

Chapter 20

Denton gasped and opened his eyes.

He felt exhausted, and he could barely catch his breath. The room was dark, he could feel the two men on each side of him.

He tried to call out, but he couldn't find the strength to form words. He tried to lift his arm, but it weighted a ton. What was wrong with him? Was he dying? No, no. he couldn't die. He had to catch that murderer, he had to have that talk with Stefan.

He whimpered.

Martin stirred. He turned and looked at him, eyes barely opened. He smiled and reached to caress Denton's cheek.

Denton tried to call for help, but while he felt his mouth move, barely, no sound came out.

Martin's eyes focused on him. "Dent?"

Denton couldn't reply, he hoped Martin could see the distress in his eyes.

Martin shook him slightly, and when Denton didn't react, harder. He put a finger on Denton's jugular, then touched his nose. he reached over and shook his father.

"Dad, wake up. Something's wrong with Dent."

Maximilian took a moment to wake. "What?" he asked, sitting up.

"He has a pulse, but his nose his freezing, I can barely hear him breathe, and he'd not responding."

Maximilian did the same checks Martin had done.

"What's wrong with him?"

"He's dying."

"What? how's that possible?"

"I don't know, but that isn't important." He turned Denton on his side. "I'm sorry for not being gentle about this Dent, but time is of the essence." Maximilian fucked him hard and fast.

A few minutes later he felt the cougar cum inside him, and then he was able to take a deep breath. It took all his strength, but he lifted an arm to put it around Martin and held on to him.

Maximilian pulled out and got off the bed. "Fuck him, I'm going to get the others."

Martin nodded and turned Denton on his stomach. When he was done, Denton was able to breath better. Someone took Martin's place, then someone else, and another. They didn't let him move until everyone had fucked him. At that point he was able to sit up and felt mostly like himself again.

"It's good to know I'm not the only one who needs to be boosted," Frank said with a grin.

"What happened to you?" Maximilian asked.

"I thought I was dreaming," Denton started, then recounted what happened. "I think you can wake Oscar. I'm pretty sure I burned the link they created."

"I'll do that in a bit, but first. You sure that was a tiger?"

"Certain, but what was that? Nothing but you guys looked real."

"You stepped out of your body," Maximilian said. "I know two other guys who can do that, and there's a way to force it to happen. What I don't get, is the things you said you saw. The magic that was imbued in the walls. How you say you burned the link. I don't doubt you, You were almost dead, so something serious happened. From what you said, I'm guessing that when you willed all your energy to burn the link, you literally poured everything you had."

"I'm not going to do that ever again."

"You better not," Stefan said, anger in his tone.

"Boss, who's the tiger?" Frank asked.

"His family follow the God too."

"Err, Boss, that can't be right. there aren't any tiger family in the Society."

"They aren't part of the Society. They made their own compact with Him, a lot later than we did."

"What does that mean?" Denton asked.

"It means they made a different deal."

"How different?"

"I don't know. All I know is that they are dangerous."

"How can they have a different deal, if it's the same God?" Denton asked.

"Because it's only in Movies that gods demand the same thing over and over. When we made the compact, He was weak, He might have given us more, or made lesser demands, to ensure we'd agree."

"When Tormo'orr made his deal, He was powerful again. He no longer needed to make compromises, we were providing him with plenty of power. So who knows what he demanded. All I know is that San Francisco isn't a place where we want to go."

"You make is sound like the God might be asking for blood sacrifices or something." Fred said.

"No, that isn't His thing. But all he asks of us is to have sex in His Name. He could have asked for us to have as much sex as possible, that could lead to forcing guys to have sex with us."

"Wait, I thought our God was a a good one," Denton asked.

Maximilian shook his head. "Gods aren't good or bad, they are Gods. They ask for worship and grant us something in return."

how we go about accomplishing the one and using the other is up to us."

"But you just said He could lead us to force sex."

"Yes, but I can think of ways to have lots of sex in his name without forcing anyone, have a Rave, have a sex party. You met Victor. His family is part of the same compact as us, but they interpret it differently. it's all about how we decide to do it."

"So, no 'my God made me do it' defense?" Denton offered.

"No."

"Okay. Now, you said there's a way to force someone to step out of his body. Can we be dealing with that?"

