

Soren ~ Chapter 04

The Trentill Center-Mall was the largest in the city. The local government rebelled against the capital by not pushing up the shop rents to keep the old-fashioned charm of the complex.

Soren got a parking lot near the elevator and went for that certain store with the most boutiques. She found one that had several posters of plus-size models stuck to its front windows and so she decided to give it a shot.

Upon entering, she faced yet another surprise and before she could even process what was happening, thoughts about her being surprised an awful lot lately raced through her head.

“Back in the day shop-keepers were WILLING to negotiate!”, an elderly chasmosaur woman exclaimed over the counter at someone.

“Ma'am, you already have a 15% discount! I can NOT go any lower!”, a heavy-built baryonyx girl shouted back, as if the other lady couldn't hear her otherwise.

Amused, Soren watched the back and forth for some seconds, but then she noticed another turmoil in the back of the store. Two teen girls, a triceratops and a pachyrhinosaur had cornered a man who looked upset. She passed the counter, which made the baryonyx woman look at her for a split second. The man was a dilophosaurus, perhaps in his early twenties.

“Leave me the fuck alone! I'm sick of your comments!! What do you even want!?”, he was getting louder and louder.

“Oh come on faggot!”, the triceratops girl said, Soren felt the need to punch her “We want to know how cute you look in those stockings!”

“Stop harassing me!”, he hissed back.

“Hah! Never thought I'd see a gay little weenie in here! You like it up the ass? Or do you prefer to suck dicks, poof?”, the other girl added. Both laughed as the guy just stood there, mouth corners pointing down, snarling. Soren came closer.

“What in the world is going on here? Stop at once or I call the security!”, Soren exclaimed.

“Oh look who is here... Cloud 9 in the skies above Obese-City”, the pachyrhino girl joked.

“What do you wanna do? Roll us over?”, the triceratops squealed in laughter.

“I hope the first man you sleep with gives both you a vaginal yeast infection, now piss off and leave her alone!”, the dilophosaur shouted.

Soren had been confronted with such behaviour too in the past, but she had to admit that her memories of that were less cruel than what was in front of her.

“I give you 10 seconds...”, Soren began.

“Oh yeah?! But I don't!”.

Taking long steps, the baryonyx lady marched towards the four, the floor slightly quaking. From behind, she grabbed both girls by their necks, her two massive one foot long claws gently running over their cheeks.

“Both of your faces are on camera, sisters. Your parents must have missed something in terms of parenting. I will proceed against you and them for harassment and verbal abuse against my customers. Now get the hell out!”, her voice was calm, but her twitching face revealed she was infuriated.

The girls walked off, occasionally kicking the furniture and pushing articles out of place on their way. The baryonyx lady growled, clenched her fists and began to sprint after them, which made the girls run.

“FASTER!!!”, baryonyx-lady roared. She stopped and turned back to Soren and the dilophosaur.

“I have no words... I couldn't hear you over the old woman screaming at me, I am terribly sorry!”, she said “No idea what's wrong with them, but this really starts to get out of hand lately... Are you alright, Conny?” She stepped forward and raised his chin with one of her claws.

“Yes I suppose so, thanks Gwen...”, Conny said “...I am not gay.”

“I know that, but teenagers are shit... You wanted these?”, Gwen picked up a small box of stockings “On the house! The least I can do after this hassle... Please come back again, you're such a good customer!”.

“Thank you... I... Have to go now.”

Neither looking at any of them, Conny jogged out of the store and disappeared around the corner.

“It's very brave trying to dissolve a situation like this, especially for a delicate beauty such as you! What can I do to recompense you?”, Gwen asked turning to Soren.

“Delicate beauty? ...who me?”, she looked over her shoulder.

“Yes! Absolutely! See?”, Gwen pushed Soren towards a nearby mirror “You are a big BIG dame, but you still got a slender neck and judging by the look of your shoulders and hands... You are most definitely a tender, dainty lady!”

“Is this your recompense?”, Soren was a little perplexed.

“I say! Buy one, get one free and another 20% off for stepping in for my little friend!”, Gwen replied and smiled.

“Your friend? What about him anyway? He seemed very upset”, she looked towards the glass doors of the shop.

