

Chapter 24

The tiger behind the wheel, Adam, looked a lot like his brother, Arnold, sitting in the back with Denton. A little shorter, but wide shoulder and muscular, although there was a thin layer of fat over his. Grease was embedded so deep in the fur on his hands he hadn't been able to wash all of it off before they got going.

He was talking, he hadn't stopped talking from the moment they were on the road. He was talking about cars. It seemed to be the only thing he was willing to talk about. Martin had tried to engage him in other subjects, the city, his family, his friends, at which Arnold snorted, even the weather. Now he was politely nodding, and not actually paying attention.

Denton watched Arnold, who studied the sidewalk and people on them attentively. He got the strong impression the Orrs didn't have friends. They might not be as oppressive as the mob, but they certainly had some of their qualities, always on their guard, suspicious. He wasn't comfortable around them, he expected one of them to explode at any moment.

"What's here?" Martin asked as they pulled up to a guard house.

Denton looked ahead, there was a metal gate and beyond it a large institution like building, blocky and white.

"This is where Gramps lives," Adam answered, lowering the window as the guard approached. "Adam Orr and friends, to visit my grampa," he told the buck.

The guard checks his PDA. "I don't have you on the list of visitor for today," He replied, his voice much deeper than his slight frame hinted at. "I'm going to have to check with the administration." He headed back for the booth.

Adam sighed. "Hey, guard." The buck turned. Adam indicated for him to come back, and the buck did. "Look," the tiger started, his voice softer, even charming, "We're not going to be long, we just going to see my grampa and then leave."

Denton's eyes went wide as he felt the tiger's influence wash over the buck.

Adam ran a finger down the buck's cheek. "Please, just let us in. When we're done I'll make sure to reward you for it."

The buck swallowed and hurried back to the booth, readjusting himself. a moment later the gate opened.

Back on the plane, after Stefan cut himself, Denton had asked each of them to use their abilities in turn. He'd read Maximilian's mind while next to him, seen Stefan's future in a similar situation. both time he'd been grasping, and finding something, a thread. He couldn't believe he was so powerful as to actually be able to do both things, so his assumption was that he could somehow use other's ability, when they were close

by.

His test had confirmed that. When one of them used his ability, he got a sense of it, and then he could reach out and grasp it and use it himself.

When Martin had influenced Bruce, it had felt like a gentle breeze, a caress. What he felt from Adam was a wind storm, wild and raw.

"Did you just influence him?" Martin asked.

"He was going to waste our time with that call." Adam replied, driving through the opening.

"He looked ready to fuck the wall." Martin sounded shocked.

Adam chuckled. "Yeah. He's going nice and ready when I come back to fuck him."

"He's gay?"

Adam shrugged.

"Wait, you don't know?"

"Don't care."

"You're going to rape him?" Martin's eyes were wide.

"He's going to be begging for it by the time I get back. he's going to want it so bad He's going to do whatever I want."

Martin was speechless.

Denton was stunned at the utter disregard for someone else's wants. Adam only cared about what he wanted. He looked at Arnold and got the strong feeling he was the same. Was the entire family this way? Did they only see people as things to be used?

Adam parked the Cadillac and they went in. He didn't bother signing in, neither did Arnold. They acted like they owned the place, and the people working here behaved as such.

Denton saw a lot of older people being helped about by nurses. This was an assisted living home for old people. It was no where nearly as inviting as the one where his grand father had spent his last five years.

Arnold stopped in front of a door. "This is gramps' room. You can come one." He indicated Denton. "But you're staying out. Adam can keep you company."

Denton checked with Martin. "Are you doing to be okay?"

"I'll be fine, you?"

Denton looked the tiger over. "Won't be a problem."

The tiger opened the door to a large bedroom with a king size bed against the right wall. It wasn't a hospital bed. It had thick covers, blood red and lots of pillows. The walls were dark wood, nothing like the institution white of the halls.

There was a liquor cabinet, dusty from disuse, a side table with pill bottles, and an older tiger in a wheelchair, wearing a bathrobe. With the door close, Denton could easily believe they were in the bedroom of a luxurious mansion.

Arnold walked by the wheelchair and kicked it none too gently. "Gramps, someone's here to see you." He then leaned against the wall, looking out the window.

Denton went to stand in front of the older man. He had to be in his seventies, his fur had lost its luster, and the orange was pale. The tiger looked up at him, a smile crawling on his lips.

"Ahhh, good. You're here. It's about time. I've been needing a blowjob for hours."

