

Chapter 2

The three bodies were rats, one in his fifties, one in his thirties, and one teens. Their throats had been slit, and the blood formed a pool around them, so that they couldn't get close without stepping in it.

"Shit," Flint said. "That's Alistair Lewiston. He gave a speech at my daughter's school three weeks ago."

"So that's got to be his son," Reilly commented, "and that his grandson?"

"Carpenter," Alice said, "I need to know what other family they have. If they were killed like this, it's possible anyone else related to them is in danger."

"Anything suspicious on any of the floors?" Denton asked. "Anything obviously missing?"

He got negatives all around.

"You think this is a hit?" Narn asked.

Denton shook his head, and looked at the other cheetah. "This doesn't look like any mob hit I've seen. And as far as I know, they don't have any ties to organize crime."

"You never know," Flint, interjected. "Old money is often dirty money."

"Sure," Denton agreed, "but you know any of the families' clean up men who does that? They're all about keeping things clean, even if they leave us a body."

"No, it can't be a hit," Reilly said. He was lying on the floor, looking at Alistair's neck. "This wasn't done by a professional. I can see hesitation marks at the start of the cut." George Reilly had come to them by accident. He'd been aiming to be a forensic specialist, but after he'd been almost shot in a drive by, he'd decided he wanted to apprehend the criminals, rather than prove their guilt.

"The coroner's going to be here shortly. Narn, Carpenter, you're staying. Matilda, Jefferson, you have door duty, support the CSI crew when they get here."

"Ma'am?" Carpenter asked, "What about the search you wanted for other family members?"

Alice sighed, then let out a curse that had even Reilly's ears turning red. "Okay, Carpenter, you two go back to the station." She paused, and looked at Denton.

"Cooper, me and Flint can stay," Reilly offered.

"We can?" Flint said, and was immediately elbowed in the side. "Sure, we can."

"You certain?"

"Yep," the German Shepherd confirmed. "Means you get to deal with the files on this." His grin was wide. Flint smiled too as he realized what his partner had arranged.

"Hey, I'd rather deal with paperwork than the mess this place is going to turn into when CSI gets here." Denton said. "so I'm okay with this."

"Alright then." Alice's fur settled back down. "Everyone knows their assignment. Get to it."

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"Evening, Fred," Denton waved to the desk sergeant as he left the precinct. He took out his phone and turned on Prowlr, now that he wasn't on duty anymore. While it was true that as a detective he was never really off duty, when he was allowed to go home for the evening, that meant Prowlr could be turned on.

Before he reached his car it pinged. Two miles from where he was there was a Wolf, quite attractive from the picture. Versatile, with a preference for bottoming. Can entertain or visit. Denton liked that the picture was of him dressed in biker leather, chest and up, face included.

It wasn't a real gauge of his personality, but over the years he'd found that those who put pictures of their cocks as a profile pic, or had a suggestive picture, tended to be sleazier than he liked.

"I'm just leaving work. If you send me the address I can pick you up and we can go to my place." The guy would be able to look his picture and profile over and make a decision. His profile picture was of him in jeans, wearing a t-shirt and leaning against a tree, it had been taken last summer, when he and his family went on vacation at the national park up north.

Denton gave him ten minutes so he leaned against his car and checked email.

"Want to meet up over the weekend?" From Reggie.

"Possibly, too early to tell," he replied.

"The BF is out of town this week. Meet up?" This one from Frank.

"No. I told you before. You're in a relationship. We either have sex the three of us together, or not at all." It wouldn't happen. Sergei was strictly monogamous.

Before he moved to the next one Prowlr pinged.

"I'm at the Starbucks at the corner of Arlington and Finnley."

"Be there under five minutes."

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Denton woke up with a start. The dream was already fading,

but it had unnerved him.

"You okay?" The wolf next to him asked, then had a jaw breaking yawn.

"Yeah, sorry if I woke you. Just a nightmare," Denton said.

"No worries buddy. What was it about?" William asked.

Denton shook his head. "Don't really remember anymore, just some chanting."

"Like a song? If it was from the Bieber song bird, I can understand why you woke up."

Denton chuckled. "No, chanting, like back in the dark ages."

"That's weird."

Denton sighed.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. It's just that I'm not going to be able to fall back asleep."

"It was that bad?"

"No. It's a side effect of my job. I get woken up at odd hours so often that my body's adapted to it. Once I'm awake I'm good for at least twenty hours. I just don't know what I'm going to do for the next." He looked over the wolf at the clock, "three hours."

The wolf turned on his side. "Well, if it's just that." He ran a blunt claw through Denton's off white chest fur. "If you want to have another go at it, I'm more than willing."

They had a go at it, then another one, and another one.

After that they showered, and almost went at it again.

"You know, I've never come across a guy who can cum like you do. What's it, like magic or something?" William asked.

Denton shook his head. "I have hyperphilia."

William gave him a blank stare.

"It's a medical condition. My refractory period is a lot shorter than normal, as you saw, and my sex drive is higher. I actually have a fairly mild case of it. I've talked with a guy in South Africa who gets hard within a minute of having an orgasm, and if he doesn't cum at least once an hour he feels like his balls are going to explode. He told me that once, when he was younger, he had a party and he had over fifty orgasm within a day."

"You serious?"

"Well, I haven't met the guy, or put his claim to the test. I haven't even actually seen a picture of him. He's had bad experiences with online stalkers because of his condition, so he's a bit paranoid about meeting guys. But I don't see that he'd be lying. I've talked to other guys like him and me, and at least

one other told me a similar story. So I consider myself fortunate, I'm just able to have a lot of sex."

They dressed, then Denton made them a quick breakfast, steak and eggs. After that he wrote his number on a paper and handed it to the wolf.

"What's this for?"

"Well, you were willing to spend the night, and you're good company, so I'd like to get to know you better, see if we can be friends, now that we've fucked."

"Sure, buddy, I'd love that," William said.

"Okay, but there's going to have to be one rule."

"What is it?" the wolf's head canted to the side.

"My name is Denton. I'll accept Dent, but none of my friends, absolutely none of them gets to call me 'buddy'."

"Oh, sure b ... Dent. I'm good with that."

"Perfect. Now, am I dropping you off at the Starbucks or do you need to be someplace else."

Denton dropped him off at a commercial design place a few blocks from the precinct, with a promise to call and try to have dinner at some point.

Denton hoped William would be cool with being friends. So few guys were interested in more than having sex, that he cherished finding someone looking for a deeper connection, without wanting a boyfriend