

predator

Bobby sat on the bench in the park, watching the kids play. He loved coming here. Whenever the weather permitted, he'd walk the four blocks separating his house from the park. It was actually one neighborhood over, but they weren't possessive, so everyone in a ten block radius came here.

A ball rolled to his feet. He picked it up and threw it back to the girl who had kicked it his way. She caught it and went back to play with her friends. The girl's mother, Moyra, waved at him.

Someone sat next to him, and Bobby glanced at him, a cheetah with a camera, khakis and polo shirt. The cheetah nodded at him, before snapping a few pictures of the park. "I've seen you here a few times," the cheetah said, while continuing to snap pictures. "You spend a lot of time here?" He lowered the camera and looked at Bobby.

"Whenever I can," Bobby replied. "I have to say I don't remember seeing you here before."

"I'm Richard, Richard Stanton." He offered his hand.

"Bobby Orr," he said, shaking it.

"And you probably just didn't notice me before. I usually walk around the periphery to take my pictures. You like kids?"

Bobby smiled, looked at the park again. "I love them. Spending time with kids makes me feel young." He caught the look the male gave him, and turned to look at him. "What?"

"Nothing," Richard said, focusing on the park, but still glancing at Bobby without turning his head. "I've just never heard anyone say it like that."

Bobby wasn't sure what he meant, but it didn't matter.

"Bobby?" a female wolf walked toward him.

"Hi Elizabeth, what can I do for you?"

"Can you watch Steven? I have to go to Jared's school, he got into another fight. I'd rather not take Steven."

"Of course I'll watch him."

"Oh good, thanks. His father will be home in half an hour, and he's expecting Steven home by four."

Bobby checked his watch, a little more than an hour to go.

"If I'm not back before that, can you see to it Steven's home by then?"

"It won't be a problem, you go and deal with your troublemaker. I promise, Steven will be home on time."

She thanks him again, and called Steven over. "Steven, I have to go pickup your brother, Mister Orr will take you home, alright?"

The six year old wolf nodded, and his mother left.

"Jared is fighting again," Steven said.

"How do you know that?" Bobby asked.

The young wolf shrugged. "Mom always has to go pick him up when he fights."

Bobby didn't say anything, not particularly surprised at

how observant Steven was. Children were far more intelligent than most adults gave them credit for. "You go and play, I'll get you when it's time to go home." He watched Steven run back to the game of tag that was happening.

Bobby wished he'd known Jared when he was younger, maybe he could have helped him find other outlets for his aggression and energy. Jared had been fourteen when his family moved to the neighborhood two years ago, too old for him to do anything. If Byron lived near, he would call him, his brother preferred teens after all, but he lived a state away. Jared would have to find his own way of coping.

Richard was looking at him funny again.

"What?"

"She just left you in charge of him? Like that?"

"Sure," Bobby replied. "I'm sort of the unofficial park supervisor. All the parents know I'll take good care of their cubs. So they trust me with them."

Richard gave him a knowing smile, and a nod. Before going back to taking pictures.

Ten minutes later some of the kids were fighting. Bobby went to them, making sure to keep Steven in sight. The cubs quieted down when he got close. Karen, the eight year old hyena was holding a truck, with her brother, Marc, behind her, while in front of her Jose was trying not to cry.

"What's going on?" Bobby asked, crouching next to them.

"Nothing," Karen said. Marc nodded his agreement, but he always agreed with her.

Jose didn't say anything.

"Is that your truck?" Bobby asked the seven year old doberman.

He nodded.

Bobby sighed. "Karen, what have I told you about taking other cub's toys?" he extended his hand to her.

Reluctantly she handed him the truck. "Not to do it."

Bobby wished her father would set a better example for her. But he was a self entitled, self important male who also tried to take anything he wanted. They had almost come to blows once when he brought his two cubs back after they'd gotten into a fight over a toy they stole.

He'd tried to locate their mother, but she'd disappeared, and made sure no one could find her.

"Why did you take his truck?" he asked Karen, as he handed it back to Jose.

