

Patrick growled as he nearly wrenched the shutter off its hinges, and even worse, he almost threw it to the ground. He forced himself to put it down gently. It had cost Mister Michaud three hundred dollar, he couldn't just toss it about because he couldn't focus.

He had to admit he couldn't do this, not right now. He kept thinking back to Adam's scared expression and Damian's smirk. He'd hoped that a couple of day's distance would have allowed him to put that behind him as much as he could, but he was still furious that someone would hurt his brother.

He placed the shutter back in the box with its twin, closed it and took that to the shed. Then he knocked on the house's back door.

The late forty badger opened it. "Yes Patrique?"

"Is it okay if I put up the shutters tomorrow? I have some family issues on my mind and I can't concentrate."

"Of course, Of course. Dat is perfectly fine," he replied in his slight French accent. "How much should I pay you now?"

"Nothing. You can pay me tomorrow, once I've finished the work."

"Are you certain?"

"Yeah. I'll be back about the same time."

"Very well. I will see you tomorrow." The badger closed the door.

Patrick took his phone out. He'd thought he could just put this out of his mind, but he needed to resolve it and the only he could was to have a serious talk with Damian, with his uncle.

He accessed the directory and did a search for Damian Orr, tiger, to get his address, his name didn't come up. Nothing came up at all. He remembered the difficulty Rich had had in finding his father's address, and Damian had said something to the effect he shouldn't have been able to find anything.

If he wasn't in the directory, he could find him on the web, he had before. He switched to a general search, and like the other time there was a lot of results, all linked to the business world. He called up a result that had a picture, and that stony expression with those blue gray eyes looked back at him.

The article talked about him and his corporation, Diamond Enterprise. Right, Patrick remembered the name from the card. The company was the fourth largest multinational corporation in the world, and the largest privately owned one. The article called Damian Orr one of the most influential person of the

twenty-first century.

Alright, so he couldn't find his home address, but his company had to have a listing. A quick search got him that. And he had to be there at some time. it wasn't even noon yet. Once he was downtown lunch time would be over. He could find him there have have that talk.

* * * * *

okay, Patrick thought, this might be a little more difficult than he'd expected. He looked at the tall glass building. He wasn't sure why he'd expected something less imposing, after all it was a multinational corporation. Walking by the two entrances showed him they had guards in the lobby. They wouldn't let someone like him in that way. He was going to need a different way in.

* * * * *

The phone on his desk ringed, but it wasn't it's usual sound. it was the one that said the call was on his private line. Damian looked at the incoming number then answered.

"Hello August."

"Mister Orr," the person on the other end said. "We might have a problem."

Damian leaned back in his chair. "Go on."

"The guy you're having us follow, he's at your door step."

"He's welcome to come in, my company has an open door policy."

"Yeah, well, from the report my guys just sent me, he's not looking to come in the front door. He walked around the building a few times and now he's at the mouth of an alley across the street from one of the parking entrances."

"Which one?"

There was a moment of silence. "The one on the south west side."

"Alright. Tell your people not to follow him inside the building."

"Sir, is that wise? If he found out you're having him watched he might be looking for retribution."

"Don't be ridiculous, August. Even if he knew about you, why would he seek retribution for being protected?" The horse on the other end didn't say anything. "Look, I appreciate the concern, but I have my own security people, they can handle him if he causes problems."

"Alright sir."

Damian disconnected the call and stood. He knew why his nephew was here, although he didn't understand why he didn't walk in through the entrance like everyone else.

He left his office and stopped by Alice's desk. "I need to look into something, I should be back before my three O'Clock."

"Yes Mister Orr. Should I contact you if something comes up?"

"Only if it's an emergency."

"Yes Mister Orr."

Damian took the stairs down four floors and went to the security office. The large room was well lit, with a wall of screen and six security officers manning them. Damian stood next to the koala in the second left chair. He glanced at the control board and caught the reflection of his name tag. Damian had read every employee's file, but he couldn't remember every individual names.

"Willis, please bring up the camera looking out from the south west parking entrance."

The koala looked up in surprise, then did as he was told. The closest screen to them switched and they looked out on the street. The alley was in darkness and he couldn't see his nephew hiding there.

"Call the guard at the booth, on his personal phone."

The koala only had a moment of hesitation before bringing up the guards' schedule, then he inputted the number. Damian asked for the handset once that was done.

