

Chapter 22

“Are you there yet?” Thomas asked as he paced the living room, phone to his ear. “Roland, we’re talking about the Orrs, here. I really don’t want to have to explain why a teleporter arrived late.”

Paul watched his best friend as his ears folded back in response to whatever his brother said. “No, they aren’t going to care I’m down to one landing spot in San Francisco after what the Chamber did. Scratch that. They’re going to care so much they’re going to pick one for me, kidnap me, take me there and they will all fuck me until I know the room by heart. Two of them has been enough for me at this point. So I need you to be— You’re there? Good. Be there in a sex.”

Paul tilted an ear. “You’ve dealt with the Orrs? I never mentioned them before.”

“Don’t deal with Aaron,” Thomas replied, crossing the room to join Paul. “And whatever you do, do not let Aiden fuck you. You don’t need to add signing to what you’re good at on top of dancing.” He grabbed Paul’s arm, then was falling against the golden tiger. Instead of being in Donal’s house, they were in a locker room.

“I have him,” another rat, this one naked, said, pickup Thomas up.

“Hey Paul,” the raccoon, in the process of undressing, said. “Your ride’s not here yet.”

“Ride?” Paul looked around at the lockers and located Roland’s. “I thought—” Niel pushed him against a closed locker. He chuckled. “Aren’t you going to help Roland recharge Thomas?” The naked raccoon unbuttoned Paul’s shirt and licked his lips lewdly.

All humor left the tiger as he remembered he liked Roland’s boyfriend and knew him enough they’d already fucked many times. This meant...

“Neil, stop. This isn’t you.”

The raccoon tilted an ear, a hand moving down. “You think you turned ugly all of a sudden? Since when don’t we want you to fuck us?” Niel groped Paul, and the golden tiger swallowed the moan.

He kissed Niel hard. What did it matter if he was influencing his friends. It wasn’t like any of them ever said no to sex with him. He wrapped a hand around the raccoon’s hard cock and reached behind, undoing his tail strap. Then Niel’s hand was in his pants, stroking, and Paul moaned.

Fuck, he needed this, and so much—

“Can you lot hurry this up?” someone said, “We’re on the clock.”

Paul broke the kiss and looked around Niel’s head.

The tiger in the doorway was lean, but the leather jacket and pants were tight enough to show his muscles. He looked them over impatiently, then smirked when he noticed Paul watching him.

“You have a meeting. Either pack it in or finishing this pronto.”

Paul pushed Niel away with an effort. “I can drive myself.” He reached back and pulled his pants back up, but the other tiger had already looked and was licking his lips.

“You aren’t getting behind the wheel of anything after you drove your car off the Golden Gate,” he said, once Paul was covered up again. “Who the fuck taught you to drive?”

“My mother. And she did a great job. If not for the Chamber trying to kill me and Shila, I wouldn’t have done that.” When Niel stepped to him again, Paul redirected the raccoon toward the two rats fucking on a mat, and that was enough to let him re-button his shirt.

“There are way better things you could have done than go free falling.” The tiger glanced at the rats and now raccoon, then focused on Paul. “Since you wrapped yourself up, I’m guessing you prefer the meeting to sex with these guys. Good choice. Arnie’s not a patient guy.”

“And who are you?”

The tiger smirked. “I’m Adam Orr.”

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Paul watched the passing buildings, trying to prepare himself for the meeting.

He couldn’t think of one good thing that had been said about the Orrs, beyond that they looked after their city. Madoc only spoke well about Dietrich, but the rat was besotted by the mountain of a tiger, and Dietrich was always treated as his own entity in those talks, rather than being part of the Orrs who ran the city. How was he supposed to—

“I’m not feeling anything,” Adam said in a calm voice.

There had been something hyper about the tiger in the locker room, but that had vanished as soon as he sat behind the wheel. As if everything until then had served to keep him from driving again.

“Should you?”

“That’s your thing, right? Any guy around you just wants you to fuck them? Not happing, by the way. I do the fucking. But that’s what Brislow told Arnie. Don’t call him that, by the ways. Hates being called that.

“As far as we’re worked out, it only affects guys I know. I don’t know you, so…” he looked at the buildings again.

“You want to?”

Paul turned and the grin Adam greeted him with was lewd.

“I can introduce myself to you so intimately you won’t be able to think straight by the time I’m done with you.”

“No.”

Adam shrugged and was looking ahead again. “What’s the point of it?” he asked as Paul started to turn away. “You’ve already gotten what you needed out of the guy by the time you can influence them, right?”

“You ever had sex with someone you knew?” Paul demanded. He already knew the answer. Adam wouldn’t have said that if he’d had sex with someone he was close to.

“Fucked my brothers, and I know them way too well. So, yeah. I still don’t see the point.”

“At least I don’t need to force someone into having sex with me.”

Adam snorted. “And what do you call what your power’s doing? Fuck, how long until you know a guy well enough he’d affected?”

“Unlike you, I don’t have to fuck all the time. I can go more than a day without shoving my dick in some guy’s ass. It’s got to have been two weeks now since the last time I had sex—” He slammed into the seatbelt as the car skidded to a stop.

“What?” Adam demanded, staring at him. Cars honked as they drove around them.

Paul saw middle fingers directed at them in the passing cars.

“I told you, I don’t have to fuck all the time.”

The tiger seemed to have trouble processing that. “Call my asshole of a brother,” he finally ordered.

