

Wyatt-5

Brewster Nebraska is a village of thirty people, and six hundred quad bovines. Go back sixty years and it was probably just a lone farm. How it became a village was beyond my desire to investigate.

I had never heard of it until receiving GPS coordinates from a number even my apps couldn't trace and signed by a name that had never led me wrong, even if I hated every time I got something from them. Obsidian Black.

Stories were that he was Emerald Code's successor. When she sacrificed herself to save Denver, her talisman went to a young hacker who then vanished after the Diamond Incident. The big problem with that story was that the incident destroyed all the Children of Merlin's talisman, so there was no way he could be him.

Or maybe there was.

The Children of Merlin could still do magic through the item they crafted, they simply no longer had that individual talisman that could do way too much. Now they had to craft individual items for specific results. So it was possible that guy was doing something to that effect with code, or that he'd cobbled up a phone that did that.

Or they were just that great at slicing and sifting through security. The bottom line was that no matter how hard Aiden worked at keeping them out, they always found a way into our servers, and that they had a habit of dropping news on us, more often me, since I was the mobile one, and that it usually led to a problem that needed resolving.

The coordinates led to a farmhouse ten miles out of the village proper. My map said I rode through it, but I didn't see anything there. I wasn't the only one there. There were three police cars, well a sheriff and two deputies, six unmarked cars that were definitively government, a dozen pickups that had to be the totality of the resident, and two news site vans.

Those I didn't expect. It meant Obsidian hadn't been as on the ball as they normally were. They only bothered me with family matters or magic, and this far from California, I couldn't see this being family related. I parked and locked my bike, carrying my helmet.

The perimeter was five hundred feet from the house and I saw the forensic set up on the porch. That meant no room inside the house was free of evidence. The suits were FBI, of course. If something was so big it took over an entire farmhouse, the local authorities would call them in. One of the deputies had probably alerted the news in an attempt to what? Put Brewster on the map? Only someone who'd never dealt with the notoriety that came with being the place a big crime happened wanted that.

I listened in on the plump and older newswoman, a porcupine, in the powder blue suit, and tried to work out what had happened here, but it was the end of her recording. A death was all I got before her assistant holding the phone nodded and told her it was uploaded.

How to approach this? She was done recording, her site didn't consider this a big story or they would have sent someone younger, more in demand. Until she learned something new, she wouldn't have much to do.

“Have they released any details?” I asked her as she took the jacket her assistant handed her. Spring was here, but Nebraska didn’t seem to have gotten the message.

She looked at me, then looked me over critically. I didn’t fit in with my bike leathers. “And you are?” she was cautious, worried I might be a competitor.

“Wyatt.” I offered my hand. “I was in Broken Bow when I got the news alert from your site.” I nodded toward the vans. “I’m a big fan. It only said the FBI had been called in. I figured I’d drop by.” All of it was a risk since I didn’t know any of that for sure, but it was an educated guess. Her clothing was crumpled, but not soil, so she hadn’t been here too long, but had been on the road for a while, probably returning from reporting on another story in the area. She would have been too busy figure out the scope and angle for her report to pay attention to what her news site put out and the FBI was just finishing setting up their gear, so an hour made sense for that alert to have gone out.

“One of the deputies said bodies, but wouldn’t give me a number,” she said. “He looked pretty sick, so I figure there’s a few. I was about to get him to give me details, but the agent in charge showed up to silence him. The FBI hasn’t said anything yet.”

Agent in charge.

There were only six of those in the country who dealt with magic. That meant the odds were good I’d be dealing with Mortis, Loomis or Briton. The first two I could charm into giving me what I needed, Jen I couldn’t offer a good time to, but she was fun to talk with, and in exchange for some insider information she’d answer my questions. Harkman was Green Man, so I’d have to hope for mutual respect, Filion, well, after Omaha, she couldn’t stand me, so if it was her, I was out of luck. McLaren was an unknown, but a woman, so she could be the toughest one to deal with.

