

Chapter 35

“Mister Kerwick?” the sharply dressed elk called as Paul stepped out of the plane.

“That’s you,” Trevor whispered in his ear, patting his ass.

Right. Jason Kerwick was the identity Code had created for him so he could fly from Denver to Englan without attracting attention. Everyone who’d flown had such fabricated identity. Only Thomas, Grant, Wassa, and the scout Teams hadn’t needed them since they were the only ones teleported across the ocean.

Now that they had a magically enhanced hacker keeping their movement hidden again, it had been decided to keep teleportation reserved for mission critical assets.

“That’s be me.” Paul smiled at the elk and felt ridiculous in a three thousand dollar suit. For some reason, Denton had insisted on dressing him and had looked amused each time Paul looked at himself in the full-length mirror and squirmed.

Paul had wanted to travel coach or economy, like the others. He had his aura under control, after all, there was no need for...this. But his argument hadn’t been enough when confronted with the potential chaos his aura would cause on a general flight if he’d miscalculated.

So Mister Kerwick had flown on a private jet in the company of corporate advisor, there to make sure his every needs were met. Those had, of course, ended being sexual. There had been so much sex during the flight that, even considering the men from Steel Link he’d gifted as part of rounding out his Royal Security team, that he felt like running to the rendez-vous, instead of being driven there.

The elk shook his hand, looking him over. “It is a pleasure to meet you. I hope there will be time for a more informal introduction later.”

“He’s offering to—”

“I know what he’s offering, Trev,” Paul cut him off with a roll of the eyes. “And maybe,” he told the elk, “if we have the time to dance.” He smiled at the confusion. “Until then, how about you lead us to our transportation? We hare here to work, after all.”

“Of course.” The elk led them to the three SUVs at the edge of the tarmac. Paul, Trevor, Pierce, Joseph, and the elk, who sat behind the wheel, took the front one.

“Don’t you have Adam’s gift?” Trevor asked.

“No. And I’m under threat of violence if I get behind any wheel. Not that I’d even think of driving in this country. Are you saying I’d be able to drive on the left side of the road with it?”

“I was more surprised by you not insisting on being the one driving. That’s pretty much how everyone with his gift is.”

“I don’t see you arguing over taking the wheel,” Paul pointed out.

“I’ve had years to learn to control the urge. Elmer, any words on the other teams?”

“Half have landed,” the elk replied. “They will either already be at the meeting location by the time we arrive, or close to arriving. There have been no signs the Chamber is aware we are mobilizing, but the scouts have been keeping their distances from the target.”

“So we can’t confirm numbers,” Trevor said, not entirely pleased. “And we don’t know how long they’ve had to get things ready. For all we know, every Chamber in the world is there, waiting for the event to start.”

“That’s good, right?” Paul asked. “If there’s all there, we can deal with everyone at once.”

“Except we have no idea how many Chambers we’ll be dealing with. Grant gave us an approximate number, and while nothing that’s been gathered independently contradicts them, when magic’s involved, the only thing we can rely on is getting our own magical eyes on them.” The rat sighed. “How long until we get there?”

The elk gave Trevor a disapproving look in the rearview mirror. “Please tell me this isn’t going to be a ‘are we there yet?’ situation. I know the UK isn’t as large as the United States, but it will still be hours until we reach our destination.”

“It’s a ‘how long do we have to enjoy ourselves’ situation,” Trevor replied, undoing his pants. “And are you going to need to be relieved along the way?”

“Relief is always desired, but do any of you have experience driving in this country?”

“I have experience sucking cock from the left side,” the wolf said from the seat behind Paul.

“You should have sat in front then,” Joseph said from the passenger seat. “That way I could be back there getting some ass.”

“You are an ass,” Pierce replied. “And you were sitting there without so much as a ‘anyone interested in access to the driver’s thick cock’, so deal with it.”

“Find a place halfway there,” Trevor said, ignoring Paul’s half-hearted protest as he pulled the pants down. “I’ll spot you the rest of the way and you can experience American cock.”

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“Why me?” Paul grumbled to himself as he approached the white-washed building with exposed beams and thatched roof. “Because you are the Orr in the room,” he said, trying for a mockery of Joseph’s voice. “And why bother with a name change again?” “because you can never be too careful,” he replied to himself in his attempt at the buffalo’s voice. “But you and the one with the experience,” he mumbled. He hadn’t told that to the buffalo. Paul was the one officially in charge. So he was the one attending this planning meeting.

The tavern was larger and not as gloomy as he’d expected, and chastised himself for believing what movies showed would match reality. Well, he mentally pointed out, the outside was a pretty accurate reproduction of the town pubs depicted in movies.

“Hi,” he greeted the basset hound, hoping his smile didn’t look as nervous as he felt. The way she studied him didn’t help. He so wasn’t built for cloak and dagger stuff. “I’m Heath Gordon. I’m meeting with the Walsh party.”

Another look over, but she didn’t move. Was there some secret handshake he’d been told about but forgotten? Was he at the wrong pub? There couldn’t be two of them in a village this size, could there?

She gave a curt nod. “If you’ll follow me.”

He did, wondering if he was about to get jumped for being a spy. Discreetly, he touched the gun under his arm and relaxed. They were in for a surprise. He had his gifts, and

one battle's worth of experience to rely on.

She opened the door, and a cacophony escaped the room. "Your party." She motioned for him to step inside.

Paul saw Grant, Wassa, and Denton speaking with others he didn't recognize, or tried to associate with specific Society families. He'd been introduced to a handful of family representatives while in Denver, not that he'd realized it was in preparation for this at the time, but while he'd done his part, then, to get to know who they were, the moment he said which family he was from, they moved on to other people and didn't let him approach.

Here again, strangers glanced in his direction, took his measure, and dismissed him. At least, this time, it wasn't because of his family. His coloring was different enough he wouldn't be associated with them except by those who were specifically told about the connection. That didn't keep the anger at being considered no one from mounting, but the respectful nods from some of the strangers did.

It seemed that not everyone considered him a nobody.

"Where's Thomas?" Grant asked.

"Recharging," someone answered. "At landing point three after a delivery of material. A couple of fucks, and he should be good to get the next set of supplies from the Ogden property. He'll match the schedule since with each trip, he needs less of a recharge."

"Anyone know where I'm expected to put the last batch of people?" someone demanded. "We've filled every hotel and motel within a hundred kilometers. Am I putting them further? Do we have more teleporters to get them to the site on time?"

"I can handle some of them," Denton said, "but just have them bunk in with those already there. They're Society. It's not like tight quarters lead to anything more than excuses to have sex."

Paul stared at the cheetah while others chuckled. Had he just said he'd get people to the target? Wasn't teleportation needed for that? Did it mean he—

"How are your people?" Denton asked, then turned to give him a nod in greeting.

"They're okay," Paul stammered, surprised. "They're headed to the motel." He swallowed as he noticed how many had stopped what they were doing to look at them.

Denton nodded, eyes flicking about. "Good. I'm glad everyone understands where they stand."

Paul shook his head as Denton returned to the conversation with Grant and Wassa. He certainly wasn't understanding anything right now.