

Chapter 27

Denton woke up at the knock on the door. The first thing he noticed was the Stefan wasn't in the bed. Wow, he had to have ninja skills to move without waking him, Denton thought. He glanced at the clock, ten am. "Or I was dead tired."

"Phone, for you," Martin said, from the doorway. Denton did a double take when he saw he was dressed. "It's the guy we have keeping an eye on the coffee shop." He handed the phone to him.

"Denton here."

"Hey, it's Geoffry. The dame I was told to look for's at the shop. She's wearing a green scarf, like I was told. Man is that thing ugly. The scarf, not the dame."

"How long has she been there?"

"A few minutes. She just sat down to drink."

"Okay, thanks." Denton handed the phone back to Martin, and headed for his room.

"He wants to know if he should stay."

Denton almost said no, then thought better. "Have him stay until you call back. Shouldn't be more than a few minutes. I'm going to try to get her to leave the info there."

there was a gym bag by the bed. It was his bag.

"Oh, yeah. Dad sent someone to your place to get you more clothes while we were in San Francisco."

"Tell him thanks for me. By the way, where's Stefan?"

"He went to work?"

"Work?" Denton unclipped his phone.

"Yeah, we don't just live off our riches. we have to work to keep them. A few of us arranged to be off so you wouldn't be abandoned in the middle of all this."

"Thanks." He dialed Alices' number.

"Hello Brislow," she said.

"Hi Alice. Why is it that everyone keeps saying the scarf is ugly?"

"Because it is," he could hear the amusement in her voice.

"It can't be. I'm gay, I know fashion."

"Nope. Sorry, Dent, but no, you don't. When the fashion fairy was flying by granting all the little gay boys the ability to know what to wear, he passed you by. The only reason you haven't been arrested by the fashion police yet, and thrown in jail, is that your closet consists of jeans, shirts, and a couple of sport jacket. You have probably the safest closet in the world."

Denton sighed. "In that case, I'm sorry I bought it for you, and that you've had to wear it on my account."

"Does that mean I can finally burn the thing?" she chuckled.

"Yes, go ahead, light a bonfire with it." He paused and

looked at the ceiling. "Is there any way I can convince you to leave the information on the table?"

"Not going to happen. We had an agreement. You want to see the results, we meet."

He looked at Martin and shook his head.

"Alright. you remember that first year we were partners? that night owl with a backpack full of blue wave we had to chase through the warehouse?"

"I could I forget. the idiot tried to crawl through a hole in the wall and ripped the pack as well as some of the bags in it. he was doused on so much of the stuff I was afraid he'd OD before the ambulance got there."

"Okay, I'll be there, near that spot in three hours."

"You know, you could just have given me the address."

"No, sorry, I can't take that chance." Could Damian know about her? could he spy on her, or could that body thief get to her?"

"Damn it Brislow, what's going on?"

"I can't tell you, I'm sorry."

"Brislow," She warned.

"Alice, I'm sorry, I'll see you in three hours. Please, come alone" He hung up.

"Doesn't sound like she's happy."

"If Damian doesn't kill me by the time this is over, she will."

"How far is that warehouse?"

"It's across town." He took a note pad and pen from the side table and wrote the address down.

Martin looked at it as Denton handed it to him. "You're giving this to me why?"

"Because I know you're not going to let me go alone, and I don't feel like arguing." He paused. "And I want backup. So whoever's here is it."

"I'll have them get ready."

Denton was alone in the room. He knew Alice wasn't going to let him leave that meeting without answers. He hoped he was going to be able to come up with some before he got there.

He pulled out the clothes from the bag, three pairs of jeans, a dozen shirts, most white, a couple blue and one black. another pair of running shoes.

He stopped when he came across his badge and piece. It was the standard police issue Mareta stunner with a bullet cartridge. He took out the battery pack, made sure it was charged, and the contacts were clean before putting it back in. Then he took out the cartridge. the five bullets were in it. He put it back in, then put that on the side table. He put the badge there too.

While he dressed he kept looking at both. Technically, he was currently dead, so he couldn't legally carry the gun. If he took out the bullet cartridge he could probably avoid jail time, but the weight would be off on it. And the badge... the trouble he could get in if he got caught with that.

Fuck it, he thought. He clipped the gun to his belt on his back. He was still a cop. Maximilian had said once this was resolved they'd fix it so he was legally alive again. He was about to clip his badge to his belt, but stopped. Okay, flashing that too much was going to attract trouble. he put it in his jacket's pocket. He put on the shielding armband and powered it up before put the jacket on.

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Denton had been pacing for ten minutes when Alice arrived. He'd been about to call her, but Martin sent a text letting him know she was here, and alone. He breathed a little easier. He didn't know what he would have done if she's brought backup. Martin, Bruce and Fred were parked in an alley further down, with a view to the road in.