“Here he comes, maybe he’ll answer my question.”

Man was a good start. I turn to see who was approaching, and my heart sank. Sunset red suit, sun yellow tie, and charcoal shirt. I didn’t need to see the antlers to know all my hopes of easy answers were fucked.

“Special Agent Bodenman,” she called to him, as he strode toward me. “Fatsani Georgeson, from Nebraska State News Site, what can you tell me about the crime scene?”

Special Agent in Charge Zikabar Malhotra Bodenman leveled his gaze on her. “It’s an ongoing investigation, I have nothing to say.” He looked good for a man in his late sixties, and that was without Anakin’s gift. When he fixed me with his gaze, I had to lock my knees in place to keep them from folding. The man had personality to spare from years of life, from the loss of his husband at the hand of one of my relatives, of having to reinvent part of the FBI so it could handle the existence of magic.

If the man had one sexually dominant bone in his body, I’d let him do anything to me.

Fuck, I was hard just from that glare.

“Mister Orr, how about you come with me?” he said, his face hard. As far as I knew, the man hadn’t smiled in thirty years. Fatsani stared at me as Zikabar led me away toward my bike.

“Special Agent,” I said, trying to keep my voice from cracking.

“Wyatt Orr,” he replied, crossing his arms over his chest. “Family empath and borderline reject.”

“Hey, I am not a reject, I chose to distance myself.” I could say this for the man. He knew how to turn me off.

“Right. Because your family is so nice and understanding.”

“If I tell you I’m done wanting you to bend me over my bike, will you stop bad-mouthing my family?”

He rubbed his face. “My statements still stand, not that it was my intent to shut down your sexual desires.”

“Does that mean you want to bend me over my bike and fuck me?” I asked hopefully.

“No,” he stated. “What are you doing here, Mister Orr? If you are here to clean up one of your messes, you are too late.”

“Hey, we have nothing to do with that as far as I know.”

He tilted an ear. “And yet, here you are.”

I took out my phone and showed him Obsidian Black’s message.

The deer let out a curse and placed a call. “Harrison, I need you to get the servers offline and wipe any and all intruding program. Yes, again. Black’s back in.” He put it away and scowled at me. “Who is he?”

“If I knew, we’d have them under control.”

“Right, and you wouldn’t have told me he sent you the message.”

I smiled. “If you’d asked nicely, I would.”

“Do not even try to influence me, Mister Orr. I not simply protected, my amulet will tell me and I will arrest you regardless of who you are, am I clear?”

His anger hit hard. “Fuck, you’d think you have gotten over that one incident,” I said, turning bitchy in self-defense and sighing as his eyes narrowed. “I’m sorry. I had no right to say that.”

His expression softened fractionally. “So the stories are true. You can actually have some manners.”

I kept my muzzle shut with effort at the tone. I was better than my brothers, than my fathers. I understood why he was angry. I got that he had a right to be. That what I’d said was like pull the fur out around his wound.

I was in the wrong here.

It didn’t mean keeping my replies to myself was easy.

“If Black told you about this, then it is definitely magic related.”

I shrugged. “What can you tell me?”

“I shouldn’t tell you anything,” the deer replied. “You aren’t law enforcement. Not even within your Society.” I waited as he worked things out. That was the nice thing about empathy; when I didn’t put my foot in my mouth, I knew when to press and when to let them work things out on their own. “But, you’re going to trample over this no matter what I say, so I should at least make sure you don’t get in our way.”

“And I do have access to people who won’t take to you, being FBI and all that.” Even within the magical communities, not everyone liked that the law was around.

“If you’ll report to me what you find out, it would go a long way toward me justifying providing the information.”

I thought about it, then straight out lied. “I can’t promise that everything I learn will be something I can tell you, but anything that isn’t an outright secret I will.” I am a great liar when I want to.

He nodded. “Six boys, raped multiple times, then killed.” He took out his phone. “Filiny? I need you to transfer the feed to my phone, then do a slow pass on the basement. I will be recording it, so note that.” He looked at his phone for a minute then turned it so I could see.