“He needs some time to calm down, but he will be fine. Not the first time this happened to him, mind you. But now back to my stellar new customer!”

“I'm sorry, but I think I need something else first. Those girls did a great job ruining the mood.”

Gwen was silent for a moment with a look of disappointment on her face.

“I understand. My offer still stands. If you come in here ever again, be sure I won't have forgotten what you did!”

“Oh I plan on returning soon, don't you worry, I won't let such an offer slip through my hands”, Soren said and Gwen seemed happy again.

Out in the mall she sat down in a nearby ice-cream shop to order a coffee. While she waited for her

order she looked around. The awful girls were nowhere to be seen, much to her likeness. Many people passed by, all sizes, all races.

“Mmhh... So much to discover there and what are we doing? Stabbing each others backs...”

“Umm... Excuse me please?”, a male voice brought Soren back from her cogitations.

“Yes? Oh it's you! Conny, if I'm not wrong? Could you calm down a bit?”, she asked.

“Right and... yes I'm all myself again”, Conny replied “I stormed out of the store without saying 'thank you'. I'm glad I could find you to catch up.”

“You're welcome. Why don't you sit down? You want to order something too? I invite you!”, Soren said pointing at the chair next to her. Conny looked down and slightly pulled up his shoulders, bashfully smiling.

“Thank you. But I already got a freebie today, I will pay for myself”, was his answer as he sat down by her side.

Now Soren got a good look at him. He was quite a few inches shorter than her, his skin having a very light shade of red, not quite going into pink yet, but with a definitely pinkish shade on his front. The big brown iris made his slit-pupils almost invisible, which, together with his generally feminine facial features, made him look even more like a tame cuddly toy. No doubt: He looked like every bully's favourite ever. The two round bony ridges on his head however, were fiery red, so the fact that he was an adult was out of the question.

Speaking of feminine features, his body looked more like that of a woman. The Flat chest, the slightly toned arms, slender waist-line and wide, girly hips were all underlined by his sporty spandex pants and the t-shirt he had cut off above his navel. She figured that he must exercise a lot, judging by his very well trained looking legs.

She couldn't tell what it was, but his presence was somehow very enjoyable and pleasant despite his extremely unusual appearance.

“Conny, huh? I suppose it's a short for something?”, Soren asked.

“My real name is Constantine”, he cleared up.

“Sounds nice! So... Constantine...”

“No! Conny! I prefer my friends calling me like that.”

“How do you know I am your friend?”, Soren replied, but she already had an idea why.

“You never knew a carnivore specimen any closer? I was trapped by these idiots and you came to knock me out of it. Only a friend does that.”, Conny explained.

“But Gwen was the one who kicked them”, Soren pointed out.

“You were there first.”

The waiter came back to serve the coffee and asked for Conny's order. He chose a pretty big sundae from the menu “Great, he is one of those ass-bags who can eat just anything with no consequences...”, Soren thought. Yet at the same time she admired his attitude. It was in one line with what the raptor had told her about the descendants of the hunters...

She remembered how Charly had lost his cool composure when he got carried away and compromised her by accident. Then she thought about how unpersonal her date with Frank actually was. Not fighting the positive bias towards theropods that was forming in her mind, she unconsciously smiled looking at Conny, beginning to assume that he would care about his partner as much as Charly had said their kind would. He noticed it and rose his head.

“What's your name? ...Hello?”, he waved his hand in front of her eyes.

“What?! Oh! Charly, NO! Meat-Hu- DAMN! My name is Soren.”

Conny couldn't contain a giggle.

“Oh for fucks sake...”, Soren said putting her elbow on the table and resting her chin in the palm of her hand.

“It's okay”, Conny said, “I am a weirdo, I have that effect.”

“No it's not that... Sorry. Umm... Conny, can I ask you something?”

“Let me guess, you wanna know why I wanted to buy these”, he pulled out the box with the stockings from his waistband “and you wonder if I am actually gay and only lying to myself. I heard these things before, you know?”

“I wasn't wanting to insult you...”, she looked down into her cup “but ARE you lying to yourself?”