"I wanted to play with it," she answered, petulant.

"Did you ask if he would let you play with it?"

She looked at him, like that was the most stupid thing he'd said in her life.

He sighed, and wondered if she kept doing this on purpose, or it really wasn't sinking in. He motioned toward Jose with a nod. She rolled her eyes.

Out of the corner of his eyes he saw Steven head for the bench.

"Can I play with your truck?" she asked, not exactly politely.

"Sure," the doberman replied, and handed it to her.

For a moment she was too surprised to take it. When she did the three of them went to play together.

He smiled and stood. He watched them play for a moment, before turning. His hackles rose as he saw Richard bend down, talking with Steven. The wolf had a lollipop in his mouth. He forced his hackles down, surprised at himself for the reaction. Richard was just being nice to Steven.

Steven smiled at him, wide, as Bobby sat down, and showed him the lollipop. Bobby ruffled his hair and sent him back to play with his friends.

"You shouldn't give him sweets, his mother doesn't like that. She tries to make sure he eats properly."

"Sure," Richard said, but his tone made Bobby think he didn't take the request too seriously. He took pictures for a bit longer, before handing the camera to bobby. "You wanna see?"

Bobby took the camera and cycled some of the pictures on the display, the last series he'd taken were of Steven, as he played, jumped and ran around. After that of various other cubs. He looked at the counter, over five hundred pictures. They couldn't all be from today.

"Are you a professional photographer?" he asked, handing it back.

"Nah. This is just a hobby I picked up years ago, getting back into it."

"What do you do for a living?"

"I'm retired, used to be a doctor."

Bobby looked at him. He must have been really successful, he looked kind of young to be retired. Not that he could say anything about that, he'd retired young too.

He checked his watch, almost four. "Well, I better get Steven back to his dad. It was great meeting you, Richard." They shook hands.

"It was good to meet you too, and you take good care of the kid."

Bobby felt uneasy, but he told himself it was his imagination, Richard probably hadn't meant it the way it sounded. He found Steven among the crowd of cubs, picked him up, and headed out of the park.

Steven recounted what he and his friends had done during the walk. His house was six blocks away so he had plenty of time.

When they got to the house, Steven's father was standing on the porch, jeans and no shirt. Bobby smiled, that male looked good, and he knew it.

"Jack." He handed Steven over.

"Bobby," the gray wolf said, taking his son. "Thanks for brining him home."

"You're welcome," Bobby replied. "I hope Jared starts behaving."

"You and me both."

Bobby left with a wave. He would have loved to stay longer, but Jack wasn't comfortable around him. Bobby had made advances on the male, not long after they had moved in. Jack had turned him down, and Bobby had not pushed the issue, but while he did his best not to show it, Jack always tensed up around him.

It was a shame, he'd loved to see, and feel, what the wolf was packing.

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Over the following weeks, Richard was at the park almost every time Bobby as there. They talked a little, but otherwise, each did mostly their own thing. Richard taking pictures, and Bobby supervising the cubs.

In the middle of summer, Richard invited Bobby to his place for a barbecue. Not having anything else to do that evening, Lum and his father were out of town, and thinking he might be able to sleep with the cheetah, Bobby accepted.

He showed up with meat patties and they went to the backyard. The barbecue was already lit, beers were in a cooler and the table already set. They talked while Richard cooked. Bobby subtly hinted at his interest in the male, since he hadn't been able to pickup if he was interested, at this point, but Richard still wasn't responding to the hints.

The food was good.

Bobby asked for the directions to the bathroom, and Richard told him where it was. On his way there, he walked by a small office. He peeked in, and the walls were covered with pictures of cubs. He stared at them for a long moment, a shiver running down his back.

He shook himself, it didn't mean anything. Richard just liked cubs, that was all. Still, when he went back outside, he found he didn't want to sleep with the male anymore. They made small talk for a bit longer, before Bobby found a reason to head back home.

During the walk he couldn't shake the feeling something was wrong. He kept telling himself the pictures didn't mean anything, but he couldn't quite convince himself. Once home he went online, and did a search for Richard Stanton. There were a lot of results, he added cheetah to the search, that still left a lot of results.