The person holding the other one walked downstairs and I could already see blood, handprints on the handrail, adult size. The first body had been a cat of some sort, at that age, without seeing the fur pattern it was difficult to tell the exact species. The only way I knew he’d been a boy was because Zikabar told me, his cock and balls had been removed, it had been messy. The boy’s throat had been cut, as had his chest. His rib cage was broken, the heart removed. Around the small body, markings had been made in blood.

Sacred Balls, he couldn’t have been older than eight.

The next one looked younger, a cervid by the shape of the muzzle, the thick nails on the feet. He too had been desecrated in the same way, with bloody marking around the body. They were all like that. All below eight, all massacred, and they’d been raped on top of that.

I knew what monsters were like. The magical community had its fair share of them, and magic only made them worse. I’d had to handle some of them. Now I knew what Obsidian Black had brought me here.

“Those markings are sigils,” the deer said which froze my cum.

I’d thought one of Damian’s followers. “What’s the resolution on the phone?”

“It’s a forensic model,” Zikabar answered.

“Can I rewind and look it over again?”

He handed it to me and I paused it on a good view of the markings around one of the box, vulpine, I thought. I zoomed and studied them. I could see the resemblance, and without having consulted their database, I could understand why he through this was Society magic.

“It’s not ours,” I said, looking at another section. “I don’t think it’s anyone’s.” I should have kept my mouth shut.

“What makes you say that?”

“This looks like someone imitating sigils. They’re good, but they don’t say anything. It’s just random sigils and connectors. If you have anyone on call who can sense magic, they’ll confirm it. I’m sure of it.”

“Not going to offer yourself and get a chance for a close-up view?”

I handed him his phone. “I’m not that sick. The video was more than enough. I’m

going to have to find a club and dance the images away since I can't drink them to oblivion."

"Very well. I'll await your report," the deer said, turning and heading toward the house.

The hedgehog was hurrying for me and I seriously considered getting on my bike and leaving her in my dust, but that would just make her work harder to find and corner me. Letting her think she got what she wanted would make her leave me alone.

"Miss Georgeson," I greeted her with a smile.

"Mister Orr," she replied, taken aback but catching herself quickly. "What's your family's interest in what happened here?"

"Nothing, as I said, I got the alert and—"

"That hasn't gone out yet."

"Ah." I really hadn't counted on being around if she looked into it.

"Is this a magical crime?"

"I'm not a law enforcement person, Miss Georgeson. The FBI would have my b—throat if I said anything about what I might know about this."

"So you do know something. Why did Agent Bodenman want to talk to you?"

"My family is acquainted with him and he wanted to know how we were doing."

"And he didn't ask you for your input on what took place here?"

"If he had, Miss Georgeson, I really wouldn't be able to tell you, now would I?"

"Alright, what are your thoughts on President Clancy's push to force the enlistment of magical people?"

I rolled my eyes. "Even in times of war, the draft had to be a lottery, if, in time of peace, she tries to enforce something like that, I can't see it ending well for her. It's not a threat," I said, cutting off the comment she was about to make. "It would be the same if she tried to force any other citizen. If there's a war, and the US decide to participate, I have no doubt that the American magical community will do its part. Until then, we prefer going about our lives in private."

"And who is the magical community, Mister Orr? Your family is well known to be involved with it; but what exactly can you do, magically speaking?"

I eyed her assistance, a slim antelope whose eyes grew wide as I smiled. I was tempted. I really was. Offer him an exclusive, bring him to a motel room, show him what I did, and then see if he'd tell her. If not for the shit storm that would start, I'd do it just to show her there were things she might not want to know, especially considering I was one of the better guys in this.

"We don't do anything, Miss Georgeson. And now, if you'll excuse me, I have to hit the road." I put my helmet on, cutting off her question, and climbed on my bike. I slotted my phone in and as it started, she walked away.

