

Okay you lot, buckle up because this starts a bit of a rollercoaster ride over then next several chapters.

Jenna found him waiting for his laundry to finish. She leaned against an idle washer and crossed her arms and cupped her elbow in her paws as she looked over at Jeremy. "How are things with you?"

Jeremy looked back curious as to what her eventual point was going to be. "Good, but its a bit frustrating that I seem to be lasting longer than my clients."

The cougar snorted. "You're only going to have even more stamina as you mature, so get used to it."

Jeremy watched his employer. His mind was on his last client. He'd managed to get her to climax at least three times while he was still unsatisfied. After a few seconds he asked "So, whats on your mind?"

She smiled and answered with a question. "Is your brother still looking for work?"

"Yes."

"Your next appointment is tomorrow at six. Bring him in with you and I'll have a talk with him. We'll see where we go from there." Jenna said. She had a slight smile on her face as she watched Jeremy for reaction.

He nodded. "I'm pretty sure he'll be free.

"Its not going to be a problem with him working here too?"

Jeremy smiled. "No. He knows what goes on here."

"Alright then," she said as she pushed off the machine "I'll see you both tomorrow."

He watched as she left wondering why she had thought it would be a problem having Sam working at The Floor. Shrugging it off he continued waiting for his sheets to dry. Once everything in his studio was ready for his next client he headed home.

When he came in Sam and Eric were both sitting on the couch watching television. He noticed Eric was still in his uniform from the gym. Jeremy went into the kitchen to look for a small snack to eat but there was only condiments left in the fridge. He continued looking through the cabinets for anything but what they had would take time to make and he only wanted something simple. He stopped searching and looked out to the living room.

Sam was looking back with an expression that said he knew there was nothing. Eric was either uncaring or making an effort of ignoring him. "Have you bought anything to replace all the food you've stuffed in your face?"

Eric looked up at a point above the television screen for a second before turning his head to look at Jeremy. "What? Me?"

"Yes, you. One of the conditions of you living here is that you help with the food budget."

"Yeah." He said with a tone that indicated he didn't want to be bothered.

"Well, its about time to get something. We're out of food and as far as I'm concerned its your turn."

"Now? Everything's probably closed." Eric said clearly trying to dismiss the issue.

"There's plenty of places around us open all hours."

Eric looked back at him with an unbelieving expression. Sam was staring at the television but from the set of his ears he was clearly enjoying the scene. Eric finally got up from the couch and headed for the bathroom.

"Where are you going?" Jeremy asked.

"I'm going to clean up before I go out, unless you're going to starve in the next half hour." His brother answered. Eric's tone of voice was clearly meant to spark his anger. Having seen the same act with their father on countless occasions Jeremy was prepared to counter his efforts.

"If its not a problem to lounge around on our furniture in your stinky uniform then you can go out in it." Jeremy said letting his rising anger filter into his voice.

Eric had stopped halfway to the bathroom with his mouth open staring at Jeremy. His expression changed from surprise to anger as he looked at his brother. He slowly turned back toward the bathroom and walked inside. He glanced out as he closed the door clearly uncertain if Jeremy was going to push the issue any further.

Jeremy looked at Sam who was smiling back at him. "Come on, I'm going to get something to eat but I've got some news I don't want him to hear."

Sam stood and joined him. He was obviously curious but waited for Jeremy to start. They were in the elevator when Jeremy said "Jenna asked to bring you in with me tomorrow. She wants to talk with you about a job."

Sam smiled. "Good. I'll take literally anything at this point."

The elevator stopped halfway to the lobby and the doors opened showing a other couple waiting. They all traveled down in silence. Once he and Sam were out of the building it seemed to Jeremy better to change subjects. They chatted about minor things as Jeremy noticed Sam had taken the lead toward a small diner about a block from their building. Jeremy'd never been there yet so was curious. The food turned out to be as good as anywhere else Sam had chosen to show him.

When they returned Eric had bought about two bags of food and had left them on the counter. Sam sat and watched television as another round of arguing between Jeremy and Eric ensued. Things settled down after a while, mainly due to Jeremy not being interested in watching television and went to his room. Eventually Sam went to bed letting Eric take the couch to sleep.

The next morning Jeremy woke to the smell of cooking. Going out to the living area he found what he'd come to expect. Sam was in the kitchen and Eric was seated at the breakfast bar on one of the stools. Jeremy sat next to his brother and joined him in watching Sam work.

He was always impressed at how Sam could keep track the different ingredients as they cooked. Jeremy thought of himself as a natural problem solver, his mind worked its way through puzzles easily. He had always thought he should be able to do as well in the kitchen as his brother with that in mind. Unfortunately, there was something about the requirements of tracking the separate parts of a meal that always defeated him. His brother however seemed to be a natural at that mental task.

"Sam says he has an interview this evening." Eric said with a smirk.

Jeremy nodded. "Yes, its at my second job. He finally let me try and help." he replied without thinking too far beyond the admission. He suddenly realized Eric was for once the last family member to know what The Thirteenth Floor actually was.

"That explains it then."

"What?" Jeremy asked turning at the tone of his voice. It had sounded as though he'd expected Sam to never get another job. He noticed from the corner of his eye that Sam had stopped and was clearly listening in.

Eric had seen the change in his face. "You're kidding. You do know he got fired because he's gay, right?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?" He answered back, a tinge of anger in his voice again. Eric was either learning to push his buttons or he was dangerously clueless.

His brother turned his head to stare at Sam and stated "He was caught giving his manager a blowjob in a cleaning closet. They let the both of them go on the spot." He ended with a smile.