Denton felt him trying to influence him. it wasn't strong, but it wasn't Martin's gentle touch, it was that wind storm, but without any power behind it. The tiger pushed his robe open, and he was sporting an erection. The rest of him might look frail, but his cock looked as healthy as any Denton had seen.

Denton crouched before him. "Sorry, but that isn't going to happen."

The tiger frowned, then snorted. "If you're not going to be useful, get out of here." He didn't bother covering himself up.

"I need to ask you some questions about Damian."

"He's dead." The old tiger answered immediately.

Too quickly.

Denton had interrogated enough people to know that meant it was rehearsed.

"I don't believe you. I've seen him."

"That's impossible." The surprise in those eyes was real. he really felt it was impossible.

"Why?"

"He's dead."

"I don't think so." Denton pause, waiting for a reaction, but didn't get one. "Donald and Daniel said that you and your bothers stopped him. How did you do that?"

"We cut him off. We drained him, then we buried him."

"Cut him off from what?"

"From the power."

Out of the corner of his eye Denton saw that Arnold was paying attention to them now. Denton hadn't known that could be done either. He'd have to ask Martin, no Maximilian about it.

"Alright, where did you bury him?"

"Away. Away from anyone. Far enough he can't hurt anyone ever again."

"Then he's still alive."

"He's dead," the automatic response again. The tiger looked at him, stared him in the eyes, intently. His body shuddered, and Denton could have sworn his eyes turned blue for a moment. The tiger started chuckling. "He knows you're here. He's going to finish what he said he'd do. Then we're going to be the most powerful family."

Denton glanced at the other tiger, who had a puzzled expression on his face. Good he didn't know what that meant either, so what ever was going on, he wasn't in on it. He wouldn't be a danger while Denton tried this.

He'd tried stepping out of his body a time or two since he'd done it first, but he hadn't managed more than a second. He needed to do it for longer this time. He closed his eyes calmed his breathing and tried to pull himself out. He wrenched himself out partially, his body resisting, but it was enough for him to be able to see the magic side of the world. Both tigers were clearly visible, the younger one much brighter than Denton had expected, while the older one was faded lights. He looked passed the tiger, and saw the thread leaving his body and disappearing into the distance.

Damian was his son, right? if so it would make sense they were connected. And if they were, could Damian act through him. He knew he hadn't imagined the eyes turning from amber to blue.

A flash of light at the edge of his vision made him turn. through the barely existing walls he could see two forms in the hall. They weren't moving, but energy was flowing back and forth. Martin had the sigil of shielding on his hand.

The shock snapped him back inside his body. Martin was in trouble. He stood and headed for the door. A hand grabbed him and he spun, taking it and twisting. Another hand gripped his throat.

He twisted Arnold's hand, making him wince, and discouraging him from squeezing his throat tighter. "Looks like you're done, so I want my prize."

"What are you talking about?"

"You should have asked around before asking for our help. That's how we do business. We help you, we fuck you. I've never had Society ass before."

Denton felt the storm assaulting him. He grasped the thread, barely containing it as he figured out how it worked. "No," He said through gritted teeth. "Not this time." He turned it back on the tiger, who staggered back. "After all, you don't want this, do you?"

Arnold's eyes were wide. It was clear he'd never had anyone refuse him, let alone turn his ability on him. He was panting, and pushing his pants down.

Denton had a hard time not doing the same. He needed to fuck someone big time, but it was sure as hell not going to be that guy. He turned his back on him and opened the door.

Adam was leaning against Martin, whispering in his ear, his hands down his pants. Martin eyes were closed, he was shaking, blood was pouring from the cuts on his palm.

Denton grabbed Adam by the shoulder and shoved him away.

"Leave him alone," he growled.

Adam snarled at him and focused his ability on him. Adam was even stronger than Arnold, but it worked the same way. Denton turned it on him. "If you want to fuck someone so badly, why don't you go fuck your brother?"

Adam blinked, and looked into the bedroom, at the other tiger, now naked, and with a needy expression on his face. He launched himself at him, and Denton almost collapse as the force of the tiger's need shifted focus.

He turned to Martin, who was leaning against the wall, his cock out and leaking. He grasped his hand.

"You're bleeding."

"I needed to shield. He was so strong. I couldn't stop him. Dent, I'm so fucking horny."

Denton found the closest door, which turned out to be a maintenance closet. Fuck it he thought, he could deal with the cliché later. He pulled Martin in after him and closed the door.