I called up my text messaging app and entered a random recipient. "Obsidian," I dictated. "I'll look into this, but two things. One, a Miss Fatsani Georgeson just recorded me answering her questions, I need that destroyed." As amusing as it would be, my comments about the president and her desire to force us into her army would get my dads

pissed. “Second, what aren’t you telling me? This is just some wannabe. It’s horrible, but that should be the FBI’s job, not mine.”

The return was instant. *Handled. I am telling you what you need to know.*

How the fuck were they that fast? And why did that have to always be cryptic? I didn’t bother with a reply. They’d said what they wanted. I wouldn’t be able to force anything else out. I turned and headed back the way I came.

From here, my choices for center of fun were Denver or Omaha.

As much fun as seeing Edward would be, I didn’t feel like dealing with his father, so I headed east and made calls while I rode.

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The Max, in downtown Omaha, was one of those rare clubs that properly earned their name. It was one of the largest clubs I’d been to, and I’ve been to a lot of them, with possibly the loudest music, the biggest drink and the easiest men I’d ever come across.

That last one wasn’t as much of a draw for me as they’d like, but it was a draw for other men. They were grinding around me on the dance floor, against me and each other. I definitely saw appendages out of the front of pants during my time on the dance floor and felt hands on me, over and under my clothes. Anything too personal was gently moved out of the way. I wasn’t here looking to get laid, and if I was, it wouldn’t be with someone whose idea of getting to know me was a hand down the front of my jeans.

Getting off the dance floor resulted in even more groping, and actual requests for me to take them to the restroom so I could take them. Easy, so damned easy it wasn’t even appealing. I made it to the bar with a minimum of what qualifies as molestation in my family, got a drink, whatever was on tap since I wanted the privacy of a booth as soon as possible.

I sat down, took a sip of my rather decent beer, and realized a dingo was seated across me, her martini glass half empty. She smiled at me.

“Did you know I was going to sit here?” I asked her, barely hearing myself talk over the music, “Or was I so distracted that I didn’t see you sit down?”

She smiled. “That would be telling, wouldn’t it?” Her voice was lush, the type that could make a man fall to his knees asking for her hand in marriage if he was the type, and barely at the volume of conversation, while still cutting through the loudness of the music.

Alicia Cardinal was a Thinker. One of the magical faction, one of the more visible ones since at first glance what they did wasn’t so much magic as a lot of research. Thinkers could work things out. It wasn’t the knowing of precogs or remote viewers. They needed to know what they were looking into, so it made them great for science and most types of research. That made them more comfortable for mundanes.

Until you noticed that they stuff they could work out, let them do things you couldn’t work out. Like speak at a conversational tone in a club with deafening music and still make me hear her words. She’d worked out how to get her sound waves to slip through that of the music’s, instead of being buried by it.

She could also be annoyingly obtuse about explaining what she'd done. Which I thought was better than most Thinkers, since they tended to go on and on about what they'd done.

I pulled out a pen. "Do you mind if I give us some quiet? The music's going to get distracting." She shrugged. She probably didn't hear the music unless she wanted to. I traced sigils on a corner of the table that wouldn't get smudged if a server came to serve us, added the right connector, turning into a *phrase* and fed it some of my unending lust and the music diminished to a soft, background, level. I let out a sigh of relief.

"I thought this was your kind of crowd," She said.

"You're confusing me with the boy band. I like clubs for who I can find for a night, but I wouldn't spend all my time in a place like this."

"Can't remain in the same place too long, or your family might find out."

I snorted. "They know where I am at all times, if they want me, all they have to do is call and tell me to come home. They know I will."

"But where's the fun in that? Your family is all about the stalking and the hunt, right?"

I shrugged. "We're tigers, hunting is what we do."

She smiled "At least you acknowledge what you are. The veneer of civility some of the people out there force on themselves is sickening."

"The joys of being able to work out all the little lies people tell themselves?" I asked.