"Bullshit. People don't get fired because they have different lifestyles you ignorant ass."

"No?" Eric asked, turning back to Sam he taunted "Tell him I'm wrong."

Jeremy turned to his brother and saw he was embarrassed to distraction. He looked to Jeremy and tried to say something but could only turn back to the stove.

"See?"

Jeremy felt terrible for his brother. He'd not wanted to pry and had gone out of his way to give Sam time to tell him what happened only if and when he wanted. Eric on the other hand had chosen the most harmful moment to reveal his knowledge. He suddenly suspected that the accusation might have silenced Sam because it was false.

"Wait, how would you know anyway?" Jeremy asked.

Eric puffed out his chest like a proud bird. Still in the habit of wearing a too small red gym shirt he had no doubt Eric thought he looked superior at that moment. "I train one of his former coworkers. He's a bit of a sissy himself but at least he tries."

Jeremy couldn't believe the self centeredness of his brother. He'd just torn his brother down while thinking he benefited from the deed in some way. He even looked at Jeremy still proud of himself and not catching on to his anger and loathing. Jeremy refrained from saying anything for fear of making the situation worse. He'd never envisioned this situation within his own family with one of his brothers turning on the other.

He turned to Sam seeing he had less than his usual enthusiasm for the task of cooking food. His movements were clearly halfhearted and even sloppy. In the silent minutes it took for him to finish the stovetop was cluttered with spills and the gas flame was sputtering from being spilled on as well. He plated everything and set them in front of Jeremy and Eric before going to his room without a word.

Jeremy leaned down to put his forehead in his palm. He could tell by the smell that Sam had burnt something. Even if he had still been hungry he couldn't have brought himself to eat knowing his brother was in such pain. He looked up at the sound of Eric eating.

"How could you?"

"What?" He mumbled around a mouthful of food.

"How could you do that to Sam? He's your brother."

"He's gay, fuck him." Eric stated as he shoveled another forkful in his mouth.

"Get the fuck out." Jeremy ordered as he got off the stool. Taking Eric's shirt by the back collar he pulled him away from the breakfast bar. As he pulled Eric away from the bar the stool he'd been sitting on tipped over. His brother's feet got tangled in the stool forcing Jeremy to take on more of his brother's weight. He saw food spray everywhere as his brother started struggling against him.

Eric shouted "What the fuck?" spitting even more food from his mouth.

"Out. I can't stand the sight of you right now." Jeremy said as he pulled him toward the front door.

"I have a right to stay here." Eric said as he dug his heels in against his brother's efforts.

Jeremy lifted him by his shirt and with his feet off the floor carried him to the door. He mercilessly slammed his brother's body against the closed portal without slowing. Pulling him back from the door he said "Get the fuck out." and slammed him against the door again.

"Fuck. What the fuck." Eric said suddenly almost sobbing.

"Open the fucking door." Jeremy ordered pulling him back again. As soon as Eric had the door open he reached around his brother and pulled it open the rest of the way. His anger enabled him to keep his brother off the floor with one arm. He shoved him through the doorway and stood watching him sprawl out in the hallway. As Eric started picking himself up Jeremy said "I don't give a fuck where you go but I don't want to see you for the rest of the day. Find somewhere else if you have to but you're not coming back in today."

Jeremy slammed the door on his brother even before he was back on his feet. He stood inside the door for a moment calming himself after his outburst. He looked at Sam's still closed door unable to think of anything he could say that would help. Knowing he was more likely to make matters worse by opening his mouth just for the effort he was forced to concede silence the wisest course. He crossed to the kitchen and started cleaning up.

Jeremy was vacuuming the living room carpet when Sam finally came out of his room. He turned off the vacuum and watched his brother. He still wasn't sure what to say to him that wouldn't hurt. Jeremy sighed. "Sorry."

"I'm sorry. I should have told you before now." Sam said.

"No." Jeremy said. He wasn't sure if it was going to help or not but he continued anyway. "It was your decision to make, not his. I didn't ask out of respect. Just because he doesn't have the same respect doesn't make you wrong."

Sam nodded. "Well, thanks for what you did. It means a lot."

It took Jeremy a second to understand what he'd meant. He was about to admit he had thrown Eric out due to his anger at hurting a family member but stopped. While he wasn't against Sam's choice correcting his impression of his own motive might seem to say he sided even slightly with Eric. His brother needed all the support he could get at that moment. He dropped the vacuum cord and crossed to his brother.

Sam's expression took on a look of concern before Jeremy pulled him into a hug. Jeremy felt his brother's arms wrap around him and return the hug. "I never meant to hurt you."

"I know." Sam said against his chest as his arms tightened.

Several moments went by before Sam signaled an end to the gesture. Stepping back from his brother he looked up and said "Thanks for being a brother."

"I'd say your welcome but to me its not even a matter of choice."

Sam smiled at that. "I'll finish cleaning up." He said as he stepped toward the abandoned vacuum.

"No." Jeremy replied. "Its time I did my fair share. I've been lazy letting you do most of the work around here."

"Well, okay." Sam said. He watched Jeremy start up the vacuum again and said over the noise "Actually, its about time."

Jeremy grinned at the comment. He was glad his brother had recovered his humor enough to poke fun at him. The rest of the morning went fairly normally without Eric. Jeremy stayed at home and worked from his tablet. Together they went out for a late lunch. Soon enough it was time to head to The Thirteenth Floor.

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And with this I can finally reward one of you lot with a story. They guessed what everyone now knows months ago. I swore him to secrecy and he's kept Sam's confidence for months.