

Adam parked the minivan in the school's parking lot. He looked to Aaron. "Well?"

Aaron sighed. "Yeah, yeah. I know." He turned to the back. "Alright, Alex, you have all the stuff we found in the attic?"

Alex patted his bag.

"Alright, we're all agreed we need to ask uncle Damian for help?"

"Well," Aiden said, "We agreed to it, you sort of just went along with it."

"I said I'd go with the majority. Okay, so it's important the dads don't realize what we're doing. Make sure you all call one of them to let them know you're going to be home late and that you're going to arrange for a ride yourself."

"Got it." They replied.

Aaron wasn't looking forward to that visit, but they'd spend three days going through the documents from their births and hadn't come up with anything. He knew they could manage it on their own, but he couldn't know how long that would take, like them he didn't want to have to wait before meeting him. they had been separated for eighteen years, that was eighteen too many. Which meant Damian.

Aaron shuddered then exited the minivan.

"Hey guys," a broad shouldered wolf, in the green short of the football team, greeted them. The seven of them turned as one to look at him and they all smiled.

"Hey Zack," Arthur said, licking his lips. "To what do we owe the pleasure of this encounter?"

"I... errr..." The wolf rubbed the back of his head. "I was wondering if any of you were going to be at the football game this Saturday."

"Oh yeah, we're going to be there." the brothers answered,

Except for Alex. He stepped in front of the wolf. "I don't know." He ran a finger along the wolf's jaw. "What's my incentive for showing up?"

Zack panted, then tried to swallow. "I can show up early, and ... you know."

Alex smiled. "I'm kidding. I'll be there, you don't need to offer yourself to me for that."

"Really?" The wolf sounded disappointed.

"He's right," Arthur said. "You don't need to offer anything, but." He ran a finger down the wolf's chest. "If you were to lead your team to a victory, I know I'd be willing to

reward you properly."

"Yeah," Aaron added, "I'm sure we all would."

Zack looked at them, then swallowed hard. "All of you?" Nods. "At the same time?"

The smiles on the tiger's faces became even wider.

"Oh, err, I, Okay. I have to go, errr, practice, yeah, right. I have to go practice." The wolf left in a hurry.

They watched him go, their eyes on his ass.

Aiden sighed. "He does have a great ass."

"Yeah, he does," Adam agreed.

"I don't know," Albert said, "I prefer his pecs. Don't look at me that way," he added when he felt his brother's gazes on him. "You six as all ass obsessed. I happen to think there's more to him than just his ass."

"You are absolutely right," Adam agreed. "He also has an amazing cock. Thick and veiny. I can't wait for him to fuck me."

"You think he'll be able to fuck all of us after the game?" Aaron asked.

"Sure," Alex replied, "but only one of us gets to feel him cum."

Aiden discretely readjusted himself "Well, now that we've made sure I'm going to be hard all day, I need to get going. I have a music class in ten minutes."

"I have a chemistry class," Arthur said.

"I have math," Alex groaned.

"I'll walk with you and offer moral support." Albert put an arm around his brother's shoulder. "I'm heading to the library."

"alright," Aaron said. "I'll see you all here after class." and with that they went their separate ways.

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Adam parked the minivan in the first available parking spot he saw on the street. They were downtown, and only his intimate knowledge of city streets allowed them to make it before the office closed.

"Why don't we go in the underground parking?" Alexander asked.

Adam looked over his shoulder. "Right, because they would let this heap in there. You probably didn't notice, but just in the time we reached this spot two Cadillacs exited while a Bentley and a Ferrari entered. This is a building where they only let people with money in."

"We have money," Aiden commented.

"Dads have money," Adam countered, "We're just the kids, and a minivan doesn't exactly scream 'rich family coming

through'."

"It's uncle Damian's building," Arthur said, looking up in awe at the tall skyscraper. "He'd let us park inside."

"What's there to be impressed about?" Alex asked. "You've been downtown before. You were there when Dads won the game designer's award last year."

"Sure, but this building is in our family, and it's the tallest one in the city."

Alex looked out the window and smiled. "Okay, when you put it that way."

"Well, we can't count on him cutting us any slack," Aaron commented. "He doesn't know where coming, so we'd have to pay anyway. It's going to be cheaper to put money in the meter. We won't be here long. Hell, he might not even see us."

"You didn't call him?" Adam asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

Aaron sighed. "Because I don't want to be here. Look. I'm sorry. I know I should have. I just couldn't get myself to do it and talk to... him."

Adam looked at him with worry.

"It's okay," Alexander interjected, "we're family so he's going to see us."

