

# Storyboard-43

Paul vehemently shook his head.

The naked rat seated opposite him in the jet's main cabin covered up his smile as Niel leaned forward. "Come on, you can tell us. What was it like to be in bed with a Champion?"

Paul glared at the raccoon. He was not getting him to talk.

"Can't have been that great," Trevor said offhandedly from behind the hand.

"It was that great," Paul said. "Grant's a good lover and that didn't change just because he's a champion now," he glare at Niel. "No capital 'c'. It's just a job as far as he's concerned, and one he would love to be able to quit, but he's stuck with it, and it you two were so curious about sex with him, you could have approached him and asked. It's not like he's too good for the likes of us now."

He snapped his muzzle shut and glared at the rat.

"And you said that on purpose because you knew I couldn't keep from defending him, asshole. Do you know what it's like not being able to shut up the instant I open my mouth? Of course you do, you've been fucked by him too, so why would you do that to me?"

"Fucked by who?" the naked tiger entering the cabin asked.

"Oh don't fucking play innocent, Adam. You know damned well who I'm talking about. If you were pissed I took the bus, you could just have screamed at me. I'm an adult, I can take it. This, this is childish torture! There's got to be laws against doing that to someone."

Paul crossed his arms and sulked. "Not that you people give a damn about laws."

"Pissed? Cus, you have no idea what I'm like then I'm pissed. Don't think that because we're family you're going to be spared me being pissed at you if you screw. That bus ride made me angry, nothing more. And it wouldn't have happened if my brother wasn't terrified you'd learned some secret while at the office and my gift meant you told the whole damned word. I gave you my gift, because it was fucking time you got it and knew how to drive worth a damn."

"I know how to drive," Paul stood. "My mom taught me! I have never gotten into one accident until I was run off that bridge. And you fucking ordered me not to drive. What did you think I'd do, walk to Minneapolis?"

Adam smirked and Paul threw his arms up.

"And you're riling me up on purpose. I swear, I'm surrounded by assholes." He dropped in his seat, and ground himself with a naked raccoon on his lap, with his hands rubbing up and down Paul's stiffening cock.

"I'm sorry." Niel pout was comical. "Is there anything I can do so you'll forgive me?"

That almost got Paul to open his mouth again, and the triumph, turned disappointment, was too much. Paul grabbed the raccoon and threw him over the back of the

seat, then he was showing his cock into Niel's well lubed ass. He made two thrust before there was someone behind him, and Adam had his cock in Paul's also well lubed ass.

Before the sensations became too much he glanced at the rat stroking his erection, still seated.

"I want to live. I'm not getting anywhere near that stripped ass. Once he's done, I'll take over and fuck you the rest of the way."

And of course, Paul opened his mouth to tell him he didn't have to and just couldn't shut up for the rest of the fucking.

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"It's your fault," Paul told the tiger seated at the desk as he stormed into Arnold office. "Why did you let Adam be on that jet? Do you have any idea what he did to me? I can't shut up anymore? And then Niel and Trevor just couldn't stop trying to get me to talk. Even with a cock in my mouth, I keep talking. So you know how disturbing that it, to be unable to stop talking with a cock moving in and out of your mouth. No, of course you don't. You'd bite the cock off anyone who tried."

"It's his jet, officially," Arnold said. "So trying to tell him not to get on one of them is a fight I pick carefully."

How he could ignore the tone Paul had said all that in, he wasn't sure. Anyone one had spoken to him like that, with the way his temper was at the surface since getting Arnold's gift, he'd have bitten their head off. Possibly literally.

Arnold leveled his gaze on him. "You aren't that important, Paul." Arnold also ignored the glare Paul gave him at that comment. "But you are important enough I wanted to update you on what's happened since you left England. And when you have your mouth under control, I'm going to want an explanation why the teleporter didn't just bring you, his supposedly best friend back directly."

"His name's Thomas, it won't fucking kill you to use it and to treat him like a person instead of a vehicle you own. You—" Paul swallowed hard at the look Arnold gave him. Okay, now he knew how the tiger had managed to ignore his glare. Paul didn't know how to glare, not compared to him.

"Thomas," Arnold said, slowly enunciating the name, "need to decide where his priorities are, now that he's not longer busy ferrying that kangaroo around."

Paul snorted. Not with you, that's for sure. He nodded.

"Did you see the news?"

Paul raised an eyebrow, trying to determine if his cousin was serious. He did know who was on the jet with him, right? He pointed down to his crotch, then made a fucking gesture and he narrowed his eyes at Arnold.

"You're going to have to learn to multitask." He tapped commands on the desk and behind him, part of the wall became a screen. Paul recognized the Diamond Collider. A distinguished sheep dog announcer spoke.

