

Time for a rare shameless plug; My Patreon supporters didn't have to wait a week to see this chapter. That's right, I've once again started publishing a chapter ahead for all Patreons. They also get a reward story that is for now monetized at every fifteen dollars of support. See, even adds are short and somewhat painless here.

As he walked toward the apartment he shared with Sam he was surprised to hear shouting from inside. Opening the door he found Eric had decided to finally make an appearance. Jeremy closed the door quietly and stood at the entry for a moment taking in the scene. Eric was standing at the entry of the kitchen shouting at Sam. Jeremy stood still for the few seconds it took to know what the argument was about.

"Fuck you, I told you I don't care what he said. I'm telling you I should have the bedroom. I'm the alpha in the family. It's my right. Besides, you don't even have a job to pay your way, dick-smoker"

Sam had his arms up making calming gestures to his brother as he replied. "You've been out for a few days. I do have a job now."

"Bullshit. There's no way a blacklisted faggot can find a job in this city." Eric sneered.

Jeremy noticed his brother was still wearing his purloined old riding jacket. Only then did he realize he should have demanded it back even though it probably no longer fit him. Eric likely took the lack of enforcing his rights to the jacket as a sign of submission to him.

"Seems you don't know everything." Sam replied. He was obviously losing his composure under his brother's verbal assault.

"I know enough." Eric said and stepped closer to his brother. They stood toe to toe as Eric leaned closer forcing his brother to lean back and shouted "And fuck off bitch."

Sam's facial expression became determined as he stared up at his larger brother.

"You don't like that you can move your shit the fuck out, faggot."

Sam, was clearly intimidated by his larger brother who'd gotten him backed into the kitchen. He quietly said "Eric, it's one in the morning, we're in an apartment, the neighbors are going to complain." His voice bespoke of a resolve Jeremy had never heard come from his brother. Even though cornered by an enraged larger male Sam was also clearly ready to go a round with his brother.

Eric lifted his head to shout at the ceiling as loud as he could. "Fuck them too."

His shouting prevented him from hearing Jeremy coming up behind him. Before he knew what had happened Eric was in a headlock from behind and being dragged to the door. He struggled for a few seconds causing Jeremy to tighten his hold. His brother kicked and clawed at him as he was dragged through the living room. Jeremy was forced to change his hold on Eric to open the door.

Backing out the front door Jeremy wrestled his brother to the floor of the hallway. For whatever reason, his anger, surprise at being hauled away from his confrontation or his rising sense of importance Eric decided to fight him.

It was a bad mistake. Jeremy held back for all of ten seconds. His brother was large and strong, but he was still no match against a trained dominant alpha. Eric fought furiously, his anger and drive to compete against his larger brother fueling his fight. They'd play wrestled and fought as they were growing up but this for the first time was real. Jeremy continued to hold back from employing his full strength and was still able to easily overcome his brother.

Jeremy had all but wrestled his brother into submission when his brother changed tactics out of desperation. Eric landed a blow on his crotch, successfully landing the cheap shot he hoped would turn the fight around for him. Jeremy was forced to back off at the low blow. It was all Eric needed to launch his resurgence. After that Eric found himself in an all out battle for survival. They both knew the outcome of this fight would redefine their relationship.

Jeremy rained blows all over his brother's body using all the strength he could muster. The blow to his crotch was still having a disabling affect on him but he was quickly recovering. He was enraged at his brother's tactic but really not surprised. Alex had taught him to expect a weaker opponent to employ just such a cheap maneuver. He was angry at himself for allowing Eric a chance to catch him off guard as much as his brother exploiting the opening. It hurt that much more in that it had been this brother to validate the lesson. Soon enough he had Eric on the defensive ending his short lived advantage.

Eric too fought furiously, clearly aiming for another cheap shot to disable his more powerful adversary. Jeremy felt his brother begin to bite and claw at him as the fight intensified. Both growled and spat as they fought, neither held back in the fight to finish the other. Jeremy used his advantage of size and strength to finally get a submission hold on his brother.

Eric never really had a chance against Jeremy after his missed opportunity. As Sam had predicted he was unused to real fighting. Jeremy however had been in training for years. His time with the lizards down in Chile also made the match impossibly stacked against his brother even after scoring his cheap shot. To add to his previous mistake Eric continued his struggle even when subdued by his brother's greater strength.

