

## Chapter 33

"Alright," Oscar said, "Yeah, there's two guys waiting by the door." He was seated in the passenger seat, door open and eyes closed. He had a tablet on his lap opened to a drawing program.

"Is one of them Matthew?" Denton asked.

"No. One's a coyote and the other a llama. They're armed, as Stefan said."

"Look for Matthew while you get the layout."

"How do you plan on dealing with those two?" Martin asked. "Colby can easily kick the door in."

"We're not going through the front. They're obviously expecting that."

"I found Matthew." Oscar started drawing on the tablet. "He's here." He marked the right side of the building, close to the top. "There's a door here." He circled the middle of the right wall. Then added a wall on the left, making a room one-fifth of the building's width.

"What's in there with him? More walls? Places to provide cover?"

"No walls, just some crates here and there. Also, there's no power in there. He's using a camping lantern for light."

"Which means he's going to notice the daylight the moment we open the door. Is there another entry?"

"Yes, there's one here, here and here on the back of the building." He marked one near the inside wall, but on the other side of where Matthew was hiding, one-half way along that wall, and the other closer to the left wall.

He added a box to the inside front of the building with other boxes in it, centered on the door. "Those are offices; the two guys made a barricade with desks here. The rest is pretty much empty space."

"I'm guessing this was a factory at some point." Denton pointed to the door near the wall. "that's around that?"

"Nothing." He paused. "The door's locked, deadbolt."

"I can take care of that," Bruce offered.

Denton nodded. "where's the entrance in that room?"

Oscar opened his eyes to look at the drawing. "Sorry. there's an opening here." He circled the middle of the wall.

"Hopefully it's far enough he won't notice the light. Did you see anyone else in there?"

Oscar shook his head.

"Bruce, once you've unlocked the door, I want you and Colby to go for the guys at the ambush point. They're waiting for us to come through the door, so you should be the one surprising them. The rest of us, we're going for Matthew. He basically cornered himself, so you're just going to make sure he stays

there as I go for him. If he pulls out a gun, grab the nearest cover."

They went around the building, walking by a car under a tarp, probably belonging to the other two. At the door, Bruce put a hand on the lock. Denton watched, not that there was anything for him to see, as the jackal telekinetically turned the deadbolt on the inside.

It only took a moment before he opened the door. He and Colby headed on their own, while the rest followed Denton for the opening. He stayed close to the wall, his vision had quickly adjusted to the darkness, but not everyone here had as good night vision as he did.

At the opening, he peered in. He could see the lantern's light and the bear was pacing. If he was wondering what was taking them so long, he was about to get his answer.

Years of cop instinct told him to announce himself and order Matthew to surrender, but he fought them. He wasn't a cop at the moment, and the longer it took the bear to notice they were here the better.

He silently ran into the room and realized he'd forgotten something else as everyone else ran, their shoes clapping on the concrete floor.

Mathew turned in their direction, pulled a gun and shot blindly.

"Down!" Denton yelled, finding a crate to hid behind. Matthew's own light was blinding him. Good. All Denton had to do was cover half the distance, and he'd be sure to stun him. He saw Martin take off his shoes and pad from one crate to the other. Oscar wasn't as silent, and Mathew fired again. Denton used the cover of the muzzle flash as well as the detonation to cover his run.

Denton made it where he wanted and aimed, when Matthew kicked the light, making it roll close enough to illuminate Denton. The bear turned, and Denton jumped out of the way just before he fired. He rolled and went to a crouch ready to fire himself, but one of the lions had already tackled the bear to the ground.

Denton covered him as he moved closer. He holstered his gun and cuffed the bear. He then sat Matthew against a crate.

"This is over Carmichael."

"The other two ran," Bruce said, rejoining them.

"The noise we made must have alerted them," Fred said.

"No, they were already outside by the time we made it to where they hid. They knew we were coming."

"Precog?" Colby asked.

"This guy's a body thief." Martin nudged the bear with a toe. "So it's in the realm of the possible. I'd still like to

know how he did that."

