poisoning, but when it lingered, she realized she was pregnant and that she had to do something fast or she and her child would be subjected to Shredder’s wrath on a daily basis. That was also the basis for her meeting with him. She had tried to leave before, but had always backed down when he threatened her. She
was three months pregnant, but not showing yet.

“So, what did you want to talk about, Cass?” Shredder asked.
“I can’t do this anymore, Saki. You have to choose between your desires to be omnipotent or me.”
“You’re being dramatic, my dear.”
“I am not. The screams of your victims send chills down my spine and make me sick to my stomach. How can you be so barbaric? You’d think after your awful childhood that you’d want to break the mold, be different and help make the world a better place instead of causing further destruction wherever you go.”
“Those people wanted to be my subjects. I have given them the opportunity to be part of something incredible. They’re grateful.”
“Bullshit,” Cassie snapped, her dark eyes flashing. “They don’t want to be part of your twisted schemes and neither do I. Clearly you don’t want to change and you don’t want me. I’m out of here.”
“The hell you are!” Shredder raged, his dark eyes blazing, as he sprang to his feet and then glowered at her. “I’ll kill you if you leave me. I warned you.”

Tears rolled down Cassie’s cheeks and her heart pounded, but her resolve remained. She had to leave.

She stood up, blinked back tears, looked at him evenly and said, “I’m going, Saki. This isn’t working. You know it. We’re both miserable and have been for ages.”
“But I love you,” Saki said, changing his tactic, knowing it always worked. “No one makes me as happy as you do, Cass, my sweet love.”
“No, Saki. You don’t love me,” Cassie said and shook her head. “You wouldn’t treat me like dirt if you did. Please stop. We’ve been over this before. I’m done and I’m going. I won’t report your actions, but I don’t want to be part of them anymore.”
Saki fell to his knees and said imploringly, as his eyes bore into hers, “I can change, Cass. Please give me another chance. I’ll do anything.”
“No, Saki. You’re a narcissist. They don’t change. I’m leaving. Please don’t look for me if you really love me.”
“Go. I don’t need you,” Shredder spat, rising to his feet, because he saw he wasn’t going to get his way. “Go and it’s your fault our relationship failed. You sucked in bed, were a terrible girlfriend and I never loved you the way I loved Anika. She was more of a woman than you could ever be and she gave great head. Get out of here, bitch, and don’t come back.”

His insults were like a dagger to Cassie’s heart, but she knew he was only saying them, because he wasn’t getting his way and he wanted to hurt her as much as he could. Heck, he hadn’t loved Anika. She’d only been a fling on a business trip.

“Goodbye, Saki. I wish you well,” Cassie said and left the room.

Cassie headed to the lounge, picked up her cases and quickly left the building. Destination: a woman’s shelter for a few days. Then as far away from Saki as she could get. Canada sounded perfect.

A furious Saki picked up a vase of African violets off of his desk and threw it, narrowly missing Bebop, as he entered the room. He ducked and the vase hit the wall, shattering into a million pieces, the flowers strewn on the floor.

Fuck, Cassie. Let her go. I don’t care anymore, Saki thought. She was high maintenance anyway. I’ll soon find a lovely girl I can mold into my perfect woman. Cassie will miss me so much that she’ll beg me back and I’ll refuse. Screw her. She’ll never get as good as me and she’ll be sorry.
They always are. I’m a stud after all.

“Bad day, Boss?” Bebop asked.
“No. I just throw vases for fun,” Shredder said sarcastically.
The phone rang before Bebop could speak.
Shredder replaced the receiver, grinned, gleefully rubbed his hands and said, “My uncle passed away, Bebop. He had no children and that means I’m getting all of his estate and assets. He was extremely wealthy. I have to go to the Will reading tomorrow, so we may put off our Japan trip for a while. Who needs women when one has money, huh?”
“Does that mean we’re getting a raise, Boss?” Bebop asked hopefully.
“Of course not, cretin. Now, what did you want?”
“I forgot.”
“Typical,” Shredder said and rolled his eyes.
Bebop rubbed his head, snapped his fingers and said, “Oh. I saw one of the prisoners escaping over the wall. I ran to stop them, but I was too late.”
“You idiot!” Shredder roared. “Why the hell do I employ you?” He pressed the intercom button on his desk and said, “I want lock down and to know who was responsible for the prisoner escaping. Report to my office at once, all security staff!”
“Um, because you like us?”
“No, you useless sack of shit. I would happily dispatch you if I had a chance.”
“I don’t understand. What does dispatch mean?”
“Grrr. I’m surrounded by imbeciles. Being a villain isn’t as easy as I thought it would be!”