Conny admired the sundae the waiter was serving now and thanked him. He inhaled and looked into her eyes, not seeming to be insulted at all.

“I used to”, he said steadfast “You know? Every time I dress up like 'a real guy', whatever that's supposed to be, people assume I am a lesbian girl trying to be male. On the other hand, if I don't do that they automatically mark me as a feminine gay person, so what am I supposed to do? Look at me and my entire body?”

“That I did”, she threw in.

“Fine! Then look all the way you want! Do as you please, because I just don't care anymore and will do as I please...”, he finished and it was obvious that this was not the first time he told someone this little story.

“And the stockings?”, Soren pressed him.

“Just for fun... I have a woman's anatomy anyway, so why not fucking own it?”, he chuckled.

“I see... Certainly did not expect that, but I take it. Could I ask you something more... personal?”

“You can't get much more personal by now, really. Also, will you answer some questions of mine when I answer all of yours?”, Conny said while enjoying his sundae.

“Of course! I wanna know why you just didn't walk away from these girls?”

Conny lied down the spoon for a moment, sighing.

“Ever since I got bullied so much back in school, I made a vow to myself that I won't back off anymore... If I had walked away because of their insults, I would have shown them that they have power over me... And that's never going to happen ever again!”

“I hear you”, Soren said.

“Besides, I couldn't have done anything else anyway. They were underage and if I'd touch them I could be in jail faster than I can say 'oops'”, he added.

“You're very strong, Conny. It's inspiring”, she said.

“I have to be... Otherwise I would have hanged myself years ago... But hey! You came to help me! Seeing a herbivore do that is inspiring for me too!”, he said and his eyes lighted up in admiration. Soren felt flattered.

“So you really like women?”

“Yes”, he variantly looked in her face and at her breasts on purpose.

“Do you have... a girlfriend?”

“What do you think, after what I just said? No, I haven't. Any more questions?”

“Ask away”, Soren ended her 'interrogation'.

Conny stopped eating his ice-cream and began playing with the spoon.

“Maybe you have no idea what I'm talking about, but I'd like to know. Please don't get mad, but I think I have seen you before... You are ~ParaChub29~, aren't you?”

He didn't look at her, but Soren's face turned bright red. She gulped.

“...You know the site?”.

“Mmmhh”, he mumbled “I looked at your favourites and you had all these 'classic' men there, because of that I was too shy to try to chat with you since you seemed to have a different taste.”

“Well... since you know it's me... Let me tell you that I will think twice before I approach those guys ever again...”, Soren said and pulled a face.

“Why's that?”, Conny wanted to know. She told him about her two experiences in short.

“I wouldn't have done any of that”, he commented “holding you against your will or just leaving the room...”

“I want to believe you”, Soren said. In the meantime Conny was about to finish his sundae.

“You can! By the way, did you buy something in Gwen's store?”

“No, I wanted some coffee first.”

“What was it you were wanting? Can I help you find something?”, he happily asked.

“Lingerie...”, she said only to be met with his smiling face.

“Waiter!”, Conny exclaimed “I am inviting you instead”, he said to Soren.

“Conny... You surprise me again.”

After paying, the two went back to Gwen's and were warmly greeted by the woman herself. Conny went straight to the plus-size section, leading her the way. He pulled out lots of things, whatever he thought would fit Soren's ample body. To her pleasure, he seemed to nail her taste extremely good.

“Try this first!”, he said with his tail wagging in excitement handing her a set of a white bra with fitting panties and very long stockings “I love how this leg-wear goes almost up to the hips!”

Naked in the changing room, Soren put on the fabric as she was told. Looking at herself, she never felt so sexy before. The lace pattern on these undergarments made her nipples shine through a bit due to their slightly darker colour and the panties and stockings complimented the shape of her wide hips and colossal butt.

“So? How does it look? You show me?”, he asked on the other side of the curtain.

“No way I come out, there are other people in the store!”, she snapped “but you may come in, I think you nailed it!”

His crest getting a tad redder, he entered the cubical.

“What do you say?”, she asked as she turned around to show him.

“Oh...” he sighed, “Magic... wait.”

“Wait?”

