

"That was a hell of a game," Alex said, putting his jacket back on. The crowd was finally thinning, so he stood. Patrick and Aaron looked around and did the same.

"Yeah, it was," Aaron agreed, "Although I thought Merendez was off his game today. He dropped the ball three times. Maybe it's time he retired?"

"Nah, he's just having an off day," Patrick disagreed. "He's having an amazing season."

Aaron snorted, "You're just partial to him because of all those picture of him with his kids."

"No," Patrick said, "he's a good player, if you bothered keeping up with the Ram's games when you're wherever you go when you're not in town, you'd know that." He paused in the hall, trying to remember which direction lead to the exit. Alex pointed. "And for the record, It isn't because a guy turns me on that I'm going to go easy on him."

"He's right," Alex said, "you should have heard him lose his shit when the Angels lost the world championship to that Japanese team, what were they called?"

Patrick shrugged. "I don't remember, but the only reason they won was because Monroe had his head up his ass. That guy has no business pitching for any team anymore, he gave them three home runs, and on top of that his pitching was all over the map, four of them just walked. I don't understand why their manager waited until the seventh innings to replace him, he'd already given them the game by then."

"What does that have to do with anything?" Aaron asked. "You guys know I can't stand baseball, so if this is a baseball thing, you're wasting your time."

"It isn't a baseball thing," Alex said. "Pat, what does Monroe look like?"

Patrick stopped moving before the stairs. "Oh man." he closed his eyes. "He's this gorgeous black bear, nice muscle, just a bit of a gut, thick cock and heavy balls, and he has three girls that he is always dotting on." He shivered. "He's so adorable." He panted, readjusted himself and started down the stairs.

"See," Alex said, "it doesn't matter how much into a guy he is, if he screws up he isn't getting any slack."

"Got it." Aaron fell into step behind his brothers. "Pat, how do you know what his junk's like? have you slept with him?"

"I wish. No, he's happily married. I don't think even

Adam could find a way to get in his pants." They exited the Eldorado Stadium and they breathed in the cool October air.

"Speaking of Adam, how's his career going? It's impossible to keep track with the races when I'm overseas."

"Don't you have the internet?"

Aaron snorted. "not in the places I end up."

"Which is?" Patrick asked.

"Classified."

"You do know I can find out, right? I don't even have to ask uncle Damian."

Aaron had a small shudder at the name. "If you do, that's fine. If I tell you, I'll get court marshaled, and trust me, even Damian wouldn't be able to save my neck."

"Adam won the Nascar world race this year," Alex said, "He's in Texas right now, the Austin championship, I think, maybe it the rally?"

"No, it's the Championship," Patrick offered. "The Rally was in North Dakota, in August."

"Right. He's back here in mid November, and he promised to be here for the holidays."

"You going to be here this time?" Patrick asked Aaron.

He shrugged. "Hopefully? There's no way to tell. The nice thing about black ops is that they rarely put me in other countries for years on end, the down side is that I might get called at any time."

Alex nodded. "We've missed you, you know." He put an arm around his brother and pulled him close.

Aaron returned the gesture. "I know. I missed you too guys. That's why I always make sure to spend time with everyone when I manage to get back, even if it isn't all at the same time."

"You seen dad yet?" Patrick asked, although what he really wanted to ask him was if he was going to see Damian this time around.

"Yeah, I spent the night with them. These two wore me out. Every time I think my training gave me as much endurance as it's possible to have, and then I go home and by the time they're done with me I'm begging for my life."

Patrick laughed. "Yeah, they are horny. I need to spend some time with them," he sighed. "I'm not going to last until Christmas."

"You don't have to just see them at family gatherings, you know." Aaron said.

"I know, I just don't like feeling like I'm always going back to them."

"Don't you have other guys?" Alex asked. "I thought you

were seeing that leopard."

"oh, I do, and I was. I probably sleep with as many guys as the two of you." He eyed Aaron. "Although I don't know about you, there can't be that many gays in the black ops. But you know my thing. It's tough for most of them to fulfill the father figure role. And dad? well, they're dad, no one can replace them."

"Amen to that," Aaron said, then winced. "Oh shit, I'm sorry."

Patrick laughed. "Come on, you know I'm not that stuck up about that stuff."

"Still, sorry. And you're right, there aren't that many gays, but one of the things you learn when you're stuck in the middle of nowhere, with just guys around, is that you take your relief where you can. Being versatile means I usually bottom for the guys in my unit, but two of them are willing to let me top them once in a while."

"Sounds fun," Alex chuckled.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you? Power bottom that you are."

"Watch your mouth, I remember a certain tiger begging me for more a few months ago."

"Must have been Pat," Aaron offered.

"Ah! No way. Not that time. That was all you."

"I'll pound the memory back in you once we're at my place," Alex promised.

The three of them stopped moving at the same time, and tensed when they heard the click behind them. They knew the sound of a gun being cocked from years of dealing with them, but Aaron was the only one able to identify the Colt M1911.

"You try anything funny, and I plug your head."

As one they turned, but none of them raised their hands at the horse holding the gun at them. Behind him stood seven others, all of them were dressed in Saratoga colors.

Patrick identified three knives, one baton, and two had bulges that had to be guns.

Aaron saw that the collie had a problem with his right leg. The spider monkey favored his right arm, even though it was his off hand. The two Maine coons had trouble breathing, the elk was near sighted. The horse, fox, kangaroo, and badger were in good shape. The horse had to come down first, he led. The badger or kangaroo afterward, both would be ferocious in a fight.