"Possibly. not many guys can do it on their own, like you. But I still think he's one of the Orrs. You said he talked about how the others did something to him. About the only common thing among all the factions, is that covenants are made by families and follow the bloodline. So it stands to reason that the others are also tigers, and if he went after your family for the power, that means he's linked to our God."

"Hence the Orrs," Denton finished. "Can there be other families that have made a deal with Him?"

"There could, but there haven't been since the Orrs. we keep track of that, since them. We tried to get them to join the Society, that didn't end well."

"Okay, then we have to go to San Francisco," Denton said. "If he's one of them, they're either helping him, or know something that can help us fight him."

"That's a bad idea," Maximilian said. "I don't think you understand how bad news they are. They kicked the church out of San Francisco. They run the city unchecked."

"Doesn't matter. We need to pursue all leads, no matter where they lead."

"I agree with Dent, dad. That tiger said that after he's done with him, he's going to continue what he'd started. that has to mean the Lewistons. We can't take the chance that he might decide they are easier targets and go after them first."

"Alright," Maximilian relented. "I'll arrange for the jet to be readied. But you're all going, and you're all going to be damn careful. Those guys don't play nice, and they don't like having others in their city."

"Before we do anything else," Denton interrupted, "Can someone explain to me how is that being fucked made me feel better? I thought Frank was the one who healed when fucked."

Frank chuckled. "That's not how it works."

"You guys can handle that." Maximilian left them.

"Frank doesn't heal when he's fucked," Martin said. "His ability is to heal. he can always heal, but his, like all out

abilities, need energy. He'll heal faster than anyone else normally, but if he has more energy to put into it, he heals even faster."

"Okay, and where does fucking come into play?"

"When one of us tops someone, the bottom receives energy."

"So, when you fucked Frank, and me, we gave up part of your energy?"

Martin shook his head "I didn't lose anything when I fucked you. In fact I gained some energy myself, just not as much as you. That's why you feel rejuvenated after sex, even if you top."

"Okay, that doesn't work. You're telling me that both partners receive energy? You can't create energy out of nothing, it's got to come from somewhere. How does that even work?"

They looked at each other, then Colby shrugged. "Magic."

Denton really wanted to argue that. Even after this night's walk, he didn't like the idea that magic defied what he knew of the world.

"Okay, so if I need a boost all I have to do is get fucked." He paused. "By one of us? or just any guys?"

"You'll get energy anytime you bottom, but from normal guys it won't be as much"

"So what kind of difference are we talking about? what's the ratio?"

"No idea."

"You never checked?"

A shake of the head. "we're always hanging out together, so there isn't any need to rely on others."

Denton shook his head. "You guy really should plan for the unexpected. but alright, I get fucked for energy."

"Or you can blow a guy." Bruce said. "The idea is to get the cum in you. The energy travels along it."

"But you really want them to be willing. Intent interferes. so you can't get much by forcing yourself on someone."

"Unless you go for blood," Stefan said, which earned him glares from everyone else. "Guy, he has to know that stuff too. I don't want him to accidentally swallow someone's blood, get a jolt and then think it's okay."

"Alright, you have a point Stefan," Martin admitted. he sighed. "The God is one of vitality, of life, so blood is His. and it's actually the most powerful of the fluids, but it has some major drawbacks. First off, drinking blood has been outlawed by the Society ever since the Stoker family went nuts over it."

"Stoker? As in Bram Stoker? the guy who wrote Dracula?"

Martin nodded to Frank.

"Yes, Bram was the last survivor of his line," the lion

said. "Dealing with them is the only time we ever worked with the church. Bram never drank blood himself, but he was tainted. Even he knew he'd eventually give in, so after he wrote Dracula, he killed himself."

"How was he tainted?"

"Blood is powerful. I don't have ratios, since no one was drank any since then, but the historical records Bram put in the book indicate that it's on a completely differed order of magnitude. It's also extremely addictive. He never drank blood, but his father did, and he fed it to his mother while he was in the womb. Think of it was Blue Wave, you do it once, and you're hooked for life. even if you never do it again, you will always crave it. Nothing else will measure up. After that was dealt with, we outlawed it."

"There's been three cases of Society members drinking blood since." Martin said. "They were hand delivered to the church by their respective elders."

Denton was quiet for a moment. "Okay. Blood's bad, got it."

"You can use your blood to make the sigils," Fred said, "but I don't recommend it. Blood is tied so closely to you that if something happens to the sigil, the backlash will hit you hard."

