

# Storyboard-34

“Mister Kerwick?” the suited elk said as Paul stepped out of the plane.

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

Right. He was Jason Kerwick for the duration of the flight. The identity Code had created for him as a way to hide his little group’s movement from Denver to England. Each team had an assumed identity, except for Thomas, who had teleported across the ocean with Grant, Wassa, and the scout team. This time around, the rat was being kept in reserve instead of being the primary transport.

“That’d be me.” Paul smiled at the elk and felt ridiculous in the three thousand dollar suit. For some reason, Denton had insisted on dressing him and had taken pleasure in Paul’s discomfort any time he looked at himself in the full-length mirror.

Paul had tried to convince everyone he’d be fine flying coach or economy, like most of the others, but no one had been willing to risk his aura triggering during the flight, so he’d gotten a private jet, a cadre of men, and more sex than Paul should be able to endure. Even with granting his gift to the Steel Link men who had rounded his Royal Security team, Paul felt like he could run to the rendez-vous point instead of being driven.

The elk shook his hand and looked 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 can work out what he’s offering, Trev,” Paul said with a roll of the eyes. “And maybe if we have the time to dance.” He smiled at the confused man. “Maybe you can lead us to our transportation? We have work to do to after all.”

“Of course.” The elk lead them from the plane to three SUVs, which they divided among them. Trevor got in the one Paul did, as did the elk, who took the wheel.

“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 trying to drive one in this country. Are you implying that with his gift I’d be able to drive on the left side of the road?”

“I’m more thinking that with his gift comes a desire to always be the one driving.”

“I don’t see you fighting to drive.”

“I’ve had years to be used to it. Elmer, any words from the other teams?”

“Half have landed,” the elk replied, “and will either already be, or be on the way, to their designated meeting locations. There is no indication the Chamber is aware we are mobilizing, but the scouts have been keeping their distance.”

“So they don’t know how many people we’ll be facing,” Trevor said. “We also don’t know how long they’ve been getting this ready. For all we know, every one of them in the world is going to be there.”

“That’s good, right?” Paul asked. “That means we can deal with all of them at once.”

“Except that we don’t know their numbers. Grant has an approximation, and it’s supported by the intelligence that’s been gathered independently, but when magic’s involved, nothing’s ever sure.” He sighed. “How long until we get there?”

“Please tell me did isn’t going to be a ‘are we there yet?’ situation,” the elk complained. “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 said, undoing his pants, “and a are you going to need to be relieved partway through?”

The elk looked at them in the mirror. “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.

“You should have sat in front then,” Joseph said. “I could be back there getting some ass.”

“You are an ass,” the wolf said. “You called shotgun, now live with it.”

“Find a place to pull over about halfway there,” Trevor said, ignoring Paul’s half-hearted protest as he pulled the golden tiger’s pants down. “I’ll spot you then, and you can experience American cock.”

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“Why do I have to be the one doing this?” Paul grumbled as he approached the white-washed building with exposed beams and thatched roof. “And why a different name?” no one answered him. The others were headed for the motel. This was for those in charge, which, somehow, included him.

He entered the tavern, which was larger and less gloomy than he’d expected. He should know better than to use movies when building an image of what a location would be like. Although the outside matched the typical Hollywood depiction of an English town pub.

“Hi,” he greeted the Basset Hound, who studied him, trying to get his nervousness under control. He so wasn’t built for the cloak and dagger stuff. “I’m Heath Gordon, I’m meeting with the Walsh party.”

She looked him over and didn’t move. Was there a secret sign he’d been told and forgotten about? Was he at the wrong one? The village couldn’t have two taverns.

She nodded. “If you’ll follow me.”

He did, wondering if he’d screwed it up and he was about to be jumped for being a spy. He discreetly touched the gun under his arm and felt better. They were in for a surprise he had his gifts and one battle’s worth of experience to rely on.

She opened a door and cacophony escaped the room. “Your party,” she said, motioning for him to enter.

Immediately, Paul recognized Grant, Wassa, and Denton, who were talking with others Paul didn’t even try to recognize. He’d been introduced to a handful of family representatives while in Denver, but either didn’t understand why, and then, once they were told whose family he was part of, they dismissed him.

Here again, people glanced in his direction, took his measure, and acted like he no longer existed. His coloring was different enough that they didn’t worry he was one of the

Orrs who could explode in their face. His anger was doused by the surprise at also receiving respectful nods. Not everyone here considered him a nobody.

“Where’s Thomas?” Grant asked.

“Recharging,” someone answered. “He brought the material to landing point three, a couple of fucks, and he’ll be good to get the next set of supplies from Ogden’s property. The timetables still line up since he needs less of a recharge with each trip.”

“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 than that? Do we have another teleporter to get them to the site on time?”

“I can handle some of them,” Denton replied, “but just have them bunk in the rooms already occupied. They’re Society. It isn’t like tight quarters lead to anything more than excuses to have sex.”

People chuckled, but Paul started. Had the cheetah just implied he could teleport?

“How are you people, Paul?” Denton asked, before turning to look in his direction.

Surprised, Paul stammered. “They’re okay. They were headed to the motel.” He noticed the looks some gave him; as if being addressed by the cheetah was something to be noted.

Denton nodded, eyes flicking around. “Good. I’m glad everyone’s understanding where they stand.”

Paul shook his head. He wasn’t understanding one thing right now.