



The Gramercy Tavern was as close to empty as it normally was at lunchtime on a Tuesday, save for one table with five people sitting around it, quietly looking at anything other than each other. They are; Kalvin Wolf, former professional fighter turned healthfood mogul. Jackson Wolf, a successful lawyer turned psychiatrist. Xavier Black, Owner of FIGHT NYC and Black Imports and a host of other businesses. Vincent Black, another former fighter and but most recently known as Mr. Vhodka Black. And finally, of course, Sarah Wolf. SCW's favorite least favored bad guy.

Shifting in their chairs, they all look like they are about to start talking when their food shows up. Kal is presented with a gorgeous T-bone steak with roasted potatoes and green bean casserole. Jackson looks down on a gorgeous Sea Bass with turnip puree. Vincent Black tries to control the mouth watering reaction he gets from seeing the mushroom pappardelle, while Xavier simply says thank you for the waiter placing his Chicken breast over rice. Sarah looks at all of the other dishes, and is glad to be the least of the pretentious this family has created, with a simple burger and fries in front of her.

As they begin to eat, Kal looks over at Xavier, who has lifted up his chicken breast with his hands, and taken a bite out of it.

“ Oi! Since when do you eat like a fucking animal? ”

“ Three years in the wind, things change. ”

“ Still gets his nails done. ”

“ So do you. ”

“ I'm just saying. ”

“ I've never gotten mine done. Not since after the wedding. ”

“ You know what else you ain't fucking done since the wedding? ”

“ ...can't wait to hear this. ”

“ It's going to be homophobic. I can feel it. ”

“ Not all the things I fuckin' say are homophobic. I was gonna say 'got some.' ”

“ Well that's worse, but only because of the 3rd grade level of creativity. ”

“ Didn’t you get a golden mic award once? How’d that happen? ”

“ Chemo fucking changes you. ”

“ Yeah, so does Fox news. ”

“ He doesn’t watch fox. Wish he did. ”

“ Anyone want some of this chicken? It’s really good, and I’m not going to finish it. ”

“ I’ll take it. ” *Vin suddenly looks at the chicken, which Xavier has bitten directly into.* “ ..what’d you do last night? ”

“ ...are you asking WHO I did last night? ”

“ I like my chicken to not taste like Adam or Eve. ”

“ You won’t taste either. ”

“ Good. Third party dick is the worst. ”

The entire table chuckle to themselves, as Xavier’s inability to not be a complete slut for both men and women was not something they were unaware of. But Kal; Kal really laughed. Like way too much. Of course, Vin was the only one to catch it. And he had no intent on letting it go.

“ What’s funny? ”

“ What? You said fu- ”

“ No. It wasn’t that funny. What’d you laugh like that for? ”

“ I don’t know. I fucking guess it’s funny to me; The idea of X going down on fucking dudes. ”

Sarah looked at Vin and Xavier, who were both as perplexed as she was. Jack didn’t even bother to look up. He had tried to explain what bisexuality meant, and how Xavier might behave, but Kal was, for all his positives, a god damn neanderthal who didn’t understand much of anything, including the vast spectrum that was sexuality.

“ You think he doesn’t go down on men? ”

“ No. he’s not fuckin’ gay. ”

“ I am fucking gay. ”

“ He is. ”

“ ...you’re bi. It means like, your fuckin’ into girls but you think guys are cute. ”

“ This is exhausting. ”

“ He has sex with men and women, Kal. ”

“ Do we have to talk about sex? It’s so.. ”

“ If the next word outta ya fucking mouth is french, we ain’t brothers no more. ”

“ Wish one of the words that just came out of your mouth were english. ”

“ Leave ‘em alone. He barely graduated the 5th grade. The fact that his knuckles don’t drag is an accomplishment. ”

“ That sentence took a turn. ”

“ Can we get to the point of being here? ”

“ This is the fucking point of being here, dick. To be here. ”

“ Jackie has a busy day of being a therapist. ”

“ Jackie has a busy day of being a beyotch. ”

“ Jack, do you think therapy is an avenue to solving erectile dysfunction and if so; is it helping you? ”

“ Gotta have testosterone to fuckin’ get it up. He’s only got enough to stop it from fuckin’ becoming an inny. ”

“ God, the amount of times you curse is staggering. I know I’ve said it before but the dedication to that word is laudable. ”

“ you aint fuckin’ laughed once? ”

“ **Laudable. Not laughable.** ”

“ Don’t give him a vocabulary lesson. It’s like teaching a dog how to get their CDL. ”

Jack ripped the napkin away from his lap, and stood up. He placed his hands on either side of his face, and let out a deep breath. The other four siblings look at him, each with a different expression that shows just how ridiculous they believe he’s being.

“ This is supposed to be fruitful. We’re supposed to be talking about how to make things better. ”

“ Oi; shut up. We get to it when we get to it. We haven’t even finished eating yet. ”

Jack sat down, clearly sweating from the inability to be patient. Jack lived his life by a stringent schedule. Everything in his day was planned to the T and any deviation was met with disbelief and anger. He took several deep breaths and tried to enjoy the company of his siblings, but this wasn’t scheduled as a hang out. It was scheduled as a way of repairing several bridges that weren’t just burnt, but blown to smithereens, with any remaining pieces crushed to dust and scattered to the winds.

There was a time were each member of the family had a job; A place; within the family. Kal was the one who made the money. Jack invested it. Sarah managed the fund they all used for their business ventures. Xavier would find ways to expand their business interests beyond the normal means. And Vin; Well, Vin would just be scary to people and be creative. It wasn’t all that helpful but every one had a use.