"In the wake of what had been referred to as the Diamond Incident, when a group of then unidentified people took it over, turned it on and... well, exactly what they did with it while they were in control is still being debated. The reading the scientists have been

working with, that were taken by the automated system, led one of them to say this.”

The image of a haggard fox in a labcoat appeared. “They broke reality.” Then the sheep dog was back

“Linked to that, if only by that comment, are two other incidents being looked into, but occurring at the same location. The first an electromagnetic burst that disrupted electronics in a two hundred kilometer radius around a mansion in the English country side, then, a flash of light that was seen all the way to London, followed by something everyone felt, but even I have to words to describe.”

Paul gave Arnold his best glare. If he was going to hold him responsible for that, his cousin was going to find out Paul had his limits.

“I’m not hold that on you,” the tiger said. “You weren’t there to keep stuff like that from happening, but to make us look good, which you did.” He tapped on the desk and the screen now showed what looked like a meeting room with a kangaroo seated at a table, whittling at a piece of wood with a knife being screamed at by official looking men and women about destroying English property and why they don’t just lock him up.

“Him, is who I hold responsible.”

Grant placed the carving on the table and something happened to the sound. It distorted, screeched and went away.

“Here’s the thing,” the kangaroo said, his voice coming in clear. “You keep acting like reality’s immutable. Care to tell me how true that is?” he waited, smiling. There were more silent screaming, but after a few seconds they stopped, settling for glaring. “Reality’s always changing. It’s in its nature. Now, you’re going to have to figure out what to do about this new shift, because you can scream all you want, it isn’t going away. In fact, it’s been here longer than you’d like to know. You accuse me of wanton destruction. Trust me, there was nothing wanton about it. I did what I did, because the alternative would have resulted in a shift of reality which, at best, saw all of you as slaves under one, way too full of himself, guy. At worse, it would have been the end of the world, literally.”

The screen turned off.

“He just out magic to the world. You have any idea the fuck up that’s going to cause?” How was he supposed to know about that?

Arnold sighed. “That was a few hours ago. After that demonstration and statement, the cameras were kicked out. So all I have are hints as to what’s going on. Since all that tool place on English soil, those who aren’t followers anymore are being turned over the the British to prosecute.” Arnold smirked. “I can’t wait to see how that goes. There’s been a few of them, out in the world, who’ve tried to go to other faction for help, but that’s tough to get when you were planning on killing their god. Some have tried to offer their serviced to government in exchanged for protection, but, as much as I hate when he did, that little show of the kangaroo made sure everyone knows they kind of threat the Chamber represented. So, for all intents they are done.”

Paul nodded. Grant hadn’t told him the details, or even the over plan, but he’d said that a large part of his immediate future would be damage control and locating anyone trying to screw over his god by keeping the power but not agreeing to the rules.

Paul had asked why his god simply didn't take the power away if he knew which would and wouldn't play ball, and Grant had sighed tiredly.

"The bastard wants to see what they'll do. So long as I'm hunting them down and enforcing the decision, he's holding up his side of the deal with the others."

Paul had a feeling Grant wouldn't get his normal day anytime soon.

"Take a breath," Arnold said. "Keep your emotions in check. His gift's easier to control if you aren't excited."

That was one polite word for what he'd been feeling since landing in San Francisco Bay.

Still, Paul wanted to have an actual conversation, so he took a few breaths. "That's a lot of information for 'just getting a hint'." He closed his muzzle on the rest of what tried to escape.

Arnold smiled. "Turns out someone has impressed people in position of power enough they felt we were worth keeping in the loop this time." He sobered. "The kangaroo's pushing to get ownership of all properties the Chamber owned, as the official representative of the god who governed them. I just can't wait for the one who tries to sue one of Them."

"Will the Children who took part in all that go to prison? The bastard really should go, I mean, come on, have you seen what did? The people they killed. They can't—" the glare silence him and he forced himself to breathe.

"I don't know. The closest anyone's gotten to figuring out how to deal with magical criminals is Denton's little pet project with his fuck buddy at the FBI. As far as I know, they haven't had a lot of success keeping anyone of us determined enough in those cell them built. I also don't think they are volunteering any information. Another show I'd like to see when it happens."

Arnold was silent as he read something. "The rest, someone requested he be the one to tell you."

Paul raised an eyebrow.

"Our father wants to discuss your future with you."

Was that a joke? Discuss, in his condition?

Arnold smiled. "Well, more like tell you what it's going to entail. I looked over the plan and I think you're going to be okay with it, but ultimately." He paused and looked pained. "It's your decision."

Paul narrowed his eyes. What were his cousins planning?

"Anyway, your car's in the basement, in your parking spot."

"My car? Did you fish it out? How much damage did the drop cause, the water?"

Arnold looked at him, horrified. "You think Adam would let you drive that piece of junk now that you have his gift? Have you met my brother?"