"This isn't a family gathering," Aaron replied, "where everyone jumps from one bed to the another as he pleases. This is his company, uncle Damian is a busy man."

"Isn't that why it would have been better to call ahead?" Arthur asked.

"No, it's a good thing Aaron didn't call," Adam replied. "For all we know he would have called Dads, and we wouldn't have been able to leave school without them escorting us home. Alright, let's go."

Anakin put the eight dollars in the meter and they now had half an hour.

The lobby was large, with a water fountain in the middle shooting a jet of water in the air. Albert whistled at it. They attracted a few looks from the security people at the desk, but their school clothes were good enough to fit in with the other people.

The elevator that took them to the top floor was large and luxurious, but played the same kind of muzak every other elevator they'd ever taken. Aiden hummed in time to it, and got stared at by his brothers.

"Do you really have to do that?" Alexander asked.

"I don't have my guitar to play along with it, so humming has to do."

Aaron chuckled, glad for the distraction. Aiden was the musically talented one in the family. He played the guitar, the flute, the piano and the trumpet. He had perfect pitch, sang in the choir and composed his own songs. Their fathers had suggested he become a concert pianist, but Aiden didn't care for that kind of pressure.

He preferred recording his songs on Youtube. He'd developed enough of a following with all the songs he'd uploaded there that he'd be an instant success if he decided to publish an album.

Aaron looked at the numbers and his dread climbed with them as they come closer and closer to one hundred.

"Adam," He whispered to his brother. "I can't do it. I can't be the one to talk with him."

Adam squeezed his hand in comfort. "Don't worry, I'll do it. I just wish you'd tell us what happened between the two of you."

Aaron closed his eyes, fighting back tears and shook his head. When the elevator dinged and the doors opened he'd gotten his tear under control and dried his eyes.

They stepped out and looked at a wall with a diamond shaped glass in the middle of it. Above that a sign read : "Diamond Industries", Under the glass another sign: "Because diamonds are just coal under pressure".

They stared at it for a moment.

"Does that make any kind of sense to you?" Albert asked. Heads shook.

"Uncle Damian must have been the one to come up with it then." Arthur said.

Everyone nodded.

They walked around the wall and the space opened up to cubicles and glass offices. It didn't look like there was a lot of people in the room, but they looked very busy.

They headed for the largest office, at the back of the room. Like the others it was glass, but double the size, and the blinds were closed. The sign on the door read : "Damian Orr"

Adam opened it.

It was a reception. A gazelle was seated at the desk. She looked up from her computer at them, then at the clock on the wall. It was five forty-five. Her ears shook for a moment then she got them under control. The wall behind her was opaque, and had a door in it.

"Can I help you?" she asked as they reached her desk. the plaque on it read 'Alice Turbone'.

"We'd like to see Mister Orr."

She looked at the clock again. "Do you have an appointment?"

Adam shook his head.

"Mister Orr is a very busy man." Her tone was friendly, but firm. "He doesn't have time for walkings. Specially not fifteen minutes from closing."

Adman's smile faltered. "We're, We're his nephews. Could you check with him? Please?"

She looked at him, then the others, studying them for a moment. She picked up the phone.

"Mister Orr," she said after a moment. "I'm sorry to disturb you during your meeting, but there's a group of youth here who would like to know if you can find the time to see them." She listened for a moment, then looked the tigers over. "Seven of them, sir. Yes, tigers." She was silent, then surprise on her face. "Very well." She hung up. "He's wrapping up his meeting and he'll see you."

"Thank you Alice," Adam said, "thank you very much."

Albert moved to the wall, studying the painting there, while the others found seats, purposely avoiding sitting close to one another.

"Excuse me," he asked, looking over his shoulder, "is this an actual Rembrandt?"

"No, dear, it's a reproduction."

He looked at it again. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, the original is in a museum."

Albert frowned and moved his muzzle until it was almost touching the painting and he sniffed it. "Smells about right for the era," he mumbled to himself. He checked that she wasn't watching him and ran a finger over the part of the bottom, feeling the paint's texture. "This isn't a reproduction." He took out the small flashlight attached to his key chain and used its powerful light to study it up close. "There's even cracks in the paint." and he thought he could see dirt in there, although that would require taking the painting to a lab to confirm.

Albert took a step back and looked at the painting, the tumultuous sea, the gray sky with sun rays making their way through. The boat and the people fighting to keep it from overturning. It felt real to him.

"If this is a forgery, I want to meet the painter."

"Albert, stop peering holes in it and come sit down," Aaron said.

Albert sat down next to him and started leaning against his brother, who cleared his throat and indicated the secretary. Albert straitened.

"I don't get your fascination with those old painting."