The security staff and the Foot appeared, knowing they were in for the dressing down of their lives and that possibly they could lose their lives.

Rocksteady had joined them. He’d been on his smoke break.

“So,” Shredder said, as he glared at his men. “Which of you idiots allowed my prisoner to go free and which prisoner was it?”

The men trembled and no one spoke.

“Come on. Tell me,” Shredder demanded. “Tell me. Have the balls to own up to your mistake. Not only do I employ morons, but wimps. You men are pathetic and your ancestors are ashamed of you. Tell me and I may go easy on you.”
“It was me,” a blond, blue eyed and burly young man named Tanner said shakily. “I accidentally left a side gate open when we were exercizing the prisoners in the garden. One escaped through it and then jumped over the wall. It was a female Mutant lizard, one of the newest experiments. I pursued it, but was unable to catch it.”
“Did you see where it went?”
“No. I’m sorry, Boss.”
“You should be,” Shredder said icily. He nodded at his men and said, “Take him outside and execute him. Let this be a lesson to you that I will not tolerate failure.”
“But you said you may go easy,” Tanner whined, as he fell to his knees, two men lifting him up by the arms.
“I will not. I want my men to understand that they have a job to do and that I will not tolerate failure. Leave no evidence and throw him into the Hudson. He won’t be missed, because he has no family.”

The men dragged a screaming Tanner to his imminent demise.
“I want the rest of you scum to return to your jobs,” Shredder said. “And don’t disappoint me or you’re next. Do you understand?”

The men, including Bebop and Rocksteady nodded and fled the room, grateful to be alive.


He booted up the Internet and began browsing ads of private jets, finally deciding on one that had belonged to a Chinese billionaire.

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Mikey had eavesdropped outside the infirmary, when Don was talking to Splinter and his heart had crumbled when he’d heard what Leo and Raphael could be enduring.

Treated like sex objects and bred, Mikey thought dismally, as tears streamed down his cheeks. We have to find them, but why didn’t anyone tell me that? Why do they keep treating me like a baby and that I’m too naïve to understand anything? I’m not and I’m not stupid. I’m fed up of being babied. I want to be treated like my brothers! I have a right to know what’s going on, instead of always being kept in the dark.

He cast his mind back to a happier time. His birthday a few months prior. It seemed like just yesterday, when they’d all been together. One united and happy family and there’d been no signs of the impending darkness and blight that was to befall them.

FLASHBACK: APRIL 28

“Hey, guys,” Mikey said, as they gathered around the kitchen table, devouring the chocolate and orange birthday cake Raphael had made. Donnie and Leo’s lemon meringue pie was to be eaten the next day. Casey and April couldn’t make it, because they had a prior engagement, but would be there the next day. “Am in indispensable?”

“Why are ya askin’ that, Mike?” Raphael asked.

“Everyone seems to have a role on the team. Leo’s the leader, you’re the brawn and Don’s the brains. I just feel like I don’t count. Like what’s my role?”

“Yer our sunshine and that’s enough, Mike. We’d be lost without ya. Ya make us smile and yer just as important as the resta us.”

“Really?” Mikey asked in disbelief.

“Yeah,” Leo replied. “Mikey, you’re the glue in our family. It would fall apart without you and you’re our light. I’m sorry we gave you the impression you’re not needed, but you are. If I ever feel down just spending time with you gladdens my soul.”

“Really?” Mikey asked again.

“Yeah. You’re my best friend and favorite brother.”

“You don’t have favorites, Leo,” Mikey said and laughed. “You tell that to everyone.”

“Heh. You’re loved and valuable. Never forget that, little brother.”

“Yeah,” Donnie said and patted Mikey’s arm. “You’re my best friend, Mikey. I love you more than all the coffee in the world. You’re my confidante and my oasis when times are rough.”

“Aw. I’m going to cry,” Mikey sniffed, touched by the comments. “I didn’t know I meant that much to you guys. I thought I drove you crazy and you were fed up of me.”

“Ya do, Mikey,” Raphael said and lightly punched his arm. “But in a good way and we would never wanna be without ya. I tease ya, but I don’t mean it maliciously. It’s just brotherly tease, ya
know. I think the world of ya and of Leo and Don. Leo, don’t let it go ta yer head. Yer already a stuck-up dick,” Raphael said and grinned, when he saw Leo scowl at him. “But I love ya all. Yer my brothers, my family, my universe and I would die without ya. Besides, who else would wanna cope with me?”