Jeremy was forced to maintain a choke-hold on his brother until he was passed out on the floor of the common hallway. Several of their neighbors had opened their doors to see what was going on. He got up to stand over his brother, breathing hard and his clothes torn and bloody from the struggle. He realized he must have been some sight.

"I'm sorry about this. I'll make sure it never happens again." he apologized to the neighbors that had stepped out into the hallway. He waited until each of them had returned to their own apartments. He'd made an effort not to seem intimidating toward them. He didn't trust himself to try projecting after the emotional toil the fight had had on him.

Looking down at Eric's unconscious body he sighed. He'd not expected to have to face his brother like this. He'd even made the mistake of bringing the fight out into the common area. His brother was clearly in the wrong for fighting in public, and by extension so was he. He could get thrown out of the building for this.

He stared down at his brother. He was beginning to stir back to consciousness. Jeremy turned at a sound of a door closing behind him. Sam was standing in the hallway looking at Eric. The expression on his face helped Jeremy follow through on his decision.

"I'll be back in a little bit, I have to take out the trash." He lifted his brother from the floor and shoulder carried him to the elevator. Dropping him on the floor of the cab he pushed the button for the lobby and started going through the pockets of Eric's shorts. His brother had gotten the key to the apartment when he'd allowed him to move in. Jeremy took it back and kept searching. His mood still in

full fury he stripped his brother of all identification, money and the key he'd somehow gotten to his parent's apartment. Jeremy left him with just the clothes he wore.

He was lifting his still recovering brother again as the elevator doors opened to the lobby. He marched straight out to the street and turned to keep carrying his brother away from the apartment building. The nearest alley was the next block over. Jeremy carried his brother all the way even though he could tell he was almost back to full awareness. He turned into the alley and thirty feet in dumped Eric on the ground.

He'd heard rumors and stories of what he was about to do. It was rare but accepted under the circumstances. The world was harsh sometimes. This was just one of the many ways people ended up disappearing. He'd always thought that in some ways perhaps this was worse than predation. Jeremy had never thought it would happen in his family, until just recently. He steeled his resolve as he looked back at his brother.

"Want to challenge me again?"

"Sorry, I-"

"Fuck you. Shut the fuck up."

Eric stared up at his brother his face still defiant and angry. He made to stand until Jeremy stepped over him and punched him in the face.

He stood over his brother and watched the smaller weasel cover his bleeding nose. He may have broken his brother's muzzle with the blow. He didn't care. He couldn't let himself care now.

"You thought you could challenge me?" Jeremy stated watching his brother bleed over himself. The sight of his brother's blood sickened him. Contrary to his father's teaching he'd just injured his own brother. What was worse was his cock surging toward fullness at his display of true dominance. His body's reaction to subduing his own brother only served to make him angrier.

"You think you're big enough to dominate your older brothers? You think you're big enough to push around your entire family? You think you're strong enough to take on a dominant? Fine." Jeremy paused a second and in his dominant command voice said "Welcome to the consequences of your bad judgement."

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

Jeremy gestured around himself at the alleyway. "This is your home now."

Eric answered "Bullshit."

Jeremy took a deep breath and once again employing his command voice started "Here's how things are going to be now. You're out. Out of my life, out of our life. Out of the family. If you ever come back to my apartment, I'll kill you. If I hear you came back to my parent's apartment, I'll hunt you down and kill you. Same goes for Ian's. In fact, after that scene you pulled, if they even catch sight of you I'll end you in ways that'll make you wish you were never born. I don't care what you do or where you go, just don't come back around any of us."

Eric dropped the paws from his muzzle. One of his paws went to his left side and stayed there. He accused through the blood "You did the same thing. You may hide it now but I saw how you loved being bigger and stronger than us. What makes you think you're so much better than me?"

"I stopped." Jeremy answered. He let the sadness he felt fill his voice "I stopped when I saw how it made others feel. You though, you're out of control. You've become no better than the predators that plague this city." he had to stop himself before he admitted to too much. He took another deep breath to refocus his anger.