He looked at them, decided he didn't have anything more important to do right now. The ninth result on the first page stopped him. He looked at the picture a second time, there was no mistaking him, it was Richard.

The headline read "pediatric doctor found guilty of raping children." The rest of the article described how Richard had

forced himself on four girls and three boys who were patient of his. Caught in the act by a mother, and was now to be in a criminal psychiatric hospital. That had happened on the other side of the country.

Bobby felt sick. It couldn't be him, could it? Richard was a nice guy — who spend most of his time taking pictures of cubs.

At the bottom of the article were other links. Most of them were just variation but the most recent one, six month old, was about how, after five years in the hospital, Richard Stanton had been declared cured, and released.

Bobby calmed down, there is was, he was cured.

Then, why wouldn't that unease go away?

He closed the computer and went out for a walk. He needed to think. After five minute he realized thinking wasn't what he needed. He called his brother.

"Bobby," Byron said on picking up, "How is it going?"

"I . . . Need your help, well advice with something."

"Shoot."

"You remember, about ten years ago, the pedophile you found at the high school. I never really asked about that. I'd like to know, now."

"I found him, crushed his nuts, beat him within an inch of his life."

"How did you find him? I mean how did you know he was a pedophile?"

"Well, I started suspecting he was when I saw him peeping in the boy's changing room. He had this hungry look on his face. I could tell he didn't have anything nice planned for them. Took me a while to figure out who he was, when I did, I broke into his place, carefully went through his stuff, that's where I found recording of him forcing himself on a ten year old cub."

Bobby shuddered at the thought. How could anyone force themselves on cubs was beyond him.

"What is this about Bobby?"

"I . . . I think one of my neighbor is a pedophile."

"You want me to come over and beat the crap out of him?"

"No! I mean, I don't know if he is. According to the article, he's cured. I haven't seen him do anything, but I just can't shake this feeling."

"I see." Byron was silent for a moment. "Then what you need is find evidence."

"How do I do that."

"You're going to have to find a way to get in his house, and go through his stuff. When you find proof, you want me to handle it?"

"No. If I find proof, I'll let the police deal with him."

There was a long silence. "Okay, if you do that, you need to make sure you don't have anything incriminating of your own. He's going to try his best to point the cops at you."

Bobby chuckled. "I don't have anything like that."

You're the one who likes making movies, remember?"

"How about the family movies?"

Bobby didn't say anything, he'd forgotten about those.

"I'm going to come over and help you sanitize your place.

Once I'm sure there is nothing that can be used against you, then you can go about looking for evidence, deal?"

Bobby agreed.

Maybe he could mention Jared while Byron was there.

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Two month later, Bobby still hadn't found anything. He hadn't broken into Richard's house, he hadn't needed to, Richard often invited him over. When he'd mentioned that Richard had invited him over once, Byron had told him to continue with the friendship, he could use that to try and find out if Richard was still active.

So every week or so, he and Richard hung out. They talked, looked at some of the pictures the cheetah had taken. And when he had an opportunity, Bobby looked around.

He'd just gotten a text from Richard, asking to meet him in town. This was a first. There was no reason why, Bobby figured he just needed help with something. When the address turned out to be a public storage place, he knew that was it.

He called Richard. "I'm here. Which one should I meet you at? You need me to bring my car closer?"

"I'm at 308, no, leave your car in the parking lot."

"Okay."

He reached the locker, and it was one of the largest one he'd ever seen. The roll door was wide enough for three cars to fit. He grabbed the handle and pulled it up. The boxes went all the way to the door, and to the ceiling.

"Richard?" he called.

"I'm at the back."

The back? Bobby thought. How? Then he noticed that the front row of boxes had an opening on he left. Stepping in, he was in a small alley between boxes. It went all the way to the right of the locker, then did an one eighty to the left, went all the way and opened on a large empty space.

Bobby froze.

"What?"