“May I?”, he stepped close to her back and began pulling on the bra “Ahh yeah... The back-strap isn't strong enough.” He pushed one hand under her right breast and the other under the shoulder-strap, Soren gasped, but Conny had already stopped “There is too much weight on the shoulders, your breasts are too heavy for this bra. It looks fantastic on you though, if you want, I could fix it later on!”

“Conny, what is your profession?”, she asked and turned around to face him.

“Well, I am a student, but I want to become a fashion designer!”

“Fascinating. But you yourself look...”, she said glancing over his simple pants and badly hand-cut shirt.

“Haha! The shoemaker's son always goes barefoot!”, he laughed and Soren joined in.

“You. You really think this looks good on me?”, she then asked.

“A good designer doesn't lie... And neither do spandex”, he said pointing down to his crotch.

“Conny!”, she abruptly inhaled seeing his bulge starting to grow.

“You're good for sports, but goddamn, curse you!”, he said looking down. Blood rushed to both of their cheeks.

“Can I trust you, Conny?”, Soren said while beginning to take off the panties right in front of him.

“I swear I'm not touching you. Unless you want to”, he quickly assured her.

“Liar. You already touched my back AND my breasts.”

“But I had to make sure it fits you right! I wouldn't want you to get back-pain because of my poor suggestions! ...you're right though, sorry.”

“Come on, take it easy”, she said looking at him “that's not why I asked. Unhook the bra for me, please.”

He came closer again to do it “You have incredibly soft skin, you know that?”, Conny recognized.

“Sure thing, I'm fat, of course you won't feel any hard muscles or bones”, she replied.

“I wasn't talking about you being... Cuddly”, he countered and his hand glided over her back “It feels so smooth, supple, just like silk.”

She looked at his reflection in the tall mirror. He looked back.

“Did no one ever tell you this before?”, he wondered. The bra fell on the floor when she turned back around to him. Conny looked into her eyes, ignoring his pants.

“I didn't really answer yet. Yes, you can trust me.”

“We hardly know each other, we just met”, Soren said.

“And yet you're standing here in front of me... naked.”

“Maybe I already trusted you before I asked”, she came closer to him “Besides, you know how I look naked anyway from that dating-site. He blinked, not stepping back.

“I want to see you again. I want to know you better and...”, Soren hesitated for a moment “And before anything serious happens between us, I need to have a... painfully honest conversation with you first

about myself.”

“Too late”, Conny said looking into her widening eyes “You're already making it happen”.

Soren didn't think about what she was doing, or maybe she was thinking more clearly than before. Reaching around, she placed one hand on his back, the other one was resting on the back of his head. Eyes closed, she felt their lips meeting. His own hands resting on her hips while she pulled him close, not breaking the kiss for a long while.

“You taste like strawberry...”, she said panting a little when they separated their mouths. Pushing his head gently against her breasts, she could feel his hot face and crest as well as his growing erection pushing into her belly when he reached around to let his hands wander over her ass. He breathed faster.

“I can't go out there like this”, he then said.

“Do you have discipline?”, Soren asked.

“Discipline?”

“Yes. You can either sit in here till you calm down again... Or you keep your mouth shut and I'll help you with that.”

“What? Right here?!”, Conny's crests got even hotter.

“Let's make this quick,” Soren said “You will get a whole lot more later.”

She turned around and bent over, offering herself to him as she braced herself by putting her hands on her knees. He stared, blushing, but didn't do anything.

“What's wrong?”, Soren wondered “Come on, relief your tension, take me.”

“You want sex with me this bad?”, Conny asked.

Her expression went limp “Got I carried away, this time?”, she left her improvised mating stance “I. I didn't mean to... I don't want just sex”. Taking her clothes she started to dress “I made a fool out of myself...” About to push the curtain aside, Conny grabbed her hand and blocked her way.

“You said this date you had earlier today was unpersonal? What do you think this was just now? Bending over in front of me like it's mating season in the jungle...”, Conny said. Soren covered her mouth with her free hand and looked away.

“Don't you think I would want to look into your eyes when we have our first time? You want more than just sex from me? Fine, then prove it. Make me a part of your life. If you really mean it, I will never leave your side and do everything you want. You're playing with fire, Soren. Be honest and don't hoax me”, he continued as she looked back at him “Earlier you said you need to have a conversation with me about yourself? I think that would be the best.”