"Phillip, this is Damian Orr."

"Sure, Okay."

Damian didn't say anything. He expected not to be recognized immediately, the bobcat had no reason to expect a call from him, and while Damian didn't demand attention and salutes, he wanted to be certain the guard knew who he was talking to before giving him his orders.

"oh shit," the bobcat said and there was the sound of a chair being shoved away. "Sir, Mister Orr, sir, I'm sorry. What can I do for you."

"I want you to go to the bathroom, and stay there until you are told to return to your post."

"Err, sir?"

Damian had hoped that he could avoid this uncertainty once the guard realized who he was talking with.

"Please don't asked me to repeat myself Philip."

"Sir, that's going to leave this entrance unguarded."

Damian approved of this reaction. People who obeyed blindly were easier to manipulate. Damian handed the handset to the koala.

"Phil, it's Will. it's okay, we have the entrance on the screen. Do what the boss says."

* * * * *

Patrick had been standing in the shadows for ten minutes trying to figure out how to get in unnoticed. He wanted to catch Damian unprepared. He'd decided he was going to wait for a large enough vehicle, something like a delivery truck, then quickly run across the road and use that to hide him from the guard.

He was waiting for that when the guard left the booth and walked deeper in the building. Where was he doing? How long would he be gone? he couldn't waste this opportunity. he made sure the road was clear and ran across it. He stopped by the booth to make sure the guard wouldn't see him from where ever he was, and dashed for the closest column.

He hid behind the column closest to the door going in the stairwell, once the guard was back in his booth he'd go in and... then what? He didn't know where Damian's office was, and he couldn't wander the halls, he'd be noticed. He didn't look like anyone here. he didn't even know if Damian was here today. It would be a waste if he was caught and Damian wasn't even here.

How could he find out? There had to be a directory screen somewhere, he could use that and call his office. They might not tell him. Patrick leaned his head back on the concrete column and looked around at the cars around him.

Wait, cars. He knew which car Damian drove. It was distinctive enough he'd be able to tell if it was here.

* * * * *

Damian watched his nephew hurry between the cars looking them over.

"What is he doing? checking if there's anything worth stealing in them?" The Koala asked. The others glanced their way and then went back to their screens

That wasn't what his nephew was doing. he wasn't looking in the cars, he was giving them a quick look over. He wasn't seeing if one was worth stealing, Patrick didn't know how to drive, and he was too honest to steal cars.

The only thing he could be doing was trying to find a specific car, and in this garage there was only one car he could be looking for. Patrick was fortunate that the car he was looking for was indeed parked here, even though it wasn't Damian's regular car.

Damian watched as Patrick moved through the garage, heading away from the booth and toward the ramp going down to the next level.

"Call Philip."

The koala entered the number and handed him the handset.

"Philip, this is Damian."

"Yes sir."

"You can return to the booth. On your way there, you might catch a glimpse of a young tiger among the cars. You will ignore him."

"Err, yes sir."

Damian handed the handset back and followed his nephew from one screen to the next. He was less furtive on the second level once he noticed there were no guards, but he had to hide a few times when people walked to their cars, or parked and entered the building.

At no time did his nephew try to avoid the camera, or even looked around to see where they were. Living in his low class neighborhood, reading fantasy novels, not watching entertainment shows, and hardly having any presence online his nephew was sorely unprepared for the modern world. Damian would have to remedy that at some point.

Finally his nephew reached the third parking level. The car he was looking for was in GK-36. If he moved at the same speed he had on the second level, even considering the odds of interruptions were lower, the cars on that level were mostly longer term parking, it would take him ten minutes to get close enough to notice it.

"Shut down all the cameras on the third sub level."

"Sir?"

Damian didn't say anything. He didn't even look at the koala. If he had to repeat himself to get this done he needed to replace him. One by one the screens showing the third sub level went dark.

"Leave them down until I tell you to bring them back up."

"Yes sir."

Damian hurried to the stairs on the other side of the building. those would let him see the car from the door. He'd be able to plan his arrival that way.

* * * * *

Patrick had no trouble identifying the car at a distance, it was silver, and stood out among darker color cars. Closer he confirmed it didn't have a model name. He looked around and located the elevator. He needed a hiding place that would let him keep an eye on it while not being seen. He found it between two large cars further back. He sat down, took out his phone and settled in to read, keeping an ear for the ding of the elevator doors opening.