“No one!” Leo said. “I pity the woman that ends up with you, Raph.”

“Heh. She’d be lucky ta have such a drop-dead gorgeous guy like me,” Raphael said and smirked. Leo rolled his eyes and said, “Man, your head is so big I’m surprised it hasn’t burst.”

“You just jealous that I’m such a hunk and yer average,” Raphael retorted.

“AVERAGE? I’m better than you at everything, Raph. That’s why I’m leader and you’re just…..”


“Guys, please,” Donnie said quickly and stood up. “No fighting. It’s Mikey’s birthday and remember what we just talked about. Family. We all love one another. Love makes the world go around. Come on, guys. Please.”

“Fine,” Raphael hissed. “But I want Leo ta take it back. He ain’t better at everythin’.”

“You’re right, Raph,” Leo said. “I’m terrible at being a drunk and at acting impulsively. You excel at them.”

Raphael growled and stood up, his green eyes flashing, as his blood boiled at the insults.

“Leo!” Donnie yelled, which was rare for the mild-mannered genius, so everyone gawked. “Stop it. Apologize to Raph and let’s enjoy Mikey’s birthday with no more drama and snarkiness. Please. You guys are family. Hug one another.”

Leo and Raphael stood up.

“I’m sorry, Raph,” Leo said. “I do love you and that was out of line.”

“Accepted, but I’m still sexier than ya.”

“Fine. I’ll let you indulge in your delusions.”

“Leo!” Donnie said crossly.

Leo and Raphael hugged, the latter breathing in Leo’s musky scent tinged with sandalwood and thinking it smelled heavenly.

What the fuck is wrong with me, Raphael thought in dismay? I think Leo smells awesome. Maybe I’m gay or somethin’? Fuck. I don’t wanna let him go. Feels so good bein’ so close ta him. Does he feel the same way? What’s wrong with me? I can’t like him. He’s my brother. Fuck. I’m gonna go ta hell, ain’t I? Ya can’t like yer brother. Man, I’m so fucked up.

Raphael shook his head, pushing his embarrassing thoughts of Leo aside, extricated himself and said casually, “Anyone wanna watch a movie?”

“Sure. I’m game,” Leo said. “You okay, Raph?”

“Peachy.”

“I’m up for it,” Mikey said. “But first a group hug. Please.”

The brothers hugged.

Raphael inhaled Leo’s heady scent again and deemed it magnificent, the aroma making him feel dizzy. He sighed and took a deeper whiff.

Yep. I’m definitely attracted ta Leo, but why, Raphael wondered? He ticks me off all the time, so
why would I want him? I don’t get it.

They disengaged.

“We’ll clear up,” Donnie said. “You and Mike go and pick a movie, Leo. See you shortly.”
“Great,” Mikey said. “I’m choosing a horror.”

“Sure,” Leo said and went to the lounge, followed by Mikey.

Donnie looked at Raphael and saw that he had a dreamy expression on his face.

“You okay, Raph?” Don asked.
“Yeah. Just thinkin’.”
“About Leo?”
“Yep. No!” Raphael said and blushed, seeing he was caught out. “Hell no.”
“What’s wrong with Leo?”
“We’re brothers, Donnie. It’d be twisted and repulsive.”
“Yeah, but we don’t have other options, Raph.”
“I’m straight anyway and if I were gay I wouldn’t pick Leo! He’s such an uppity jerk and so full of himself.”
“Sounds like you. You guys would be great for one another.”
“Drop it,” Raphael snarled. “I’m straight, Donnie! I swear I am. I don’t fuckin’ fancy Leo!”

Mikey had wanted a soda and had heard the last part of the conversation when he entered the kitchen.

“What’s this about fancying Leo, Raph?” Mikey asked.
“Leave it alone, Mikey,” Donnie warned. “Okay, Raph, I’m sorry. I got the wrong idea. Can we please all get along now?”

“Fine,” Raphael said. “But bring it up again and ya’ll eat solid foods for a month, Donnie. Capiche?”
“Roger.”

Mikey got his soda and they all went to the lounge, spending a quiet evening watching movies. The prankster noticed that Raphael occasionally snuck glances at Leo, but said nothing, not wanting another outburst from the hothead.

XXXXXXXX

Later that night, Mikey went to Raphael’s room to borrow a comic.

The temperamental turtle was lying in his hammock and leafing through a motorcycle magazine.