He couldn't understand what he was looking at. Richard was naked, fondling someone small sitting on a chair, with another small person seated in a second chair, crying.

Then he recognized Steven.

"Help yourself to one of them," Richard said, moving away. The second cub was girl Bobby didn't know. "I'm not picky, I'll have my fun with the other."

"What is the meaning of this?"

"Come on, you don't need to be coy here. No one knows about this place, it isn't in my name. I know you like kids, just like I do. Although I have to admit the way you have their parent

trusting you so completely, that is masterful. You're going to have to tell me how you managed that. The brats always ended up getting me in trouble. But I've fixed that, now once I'm done with them, they don't tell anyone."

Bobby couldn't move. He was shaking, fist closed.

Richard walked to him. "Come on. Which one do you want? Make a decision, I want to have my fun too." He was erect.

Bobby didn't even realized he'd decked the cheetah. One moment he was heading toward him, the next he was on ground holding his jaw, and Bobby's hand hurt.

"What the fuck was that for?"

"What the fuck do you think?" Bobby yelled. "What do you think you're doing with them?"

"Oh come off you high horse. You're like me. I can tell. All the time you spend with those kids. You think I can't see what you're after?"

Bobby kicked him. "I am nothing like you!" He kicked him again. "I would never force myself on a cub!" Again. "You are a monster!"

Bobby was breathless. Richard didn't move. He turned to Steven and went to him. "Are you okay?" he asked softly. But Steven didn't reply, he just kept on crying.

Bobby fumbled his cell out of his pocket and dialed 911.

"911 emergency, what is the emergency?"

"I'm at," he trailed off. He couldn't remember what the address was.

"Sir, I can triangulate where you are. Just tell me what the emergency is."

"There are two cubs here, a man named Richard Stanton was going to rape them. I stopped him."

"I have dispatched the police. Are there any injuries?"

Bobby chuckled. "The bastard is in pretty bad shape."

"I'm dispatching an ambulance. Just stay on the line until the police arrive."

"Okay." He put the phone down, untied the cubs and held them. "It's going to be okay," he whispered to them, over and over."

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There was a knock at the door. Bobby checked the camera feed on his cell, and saw it was the two detectives who had talked with him when Richard had been taken in.

"Detectives," he said, when he opened the door, "please come in."

"Thank you Mister Orr," the doberman said. His name was Harrison Winthrop, the buck, who was his partner, and a good decade younger, was Jeff Sanders.

He lead them to the kitchen. "Can I offer you something to drink?"

"No, thank you. We shouldn't be here long," Harrison said, taking a seat at the table. Bobby poured himself a coffee and

did the same. Jeff walked around the room, looking at the pictures on the walls. "I'm really sorry to be disturbing you, but Stanton made accusations towards you during his interrogation, and we need to look into them."

"Accusations?"

"He claims that you are a pedophile, just like him."

Bobby stared at the detective, stunned, then put his cup down. The scene replayed itself before his eyes, Steven and that girl, Amanda, he'd learned her name was, tied to the chairs, naked. Richard offering them to him, the glee on his face, the implication he was going to dispose of them afterward. "I think I'm going to be sick." He raced to the sink, and threw up his breakfast.

"I'm really sorry about this Mister Orr."

Bobby rinsed his mouth. "I understand, detective." He sat back down. "I realized he thought that of me, like I said before, he'd called me to join him at the storage place. I didn't know why, until I entered the locker. I lost it, and beat him."

"Stanton said there's proof," Jeff said, looking at a picture. "Whose that?"

Bobby checked which frame he was looking at. "That's my brother, Brian, and his sons."

"And this one?"

"That's my family, my father and two brothers."

"There's proof, Stanton claims," Harrison said.

"What? Oh yes, so you said. You're welcome to search my home, I have nothing to hide."

"How about the boxes you sent away?" Jeff commented, without looking away from the frames.

"Boxes?" Bobby looked from one detective to the other.

"Stanton claims that he saw you and another tiger load boxes in a car, and he drove away with them. That would have been a few weeks before we arrested him. He claims the proof is in there."

