

A bit late this week so lets get right to it.

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That weekend it was Sam and Jeremy's turn to host the family get together. Sam was of course the one cooking while Jeremy cleaned the apartment and once that was finished had stayed out of his brother's way. Their parents were the first to arrive.

Jeremy had been getting in a little research on his tablet. Sliding off the stool he went to open the door to let Steven and Elisa in. His mother hugged him and took an extra moment to stare up at him letting her pride show. His father shared a paw pad touch and smiled with the same pride showing. It was becoming tradition when they greeted each other in private.

They entered the main area of the apartment and Jeremy watched them greet Sam. Elise hugged him and gave the prideful stare that was as long as the one Jeremy received. Steven greeted him the same as well. While their mother lingered in the kitchen in order to check Sam's progress Steven headed toward the deck and sent Jeremy a gesture that made it clear Jeremy should join him.

"Even though it would be amusing to watch the power struggle for the kitchen I've seen it too many times now." His father said once the door was closed.

Jeremy chuckled at the remark. They stood at the rail looking out on the city. Jeremy was struck again by how much taller than his father he'd become. Steven only stood up to his mid chest. Even now he was still occasionally uncomfortable with the constant reminders of his size. His father glanced at him, craning his neck up in the process.

"Lets take a seat." Jeremy said, suddenly uncomfortable standing next to his shorter father.

"Still getting used to it?"

"What?" Jeremy asked stunned that his father had guessed.

"Jackson and I had a short talk the other night. He let me know how hard it is to adjust to how much larger dominants are at first."

Jeremy blew out a pent up breath. "Yeah. Its getting a little embarrassing at times."

Steven stared at him as if waiting for him to continue. Jeremy was able to look his father in the eyes for only a few seconds.

Looking away Jeremy said "I've been considering buying a car to get around in. Trouble with that is I don't want to give the impression that I'm above everyone."

"Well, you are in certain respects." Steven observed.

Jeremy sighed. "I'm beginning to understand why most dominants keep to themselves." He looked to his father. Steven was watching him, the look on his face was a familiar one. He had advice ready to give but was waiting for Jeremy to be ready to receive it. "Okay, I wanted to be able to be seen as a normal person. Just a regular male, like everyone else. I miss that."

"You didn't really get what Jackson was telling you the other night, did you."

"What? I heard everything he said."

"But you didn't understand what that means to someone in your position."

Jeremy stared at his father. "Okay, what did he mean."

"You're not a normal male. You're not an elite either. You and he are precursors to an new order. Not just physiologically speaking but societal. As such you have a responsibility to help prepare the rest of us for that future."

Jeremy shook his head at his father. "That's dozens of generations away."

"You studied statistics in the academy. Tell me about the S-curve."

Jeremy opened his mouth to explain but stopped. If his father was asking a specific question he already knew the answer. He had no doubt Jackson would have briefed Steven on this the other night in anticipation of this conversation. He focused on what he'd learned of the curve in school.

It was an all but a statistical truism. In any active system there was an observable trend where the increased response hit a growth curve. This curve, if graphed always took on the appearance of an S. In respect to the appearance of dominants in society they would presumably be much closer to the point of hitting a steep S-curve.

Jeremy looked at his father a second. "Excuse me." He said as he got up. He crossed to the door into the apartment and to the breakfast bar where he'd left his tablet. Back on the deck he went to the studies Jackson had given him about the percentage of dominant in the population.

He quickly found the file that had come to mind. It was a study that had gone so far as to extrapolate the increasing number of dominants. All the speculation of the coming second ascension had been on when to mark the completion. The writers of the study had made a critical omission. Examining the article carefully Jeremy saw that they had not applied a statistical analysis to their data. Playing with the numbers in his head Jeremy realized society was likely three to five generations away from an observable S-curve. Soon, possibly in his lifetime, there was going to be a rapid and very noticeable increase in the number of dominants.

Jeremy looked up to stare out at the city, unseeing. His father spoke, breaking into his thoughts. "You found it then."

"He told you about this?"

Steven nodded. "He said he'd be rather impressed if you noticed it for yourself." With a shrug he continued "He also said that otters and weasels are likely to start seeing a noticeable increase in the numbers of dominants in our lifetimes."