"There's a reason most of us Thinkers are loners. There's only so much bullshit we can endure."

"Well, consider me as bullshit-free as I can afford to be. Speaking of which, is Obsidian Black one of yours?"

"No one I know has worked out who they are."

"How hard are you trying?"

She shrugged. "Not very, whenever they contact us it's to put us on the tail of a problem before it becomes a problem, so I'm happy to let them operate in the dark. We don't care as much about them getting into our servers and sniffing through what we're working on."

"Yes, most people in your faction have no problem telling everyone what they're working on. How did the Church ever keep the lot of you from revealing magic existed to the world?"

She shrugged again. "Before my time, the old brains thought about research differently."

"Onto business then?"

She took her phone out. "You want just the file, or do you want me to walk you through it?"

I accepted the file. "Are you offering to explain how you worked things out?"

"No, just point you to the important stuff. The file is a terabyte big."

"Give me the highlights then."

“Your killer’s has been active for close to eight years. I can’t confirm his body count, but I estimate he’s up to at least five hundred kills.”

“How does he kill five hundred kids in eight years and not get noticed?”

“Primarily by targeting kids of illegal immigrants and locations where they are seen more as a nuisance than as helpful.”

“I thought we’d done away with treating them like cattle back in the forties.”

“Until we dismantle the class structure, there will always be a need for a class of people at the bottom to be abused and feared at the same time.”

“So he goes after kids the parents of whom won’t be interested in going to the police for help,” I said to keep her from continuing her social commentary. “Does he pick just any kid he finds or does he have a type?”

“Male, of course, between the age of seven and ten, beyond that I’m not certain. I’ll tell you that yes he has more criteria, you might be able to work out something from all the information I provided on each child since you are into having sex with them, but —”

“Don’t, Alicia,” I snapped.

She looked surprised. “It’s a known fact that your family has—”

“That’s among us and you know it. It’s been over fifty years since one of us had an attraction to children, we do not do that to children.”

“But you have had the pull to have sex with—”

“No.” I reigned in my temper hard. Alicia was not a friend, but she was an ally. “What I shared with my brothers; what my fathers shared with me isn’t anything like what he does.” I indicated her phone. “We share a connection because of our god and that’s how it expresses itself. The rest of the Society is the same. Our god is lust, so how else could it be, but we don’t force it on others.” Her tilted ear forced me to correct myself. “We’re doing our best not to force it on others, but with that one exception, we have never forced ourselves on children. We wouldn’t, no not even my fathers. The abuse the suffered made them want to keep that from ever happening to others, not lash out at them.”

“Then I apologize. I didn’t intend to offend you.”

“You need to be more careful, Alicia, one of these days your mouth will say something to someone who isn’t going to be as self-controlled as me.”

“I did say we’re loners for a reason. But you raise a possibility I hadn’t noticed. Not so much as part of his criteria, but as part of his reason for what he is doing. Maybe he is looking to create the connection you share with your family.”

I considered her words. “Do you mean my family specifically or the idea of the connection my god engenders?”

It was her turn to consider. She took longer, that they could work out things that should be impossible to do so didn’t mean it happened fast. “I don’t think your family is visible enough to be targeted at you specifically, but the Society does have public members now, and while most of them are careful not to offend the average person, it’s impossible to listen to them for an extended period of time and not work out the

implications of that kind of sex drive would involve within a family unit. And the killer is imitating sigils. Of that, there is no doubt. Could he accidentally write something that works?”

I shook my head. “It needs to be our blood, our cum, the power flows through us. With anyone else’s all you get are drawing. Why did you say he had more criteria before we got sidetracked, but didn’t sound certain?”

“There’s something in the pattern of the information. I can’t see what it is but I can see that it is there. There will be something about each boy he picks that sets them apart, but it’s going to be something subjective to him, that I suspect will only make sense in hindsight.”

“Or if I can get in his head.”

She smiled. “You are one of the few within the Society I suspect can do so.” She indicated my phone. “I have given you as much information as I could gather or gleam as to who your killer is.”

