

## Chapter 28

"Alright," Martin said. "I don't think we need to worry about the entirety of the church coming down on us." They'd been driving for a while, heading to Dexter's place. "We haven't broken any of their rules that she can prove, so all we have is one pissed of church agent, not all of them."

"Dent's a cop," Fred pointed out.

"She's not going to bring everyone in on this," Denton said. He'd been thinking about it. He knew her, he knew how she thought and behaved. "She's pissed because she thinks I lied to her. she's going to see that as her mistake. She's going to want to fix it herself. So she might get a few close friends to help her, but she's going to come after me on her own. Once she's dealt with me, she'll feel she can go to her bosses with the rest."

"Which is nothing," Martin pointed out. "The only thing we can be accused of is putting one of us in the police department, and that wasn't on purpose. Once we explain that to them, they should calm down."

"The church? calm?" Bruce stared at him. "You do remember the things they did when they \*thought\* one of the Factions was gaining power, right?"

"I know, but this isn't the dark ages anymore."

"As far as they are concerned, it's always the dark ages."

"Dent, is there anything we can do to get her to calm down?" Martin looked at him in the rear view mirror.

"I'm hoping you mean other than handing me to her."

"Yes."

"Not really. She never took it well when she felt someone had put one over here. Now she thinks I spent the last six years lying to her. Maybe, if we can catch her when she's calmer we might be able to explain things to her. Maybe I can call Jack and see if he can calm her."

"Who's that?" Fred asked.

"Her husband, we've been friends for as long as I've known them."

"I guessing he thinks you're dead?"

"Fuck."

"Okay, lets deal with this for now, and her later. We're here."

Martin parked a block away from an older apartment complex. It was seven stories high, made of red brick that needed to be refreshed.

The entrance had a security door, which was broken. Denton pushed it open and they went up to the fourth floor. the stairs and halls weren't as dirty as he'd expected for being close to the Bricks. The hall leading to number eight was deserted, and

the lone light had trouble staying on.

Denton knocked, and didn't get any response. An ear to the door didn't tell him anything. He turned to talk to Martin and saw Fred was about to kick it in.

"Don't," Denton hissed, grabbing the lifted foot and pushing it aside.

"We need to get in," The lion said.

"You break the door in, and when the police shows up it's your boot print they are going to track down. Martin, can you go see the super and get him to give you the master key?"

Martin looked like he was about to say something, but thought better of it. "Sure. Can you come with me, Dent? you two stay here, if Dexter shows us, hold him. If he has abilities, do what you have to, but minimize the damage."

When they were at the elevator Martin looked over his shoulder. "I can't do it," he whispered.

"Do what?"

"I can't force him to give me the key." The door opened, and they got in.

Denton studied the cougar. "What's going on?"

"Dent, I can't rape him like that. It isn't right."

"Martin, we need to get in there. We're doing this to protect people."

"I know! God's balls Dent. the church and the people like them, they call us monsters. They say we force men to have sex with us, that we force it on children." He rubbed his eyes. "I did... I can't do that. I can't be what they say we are."

Denton didn't know what to say. Alice had basically called him those things. He chuckles. So much for not flashing his badge around.

He hugged Martin. "It's okay. You're not a monster, none of you are."

Martin smiled and dried his eyes.

A few minutes later they were back with the superintendent, who was quite happy to help the police, but didn't think they would find anything in mister Harris' apartment. The man was a quiet fellow, who never bothered anyone. He rarely went out these days, or had visitors.

With the door unlocked, Denton asked him to go back downstairs. the apartment had a musty scent to it, the door had been closed for a while. He made sure everyone had gloves on before he entered. his hand was itching to hold his gun. it felt wrong to enter an unknown place without having it in his hand, but he didn't want to compound using his badge with risking discharging his weapon. Not with Alice pissed at him.

The place was a two bedroom apartment, Denton could tell it was normally orderly, the shelves were neat, with the thin layer

of dust even. One of the bedroom had been converted into an office. A computer, some books on how to become a writer. Nothing unusual in the drawers.

The other had the bed, and it was messy. He found some white curly fur among the covers, the rottweiler was uniformly light brown and with straight fur. He also found black fur, short and coarse. There had been a third person here.

"Dent," Bruce called. He'd instructed them to look around, but not touch anything without calling him first.

Bruce was in front of the bathroom door.

"It won't open."

Denton turned the handle, and pushed. Bruce was right. It wasn't locked, but something was holding it. He looked under the door, and noticed something in the gap. he pulled out his knife and scrapped some of it off. it was powdery, and had a chemical scent to it. Something he'd smelled before when his dad had insulated the attic.

"It's insulation foam." He looked around the door, and he could see it all around, between it and the frame. "The whole door's insulated."

"Why?" Martin asked.

"We're going to have to open it to know." Now that he knew what it was, he put his shoulder to the door and forced it. It took Fred's help, but it finally opened.

The smell sent Martin, Bruce and Fred reeling back. Denton just lifted his shirt over his mouth and forced himself to breathe through it.

The body in the tub had been there for a while, it was in advanced decomposition and covered with flies. It might have been a rottweiler at one time, the fur was certainly light brown. Denton was sure this was Dexter.

The window had been covered with foam, as had the return vent. With the door also sealed, no one had been alerted to the dead body. The back of the door had a device Denton hadn't seen before. The box had electronic components, and a tube, but he couldn't tell what it did. It had to have been related to how the foam had been applied to the door.

He peeked out of the room. Martin was still bent over the sink, Fred was up, but he didn't look much better.

"Bruce."

The jackal looked at him. His color was normal, even if his expression said he wanted to leave.

"Can you look around for a box, four inches around should work. if you can't find one, a plastic bad, as thick as possible, no creases."

He carefully pried the device off the door.

"Fred, you any good with electronics?"

The lion nodded.

"I need you to get the memories out of the computer. Don't take off your gloves."

Fred went to the office, and Bruce returned with a shopping bag from a woman's store. Denton put the device in it, and tried not to think about if Dexter had a wife or girlfriend.

"Are you okay?" He asked Martin, who shook his head. "Go in the hall, it won't be as strong there." Another shake of the head. "Martin, this isn't a contest. There's nothing else to do. Once Fred's done we're leaving and I'm calling 911."

"Is that wise?" Martin managed to ask.

"I'll use Dexter's phone." He pointed to the one next to where Martin was. "I won't have to say anything, I'll just leave the line open. They'll have to send someone to check it out."

Reluctantly, Martin left the apartment. Bruce joined him. Five minutes later Fred was out holding four memory bars. Denton made the call, and they left.