“You wouldn't have said that if you weren't serious about this too, right?”, she answered. Her hand still in his grip, he guided it to his chest.

“Do you feel that?”, he asked and she nodded “You could have it... so when do I see you again?”

Her heart jumped “How do I find you online? I write you.”

“Just go to this dating-crap-site, you will easily find me in the... 'fem boy-section'...”, he replied.

After they finished eating their dinner, Dexter went into the living room and Soren back into her office after putting everything in the dishwasher. When she came back from her little shopping, she needed a while to realise what was going on, but she figured it out. The kiss and Conny's words had blown her away, it finally happened again: She was in love.

No sex-date, no online chat, no muscle-monster or rich hunk. The place where she was looking for it the least happened to be the one where she found it. Still in the kitchen, she enjoyed the tingling in her guts for a bit, looking forward to see Conny again.

When she closed the office door behind her however, the feeling was pushed away by the fact that she would have to tell him the entire truth. That she wasn't single, but married. Wanting a divorce was not enough to tell him, she would have to get his out of the way first, as fast as possible.

Before she turned on her computer, she made sure the door was locked. Once again, with a heavy heart, she hacked into Julie Glosters computer and social media accounts. Little had changed online, only a few new chats, but she had also saved six more images of her and Dexter.

“Scum of the earth...”, she mumbled while she downloaded every file related to her course.

She didn't quite know why she did what she did next, because she already had proof of her husband cheating. Still, Soren decided to go back to the social media accounts to look for the conversations between Dexter and Julie.

“Maybe he is telling her the same kind of triceratops-turds that he told me”, she thought and began going through the chat-logs.

She quickly found the disgusting sweet-talk that she had expected and glanced over it for a bit. At one point though, her eyes caught a block of nonsense-symbols. “What do we have here?”, she thought and activated her decoding-software from her folder of 'special-tools'. The cypher turned out to be outdated, yet effective to those who didn't know what they were facing. The first decoded line her eyes landed on made her hold her breath: 'Aniston will break in and open the doors'. Staring at the screen for a second, Soren blinked, scrolled up and then continued to read carefully...

'You got it Julie?'

'Yep! Ballin-Engineeering Corp. is paying the full price.'

'Good. Deal as agreed? 450K for each?'

'Not quite'

'What do you mean?'

'When this goes flawlessly, I want your dick too :P '

'I nail you on the wall all day, when we get this done, baby ^^ '

'What about your wife?'

'She doesn't know jack shit, she ignores me and is too fat to even have sex, sits on her huge ass the entire day, can you believe it?'

'I'm not too fat ;) '

'Gonna tell her we have further training in Talon-City, then we can go wherever you want and I'm all yours'

'Can't wait... You talked to the others?'

'Yes I did'

'Who is doing step one?'

'Aniston will break in and open the doors'

'Good choice. I already sabotaged the alarm-system, his way will be free. Two will wait outside in the van'

'Other preparations?'

'All set. I got a bunch of Jenny's [Jenny, short for a small type of handgun], you will get yours after work'

'It's risky, but we can do this'

'Hell I wish we would have been able to hack into their systems to get these blue-prints, but those bastards were smart there. We have to do it the traditional way by taking every hard-drive we can find'

'Tomorrow Wednesday; 0150 at the side entrance, can't wait to see you'

Watching her screen in awe Soren heard her husband yawning in the living-room. Apparently he was still there... She checked the date in the chat-log. They typed this only today!

“Fuck... That means they do it tonight and he has a weapon already...”, she muttered. She looked through the chat one more time. Then, as fast as she could, she hacked into the servers of the company Dexter and Julie worked at again. While she was able to tell that there were plans of machines in their database that weren't in use, many new ones, she couldn't tell which of them the target of Dexters actions were. Perhaps all of them?

As if being cheated on wasn't enough, now weapons and a crime came on top. Soren felt that this was just too much for her. Way too much! She began to feel sick. Then she blew a fuse.