Jeremy grunted his acknowledgment. He was still trying to catch up with the implications. He needed time to think about the avenues this new revelation was taking his thoughts. There was also the realization that Jackson had used his father to ensure he understood what was about to happen. After a few seconds he closed his tablet and looked to his father.

"You know, he didn't need to involve you to ensure I'd still listen to you."

"Yes, but it's good to remind you of the value of experience." Steven said with a slight smirk.

Before Jeremy replied Ian opened the door and stepped out to join them on the deck. Jeremy smiled at his brother as he walked to the railing and stared at the view. He eventually turned and looked back at Jeremy and said "That's a great view."

"Yes, it is." Jeremy replied as he got up from his chair. "I'll let you two catch up while I say hello to Shirley and Abel." He heard Steven chuckle as he closed the door behind himself.

His mother and Shirley were sitting on the couch while Sam continued working on dinner. Jeremy crossed to the couch and pulled the coffee table away from it. Stepping around the table he crouched in front of his mother. She was holding Abel looking down at him as he chewed on her pinky finger.

"His teeth are coming in already." Jeremy observed, the surprise and fascination clear in his voice.

His mother replied "He's a little ahead of schedule in that. Come to think of it, so were you and Sam." She looked up with a smile and watched as Jeremy reached over and stroked Able's head with two fingers. Jeremy watched as Able grasped his fingers and felt him try pulling his fingers toward his open mouth. He pulled his arm back when his mother shifted Able within her arms.

Elisa lifted her arms up "Here, hold your nephew for a while."

Jeremy accepted the bundle and followed the instructions from his mother and Shirley on how to hold him. Once he had Able settled in his arms he glanced behind himself and sat on the coffee table. Jeremy offered his pinky finger to Able but he ignored it and continued to stare up at him. Time seemed to slow to a standstill as his little nephew held eye contact with him.

Jeremy had seen him several times since the night of his birth but each time he'd been napping. Able was now looking much more normal. The biggest difference was his fur was no longer pressed against his skin. His facial proportions were chubby and rounded like any infant, even his muzzle had yet to grow out from the rest of his face. His eyes were a clear deep bluish green, like the light reflected off the ocean. Jeremy noticed again that Able really did have his uncle Sam's coloration around his nascent muzzle. The only sense of time passing was the prickling sensation Jeremy felt in his sinuses.

"That's odd. He's never stayed this still before." Shirley said softly.

"Able's busy casting a spell on his uncle Jeremy."

Jeremy looked up at his mother blinking the extra moisture from his eyes. After a moment's thought he replied "It worked." Looking back to Able he added "He's got me wrapped around his little finger now."

Shirley chuckled and said "That makes the full family set then." Jeremy smiled at the pride in her voice.

It was as if Jeremy couldn't look at his nephew long enough. Able finally had enough of staring at Jeremy's face and yawned, wide and slow his jaws opened and his tongue lolled out. Closing his mouth he whimpered and shifted within Jeremy's arms. He was puzzled as Able's body stiffened for a few moments. His previously comfortable coyote sense of smell caught the strong unpleasant scent of defecation.

"Oh, I think the spell's broken."

Shirley leaned forward. "Oh, did he poop?"

Elisa stood and started reaching for Able. Jeremy let his mother take him and stood. Shirley was looking at the coffee table with a frown. While it was large enough to change Able, Jeremy guessed it was set too low to be truly serviceable.

"Use my bedroom." Jeremy offered before he realized the consequences.

Shirley looked to him with a smile. "Thanks, Jeremy. We'll only be a moment." She picked up a changing bag from the side of the couch and went with Elisa to his bedroom and closed the door behind herself.

Taking a deep breath and sighing it out Jeremy found himself staring at his door.

"That's so touching." Sam said from the kitchen.

Jeremy looked at him. Sam took a moment to wipe an imaginary tear from his eye.

"I never would have guessed you're such a softie." Sam said, only slightly mocking.

Jeremy smiled at the humor. "Well, for what its worth, he looks like a small version of you, so who wouldn't feel for him with such a handicap."

Sam's jaw dropped in mock outrage at the reply. "Oh, thats so unfair."

