

## Chapter 32

Denton and Oscar moved to the door. It was ten in the morning, and he was counting on the fact that this was a middle class neighborhood so everyone would be at work. He had his gun in hand under his jacket. He wasn't taking a chance with this guy. He had Bruce and Frank in the back alley, while Colby and Fred were moving along the side. They had instructions to only shoot if Matthew looked like he was going to escape them. Martin stayed with the cars since he wasn't armed.

Geoffrey had confirmed that Matthew was in the house as of five minutes before they arrived. He hadn't seen anyone else move in the house during the night.

Denton knocked. He fought the instinct to announce himself. He didn't hear anything inside. Matthew might be on the other side of the house. He tried the door handle. The door wasn't locked.

He signaled for Oscar to wait here and let him go a check of the entrance. Oscar answered with a confused expression, and Denton sighed, being reminded again he wasn't with trained officers.

"Stay here," he whispered. "I'll do a quick check of the immediate area."

Oscar nodded.

The door opened quietly. He swept his gun around the entrance before entering. It was a small hallway. A closed closet to his left, a little further in, an opening to the right revealed an empty living room.

He turned to motion Oscar when he heard a car start, behind the house. With a curse Denton ran through the house, out the back, through the small yard and out the gate to the alley. A red car was driving off much too fast. Frank was helping Bruce stand, who was bleeding from his head.

"What happened?" Denton asked.

"There was a car parked here," Bruce answered, "I was checking it, see if there was anything inside that might tell us what he's doing."

"Was there?"

"No, just some fast food bags. He must have sneaked up behind me and hit me with something."

"A bat." Frank pointed to it near the fence, there was some blood on it.

"Didn't you see him coming?" Denton asked the lion.

"No, I was over there, checking in the other yard."

Denton almost snapped at him. He should stay with his partner, not wander about. But this was another reminder they weren't trained.

A car speed between the houses and stopped in the alley.

Denton had his gun aimed at it just as he realized it was Martin behind the wheel.

"You guys get to the other car, we'll try to follow him." He ran to the car and jumped in the passenger seat. Before Martin could peel off, Frank and Colby jumped in the back.

"It's a red car," Denton said, then pulled out his phone. "Leroy, is there any indication of what kind of car Carmichael drives? Okay, thanks." He wrote down the plate number.

"It's a red Torola Stalker."

"What does that look like?"

"Hell if I know."

"Red car there!" Frank shouted, pointing.

Martin did a turn that had everyone cursing. The car in question was a few lengths ahead. Denton thought it looked right, and he confirmed it when the car right behind it moved out of the way and he could see the plate.

Matthew was driving like a maniac, but he was in a sports car, lower to the ground. Martin was matching him, but this was a four door, with a higher center of gravity. He took one of the turns as hard as Matthew, and almost flipped the car.

"Careful Martin," Colby said.

"If that tiger can drive a Cadillac like he did I can damn well get this car to behave."

Denton didn't have the time to look at what he expected to be a confused expression on the two in the back. "I don't think trying to match an Orr in anything is a good goal."

"Or maybe you should wait until you're on a race track to practice it?" Frank added.

"If you're not happy with my driving feel free to get out and walk." Martin snapped.

"You going to stop the car?" the lion asked.

"No." Martin took another turn, but not quite as fast, Denton was happy to note. "We need to get ourselves a better seer than Stefan."

"You have those?"

"No." Colby said.

"The only real way to see the future is to track something of yours. That's why the few seers within the Society can either only see their own future, or like Stefan see someone else's if their cum's in them."

"I don't think the God likes us messing about with the future." Martin said through clenched teeth. "Shit!" He slammed on the brakes to avoid hitting a car that careened through the intersection, and barely kept control. He was back in gear and moving as soon as the intersection was cleared. "You see it?"

"It just made a right, five or six turns ahead." Denton replied.

Martin turned right in the next alley and slammed the accelerator down.

"Is this wise?" Frank asked, as the car hit garbage cans and scraped against dumpsters.

"He's almost certainly on a main street, with traffic. if he thinks he lost us he might slow down."

"I see him," Denton said, looking left through the alleys. We're going faster than he is."

"That's the plan."

Denton hoped Matthew wasn't going to turn in one of the alleys. On the next road Martin made a left and swerved through traffic. The red car zoomed in front of them moments before they reached the intersection.

More cursing with this turn.

"Where is he going?" Frank asked.

"Away," Colby replied.

"If he wanted to leave the city, you'd think he'd go for the highway." Martin swerved around a car.

"He doesn't know the city," Denton said.

"But he knows how to read." Martin pointed to the sign at the intersection Carmichael had just gone through indication to make a left for the 25.

"What's ahead of us?" Denton asked. "He's making a beeline for something, and he's not even trying to loose us anymore."

"Some residential areas, the Dulmote Industrial Sector. if he goes past that, more residential and commercial."

Denton took out his phone. "Leroy, I need you to sift through Carmichael's memories. see if there any addresses south of west 104th. We're driving along the 287, so it'd be close to that."

Martin impressed Denton with his quick pedal work to avoid slamming into a truck, without losing too much speed.

"okay, good. What's there? Alright, thanks." he inputted the address on his phone. "I think I know where he's going. Leroy found an address in the industrial block in a message. It's a few weeks old, but it would make sense if that's where he's going." He looked at the map of the neighborhood on his phone.

"So if I lose him, we have a backup?"

"Yes. I'm not seeing any short cuts. This area's pretty much all parallel."

"Yeah, when this was rebuilt, after the 2019 earthquake, they made it a grid."

Denton glanced at Martin. "You're pretty familiar with this area."

"He knows the whole city," Frank said. "He takes part in urban races."

"You mean, those \*illegal\* races through city streets the road enforcement division has been trying to shut down for the last six years?"

"I've only been participating for the last three years."

Denton looked back forward. "We're going to have a talk about that once this is all over." Matthew made a left. He checked the map. "Drive pass the turn."

"Why?"

"It's his destination. I don't want us pulling in there right after him. We'll turn two block down. That leads to the same warehouse. We'll park there and wait for the others."

"I'll call them." Frank dug out his phone.

As they drove by the turn Matthew made, Denton say him slide the car to a stop and jump out. He didn't see any entrance. His phone rang, it was Stefan. He listened to what he had to say while Martin brought them to a smooth stop at the end of the small alley facing the south end of the building.

"That was Stefan, He checked our immediate future. There two extra guys in there, and whoever goes in through the front is going to get shot."

"I guess that means I'm the one going first," Frank commented.

"Don't be hasty," Denton said. "We're talking real bullets here. I don't know where they got them, but they're armed."

"I'm not worried, I can heal it."

"You can't heal a headshot," Martin warned.

Frank scoffed. "No one ever aims for the head."

Denton looked at the lion. "You've been shot before?"

"Well, no," Frank admitted, "but they never go for head shot on TV."

Denton got out of the car. "I'll give you that. But these guys are waiting in ambush, and we have no idea how good they are. I'm not putting anyone at risk."

"What do you want to do?" Martin asked.

"I want to call in Tactical, have them surround the building, use imaging to tell use exactly what's in the building. Then send in one unit to take everyone out cleanly." He peeked around the corner to get a look at the front. The door was a little north of Matthew's car.

"The only thing in that list we can give you is what's inside. When Oscar gets here, he should be able to look inside."

"I thought he needed something to target his sight."

"Only if he's targeting someone that's on the move, or doesn't know where he is. This is just peeking over the wall for him."

Denton nodded and tried to figure out how they could get in while he waited.