Your stuff is as good at them."

Albert shrugged. "I'm no master. I just dabble in painting."

"You dabble, just like Aiden plays with toy pianos. You have to stop selling yourself short. You should be studying to be a painter instead of planing on doing restoration work. There's no money in that."

Albert sighed. "Can we not have this conversation again? You know I don't care about money. I want to make sure the work of the masters will survive."

Aaron might have said more, but the office's door opened and an angry elephant in a very expensive gray suit stormed out. He glared at the tigers then left, slamming the door behind him.

Alice didn't flinch at the sound. "Mister Orr can see you now."

The seven of them entered. The office was larger than their living room, and they'd had parties with more than fifty people in that room. They now realized this office extended the entire length of the cubicle room.

The only things in the room was a black desk, with two black seats, standing out against the polish white marble floor, and in front of a glass wall looking out over San Francisco.

Damian stood behind the desk. "Come on in!" He had a wide smile. "I have to say this is quite the unexpected surprise. I'm afraid most of you will have to stand, this is the most people my office has ever seen at one time."

"Hey uncle Damian." Adam realized he was nervous. What's wrong with you? he asked himself, you're never like this around him. You've had sex with him for God's sake. Snap out of it.

But this wasn't home, in the living room or one of the bedrooms. He was in his office, and for all that he was smiling, right now the tiger before him didn't feel like his uncle, who could get him to try things he'd never dare, would be afraid to even contemplate, but would end up loving. No, here, in his environment, his uncle looked like what he was, one of the most powerful man in the world, one of the most feared.

Damian directed his smile at Adam, and the teen felt himself relax a little. He knew that smile. he'd seen it often while on his back, his uncle thrusting in him.

"There," Damian said, "that's better. You all know you've always been welcomed here, even if it's taken this long for you to visit."

He came around the desk, hugged and kissed each one of

them. leaving them smiling, blushing and sporting a hardon. even Aaron, who went stiff when his uncle wrapped his arms around him, couldn't stop himself from reacting when those lips pressed against his. He might hate his uncle, but the man was one hot kisser.

Damian leaned back against his desk. "To what do I owe this pleasure."

It took Adam a moment to find his voice again after that kiss. "We found out we have a brother we didn't know about." He then went on to recount the discussion with their fathers. Damian listened intently, standing eerily still. When he was done with that Alex took out a stack of papers from his bag.

"We went through the attic," Adam continued, "And found a lot of papers about our births and the times before that, but nothing that helped us find out which woman disappeared with our brother. We though the contracts would help us, but that wasn't there."

Damian took the papers Alex proffered. "They wouldn't keep those in the attic. They have a safe deposit box for those kind of documents."

"That's what we figured. Can you help us find him?"

"Yes, I can."

"What's it going to cost us?" Aaron asked.

"Nothing," Damian answered. "This is family business, I wouldn't think to put a price on that. Leave these with me, and I'll let you know once I've found him."

Arthur hugged him. "Thanks uncle, you're the best."

"You're welcome. And if I don't see you before that, I'll make it up to all of you for missing your birthday during the summer picnic."

Damian watched his nephews leave. "Alice." His phone beeped, then rang.

"Yes, Mister Orr?" her voice came form the speaker.

"You should have left after ushering my nephews in." he speed read the papers. "You aren't required to work pass six."

"I know sir, I just wanted to make sure they wouldn't have any trouble leaving."

"You are a horrible liar, Alice. You want to make sure I leave the office."

"Well, you do have a bad habit of spending far too much time here."

"That comes with owning and running a multi national corporation."

"It doesn't mean you should be sacrificing your health to it, sir."

"I promise you, Alice, I take excellent care of my

health. Now, go home. Unlike me, you have a husband waiting for you, and while I'm certain he appreciates that with the kind of salary I pay you there comes some sacrifice. Tonight isn't one of those."

"Does this mean you'll be leaving with me?"

"Unfortunately, not tonight. I still have some work to do, but go home, Alice. Go enjoy your evening."

"Alright, have a goodnight Mister Orr. I'll see you in the morning."

The phone disconnected the call and he put the last page of the stack on his desk. His first instinct was to go see his two brothers and knock their heads together. What had they been thinking, letting one of their sons get away like that. What was this nonsense about them having enough kids? It wasn't about how many kids they had, it was about him being raised right.

He spent the next hour making calls. Putting his best people on sifting through each and every scrap of information about his nephews conception and the events around it.

After the calls were placed he went home. It would take a few days before he had anything he could use. A good meal, some exercise, then a full night of sleep. Alice would be pleased he didn't spend the whole night in the office.