“Hey, Raph, can I borrow a comic?” Mikey asked, picking one up from a stack on the desk.
“Sure thing.”
“Hey, I just wanted to say that whatever your sexuality is I will always love you.”
Raphael frowned, raised an eye ridge quizzically and said, “My sexuality? What are ya blabbin’ ‘bout?”
“Um, if you were gay it wouldn’t bother me. You’d still be my brother and I would love you.”
“But I ain’t gay.”
“I’m just saying if you were. You’re my little brother and I will always love and support you.”
“Thanks. Listen, I’m straight.”
“Raph, you’re my best friend and we tell one another everything, so if anything bothers you, you
can always come to me. Remember that, even if you’re gay and had the hots for Leo or something. I wouldn’t tell anyone and I wouldn’t judge you. I know we’re brothers, but we’re not going to get girls or find mutant turtle girls, so us brothers hooking up makes sense.”

“For ya!” Raphael spat. “The idea’s disgustin’. I like chicks and I’m gonna get a chick someday. I can do it, ya know. I got the looks and I wouldn’t want Leo if I liked guys. He’s a spaz.”

“I’m just saying…..”

“I get it, but I’m straight, Mike, okay? Are ya?”

“Absolutely.”

“Cool.”

“I’m going then. Goodnight, little brother. I love you.”

“Love ya too, squirt.”

“Squirt? I’m older than you.”

“I know. Just love callin’ ya it. Sleep well, Mikey. Thanks for always bein’ here.”

“No worries, Raphie. That’s what brothers are for. Night,” Mikey said, as he walked to Raphael’s hammock and then touched his forehead to his brother’s.

Mikey then left the room, believing his brother and had never brought it up again.

BACK IN THE PRESENT: NOVEMBER 26

Mikey marched into the infirmary and said, “Dad, it’s high time you and everyone else keep me informed and to stop treating me like a naïve baby, who is incapable of understanding anything.”

“What are you talking about, Michelangelo?” Splinter asked.

“I’m always uninformed, because you don’t think I can handle mature stuff. That’s not true. I’m capable of handling anything. I’m stronger, smarter and more mature than you think. Don’t tell me you’re trying to shield me from darkness or harm. I don’t want that. I want to be treated like my brothers and that means being included in everything. The good and the bad. For goodness’ sake, I’m older than Raph and I have every right to know what happens to my family. How would you feel if you were in my shoes?”

“I’d be disgruntled too,” Donnie said. “But we don’t do it to rankle you, Mikey. You’re our light and our happiness and we want to make sure you never go to the dark side. You know what I mean?”

“Yeah, but I want to know everything when it comes to our family,” Mikey said. “They’re my brothers too and I deserve and need to know.”

“You’re right, Michelangelo,” Splinter said. “Forgive an old man for trying to protect his son, but I will treat you the same as your brothers from now on.”

“Thank you, Dad. So I heard some of your conversation,” Mikey said. “Leo and Raph are possibly being held captive and bred and treated like sex objects.”

“That is my fear and that they are facing enemies deadlier than we have ever faced before. Enemies that’ll test their limits and possibly break them. If so, they may never recover from their ordeal, but another challenge is that we don’t even know where they are or who these enemies are.”

“Have you tried contacting Leo on the astral plain?”

“I have, but no success. I’ll keep trying.”

“Mikey, it’s dark now, so you can go and meet the Mutanimals,” Donnie said. “I’ll stay with Dad.”

“Got it,” Mikey said and left the room.

Mikey left the lair. Destination: the Mutanimals’ abode. April and Casey had gone home for a
change of clothing and would meet him there.

We have to find the guys, Mikey thought. Damn. I already miss them so much.

XXXXX

Cassie was nearly at the woman’s shelter, when she was accosted by four knife-wielding stocky men, who stared at her menacingly. There was no one else around.

Frightened, but determined not to show her trepidation, Cassie said, as she rolled her eyes, “You think I’m scared? Hardly. I can wipe the floor with you clowns and I will.”

“Oh. She’s a wiseass, huh?” one goon said. “Don’t be silly, girly. You could never defeat us. Look at us and look at you. You must only weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds and we’re close to nine hundred easy. You’re no match, so why don’t you be a good girl, give us your belongings and we might let you go?”

“I love a challenge,” Cassie said, shaking her long mane. “You should remember that the bigger you are, the harder you fall.”

The men gave her a dark look and advanced.

Cassie leapt high into the air, but she wasn’t counting on any dirty tricks.

One of the men pulled out a Glock and fired, the bullet slamming into her chest, her blood gushing out like a river.

She shrieked in pain and shock, falling to the floor, her blood pooling around her.

“You can never beat a gun,” one man said sneeringly, as he helped himself to her purse.