She followed a strange and wild train of thoughts. He betrayed her heart and trust... During the entire time, she wasn't brave enough to do anything herself... She didn't confront him, she never told Dexter how she felt now, she hated herself for it... It wasn't fair of her either... She willingly cheated on him to make herself feel better... Despicable... But THIS was changing it ENTIRELY... Even if she had told him how she felt and how much she wanted a good relationship... It was over... There wasn't only another woman between her and her husband, now there was crime too, as well as huge amount of money... He seemed to be a real part of their band... It didn't matter anymore what she said or did about their relation, he had thrown it all away a long time ago.

The fact that he would also willingly harm the well-being of his company, potentially endangering the jobs of many hard-working hadrosaurs, was also something that she couldn't take, though... it played a minor role at this time.

“I can't wait. I shouldn't wait...”, Soren muttered again “Where is that card? Ah, there we go...”

She found Charly's card and called the number, her hands shaking.

“Ya?”, she heard his voice.

“Charly?”, she whispered into her phone.

“Hard to hear ya! Is that you Soren? What's up sister?”.

“...I need a friend! Can't explain, I'm scared... something bad is going on, my husband has a weapon...”

“What's your address?”

“ ... ”

“I'm on my way! Stella, Octavia, Tom! ...OCTAVIA!! Down here! ...Yeah! That sweetie pie I told you about is in trouble! ...Hell MOVE YOUR FUCKING A-”, he ended the call.

“Ohmygodohmygodohmygod” Soren copied and printed her material and simultaneously logged in to Smooth-Scales.wired to see if Conny was online. He wasn't. Nevertheless she began to type in the chat-window.

“Conny! When you read this please come to my apartment as soon as you can! The address is... I uncovered something and we must act fast. My husband is executing a crime tonight and he is armed ~ Please come to me! I explain everything to you, everything, I love you, PLEASE!”, she hit the enter button... and waited.

Calling the police was not on her radar, apparently.

Soren stood up and walked into the bedroom. Passing the open door to the living-room, she could see Dexter sitting there watching TV, his head hanging low. Standing by the window, she had a good view to the driveway. Her sense of time was lost, she just looked.

Then, a car stopped, the tires squeaking, 4 figures jumped out and headed towards the apartment building. Her heart was racing when she sneaked towards the front-door of the flat. As quietly as she could, she opened and closed it behind her, waiting for Charly and his friends.

The elevator opened and four mean-looking utahraptors stormed out, Charly being the first. One of the females had dripping wet hair-feathers. He whirled into her direction and saw she had pressed her index finger on her mouth, looking extremely worried. He slowed down and grabbed her firmly by the shoulders.

“Are you okay? Where is he?”

“What is going on here?”, the dry female whispered.

Soren waved to make them come closer.

“I found out that my husband cheated on me... And today, I went through chat-logs of him and his affair... No doubt they plan to steal data from the company tonight, lots of money, they're also armed.”

“What is he doing now?”, the dry female asked again.

“He is just sitting in there, down the hallway.”

“My big blood-sister, Octavia”, Charly introduced her.

“Right. Did you see the weapon, chubby?”, her tone was harsh.

“No... I can only assume he either has it on his body, or it could be in his bag in the living room. He only went to the bathroom once and he wasn't in there for long, I think.”

“Oh crap...”, Octavia sighed “Can you prove your claims?”

“Yes”, Soren said “I have it all printed out, it's on my desk. I didn't even deactivate-”, on hearing the word 'deactivate', Octavia raised an eyebrow, her bright yellow eyes drilling right into Soren's soul.

“What did you do?”, she was much more terrifying and menacing than necessary.

“...I hacked into their systems to see if he really was cheating, then I stumbled upon their plans on stealing blue-prints for a ridiculous amount of cash. I checked, there really are new blue-prints.”

“Did you spread the information yet?”, Octavia hissed.

“Of course not. I didn't want this! Please help me.”, Soren replied.

Octavia's expression mellowed and she stroked Sorens arms with her strong hands “You will tell the police what you did. Don't say anything about you hacking into the company itself and you'll just get a monetary penalty for invasion of privacy for 'looking into his phone', you hear me?”

Soren nodded.