"Does that happen if you use cum?" Denton stopped, mouth opened, then had to shake his head. He couldn't believe he'd just said that.

"You'll feel it, but it won't knock you down like you've been hit with 2x4."

"Does anyone use blood for that?"

"The older folks mainly." Martin said. "My dad's used it a few times. The sigils on the house were made with blood. My great-great-great," he paused to make sure, "grand father put them up when he build it."

"Well, seeing how I don't even know that that works, you don't have to worry about me doing it."

"We'll show you," Colby said.

"But not now. I need to get something to eat. All that fucking might have done wonder for my magical energy levels, but I'm famished."

Denton headed to the kitchen, and was surprised that no one followed him. He nodded to Maximilian, who was drinking coffee. Denton poured himself one and sipped it while he looked through the fridge. He pulled out eggs, carrots, peppers, lettuce, some left over ham, out of the pantry an onion and garlic. Considering how outright carnivore Martin and his dad were there was a lot of vegetables in the fridge.

He cut the vegetables and ham in small cubes and beat the eggs for his omelet. He was going to have to talk with Stefan

before they left. the anger in his tone worried him. He didn't know why he was angry, or at what. they still hadn't talked so it couldn't be something he said. Well, once he had eaten he ...

He lost this chain of thought and frowned. He tried to figure out what he'd been thinking about.

"The plane's going to be ready at one, so they should be in San Francisco by three local time. that's enough time for them to get a hotel for the night, they can go see them in the morning. Should I arm them? Is it wise to send them there armed? there's no telling how those tigers are going to react to that."

"We're just going there to talk, not fight. I should be the only one with a gun."

"Huh?"

Denton looked over his shoulder. "You were talking about arming everyone. It's a bad idea. If they are as bad news as you said, they're going to expect an assault when we show up. it's best to go with minimal weapons."

Maximilian stared at him. "I didn't say any of that."

"Or course you did, I heard you."

"I was thinking it."

Denton frowned. "No, I clearly heard you say it."

"Which means you read my mind."

"That's impossible, right?"

"It should be. As far as I can tell your ability is to step outside your body and see magic. That should be the extent of it. How did you do it?"

"I don't know." He focused on his omelet. He wasn't anything special. Everyone had one ability, that's what they had told him, so why did he have two?

"Think Denton. you need to understand how it works otherwise it's going to hinder you."

Denton sighed. "I was thinking about something, and I lost my train of thought. that's when I heard you."

"You were thinking about Stefan and having a conversation with him."

"Right. then I lost track."

"And you picked up my thought."

"I guess."

Maximilian didn't say anything.

The omelet was ready so he out it on a plate and sat opposite the cougar, who looked thoughtful.

"You don't seem all that surprised," Denton said.

"He acted directly in your initiation. There's bound to be a reason, even if we don't know what it is. It isn't surprising you can do more than the rest of us."

Denton sighed. "I don't want to be some sort of messiah."

"Then don't be, just make use of what you've been given."

Try to read my mind again."

"Aren't you annoyed that He stole your thunder?" He asked instead.

"Huh?"

"Well, He did my initiations, both of them. That should have been your job, right?"

Maximilian shook his head. "It should have been your father's place. I was willing to step in because he couldn't do it. But anyone could have done it."

"So it doesn't bother you at all?"

"No. The ceremony isn't about me, or your father. it's about you and the God. We act as proxy, but we don't get anything special out of it. I'm not an elder because I acted for Him more than others. I only have one son, so I've only done it twice. Most families are much larger. I know some see Him as playing favorite, but I don't. We maybe be codependent, but ultimately, He's still a God, and we are mortal. We're not that important."

"Except me, it seems."

"So it would seem. But even then. Who know why? it could be that he's just making sure you'll be able to survive to get the Stenton line going again."

Denton started at him, a fork of food halfway to his mouth. "Excuse me?"

"You're the only Stenton left, you're going to have have kids so it can continue."

He put his fork down. "Max. I'm gay. I'm not bi. I'm gay, a hundred percent gay. You could have a naked woman giving me a lap dance and I wouldn't react."

"There are ways."

"I hope you're talking artificial insemination, because that's the only way it's going to happen."

Max shook his head. "It has to be sex. He's the God of virility and lust, not of science making babies."

"What then?"

"There's a combination of sigils just for that occasion."

Denton stared at him, suddenly no longer hungry.