“You played dirty,” Cassie croaked in agony. “You have no honor.”

“Who needs honor when there’s money?” another villain said and chuckled. “Let’s go, guys. It’s likely she’ll bleed out, because few come to the back streets.”

The men left, leaving a moaning Cassie.

Never in my wildest dreams did I think I’d die alone in the backstreets, Cassie thought. I have to try and move and find help. I don’t want me and my child to die. Have to move.

She summoned up her bravado and began to crawl, praying that a miracle happened and that someone came upon her.

But after only a few meters, her strength failed her.

She flopped to the ground and closed her eyes.

XXXXX

Mikey took the back streets to the Mutanimals, like he always did.

The prankster paused when he saw a prone body a few feet away and immediately ran towards it.

He bent down, checked Cassie’s pulse and said, “She’s got a pulse, but barely and has lost a lot blood, judging from the blood trail behind her.”

Mikey gently rolled Cassie over and said, “Looks like a gunshot wound. I think she needs a transfusion. I can’t take her to a hospital. I’m taking her home to Donnie. He can help and I’ll give
a transfusion if the stored blood we have isn’t enough.”

He picked Cassie up, jumped down a manhole and ran until he reached the lair.

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Mikey soon reached the lair and yelled, “Donnie, I need some help.”
The genius ran in the direction of his brother’s voice and said, “Mikey, what on earth is going on?”
“I found this girl in the back streets. Can you help her? Please.”
“I don’t know, Mikey,” Donnie said, as he took in an injured Cassie. “It appears she’s lost a lot of
blood and needs a transfusion. I’m not sure we have enough blood supply.”
“Please, Donnie. You have to try. I’ll give blood if necessary. Please. Look at her. She’s so young
and…You have to help her.”
“All right. Bring her to the infirmary.”

Please make it, girl, Mikey thought, as he went to the infirmary, followed by Donnie.

XXXX

“What’s going on?” Splinter asked, when he saw his sons enter the infirmary with Cassie.
“Mikey found a wounded girl, who needs medical attention, Dad,” Donnie said. “I’m not sure I can
help, but I’ll try. Mikey, place the girl on the stretcher and let’s see what I can do.”

Mikey placed Cassie on a stretcher.

Donnie inserted a narrow tube into her vein in her arm, hooked her up to a drip and said, “Mikey, I
need lots of towels, alcohol, scissors and thread. I have my surgical knife.

Mikey got the items, returned a couple of minutes later and said, “She will be okay, right?”
“I don’t know,” Don said, as he sterilized Cassie’s wound with the alcohol.

Mikey watched anxiously, as Don then cut into Cassie’s abdomen and dug around with the knife
for the bullet.

Don found the bullet, extracted it, placed it in a metal tray on a desk and said, “The bullet missed
her heart thank goodness.”

He checked for further injuries, finding none, but discovering that her unborn baby was dead.
Shaking his head sadly, Donnie gently extracted it and placed it on the metal tray.

“What’s that?” Mikey asked, looking at the foetus.
“She was pregnant,” Donnie explained. “Judging by the size, I reckon three months along. Poor
girl.”
“Yeah. What a tragedy a parent should never have to endure. I’d be a wreck if that happened to me.
I imagine she will be.”

The genius nodded, stitched Cassie up and then sterilized her wound again.

Now it was time for the transfusion.

Donnie checked the blood bags in the freezer and attached one to the drip.

“Whose blood did you use, Donnie?” Mikey asked.
“Yours and then I’ll use Raph’s if need be. I’ll need you to give blood to replace it later.”
“No worries.”
Mikey’s blood slowly flowed into Cassie’s IV.

“How long will this take, Donnie?” Mikey asked.
“Could take up to four hours, but if it’s going well and she doesn’t show any bad reactions to it, I could speed it up.”
“Cool. I hope it’s a success. By the way, you need to contact the guys and tell them why I didn’t pitch.”
“I will.”

Please let this pretty girl make it, Mikey thought, as he studied Cassie. She looks like an angel and is way too young to die. And who knows, maybe she could even date one of us? That would be amazing!

Chapter End Notes

A/N The last month and a bit has been really difficult, but I’m back and getting stronger every day. Thank you to all for your support and encouragement. It means so much.

Cassie is inspired by my sweet and gorgeous dog, Cassie. I thought it would be a fantastic way of honouring her.

Will Cassie make it and will she fall for Mikey? How will she fit in with the Hamato’s? And will she tell them who she is?

End Notes

Slash kidnaps Raphael.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!