Denton crouched in front of Matthew. "You're screwed, you know that, right?"

The bear looked at him. He had an expression of defeat. One Denton had often seen on people who'd found themselves deeper than they had planned.

"You tell me where I can find the tiger behind this, and I might be able to get the cops to go easy on you."

The bear shook his head. There was no energy in it. He'd given up.

Denton stood. He'd expected that. If the tiger had done what he suspected, Matthew wouldn't be willing to say anything against him. "Fred. I remember Max saying there was a way to get people to step out of their bodies. Do you know how?"

"Yeah, I do," The lion replied.

"Good, I need you to set it up for me."

Fred looked at him. "I thought you could do it naturally."

"The only time I've been able to step fully out of myself at this point is when I was sleeping. The rest of the time it takes a lot of work just to wrench myself out partially. I need to be fully out to do what I have in mind."

"Okay. Frank, I need you to clear me a spot on the ground, as clean as you can get it."

"On it."

"I'm going to need your cum," Fred told Denton.

"Err, can't we make due with precum?"

"No, this is a pretty long Phrase. You can't provide the liquid needed with precum, and it's one of the few that needs yours specifically. It needs to be attuned to you, so I can't provide it."

"You want me to... jerk off here... in front of him?" He pointed to the bear.

Fred tilted his head. "You've been in orgies before. you've had sex in front of strangers, haven't you?"

Denton's ears burned. "That's not the same. Everyone was there for that there, and the space had the right atmosphere." He indicated around them. "This isn't exactly conducive..."

"I'll help," Someone behind him whispered in his ear, and Denton felt Martin's influence touch him. "Just relax, Dent. Enjoy this."

Denton Mentally pushed back for a moment, remembering what the tiger had done, but this wasn't an assault. He reminded himself that Martin was nothing like the Orrs, and he let the caress flow over him.

"That's it," Martin whispered. "You don't have to do anything. you don't have to promise anything; I'll bring you pleasure because we both want it."

The zipper went down, and his cock was pulled out, already half hard. The hand moved on it, slick with the precum leaking out. Denton leaned back against the cougar, who continued to speak softly. The few times he became silent was to nip at his neck, or nibble his ear.

Denton was panting, the need to cum building much faster than normal under Martin's influence. The hand was picking up speed, almost as if the cougar could sense Denton's state.

Denton tensed and grunted, as his cock jumped in the stroking hand. Martin held him through his orgasm, and after, as Denton panted.

"How do you feel?" Martin whispered.

"Pretty fucking good," Denton replied.

"I'm glad."

The hand milked his cock a few more time and released it.

"That should be enough," Fred said, bringing the small plastic bowl to eye level. He walked to the spot his brother had cleared.

Denton turned as Martin licked his hand clean. He looked down at the clear tent in the cougar's pants. "I feel like I should be returning the favor."

Martin smiled at him. "I can wait. Like I said, no obligations, no promises."

"So you're okay?"

Martin shrugged. "I'm still working on what the lines are going to be, but helping you was fine, yeah."

"Good." Denton gave Martin a kiss and went to watch Fred work.

He couldn't really follow the sigils he was putting down, it was too dark to see them clearly, and he wasn't familiar with enough of them to guess at how they worked.

Fred wrote them in a circle large enough for Denton to sit in the middle. When he was done, he offered him the bowl. "You want to lick it clean?"

Denton made a face. "Cold cum isn't really my thing."

Fred nodded and licked the bowl. "This isn't about if you like it or not," He said when he was done. "You don't want to leave your cum lying around. It's a direct link to you. Remember what happened to Oscar?"

"Does that mean I should be careful who I let suck me off? or fuck?"

Fred stood. "No. what can be done with ingested cum is very limited. And once it's mixed with someone's fluids they can't do that much. It's the pure stuff that can cause you trouble."

"I'll keep that in mind. What do I do?"

"Just sit in the middle and power the Phrase."

"That simple?"

"Yep."

Denton sat down, closed his eyes and willed power into the sigils.