

Chapter 25

They were lying on the floor, panting. Not even close to being exhausted, but at least back to some semblance of control. Denton was spooned against Martin, holding him tightly as the cougar sobbed. He wished he knew how to go about comforting him, but he'd never been good at that stuff, for all the counseling classes he'd had to take.

After a moment Martin quieted down.

"Dent, is that what it felt like when I used my ability on you."

"No, Martin. Yours is like a caress, a gentle promise."

"But I'm still forcing myself on you. I... I never thought about it before. I'm basically raping you when I use it."

"No, shush, it isn't like that."

"Yes, it is." Martin's tone was adamant. "A rapist who charms a yes out of you instead of tying you down is still a rapist."

"God's balls, Martin. Don't be so harsh on yourself. I can't believe you'd ever forced yourself on a guy. You're too fucking nice for that."

"But I get them to do stuff they wouldn't otherwise want to. give me access to places I'm not suppose to go, things I'm not suppose to have. Isn't that the same?"

"I don't know, Martin. I'm a cop, my world used to be pretty much black and white, but now, I don't know, I'm seeing there can be time when you have to do what you do, to protect yourself, to protect others, your family, your friends." He paused. "Our society."

Denton ran a finger through the cougar's cum soaked belly. "Give me your uninjured hand." He traced the healing sigil in it, and moment's later the cuts vanished. "You guys should really learn it."

Martin chuckled. "We've never been in the middle of troubles like this before. When Alistair needed us to do things, it was usually infiltration, spy stuff. His kids normally would come in town if he needed hard work done."

"Well, even then, you should be prepared for the worse."

"I guess." Martin was silent for a time. "Not much of a leader, am I?"

"You're doing great. The guys follow your lead, over all you do know what you're doing. You've just been thrown in a different pool, so you need to figure out what to adjust."

"I guess. Are you okay? I'm still horny, but I'm pretty sure I can last until we're back at the hotel."

Denton slowly pulled out. "I'm good."

Martin stretched and gathered his clothes. "Did we actually have sex in a cleaning closet?"

"Yep. we're officially a porn cliché."

"Considering how much sex we've had, this can't be the first time."

"In a closet is a first for me."

Martin looked at him. "Babysitter, in my closet."

"You had sex with your babysitter, in a closet?"

"Yeah, he was scared to death my dad would find us, when he got home."

"How old were you?" Denton found himself asking, at once very curious, and also worried about the answer.

"Fourteen and a half, he was sixteen, and a virgin, I'm pretty sure. At least based on how much insisting I had to do."

"Did you use your ability?"

"No, I didn't have that at that age. We get that after the Ceremony of Dominance. But he was a teen, he wasn't going to be able to say no long."

"I can't believe how comfortable you are saying that." Denton sighed.

Martin put his shirt on and buttoned it. "It's the world I grew up in. I was sixteen before I realized that not everyone who visited my place was there for sex."

They both smelled of sex as they left the closet, but neither cared. They stopped in the bedroom's door. Both tigers were sitting on the bed, talking softly. Denton noticed the older tiger no longer had an erection. Good for him, he thought.

He got glared at, but ignored them.

"Now. I trust everyone's going to behave? You're going to drive us back. We're getting Stefan and leaving. Is that going to be problem?"

Arnold snarled, but shook his head.

"Good."

At the booth, Adam got the guard's address, and promised to visit him there. He told him not to worry about it when the buck said his wife would be home. The smile the tiger had plastered on his face said that he was expecting quite an entertaining visit.

The arrangement was the same as before, but the drive was silent this time. Until Adam let out a concerned murmur.

"What?" Arnold asked.

"There's a Mirocell Family Car, the 2038 model, following us. He's staying three cars behind us, no matter how I speed up or slow down."

"What do you two know about Damian?" Denton asked. He couldn't see in any of the mirrors and knew better than to turn around and looked out the window. at this distance the other driver probably wouldn't see him, but if he did it would announce they knew he was there.

"Never heard the name before Dad said it," Arnold answered, then shook his head to Adam, who looked at him in the rear view mirror.

"Twenty years ago, so that makes him your father's age, right?"

A shrug.

"Can he be from another branch of your family?"

"There aren't any other branches. It's us, our brothers, fathers and uncles, and gramps. His brothers have been dead for a bit."

"That's a rather small family," Martin commented.

"And we like it that way."

"Arnie?" Adam asked, "what do you want me to do?"

The tiger sighed. "The question is, is he after us, or you?"

"You have enemies?" Denton asked, actually surprised.

"Of course we do, don't you?"