"Agreed."

Shaking his head Sam went back to finishing dinner. Jeremy could see the suppressed smile on his brother's face though. When Shirley and his mother came back out he was sitting on one of the stools with his elbows on the counter and arms crossed on the surface. He and Sam both watched as Shirley stared back into Jeremy's room from the door. It was clear the two females had left Able on Jeremy's bed for a nap. Elisa had a small plastic bag in one paw that Jeremy could smell even from a distance.

Sliding from the stool he said "I'll take that out, mother."

Jeremy took the small package of stink and added it to the trash from the kitchen. Out in the hallway Jeremy dropped the bag in the trash-shoot and headed back for the apartment. He paused at the door before going back inside. Jeremy had been used to his grafted coyote sense of smell for some time. The lingering smell of Able's leavings were still in the air. It amazed him that even double wrapped the smell still lingered. As revolting and strong as it was the scent of able's leavings held no hints of ill health.

Jeremy returned with a smile on his face. Ian and his father had come back inside from the deck. They had both taken seats at the kitchen island countertop while Shirley and Elisa were chatting on the couch. Jeremy took one of the last stools next to his brother. Sam was standing in the kitchen leaning against the counter. It was clear most of the work was done and he was just waiting for the food to finish cooking.

Ian turned to Jeremy and observed "You two need to get a dinning table. You have more than enough space for one in here."

Jeremy looked back at him and shrugged with a slight smile. "Wasn't a need for one until today."

"I'll see to it he gets one by the next time its our turn." Sam said smirking at Jeremy.

"And get some real dishes as well." Steven, nudging the stack of paper plates siting on the counter with a finger added "You'll never attract anyone with this bachelor shit."

Sam folded his arms across his chest. "Ian was still living at home when he caught Shirley."

"Yeah, which just goes to show you two are going to need all the help you can get." Steven replied.

Sam looked at Jeremy as if hoping for support. After a second Jeremy told his brother "Don't look at me, you're the one putting up a fight. Just be glad we're only getting it from these two."

Everyone burst out laughing.

"What's so funny over there?" Was asked by Shirley.

Almost as one all four of them looked over and after the slightest of pauses Ian said "Nothing." His tone and inflection copied almost perfectly when he was young and guilty trying to answer the same question from his parents.

The two females shared a look and got up. Walking over to the group it was obvious they wanted in on the humor but also knew they were likely the object and would have to suffer a change of subject. Again.

The conversation started up again on another topic, as could have been predicted. Soon Sam was setting the pots and pans on the kitchen island and letting everyone take what they wanted. Jeremy waited for everyone else to get their share and once he had helped himself looked at his plate. Sam had prepared a chicken breast stuffed with cheeses and slices of ham as the main dish. The veggies and other sides just looked wrong scattered around the paper plate.

"Yeah, tomorrow."

While his brothers and Steven chuckled his mother asked "Tomorrow?"

He answered back "We need to get some real dinnerware."

"And a dinning table." she added in all seriousness. "You'll never attract anyone by serving them on paper plates and making them sit at the counter."

She looked around almost getting the joke as all the males started laughing. Ian almost choked on his food he laughed so hard.

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So a bit of history of the Oregon area in Jeremy's world this week.

Prior to the Continental Wars a larger part of the area was controlled by the former nation Olympia. Olympia had a history that stretched back for centuries. At the very beginning of the wars they chose to side with the alliance that held Alaska. Once Olympia joined this alliance represented the combined strength of four different world powers. Together they were easily strong enough to control much of the northern Pacific through military and navel force. Things went well for many years as together they seemed to get more powerful year by year.

Things had found a stalemate for several years of the war when the two nations in the alliance started turning on each other. Instead of mutually maintaining each other's back militarily each member started fending for themselves. This change gave their enemies the opening they needed. Long story short they each fell one by one.

When Olympia fell the nations surrounding it sliced much of the territory up of the now vanquished foe. Trouble is the wars were still raging over most of the globe. For more than a decade the area suffered a series of invasions and revolutions. Eventually as the conflict came to an end the nation of Oregon found itself too be the final iteration of a chaotic process that was coming to an end.