"Oh, that. When our father died, I sort of inherited everything he had, because I have the largest attic. I started going through it a few months ago. I had a few boxes of old family movies. Byron is the film aficionado, so he agreed to take them. That's what he was picking up that day."

"I see. We're going to have to see the content of those boxes."

"Oh. Yes, of course." He took out his cell. "I can call him and have him bring them to you."

"That won't be necessary, where does your brother live?"

"New York City."

"We'll call the local department, and they will get them."

Bobby put his cell away.

"Wait," Jeff said, "you said your brother's name is Byron?"

"Yes."

"Byron Orr?"

Bobby and Harrison were looking at him.

"The Byron Orr who produced the Predator TV series?"

"Yes, he does."

"What's Predators?" Harrison asked.

Jeff looked at him like he'd grown a second head. "Just one of the best documentary series on criminals. Each week they spotlight on a Predator type criminal, your know, serial killers, stalkers, pedophile. What I really like about it, is that at the end of each episodes, Malcolm goes through a check list for people to go through to minimize the risk of falling victim to someone like that."

"Who's Malcolm?" Harrison asked.

"He's the host."

"I thought you said that was Byron Orr."

Jeff rolled his eyes. "No, Byron produces the series. Malcolm hosts it."

"Oh." Harrison shook his head, looking annoyed at having been sidetracked. He stood. "Thank you for your time, Mister Orr."

"You're welcome." He paused. "Should I let my brother know someone will be coming for the boxes? I don't know what he did with them."

"Do you think he could have destroyed the content?"

"What? No, no. He'd never destroy family movies. I'm just thinking he might have unpacked them and put them in his library."

Harrison smiled. "No worry, if he did that, they will help them repack. I would prefer you don't call him."

"Alright." He closed the door behind them. He had a momentary worry that Byron might not have been done sanitizing the movies yet, but he reminded himself that of everyone in the family, he was the one most knowledgeable in police procedures. He would have made sure it was done immediately."

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Loud curses rang after the younger tiger as he bolted across the room, pulled the door open and ran out, almost bowling over the two police officers coming up the stairs.

"How many time do I have to tell you not to run down the stair, Damian!" a much older tiger appeared in the doorway. "I need to have a talk with his father," he grumbled to himself. He saw the officers, and composed himself. "Officers, what can I do for you? If you're here to arrest my nephew, for being a nuisance, I'll be happy to press charges." He raised his voice to make sure Damian could hear.

"No sir," the doe said, pulling out a piece of paper, handing it to him. "We have a court order to collect four boxes you brought here, from your brother's house."

Byron took the paper, then pulled his reading glasses from the breast pocket. He read it, making sure everything was in

order. "Is my brother in trouble with the law?"

"I'm sorry sir, but I don't know the details of the case. We've just been ordered to come here to pick them up. If you'll notice, your brother did give consent."

Byron had noticed it.

"Please come in." He moved away so they could enter, and closed the door behind them. He handed the paper back and lead them up the stairs. "I think the boxes are in the second guest bedroom. You'll have to forgive the mess. Things have been hectic these last few weeks. One of my shows in LA is having trouble and I've had to fly there almost every other day, add to that my nephew moving in while he goes to university, and it's pure chaos in here."

He entered the bedroom, and started looking through the boxes. His phone rang. He looked at it, and answered it. "I'm going to have to call you later Malcolm, I'm busy right now." He sighed. "Look, you're the host, not the director, he's in charge. No, I won't pull strings just because we've slept together. I told you when we did, it wasn't going to bring special favors. You want to direct an episode, i can arrange that, other wise, do what the director tells you to do. Now I really have to go." He hung up. "Sorry about that."

He shook his head when he'd gone through all the boxes. "I could have sworn I put them here." He went to the bedroom next to it. More boxes. Halfway through his search he found four boxes marked 'family'. "There we are." He went to pick one of them up.

"Please let us do that," the doe said.

"Oh, of course." Byron stepped away.