Now; Kal was spending money hand over foot to get his Protein based food line off the ground. Xaviere had settled nicely into running his deceased step-fathers Import/Export business, which while being successful, did not open up new avenues at all. Sarah wasn’t involved with any aspect of the family till anymore, since the brothers had unwisely put her under a conservatorship 2 years ago. In retrospect; it was a terrible idea. But at the time, when it was happening, Sarah’s behavior terrified Jack and he just wanted to minimize the destruction she could do to the family, and of course, herself.

But in that order.

“ How’s SCW going? ”

“ Honestly, I love it there. I can’t stand any of the people there, or the fans, or the workers. But...I do love being there. ”

“ You should fucking go face. ”

“ Well, that’s certainly the stupidest thing we’ll hear today. ”

“ Only ‘cause your thoughts ain’t fuckin’ audible. ” *Kal took a sip of beer to wash down the entire cow he was chewing on and leaned over the table.* “ Fuckin’ think about it. Women in sports. They all got shit like you. You’re fuckin’ relatable as fuck. They’s gonna look at you like a hero. All ya gotta do is be fuckin’ nice to fans. ”

“ I’d rather human centipede with everyone at this table. ”

“ Ok, can we no- ”

“ What’s the order? ”

“ Everyone is going to want to be the head, Vin. ”

“ Yeah but who’s mouth do you wanna shit in most? ”

“ I think it goes; Me, Xavier, Vin, Kal, and Jack. ”

“ Jack gets the fuckin most shit-full shit into his mouth? I agree with this. But swap Vin for you. I don’t wanna uckin’ shit directly into your mouth. You’re my sister. ”

“ See you guys are forgetting something; It’s going to be just as bad for Jack shitting as it is eating. He’s a shy pooper. ”

“ Fuck! You’re right! We were on a 8 hour flight once and dude didn’t shit until we hit the fuckin’ hotel! Imagine how long he’s gonna hold that shit in! ”

“ Alright so the order is; Ourselves, Jack in the middle, and whoever is in between. ”\

The other four raise their glasses as Jack sits silently, hoping if he doesn’t protest then they won’t make a new nickname for him out of this.

“ Ok, Malcolm. The floor is yours. Let’s talk. ”

“ ..malcolm? ”

“ ...because he’s in the middle. ”

The group begins to cackle as Jack sits there, red faced and sweaty. He knows his family loves him, but he is by far the odd man out. Not born with a wanton need for Violence. Having never been arrested for a violent crime. And having not a single tattoo to speak of. Jack stands, and looks at Sarah.

“ Sarah. I am sorry. I am sorry we took away your agency. I am sorry we didn’t give you the same respect we give each other. If I could go back and change it, I would. At the time you were doing a lot of things that worried me. It was me who convinced the others to take away your access. It was wrong. But keep in mind that as of now; there is no negative ramification for us should you decide to continue ignoring what is rightfully yours. We have come up with an alternate plan that may ease the wound we caused. ”

“ Go on. ”

“ If we were to give you sole power over the entirety of the fund; would that make what we did less painful to bear? ”

“ No. **NO**. This isn’t about the **money**, Malcolm. It’s about **respect**. You four have done insane things with **our** name, **our** money, **our** business. You’ve bankrupted companies simply because they displeased you. You’ve damaged propriety and people out of spite and anger. You have committed felonies and worse, and used **our** money to make that go away. But when I, a **girl**, used **MY** money to set up a business that none of you understood; Suddenly it was about **our** name. Suddenly it was about the light **we** were seen in. Why was the light I brought worse than the one you did? Because I’m a woman! I should be polite, docile, and adorable. Anyone but who I really am. ” *Sarah took a deep breath, and continued.* “ I accepted you all, as is, from the start. All I ever wanted was the same. Money. Give me a break. ”

“ Told you. ”

“ I just want to make things right. Why am I the bad guy? ”

“ You only want to make things right because you made things wrong. But it’s fine. This is why I’m working so hard, and so much. Because I know the truth; I’ll never be an equal to any of you at this table. You won’t ever see me as anything but your sister who needs to be protected. I won’t ever be anything more than that.. But I will show everyone else that I am **EVERYTHING** more than that. Alexis Quinn. This little lesbian. All of them, at the end of the day, will know. Sarah Wolf is not a woman. She’s a curse. ”

“ ...the little lesbian? ”

“ Cassie Wolfe. With an E. ”

“ Fucking Wolf vs Wolf. You should do a bit about fucki- ”

“ It’s not 1997. I’m not doing last name bits. I’m a professional. ”

“ She’s cute. ”

“ Not for long. ”

“ ...thank you, Vin. ”

“ Is that all it takes? I compliment your ability to mangle a person and you like me again? ”
Sarah goes to speak, but Jack stands up again, and throws his hands in the air. “ Forget it. See you guys at Thanksgiving. ”

Jack walked out, his hands still in the air. Kal reached over and grabbed the food from his plate, and plopped it onto his own.

“ ..what is his deal! ”

“ You really wanna know? ”

“ Sure. ”

“ He tried to protect you when you were kids and he failed. He wanted to stay with you when you went into foster care but couldn’t. So he failed. He knows what happened to you in foster care and blames himself. All he’s ever wanted to do was to protect you from something. The one time he felt he was successful; was when he protected you from yourself. And now you hate him for it. ”

Sarah spent a good minute thinking about it. The times when their father went off, and became abusive. Kal would always stand between them, but Jack was always laid out when he did. Jack was never successful in his attempts to take the beatings, but he never ever stopped trying. Jack had watched as every one of his siblings became something he could never understand. Him being a lawyer always made him useful, but it never made him one of them. He must have stayed up nights trying to figure out a way in. Wanting to understand what the world looked like to his brothers and sister. So much that he finally decided to become a therapist, not to help others, but to help himself. To help him understand those he loved so that he could love them better. And it left Sarah with only one thing to say.

“ ...sucks to suck. ”