

Chapter 19

Denton was dreaming. He had to be.

He was standing at the foot of the bed. He was in Maximilian's bedroom, but it looked different. the walls and doors were translucent. Even the floor was see through, as was the ceiling. Up there he could see the impression of a room above this one, with things in it, boxes, travel trunks, a wardrobe. It was an attic, he realized.

Past that was the house's roof, and he could just make out symbols, not the details of them, through multiple layers of semi transparent matter, but he could make out colors, and they were moving.

He turned and looked on the bed. There he was, snuggled between Maximilian and Martin. He smiled, that had been a fun night. They'd fucked each other multiple times. It was no wonder he was sleeping so soundly. The bodies looked to be solid, unlike every object on the room, the entire house.

He looked down at his hands. They were bright, not made of flesh and fur, but of light. He went to the mirror to look at himself, only to realize he couldn't see his reflection in it. He saw into the other bedroom, where Fred and Frank were sleeping, they too looked to be solid.

This was a strange dream.

He looked down at himself, and as far as he could tell, he was entirely made of light. He wasn't shapeless, the light seemed to be contained inside his body. No, that wasn't right, he didn't feel like he had a body, but the light was still contained within him.

He reached for the doorknob, and hesitated. The door was translucent, did it mean it wasn't there? He pressed a hand against it, and it went through. He stepped into the hallway. Why was the floor supporting him?

He tried to walk down through it, but couldn't. Even if he could see through it, it was still solid. That was odd. Well, he wasn't going to try to figure out the logic of his dream, they never had any.

He could see where Stefan was sleeping, and walked through the wall to stand next to him. He was going to have to have a talk with him. He'd been the only one not to fuck him. He had avoided him his whole time here, except for that last meeting, before dinner, and he'd stay as far as he could, and didn't even look at him.

He put a hand on his shoulder, and felt resistance. He could push his hand through him, but unlike the walls, it felt like there was something there.

"It's too bad you're sleeping, Stefan," He said. at least he thought he talked. He couldn't tell. The body stirred, and

Denton pulled his hand away reflexively. The collie turned on his back, shoving the covers aside.

Denton smiled and admired his body. Stefan did have a wonderful body, muscular, angled. most definitely masculine. He realized that even though this was a dream, Stefan looked exactly as he did in the ... waking world? The real world? When he was awake, there, that was the better one. Yeah, they were going to have that talk, and then sex. most definitely sex.

He walked out of the room, and past the room where Oscar was. His body looked as solid as the others, but it was a little faded. probably to represent the thing Maximilian had done to him.

He went down the stairs, and immediately noticed a difference. without all the walls in the way, he could see that the walls of the house had symbols too. They were clear, although he didn't know what they meant. Circles, swirls, lines and other shapes. They glowed in various colors, red, orange, green, yellow, and the colors moved, from one symbols to another.

He moved close to the wall, the front of the house, he realized. He could see a car traveling along the road. translucent, like every other objects. Then he realized people were also walking, they were barely visible. Except for the one on the other side of the road, leaning against the building. He looked to be solid, but he was too far to make out any details about him.

He looked over his shoulder, and he could see the other guys in the house, definitely solid through the translucent floor. Why were they solid, while the people outside we shades? maybe the house was his 'reality' within the dream? then why were the walls not solid?

He turned back to study the people outside, and took a step back. There was a tiger standing before him, on the other side of the wall. He was a little shorter, but muscular. And he was made of light, just like him. Those bright blue eyes bore into him.

"It's your fault," the tiger snarled. "You should have died back then."

"What?"

"Play innocent all you like," he snorted. "You might have stolen what is rightfully mine, but I'm going to get it. You can't stay hidden behind this for always." He waved at the house. "The moment you step outside, it's over."

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't play stupid!" the tiger slammed a hand against the wall, "I won't have it!" The symbols in that area flared, the hand didn't go through the wall.

Denton watched as the lights moved around, and he realized they were balancing themselves. Stopping the hand had required energy, and now some of that energy was redistributing itself. He placed a finger over some of it, and he felt it move. To see if he could, he willed some of his energy to jump to the symbol, and a small burst of light did just that.

The tiger was ranting, going on about how Denton had stolen his power, how he would get it back, and nothing could stop him. It didn't matter what the others had done to him, he was going to get his power and then show them all how powerful he was.

Denton barely paid him any attention. He looked at the sleeping men again, and focused. The solidity he saw in them was light, muted because their bodies were containing the radiance.

Magic, he was seeing magic.

Except this was a dream, wasn't it?

He looked at the tiger. "Are you real?"

The question stopped the tiger's rant. He's been saying something about how after he took back what was his from Denton, he was going to continue his work and end up so powerful that no one would ever stop him again.

"Of course I'm real!" Denton could swear he could see the tiger frothing at the mouth. "I'm the only real one in the world. you're all shadows, hardly able to grasp what it is you have."

Denton caught sight of something. He wasn't sure what it had been, but it had been behind the tiger. He moved to the side to get a better view.

"You will listen to me! I will not be ignored!"

Denton ignored him, looking for what he might have seen. He caught sight of it again, a faint shimmering. Like light reflecting off a fiberglass string. And then he saw what it was. a thread, going from the tiger to the person on the other side of the street, the only one who looked to be solid among the people outside.

The tiger frowned, and became silent. He watched Denton and then looked where he looked, and back. He didn't seem to understand what Denton was watching. Couldn't he see the thread?

Denton noticed it wasn't one thread, it was two. One was almost golden, while the other was off white. It went from the man leaning against the building, through the tiger, and then in the house. Denton followed it with his gaze to a room on the second floor, the one where Oscar lay.

Shirley, or rather the man who had pretended to be him, and taken his cum, part of his essence. Was that what Martin had talked about, that link to Oscar, the one that could go through a shield.

He tentatively touched it with a finger, and smiled as he

caught the scent of fresh cum. So yes, that was the link to Oscar. He grabbed it and pulled. He felt the thread, but then it passed through his closed fist. He couldn't grasp it.

Of course he couldn't. It wasn't really a thread, it was energy. And while he could feel it when he touched it, he was also energy, so he couldn't grab hold of it.

Alright, then could he overload the link? He'd willed some of it into the symbols, He should be able to do the same here. He'd will more, but how much would be needed to burn it.

He shrugged. He'd throw everything he could spare in it, and hoped he wouldn't hurt himself or Oscar in the process. Not quite certain how to do this, he thought about moving all his energy to his fingertip, an then touched the thread.

There was a momentary flash as energy moved from one to the other, then the thread burned away, Shocking the tiger into taking a step back when the burning part went through him. Denton just had time to see the man on the other side of the street stiffen when the burning thread reached him, and everything went dark.