“I don’t know if I want to get in the head of a man like that.”

She got out of the seat. “That’s for you to decide. Oh, before I leave, someone’s looking for you.”

I chuckled. “Tell me something I don’t know.”

She placed her hand on my arm. “Wyatt, someone in this club is looking for you.”

I looked around at the crowd, then at Alicia.

“I don’t know who, but I can sense the pattern of their search.” She closed her eyes. “I don’t think their intent is negative.”

“Thanks for the warning.” I finished my drink and stood. “If they’re looking for me, I should make myself visible and get it over with. You want to dance?”

She chuckled. “Not in this crowd. Women having their hands all over me isn’t my idea of a good time.”

“There are men here too.”

“And they will be all over you. You have fun. I am going to head home.”

“Thanks again Alicia, I owe you.”

“And I will collect, I’m simply not certain when.” She left, vanishing far sooner than she should have considering how light the crowd was near the booths.

He made my way back on the dance floor and lost myself in the sound and movement, even enduring the too-personal touches that stayed over my jeans. Eventually, I noticed a man had been dancing before me for longer than normal and once I looked him over, I knew he was who Alicia had warned me about, and I could have laughed.

I hadn’t seen him up close since he’d been with the forensic specialists by the house, but even out of his government-appointed suit the otter was distinctive with his light brown fur with almost white marking around his eyes. I wondered if he had raccoon somewhere in his far ancestry.

I figured the easiest way to see if this was entirely work-related was to grab him, pull him to me and grind against him as we twirled to the music. Oh, he was definitely

into me. No matter his reasons to be looking for me, we were going to have a good time.

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“Fuck,” he panted, leaning back against me, his fur matted by more than sweat. We were seated in the massive seat that was in my luxury hotel room with some movie playing on the wall before us.

I’d offered for us to retire to my hotel after a few drinks and a lot more dancing. While he was definitely into me, he was a perfect gentleman the entire time, which just made me want to do what we’d just done even more. A guy with the self-restraint not to turn into a slut even when he knew the guy he would do him without question was such a turn on. I’d asked if he wanted to watch a movie as I made us coffee and when we’d sat, with him on my lap.

We watched the movie only for as long as it took for us to finish our coffees. Then we were making out, clothing came off, and he was bouncing on my lap.

“Am I as good as you’ve been told?” I asked, nuzzling, and nipping at his neck. I loved the thickness of otter fur I could sink my teeth into it.

“What do you mean?” he asked, almost purred.

“We’ve had sex, Eli, I think we can be honest with one another, don’t you?”

“It’s Elias, I don’t like being called Eli.”

“Alright, Elias, I expect Special Agent in Charge Zikabar Malhotra Bodenman gave you a rundown of who I am before sending you to seduce me.” The otter stiffened. “Hey, it’s okay,” I whispered. “I’m flattered, really. Anyone other than him would have sent a goon squad. I love sex a whole lot more than fighting.”

“Really?” he replied, relaxing again. “That’s not what I heard.”

I smiled. “Fine. But I do like sex more than fighting, even if it isn’t by a lot.”

“I heard you can fuck without stopping.”

“That is true.”

“Can I get a demonstration?”

“Why don’t you tell me why you were sent to seduce me first?”

“Can’t you guess?” he moved his ass against me and I reacted.

“I can, but I prefer being certain.” I ground back, and it didn’t take long I was in him again.

“My boss wants to know what you found out.”

“You should start by telling me what you know, so I don’t have to worry about going over it again and wasting your time.” My hand closed over his—

Right, keeping this more general audience. We had fun, a whole lot of fun. We did so for over twelve hours, only stopping five minutes here and there to talk and see who could get the other to reveal the most.

I won that part, no doubt about it.

As for the sex, I’m not sure who got the most out of that, but he definitely got his demonstration of Orr sexual superiority.

I so can’t wait for Zikabar to send him to question me again.