"None that would chase us through a city like this," Martin answered.

"MY bet is that he's after me. Your grandfather said Damian knew I was here. and I know he had agents. There was one when I saw him in Denver. This has to be another. he couldn't know we were coming. The plane and cars were shielded. So this guy was already here."

Martin looked at him. "Why would he already be here, if he didn't know we were coming?"

"Good point," Denton agreed. "Okay, maybe he is after you guys."

Arnold looked at him. "You're a cop, aren't you?"

"Yes, why?"

"You guys all talk the same. Adam, lose him."

Adam got an evil grin on his face, and the Cadillac bounded off. It made three sharp turns that had Martin screaming in fear.

"You can't do that in a Caddy!"

"You can if you know how to drive." Adam replied, slamming on the break, and doing a half fish tail to get them to do a much tighter turn than should be possible.

The car following them slammed the brakes on as it passed the turn, backed up and was after them moments later, but they had a bigger lead.

"I'm thinking we give him to some of Aaron's boys."

Arnold shrugged. "If he asks payment for the work they'll have to do, you pay it."

Adam rolled his eyes. "What's your problem with him? He's a great fuck."

"He wants my job."

"That's bullshit. He's perfectly happy handling the logistics." A sharp right that had Denton slam against the door. "He just likes to have sex, like you and me."

"Yeah, well he doesn't have to be so fucking bossy about it."

Adam snorted. "Look who's talking. Mister I'm the one in charge and don't you forget it."

"Just fucking drive."

"Hey, unlike you I can multi tasks." He reached under the seat and pulled out a beer can. He lobbed it over the seat and Arnold caught it. His window went down.

"I swear, when we get home I'm nailing your ass to the wall." He threw the can out the window, narrowly missing a black horse in leather and chains. the horse looked in their direction, and Arnold pointed to the car chasing after them. The horse pulled out a cell.

"There, it's setup."

"What was that?" Martin asked.

"That was what a well-run city looks like."

Two more turns, not too sharp this time, he slowed a little, and drove down the road.

"Watch out!" Martin yelled. Before them, in the road stood a ram, holding a machine gun. He had the same leather and chains the horse had.

Adam didn't pay attention to him. and he to them, as they drove close enough to him his chains rattled on the car. He raised the machine gun, pointed it at the other car and emptied the magazine in the engine block. It sparked and smoked, then skidded to a stop. Other gangers appeared out of the shadows and converged on it.

Both tigers had a satisfied smile on their face.

The rest of the drive was uneventful, but both kept that superior smirk. When they reached their house, Stefan, Donald, Daniel, Aaron and a short tiger were at the dining table. At first Denton thought he was young, in his early teens, but then realized he was a midget.

"Welcome back," the twin to the left said, "I hope your visit was fruitful?"

"That bastard resisted me," Arnold said as he headed to the counter to grab food. "Hi Midge," he ruffled the small tiger's head fur in passing.

"That surprising," the one on the right said. "I didn't realize the Society had men that powerful." He looked at Adam.

"He stopped me before I could get in his pants." He sat at the table. "But we had a car chase, so it wasn't all a loss."

"We heard," Aaron said. "We're going to have a talk about not telling me before involving my people."

"We didn't have the time," Arnold said. "And you'd have said yes anyway. So what's the big deal."

"Children," both adults said at the same time. "We have guests. If you want to fight, we're going to have to punish you."

That shut Arnold and Aaron up, although they were still glaring at each other.

"Are you in the habit of trying to rape people who come to you for help?" Martin asked after a moment.

The one on the left shrugged. "The God asks for his cut. We take it where we can."

"Anyway," continued the other, "I don't see the problem, you like fucking as much as we do."

"Yeah, we just don't like being forced to do it."

They looked at him and had a knowing smile. "Keep telling yourself that."

"Well, since you're back, I take it your business here is concluded?"

"Yes, it is," Martin said.

"Very well. Stefan, it was a pleasure having you as our guest."

"Err, thanks," Stefan replied, not looking too comfortable. he stood, and they left.

"Are you okay?" Denton asked, in the passenger seat. they'd just gotten back on the road.

"What? yeah, sure, I'm fine. it's just..."

"Did they force you to have sex?" Martin asked.

"Force?" He paused. "No no. they, offered, and I accepted."

"Why do you look so uncomfortable then?" Denton asked, studying the collie.

"It's nothing. It's just that they fucked me together."

Denton raised an eyebrow.

"At the same time."

"You mean both of them inside you?" Martin asked. Stefan nodded. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, just a little sore."

"Denton knows the healing sigil," Martin offered, which made them all laugh.