Eric glared at him. "Is that what you think?" He hawked the blood from his sinuses and spat. "And what about you? You think you're not a predator? You lie to yourself if you think this isn't thrilling. Look at yourself."

Jeremy felt the sting of Eric's accusal, but he was right. He couldn't deny it any more. His brother was a predator. Those muscle heads at the gym he associated with were just the type. Then again, so was he. Even his hard cock confirmed the accusation. He leaned down lowering his voice to admit "Maybe so, but at least I don't prey on my own family."

"Oh, really? What about me, I'm family."

"Not any more." Jeremy responded as he stood.

Eric stared at him for several long seconds. Jeremy felt terrible at what he was doing. His brother's accusations made it all that much worse for they were true. Yes, he'd killed others. He'd even done it rather casually once and had even toyed with some of his victims. Even for all his faults he'd never used his dominance against his family to the extent Eric was accusing.

"You're out, for good. Ostracized." Jeremy said making it clear for his willfully dense brother.

"What the fuck? You can't do that. I'm family. I'm the alpha of the family."

Jeremy stepped over Eric and punched him in the face again. "You're not an alpha. You're not even family either. Not any more."

Eric squirmed on the ground covering his face from the punch. He looked at the weasel standing over him from the side of his eyes. Eyes that Jeremy saw were even then calculating, searching for a button to push, grasping for an emotional lever to pull even if for one last time. He stood over the bleeding weasel and waited knowing whatever Eric said would stoke the anger to the level he needed to finish this.

"You'd do this to your own brother? Some dominant you are preying on the weaker brothers of your own family."

"Family? Family? You've shown by your actions you have no concept of family. You've acted like family was a burden you could do without. Well, so be it. Now you truly have no family." Jeremy stepped away from Eric. "Stay away from us. You've been warned. Don't test me."

It mattered little that he'd felt compelled to do so because of Eric's actions. He'd felt anger at first. That anger had been necessary, he doubted he could have gone through with ostracizing his brother without the rage he inspired. But now as Eric lay in the alley covered in his own blood staring up at him he felt shame.

All he saw in his brother's eyes was anger. His muzzle was already swollen to twice its normal width. It looked as though it probably was broken.

Jeremy stepped back and watched as the weasel slowly got up. He noticed again Eric stood only midway up his chest. How could he have hoped to have bested him in a fight?

The weasel stood steps away from him trying to wipe the blood from his face, gingerly dabbing at his wounded and painful muzzle. His body leaned to the side as if he couldn't straighten himself up. "You're an asshole."

"Yeah, keep your distance and I'm one less asshole you'll ever have to worry about." Jeremy advised.

His one time brother turned and walked down the alley away from him. He was favoring his left side as he walked. He must have gained more injuries than a broken muzzle in the fight. Jeremy had no idea if he'd ever see Eric again. At that moment he doubted he could carry out his threats. He waited until the weasel reached the other end of the alley and turned out of sight. Eric never looked back.

The pain he felt didn't diminish when the weasel that had been his brother was out of sight.

He turned and headed back toward his apartment with his head down. He startled when he noticed someone standing at the side of a trash dumpster. An instant later he recognized Sam.

His brother's muzzle was wet around the eyes and getting wetter. Jeremy's own eyes started tearing up at the sight. He had been able to hold back his own rising emotion until then. Sam silently joined him as together they walked back to the apartment building.

* * * *

sniff

Okay, I know you lot are itching to ask about what might be next in store for Eric, but I'm not going to be able to answer spoiler-free before the next chapter. I will say that ostracism is worse than it sounds. So, a little background;

To the rest of the family he doesn't exist anymore. Moreover, should Jeremy go through with his threat of killing Eric after his ostracism it's very unlikely he'd have to face any legal repercussions. Sure, there'd be an investigation but mostly to 1) ensure the ostracism was founded and 2) the killing was also founded. Notice I didn't say justified. The basic distinction for point #2 is the authorities would only make sure Jeremy didn't ostracize then hunt Eric down for the sole purpose of killing him.

Jeremy's world is a harsh place for those on the fringes. As harsh as it is the final step of ostracizing someone from the family is thought to be fairly uncommon. Then again the only time it becomes public knowledge is when a death threat is carried out afterward. And having just written that I should stipulate that's not meant to be a hint either way.