Alex identified the spider monkey as Carligan, wanted for a few minor robberies and under suspicion of selling drugs. The kangaroo's name was Eddie Jackaro, three beatings, one murderer. The fox was Lenny Sparrow, more drug charges than he

could remember. He'd seen the others on multiple reports, but didn't know their names. The maine coons were enforcers for the Saratos.

"Now," the horse said, "you three look like you're well off, so you won't mind giving us some of your money, those watches too."

The brothers looked at their identical watches, gifts from their fathers on their twenty first birthday. They looked at each other, the look on their face making it clear they weren't going to part with that.

"Look," Alex said, "before we go any further, I need to take off my jacket, okay? I'm not going to do any sudden movement, I'm just going to take it off." He carefully removed it, making sure to always keep his hands visible. In the process he exposed the detective badge clipped to his belt.

"Shit! he's a cop!" The gang moved about nervously, and the horse pointed the gun at him.

"Easy, easy. I'm going to take it off. That way I'm not going to be a cop." He unclipped it, and put it in his jacket's pocket. "now I'm going to turn around so you can see my piece. I'm going to take that off and roll it in my jacket, then I'm going to put that," he looked around, "on that news display over there, alright?"

The horse thought about it. "You try anything, and I'm capping you."

"I promise, I'm not going to try anything." Alex moved slowly, and a moment later he was back, less his badge, gun and jacket.

"Now," the horse started, and was interrupted by Patrick's phone ringing. The gun when to him.

"Easy. I'm just going to reach in my jacket for my phone." He took it out, and showed the display to the horse. "it's the office, I have to take this. If I don't they're going to worry and might call the cops. there's a GPS in it so they'll come right here. None of us want that, right?"

The horse nodded.

"Patrick speaking."

"Hello sir. Security picked up that you are in trouble, do you want me to send support?"

"Hello Amanda," Patrick replied, looking around, and spotting the city camera pointed in their direction. "I'm doing okay. I'm just hanging out with friends at the moment. Can the problem wait until the morning?"

"Sir, I see a gun pointed at you, are you sure you don't want support?"

"This isn't an emergency, Amanda, there's not need to disturb anyone else over this."

"If you're certain, sir."

"I'm sure of it. You have a good night, I'll see you in the morning, I have a party to get back to." He hung up and put the phone away.

He and Alex looked at Aaron.

"Don't look at me," he said. "I leave my gear at home when I'm off duty, and if work needs to reach me, they'll come get me, not call."

"Good," the horse said, "now you're going to do what I tell you."

The three of them looked at each other.

The horse never saw Aaron clock him, then turn and elbow him in the stomach.

In the same moment, Patrick was on the collie holding a knife. He grabbed the wrist, twisted it. the dog dropped it and Patrick caught it. He hit the spider monkey with the pummel, dropping him.

Alex took two steps and kicked the badger in the balls. That dropped him to his knees and got him a knee to the face. He ducked as a stick swung at him. He blocked the next swing, and punched the fox in the face. He took the baton out of his hand and threw it at one of the cats pulling out a gun, hitting him in the face, and making him fumble the gun to the ground. "there's another gun!"

"Got it!" Aaron ran at the cat, punching the kangaroo in passing. the cat raised the gun, and Aaron kicked him in the chest, sending him flying back. He punched the other cat in the chest, making him take a few step back, hold his chest and wheeze.

A punch to his shoulder sent him spinning. He raised his arms, blocked the punches the kangaroo pummeled him with. He was waiting for an opening when the kangaroo dropped to the ground. Alex was holding the gun as a bludgeon.

"You don't mind?" he asked.

"Nope, thanks."

They looked around at the groaning and moaning gang, writhing on the ground. Patrick was picking up the weapons.

Aaron sighed. "There goes the rest of our plans. We're going to be dealing with the cops till morning. No offense."

"Only if we call this in," Alex commented.

"Shouldn't we?" Aaron asked. "Won't it look bad on you if we don't?"

"Who's going to report it? we're in an industrial neighborhood, no one lives here, well no one who'd be believed. These guys aren't going to press charges, and they're going to end up in jail anyway, it's just a question of time. Pat, you're people can take care of that camera?"

"Yeah, no one wants records of me getting in a fight, even if I was provoked, so it's probably already erased. I'm going to have to make a call to get these weapons picked up and disposed of."

"You two do this often?" Aaron asked.

"Nope, first time for me," Alex said, "well, while off work."

"You guys know I've gotten in my share of scraps in my youth," Patrick offered, "and I've been in a few fights since starting working, but that's part of the job."

"You guys are pretty well organized, for people who haven't done this before."

"He's the organized one." Alex pointed to Patrick.

"Again, part of the job. Unlike you, we don't have government support for what we have to do, so we need to cover our asses. And uncle Damian's been teaching me."

"What?" Aaron took a step back. "Don't. Patrick, don't let him do that to you."

"Calm down, Aaron. Jeez, he's not locking me in a room or anything, we just sit down and have talks. On top of what I'm learning at the security firm, he's helping me prepare for when I'll take over the company."

Aaron was staring at him. "You can't trust him. He's dangerous."

"I know he's dangerous," Patrick said, not succeeding at keeping all of his exasperation out of his voice. "I know you have problems with him. I don't know the details, but I understand the concept of why you feel that way. Whatever you say, I trust him."

"He's going to hurt you." Aaron's voice was quiet.

Patrick shrugged. "Probably, but it won't be because he wants to hurt me."

Aaron looked away.

Patrick hugged his brother. "How about we drop this, and stick to the plan? After this fight I need to fuck someone, and I'm thinking we need to double dick Alex."

Aaron grinned at his brother. They turned to see that Alex was already running.

"You can't do that if you can't catch me!"

Patrick stopped Aaron from running. "I know a short cut to his place. We're going to surprise him there."