

### Series of death-46

The park was large; the kind of place that, while not officially a no predation zone, had very few instances of predation. Families enjoyed time there with their cubs, playing, wrestling, eating. Some might have seen Bo and his father argue, but they wouldn't have paid attention. Even in an idyllic place like this, arguments happened.

He found his father scent at the edge of the park, by the parking lot and followed it back, losing it a time or two as it crossed families' scents, before reaching the place where his brother's was also present.

He shouldn't be the one doing this, the part of his mind that kept him following the law said. Once his brother hadn't made contact for a day, he could inform the enforcer and the missing person bureau. They would look for him.

Only by then, Trembor pointed out to himself, if Bo hadn't contacted anyone in his family, it would be because he was dead, and he wasn't going to let that happen. It was one thing for someone to become meat. It was another to be killed as revenge for what Trembor had done. And if the enforcers looked for his brother, it would give them a reason to look into the evidence the hedgehog had planted, possibly determine it was a fraud and then Bo would be back in court, only Trembor would be in a cell and unable to help his brother.

So he told that voice to shut up and followed his brother's scent.

His brother had meandered for a while, the anger in his scent lessening, the stress increasing. Once he'd headed back to where their father had been, then gotten angry and changed direction.

"Good going engendering an air of support, Dad," he grumbled.

Bo kept away from the families, which made his scent easy to track. He wandered for a while, and he thought that when Bo stopped by a tree might be when Trembor had arrived at the park. Someone joined him, male by the scent. But Trembor didn't have Marlot's ease at identifying species; another benefit of the course the wolf took.

This other male's presence calmed Bo, and they walked together until they reached the parking lot, on the opposite side from where Trembor had parked. Any empty spot where the vehicle had been. Trembor could just make out his own car, which meant he would have seen what was parked here if he'd known to look for it.

How long had Bo left with this male?

Trembor had spent a good hour tracking the scents, but he'd encountered Bo's halfway, so no more than thirty minutes. He called Torim.

"Dad are you at Bo's place?"

"Yes," his father answered.

"And since you're not telling me Bo's there, I'm guessing that's not where he's heading." If Bo had gone gambling, Trembor wasn't sure anyone would manage to keep their father from gutting Bo. Maybe Serene, but it was questionable if she'd protect Bo, or help Torim at this point.

"He isn't, why did you think he'd be?"

"More like hoping. I tracked his scent back to the parking. He met someone along

the way and it smells like he got in that male's vehicle. I thought he'd given him a ride him, but he'd be there by now."

"Traffic could be bad," Torim commented.

"Not that bad. I guess they could have stopped for a meal."

"If home is where Bolifen's going," Torim said, to which Trembor didn't answer. "Is there anything else you can do?" his father asked as the silence stretched.

Was there? "I don't know. I don't know the make, so I can't ask anyone to look for it." And if he did ask, he was back to the question of what would happen if he involved the authorities. "Have you tried calling him?"

"Yes, it goes to his message center."

"Until Bo wants to talk to us, I'm not sure what we can do."

"Trembor, I'm sorry I lost my temper and sent your brother running. I should have let you pick him up." Torim fell silent. "I just wanted to have a talk with him, without anyone to keep me from telling your brother the kind of trouble he's heading for if he continues like this, but that son of mine is so obstinate, then we were shouting at one another and I needed to get out and cool off."

He is your son, Trembor almost said. The two of them had the same obstinate stream, which was why Trembor and his brothers had worked hard at causing interference.

"There's no point in chasing a gone scent, Dad." Trembor turned to head to his car and paused as something caught his attention under the closest picnic table. "All we can do now is wait for Bo to decide what he wants to do. If he calls me, I'll let you know."

"Alright, I'll bring Herelex and Isenson home with me. Until we know what your brother's doing I think it's best they aren't alone."

"Good idea, bye Dad." Trembor disconnected and reached under the table, pulling the white envelope.

Trembor Goldenmane, was written on it and in blocky script. Feeling along it, the content was a card. He smelled the envelope, and the only scent on it was that of the male accompanying Bo. The scent was fresh too, only a few minutes old, not the thirty he'd expected.

He took off a glove and carefully used a claw to pull it open. Tipping it over, Bo's ID card dropped in his other hand.

Trembor's stomach dropped as he looked around for any clue as to where the vehicle went. His brother would never have willingly relinquished his ID card. No one would.

Of course, there were no indications of where it had gone. It had left before he'd gotten here, even if it had done so by a minute, it was enough to disappear forever.

Except, Trembor realized, as he noticed the stores on the other side of the street lining the parking lot. Except someone's security system might have recorded it without realizing it.

Of course, Trembor didn't have the authority to force a store owner to give him access to their security recordings; that was purely an enforcer right, and even they

needed a signed warrant. But most people got their knowledge as to what RIs could and couldn't do from vid shows, and those didn't care much about the reality of the job, so he could hope no one would question why he was asking for them, or at least would accept that it was for a case he was working.