“Who are you?”, Charly suddenly asked.

“There is a question already on the table”, Conny said as he left the elevator “What are you doing to

her?”

“You know this girl?”, Octavia glanced over her shoulder asking Soren.

“I called him for help too. I love him”, she said. Conny heard it.

“What?”, the four raptors whispered in unison as they eyed Conny from head to toe.

“Marvellous, Stella, fill him in”, Octavia commented “now chubby, go back in there and take your evidence. You come back to the hallway near this door and call your husband. Then you will confront him. As soon as he moves a finger you will call us and we will bowl him. IF he has a gun on his body, he could have enough time to prepare himself when we go in now.”

Her heart was pounding so fast, that she began to sweat on her way back to the office. Dexter didn't hear anything as he seemed to have fallen asleep on the couch.

“I'll be the first one going in when this door opens”, Conny said to the raptors.

“You will stay the fuck back”, Octavia said “Charly said this dude is a corythosaur, probably a good head taller than you, armed with a gun.”

“To hell with you!”, Conny snarled.

“My dear cutie, I don't know why you came, but we are here to help Soren. It's dangerous, what are you thinking?”, Octavia replied “Is it because she said she loves you?”

“I want her to be my alpha...”, Conny said drilling back at Octavia with his eyes “Or have you forgotten what that means?”

Octavia opened her mouth, but closed it again. She looked on the floor, to her siblings and back at Conny. Her face went from stern to mellow another time.

“Step forward comrade. The doorway is wide enough for two, we will be the front”, she mildly said.

Both of them slightly leaned against the door, eavesdropping, the other three in sprinting position right behind.

Inside the flat, Soren stood in the hallway. In her shaking hands, she had a casual photo of Julie Gloster printed out, as well as the decoded chat-log that gave away pretty much everything. Inhaling as deeply as she could, Soren folded the paper with the dialogue.

“Dexter!”, she called. He jerked on the couch and took a look at the clock.

“Oh thank god”, she heard him saying “Yeah? Soren? What is it?”

“Could you come over here please?”

He stood up and slowly walked towards the hallway, stopping after he just entered it. Soren showed him the photography.

“Can you tell me who this is?”, she asked. He blinked and said nothing at first.

“I... I know her, she works in the company in another department! Why did you print that out? You could have showed me that on your computer too.”

“Oh so you DO know her... I take it. I bet you can also tell me then what THIS is?”, she threw the folded paper at him. He picked it up and unfolded it. His hands began shaking when he started to read.

“She said it would be all in chiffré... How in the world did you...”, he stuttered.

“I know all the wrinkles in computing, Dexter. Why did you do this to me? Why?”, he tossed the paper away.

“Because I wanted the money. To get away from here. I'm sick of being stuck with a fat nerdy lump and a boring job... Did you tell the police already?”, his right hand moved.

“No, not yet...”, she replied.

“Then you're not only fat and lazy, but also stupid as shit”, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the gun.

“GUYS!”

The door burst open and the team of five stormed into the hallway. Dexter, who had pointed the gun at Soren first, turned his arm and aimed at Conny.

“NOOO!!!”, she screamed.

BOOM.

Soren banged into the wall, sinking to her knees. An all-mighty stinging pain flooded through her as blood started to drip down her side and on the floor. Dexter was overthrown by Conny and Octavia. The gun flew through the air in a high arc. As it landed on the floor, a second shot came loose and gave Charly a graze shot on his foot.

“DAMMIT! DAMMIT!!”, Octavia shouted “Tom, call an ambulance and the police!”

“Get off of me! I will kill you all!”, Dexter screeched “Arrrghh!!!”

This was the last sound he made that Soren ever heard from him as Octavia broke his arm and Conny spat a squall of burning venom into his face. She fixated his other arm on his back while pushing him onto the floor, keeping him down one foot on his thigh, while her hand-claws dug into the skin of his neck.

“Soren! Say something!”, Conny screamed running over to her, huddled against the wall. She looked at him silently, holding her right side with a bloody hand.

“The Do... b... soo... rry... So...”, was the last thing she could make out before every sound faded into nothing but echoing. She got a mist in front of her eyes and passed out.