

Chapter 31

They were seated around the dining table. The dishes had been cleared, and Leroy had brought his computer up, he was silently reading the files Zee had sent so he could sift through them for the important elements.

"When did this come in?" Maximilian asked.

"This afternoon," Denton answered.

"And you're only now looking at it?"

"Yeah, I wanted people around to stop me from doing something stupid."

Maximilian looked at the men around the table. "I'm not sure they will stop you. They look ready to do whatever's needed to get him."

Denton smiled. "At least you're here to provide some sanity then."

"Alright," Leroy said, and everyone looked at him. "The guy who left the print is a bear called Matthew Carmichael. His home address is out of Seattle, but they tracked this credit card here to Denver. Multiple purchase at food places, electronics, and at a housing management firm. Through them they found us where he probably lives."

"They tracked his credit cards?" Denton asked.

"Yes."

"What's wrong?" Martin asked.

"I don't like it. Anyone with a hint of common sense doesn't use credit cards if they're going to do anything illegal. And I'm having trouble seeing Damian as stupid. He managed to kill a lot of people before his family stopped him, and they couldn't kill him. Now he's orchestrating all this possibly from where they buried him."

"Unless he managed to escape that place," Frank offered.

"Then why is he acting through other people?" Denton countered. "The sense I got from talking to the old Orr was that Damian did it all himself with my family. If he could, he would be doing it the same way now. And the man who killed the three Lewiston isn't an experienced killer. Damian certainly is at this point."

"Can I offer a suggestion?" Stefan asked. Martin motioned for him to continue. "The Orrs are in complete control of their city. They are used to getting their ways with a minimum of work. I don't think they accustomed to thinking anyone might even try to track them down."

"You think Damian wouldn't consider credit cards can be tracked?"

"Yes, especially if you consider all he did before he was caught. It wasn't an outside agency that stopped him, it was his own family. which speaks to how good he is. He probably thinks

everyone he employs is that good."

"That makes sense," Denton admitted.

"Good, then let's go get him." Martin stood.

"No," Maximilian ordered.

"Dad, we have his address, and we're pretty sure it isn't a trap. We have to go get him."

"Denton." Maximilian looked at him. "You're a trained police officer. What would be the procedure in this situation?"

That forced Denton to think past his desire to go after the man who had endangered his family. "If I'd gotten this information at the precinct, I'd have access to a trained infiltration team, who would be no more than five hour awake. We'd move immediately."

"See," Martin said.

"But," Denton continued, "You're not trained, and you're not fresh, you've been up all day. You probably don't feel tired right now, but I can't risk anyone of us making a mistake because we're tired."

"Dent," Oscar said. "We can stay awake for a hell of a lot longer, you know it."

"I do. But we have nothing to gain by rushing in. If it's a trap, he's going to wait for us however long we take. If he doesn't know we're coming, he's still going to be there in the morning. Max is right, the smartest thing to do is try to find more information tonight, then get a get a full night of sleep."

"Leroy," Maximilian said, "sift through as much information as you can. See what you can get from the city's surveillance network."

The horse looked up from his computer. "Max, I'm no slicer. That was Shirley. There's no way I can get through the city's information security. If you can find me someone to slice through that, then I can sift through that information."

Maximilian shook his head, and looked at Denton.

"At this point the only person I'd trust with this is Zee, but I've already stretched his trust as much as I can. I ask for this, and he's going to want answers."

"Do you think he could take them?" Martin asked.

"No!" His father ordered.

Martin ignored him and kept looking at Denton.

"I don't know. While the FBI isn't really synonymous with open mindedness, he isn't close minded. But I don't think we could convince him of all this in one evening."

"I forbid you from doing this Martin."

"Dad, unless it's escaped your attention, We don't have anyone here who knows how to deal with the situation. The Lewistons would, but they're in hiding. We need help." Martin sighed. "Except we can't get it. Not in the short time we have."

I'm open to suggestions."

"Can we get help from another family?" Fred asked, "Maybe advice on how to proceed?"

"I'd like to avoid that if at all possible," Maximilian answered. "The three families who are close enough to help don't particularly like me, so even if they were inclined to help, I'd rather not owe them."

"That attitude can get people killed," Denton stated.

"I know, and if we can't come up with anything else, I'll contact them."

"How about the Orrs?" Leroy asked.

"No!" Denton, Martin and Stefan said at the same time.

"I just mean this mess is pretty much their fault, shouldn't they be helping to clean it up?"

"I don't think we could trust them to help," Denton said. "Those guys are self-serving to the extreme. There's no way I would trust our lives to them."

"So, we watch him ourselves," Colby offered.

"That makes sense," Fred agreed. "If we can't get the city cameras, we can put our own eyes on this guy. At least we can confirm he's there when we'll go there."

Martin nodded. "I can call Geoffrey. He and some of his friends can take turns watching the house, and give us updates."

"Does anyone here have firearms training?" Denton asked.

Colby raised an arm. "I'm from Texas," he stated as an explanation to the stares he got.

Bruce sighed and raised his hand too. "With the troubles in Egypt, father insisted I had to know how to use one to defend myself and the family."

It seemed natural for everyone to then look at Fred and Frank.

"Don't look at us," Frank said. "Dad sent us out of Kenya to make sure we wouldn't get tangled in the troubles there. And things are quiet now."

"Okay, I want you two to have a stunner for this," Denton said, "in case the unexpected happens."

"If we're using stunners, why not get one for everyone?" Martin asked.

"Because I'd like to avoid friendly fire as much as possible. It wouldn't be deadly, in and of itself, but someone unconscious can't defend himself."

"I'll make sure the stunners are here before morning," Maximilian said.

"Alright." Denton stood. "Then I say we relax, get a good night sleep, and if he's home in the morning, we go get him."

That got him nods of agreement.