Twenty pages later it wasn't the ding that pulled him out, but the click clack of shoes on the concrete. Patrick checked the time, not even two. Someone was leaving early. He peeked up and quickly lowered himself. It was Damian.

Fear gripped him for a moment. He had no business doing

this, he was just a school drop out from the bad side of the city, but then he remembered Adam's face as he ran through the dining room. he put his phone away and gritted his teeth. He stood.

"Damian," he growled.

Damian stopped, looked around for a moment, searching for him, then saw him. "Patrick? What are you doing here?" The surprise in his tone was clear and Patrick smiled.

"You and I need to have a talk." He stepped out from behind the car and walked to his uncle.

Damian crossed his arms over his chest. "Really? about what?"

"You know damn well about what." Patrick's fists were clenched at his sides.

Damian shook his head. "No. I'm afraid I don't."

"Adam." he growled again.

Damian canted his head to the side. "Adam? What about him?"

"What did you do to him?" his growl was deepening.

"I didn't do anything to him."

"Liar. someone doesn't have the fear Adam had on his face unless someone hurt him really bad."

Damian leveled his gaze at Patrick. "Patrick. Stand down before you do something you will regret."

Patrick screamed. Not words, just anger. He didn't realize his fist was flying at Damian until it stopped so suddenly his arm hurt. The shock killed his anger. Damian was holding Patrick's wrist.

"Do not ever attack me again, Patrick."

Patrick tried to pull, but he couldn't. Damian's arm didn't even move.

"You are family, and I'm not allowed to hurt you, but I would make you regret it."

Patrick pulled left and right and Damian's arms didn't move. he pulled back as hard as he could, just as Damian opened his hand and Patrick fell back on his ass. He looked up, pissed, as Damian took a step toward him then crouched down.

They studied each other.

"What happened to the wise young man who was afraid of me?"

"He found out you're a fucking bully to gets off on hurting kids." Patrick spat.

Damian's thoughtful expression didn't change. "I don't."

"Right," Patrick snorted. "Then what happened to Adam?"

"It isn't my place to say."

"And Aaron? I've seen the hate he has for you. what did you do to him?"

"It isn't my place to speak to that either," Damian said, except this time Patrick thought he heard something in his voice, regret?

"So what? you get off on people being afraid of you? Well I'm not. You think your money's scary? you think because you can buy anything and anyone we should be afraid of you? Well, I've got news for you. Some of us don't give a damn how rich you are."

Damian didn't say anything, his gaze unwaveringly on him. "Why are you so angry, Patrick."

"Why the fuck do you think? You hurt my brothers, your own nephews. You have any idea how sick that is?"

"You've barely known them for three months."

"What does that have to do with anything? there's my family. They're yours! how could you hurt them like that?"

"I didn't. I'm not allowed to hurt them."

"What the fuck does that mean?"

Damian took a moment to reply. "If I explained it to you, would you understand? Would you even try to understand?"

Patrick looked at him, mouth open, why did he sound pained? He started to ask him what was wrong, but his phone buzzing interrupted him. He ignored it, but Damian looked at his jacket's pocket.

"How long are you going to let her suffer?"

How did he know it was his mother? Patrick had no doubt it was her she'd been trying to reach him multiple times a day, but how did he know?

"Why do you care?"

"I have to look after my family. That includes you. You need your mother. You're angry at her, but you won't be able to resolve that if you don't talk with her. The chasm will only get larger and larger, and it will hurt you. If you wait too long, you may not be able to fix things anymore."

"Why do you even care?"

Damian stood. "I made a promise, Patrick. I believe that you understand how important promises are."

Patrick found himself nodding.

Damian turned to leave, then stopped. "I know that with the life you've lived you know that things are complicated, but some things are even more complicated than you can imagine. Go home Patrick." He left him alone.

Patrick sat there for a while trying to understand what Damian had meant, but in the end he had to admit defeat, he just wasn't smart enough to figure it out. He stood and took

out his phone, looked at yet another entry for a missed call with his mother's number tagged to it.

He spent more time thinking, about what Damian had said, about how he felt about that guy, and his mother, what he wanted out of life. then he sent her a message.

'I'll be home for dinner.'