"Brislow," She said, when she came into view.

"Alice."

"You're really enjoying this, aren't you? this cloak and dagger stuff?"

He snorted. "No, I'm not. Trust me, I want nothing more than to get back to my life." He indicated the file.

She hesitated a moment before handing it to him.

He flipped through it. The DNA hadn't had any matches in the database, but it showed it was from a rottweiler, and male. There was more information, but he skipped that. The print had had a match, to a Dexter Harris. The picture showed a young rottweiler. His file was thin, the only crime was a case of possession when he was twenty two. The address put him near the bricks.

"Nothing else?" He asked.

"From DNA and prints? what were you expecting?"

"Hoping really. Look, thanks, this is going to help." He turned to leave.

"Not so fast Brislow."

He'd been hoping, praying she would let him leave. With a sigh he faced her.

"What's going on?"

"I told you, the killer's after me, I need to find him."

"Bullshit. I checked the report from the fire at your folks place. It was accidental, electrical. No one tried to kill you, or your family."

That surprised Denton. He hadn't expected Damian to bother trying to camouflage the source of the fire. Or had that been

Maximilian, making sure nothing looked suspicious? he'd have to ask.

"Look, it might have looked accidental, but trust me, it wasn't."

She eyed him suspiciously. "Alright, fine. if someone's after you, tell me why. More than 'you found out about him' this time."

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Try me."

"No, damn it, you don't get it. It's happening to me and I'm still having trouble accepting it." He stopped before he said anything more, he might spill everything if he kept talking. "Look, I don't want to lie to you, you've been my partner for six year. I need you to trust me when I tell you that the world is a hell of a lot complicated when we ever thought."

"What are you talking about?"

He sighed. "Let's just say there are things out there that..." He stopped talking as he saw the look of disbelief she gave him. "What?"

"No. Absolufucking not! Don't you fucking tell me you're one of them!"

"What are you talking about?"

her face was hard, her fist clenched. Instead of saying anything she reached inside her shirt and pulled out the crucifix she wore.

Denton looked at her, not understanding. He'd see it often enough, in the locker room, when he went swimming at her and Jack's place. He shook his head, then a couple of thoughts jumped. a cross, a crucifix, catholic, the...

"Your Church." he stared at her for a moment, then laughed. "You're Church. Fuck, this is going to make things so fucking easy. I can tell..."

She drew her gun on him, and flipped the switch to bullets.

He raised his hands in reflex. "Alice, calm down, I can explain everything now. I didn't realize you were Church."

"Who, are, you, with," she asked through gritted teeth.

Denton had a moment of hesitation, before he remembered what they called themselves. "The Society."

She lowered the gun in shock. He started to lower his hands, but she raised it again. "How could I have been so fucking stupid. All that sex. You told me you had hyperphilia!"

"That's what I..."

"Don't lie to me! Six years! six years we were partners! Oh, you and your fucking buddies must have been laughing so hard at how you managed to slipped one in, not just in the police, but under my fucking nose." Her eyes were rearing up.

"Alice, look, I don't know what you think happened. I never lied to you. I didn't know."

"How could you do that to me! I thought we were friends."

"Alice, I am your friend, I'm your partner." he took a step forward.

"Don't you fucking move, pervert."

He stopped, surprised at the accusation.

"Oh, that surprised you, didn't it? we'll, we know everything about you, about how you fuck kids, how you seduce guys in to letting you fuck them, all in the name of some old make believe god."

Denton had no idea what had happened to his partner, but he was sure that staying here was asking for trouble. He took a step back. "Alice, I'm going to leave now."

"Don't you fucking move Brislow."

He took another step back. "I'll call you when you've had a chance to calm down. Right now I'm really afraid you're going to shoot me." Another step.

"I'm doing to get you, do you hear me Brislow. You and your monster buddies aren't going to get to abuse anyone else anymore. I'm doing to bring the lot of you down, do you hear me!"

Denton turned and ran, he didn't care if she was going to shoot while he ran, he was more afraid she'd shoot him where he stood. What the fuck had just happened?

As soon as he was out of the warehouse, Martin pulled the car out of the alley. Denton threw himself in before he'd come to a full stop.

"Drive!"

Martin didn't question him, he drove.

"You got what you wanted?" Fred asked, pointed to the file he was still holding.

Denton looked at it, then over his shoulder. "I guess, but I think I just made things a hell of a lot worse for us too."

"What happened?" Martin asked.

"Alice, turns out she's Church. I didn't know. I mean I knew she was catholic, but while I was trying to give her just enough so she wouldn't push too much, so worked things out. I had to tell her I was with the Society."

Bruce cursed in what Denton thought had to be Arabic.

"Is she going to be a problem?"

"Well, said she was going to bring all of us down. so yeah, she's going to be."