“What?” a man said over the sound system before Paul could ask how he was expected to do that, let alone know who he was referring to

“Arnie, change of plan. I’m taking golden boy here to my club.”

“No.” There was a surprising amount of annoyance packed in that one growled word.

“Arnold, the kid hasn’t fucked in two weeks.”

The silence stretched, and Adam grinned.

“No.”

“Arnie.”

“Don’t call me that. And it’s still no. He’s gone two weeks already. He can survive the time it takes us to work this out. And then, he can go to my club and get properly laid.”

Adam grinned at Paul. “You’re so lucky I don’t have to listen to one thing he says.” The car took off, forcing drivers to swerve out of his way, honking angrily.

“Adam, if you don’t have him at the office in fifteen minutes, I am shipping you to the Convent as the family’s official representative to those women.”

“You wouldn’t dare,” Adam replied, sounding uncertain.

“Test me, and I’m telling them not to allow you any visitors.”

The tiger swallowed, then Paul was slammed into his seat as the car picked up speed much faster than he tough it should.

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Paul stood as the men around the table looked at him.

They didn't look as old as Paul expected. From how long they'd been at this, according to the stories, he expected them to be in their fifties or something, not, at most, in their late twenties. The only one who looked to be pushing thirty-five was the one with his feet on the table and eyes glued to his phone; playing a game, by the way his fingers moved.

Two of them wore suits, and only one of them looked like he belonged in it, the one eyes Paul with a calculating expression. The other suited tiger was at the head of the table, facing Paul. He was also the more muscular of the two, of nearly all of them, with only the one biker's jacket being close enough Paul couldn't tell which one was more muscular.

"What the fuck?" The one who'd been playing on his phone demanded of Adam after he shoved the feet off the table.

"Put the phone away, Anni."

"Fuck you." He put his feet back on the table.

"Not today." Adam replied.

"He doesn't look like much," Biker guy said. He leaned against the edge of the table. "We sure he's ours?" To go with the leather jacket, he wore an unbuttoned shirt, ripped jeans, and unlaced construction boots.

"I like his coloring," one of those seated said, "but he's not mine." He wore a gray shirt with splotches of paint on it, as well as in his fur. Not quite as if he'd rolled in it, but Paul was confident some of the purple pain on the side of his face was in the shape of a hand. "I swear that other than the one time Arnold talked us into—" he shuddered. "I haven't touched a woman other than to pose her."

"He's an Orr," the suited one at the head of the table said, not sounding particularly happy about it. "Brislow confirmed it."

"Oh, and of course you believe him," the one in the expensive suit replied. "It's been over a decade, Arnold. Have you decided to move on and love ano—"

"Finish that sentence, Aiden, and I'm going to rip your tongue out."

"Nope. Still touch about Art," Anni said, not looking up from his phone. "I think it's a fatal condition."

"Oh, Anakin," the one with the paint in his fur said, "Such a vicious blow. I never thought you capable of it."

"What?" Anakin looked up. "What'd I say?"

"Look," the only one who hadn't spoken yet said. "We know he isn't one of ours, so he'd got to be one of the Folk's projects we missed when we cleaned house." He leaned against the wall, and the first thing Paul noticed about him was the gun holstered at his hip. He wore a sports jacket over a shirt and slacks.

"Can't be," Arnold—if Paul had worked out the exchanges correctly—said. "The whole reason they took Brislow's kid was to 'replace' us. If they had him, they wouldn't have needed to."

Aiden snorted. "After how he pissed them off?"

"I'm not saying they wouldn't have done it, just it wouldn't have been to replace us. They had just killed the kid to make Brislow suffer."

"If it's not us, and not them, that only leaves the uncles," gun-toter said. "I'm guessing you've asked already, seeing as you are the smartest of us all."

"You want the chair, Alex?" Arnold asked. "Do any of you want to finally take the fucking chair so I can go back to having a life?"

The round of snorts made the answer clear.

"Then how about you fucking stop undermining my authority?"

"Maybe if you got the fucking thing moving already," Anakin said, back to looking at his phone, "we wouldn't be bored and need to entertain ourselves at your expense. Some of us have guys to fuck, you know." He looked up and glanced at Paul, then his attention was on the phone. "If none of you want him, I'll take him."

"He's family," Arnold snapped. "So we're all having a go at him."

"I'm going to stop you right there," Paul said and found himself on the receiving end of six testosterone-filled glares.

"Oh," Anakin said, grinning, but eyes still on his phone. "You are so fucked."

Paul swallowed and chose to address something other than his utter lack of interest in having sex with any of them. "Who says it has to be one of you who's my father?"

"You're an Orr," Arnold replied. "There aren't three ways that happens."

"But why does it have to be one of you, or those uncles? Maybe your ancestors lost track of a kid, like

with Thomas's family, and it's just a—" definitely not happy "—coincidence I got initiated?"

"That's not how it works for us," Arnold said. "The only way you get initiated is if your father fucks you. So he's alive and related to us."

Paul snickered. "Well, now I know you're wrong."

Arnold leveled his gaze on him. "Do tell."

"The only Orr I've ever had sex with is Dietrich. And Nothing special's happened... after..."

He'd been with Shila basically starting on the day after they'd danced, and there had been no guys Paul was familiar with until Denver and Donal, who'd basically kissed him as a way of saying hello even if they hardly knew each other.

"Oh, fuck."

Dietrick Orr was his father.