"He fucked me, so yeah, I have met him. I'm telling you so you can relay the message, but he is never getting to fuck me again. Not one of you is. If I'd known what a pain all of this was, I would have turned around and walked out the instant I was bought here, you—"

"Tried," Arnold said.

“What?”

“You would have tried to walk out. You didn’t have our gifts then. You wouldn’t have gotten far. But you’re an Orr. If you feel this is a punishment, take it like an Orr and not one of them.”

Paul waited until he had a semblance of control. “Take the cock up my ass and make someone else pay?”

“Well, my understanding is that you like it, so there might not be that much to make anyone else suffer through. The ignition code is already on your phone.”

That was a dismissal if Paul had ever heard one. So he did the Orr thing and kept glaring at his cousin.

“Paul,” Arnold said. “This isn’t the horrible situation you see.”

“All that power, you mean?”

The tiger leaned back in his seat. “All the good you can do with that power.”

That sounded a lot like a ‘deal with the devil’ kind of situation. But the Orrs weren’t devils, and maybe, he could help them be a little better too.

He left the office and headed to the basement, where the parking lot was. He had no idea what Arnold had meant by ‘his parking spot’, but then saw the ones right by the elevator, with the Orr’s names on a plaque. Adam had six of them, each with a different car.

The last plaque read Paul Heeran Orr.

The car was General-Ford Attribution. Way sportier than anything Paul would have thought to buy, but at least it wasn’t the race car it was parked next to. The door unlocked as he pulled on it and he sat in, waiting for something to happen. Adam’s gift was all about the car, but he didn’t feel any different. It was just a car.

He slotted his phone in, and the vibration of the engine gave him a shiver. Reflexively he looked at his crotch and was relieved to see it wasn’t that kind of reaction to cars the gift gave. He backed out of the spot carefully and eased ahead. He got on the road, and stuck with traffic until he felt an itch and picked up speed, then a little more.

He saw the car ahead cut in front of him, and he reacted without thinking. Slowing, changing lane, picking up speed again.

The car handled like a dream.

He accelerated a little more.

Now, he wanted to see what it could do.

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He strode through the gym’s entrance, ignoring the clerk’s protest, and pushed the door open. This was his father’s gym, he didn’t have to—

His bravado melted away at the walls of muscles working out in the room.

Maybe the ride over had left him a little high.

He might be in love with the Attribution now.

“Paul!” Madoc greeted him. “I’m glad you’re back.”

Paul nearly opened his mouth, but he didn’t trust it, so he waved back. Not Seeing Dietrich, he headed for the office and knocked. He was not barging into that man’s office, father or not.

“Come in.”

Dietrich was making annotation on a tablet. He put it down and smiled. “Paul, it’s good to see you. I’m glad you came out of this intact.”

“My future?” Paul said and clamped his mouth shut. He didn’t want to start yapping without control.

Dietrich raised an eyebrow. “You have Adam’s gift?” Paul nodded.

“Have you driven yet?”

“Are you kidding? My car’s an Attribution. I was terrified that they’d give me something like a race car, or a muscle car. What would I do with a muscle car, but the Attribution is the perfect balance of speed and handling and city driving.” He stopped. “I’m in love.”

“That’s good. Avoid getting speeding tickets, we have more important things to do than deal with those.”

“Your business.”

Dietrich didn’t answer immediately. “All this gave me time to think. To think beyond what you and me want. The kids—that feels weird saying that now that you’re here. They’re older than you. Arnold and his brother have been pushing to help the city. Our family’s always done that, but each generation deals with it differently. They’re trying to be more hands on, but there’s only seven of them.” He took a bottle of water from a drawer and handed it to Paul.

“Do you know about Arthur?”

Paul nodded, taking. “I read about him.”

“Since his death, the medical industry has been suffering.”

Paul raised an eyebrow as he drank. San Francisco Bay had some of the best hospitals in the country.

“So, I decided that you were perfect to take over the position Arthur used to occupy.”

“You’re joking, right? That’s not the kind of Doctor I am. I’m a biochemist, I know nothing about medicine. I—”

“But you can learn, right?”

Paul gaped.

“I just—”

Dietrich smiled.

“That’s going to be—” Medicine wasn’t a course you finished in a couple of years. “Father—”

“Dad, please, use that, I had to refer to Brian as Father. It’s left bad memories.”

“Dad. There have to be better qualified people who can take over right now.”

“They’re already there. They aren’t living up to our standards, you will.”

“How do you know?”

Dietrich smiled. “Because you are my son.”

Paul was an Orr by blood, and that came with responsibilities to the city. He thought about Thomas, [I wanted to include Niel here but I can’t think of what sacrifice he made,

ultimately] who had sacrificed years to help Grant keep the Chamber. Grant, who'd sacrificed himself to protect the world.

What were four or five years, compared to those?

“Alright. I guess it's back to school I go.”