The officers cut the tape sealing them closed, checked the content, and counted them. They wrote that up, and asked Byron to confirm that he agreed. He did, signed where he was asked too, and they gave him a copy.

"You'll be contacted when they aren't needed anymore. Come to the station with the receipt, and they will be returned to you."

Byron nodded, and escorted them out. Once they were in their car, he closed the door.

A moment later his phone rang. "Did you actually call the cops on me?"

"Of course not, Damian. Although I do wish you'd stop running. You're going to break something. Nothing is so important that you need to run there."

"Are you kidding? I'm this close to getting my psychology teacher to bend over for me. I've been working on him for the last two weeks. I just heard his girlfriend dropped him. So this is going to be the perfect time to finish the job"

Byron chuckled. "Really Damian? Your professor? Shouldn't you be going after kids your age?" Byron went to his study, looked through the book shelf, and pulled on a book. The book

didn't come out, but clicked, the shelf recessed and slid away.

"And who are you going to go after, if I go after guys my age? Somehow I don't see you going after older guys."

"I have sex with men my age," Byron said, slightly offended his nephew thought teens were the only ones he had sex with. He stepped into his personal film studio, looking over the stacks of tapes and dvds on the counter, all from the boxes he'd brought from Bobby's.

"Those men come to you. You know damn well you only go after kids my age. You like the challenge, just like I like the challenge of going after supposedly straight older men, like my teachers."

Byron had to give him that. There was nothing to get his blood flowing like seducing a teenager, with their sexual insecurities. He had no idea how Bobby did it, with the younger ones, taking months, if not years in getting them ready. Byron didn't have that kind of patience.

"Just do me a favor, Damian. Don't turn this one into an obsessive psycho."

"Come on, uncle Byron. That only happened once, when I was eleven. How was I to know that guy was going to come to love fucking my young ass so much he'd go after others, and force himself on them. And I'm not a child anymore. If this guy gets obsessed with teens, what's the harm."

Byron sighed. "I'm just not comfortable have one of your conquest end up on Predators."

"Look, I promise I'll do everything I can not to turn this one of the a sex addict. Anyway, if you aren't the one who called the cops, what did they want?"

"The boxes from Bobby's house."

"The family movies?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"You heard about the pedophile he beat up?"

"Yeah, I hope they lock that guy up and throw away the keys."

"Yeah, me too, but hey, Pennsylvania has the death penalty, maybe they'll just electrocute him. Well, like I said he would, he tried to turn around and accuse your uncle of being a pedophile too."

"You're kidding, right? Uncle Bobby would never do something that horrible to a child. He loves them to much."

"I know. But I know the type. That's why I collected them, but seems he was also spying on Bobby, because he must have seen me take them. The police in Pittsburgh would have talked to Bobby about it, and that how they were at my door this morning, almost thrown off the landing my a tiger running dangerously fast."

"Is uncle Bobby in trouble?" Damian asked, worry in his voice.

"He's fine. The boxes they took only has innocent stuff."

"We have innocent movies?"

"Of course we do? Although I had to do a lot of searching to find them."

"Cool, are we going to be watching something tonight?"

"I don't know."

"Come on uncle Byron. It's going to be fun."

"Only if you promise to stay in the moment. You know I can see it in your eyes when you're calculating how to move for the best result and stuff like that, right?"

"You're going to have to tell me how you do that. No one else can tell. And I don't see why you're complaining. I always make sure the sex is great for you."

"I know you do, but it's distracting. Sex isn't about being perfect, just let go and enjoy it."

"I don't have to let go to enjoy sex, you know that."

Byron chuckled. Who was he kidding, he wouldn't get Damian to change how he had sex, just like he wouldn't stop going after teens. Each Orr had his own way of enjoying sex. "Alright, Damain. How about we watch your twelfth birthday?"

"Ohh, fuck yeah. I couldn't walk for a week after that. Man I wish grampa was still alive. It'd be great to have the whole family fuck me again."

Byron's chuckle was tinted with sadness. "I miss him too. You have a good day at school, Damian. I'll see you tonight."

"You have a good day too, uncle Byron."