

Brian was pacing around the kitchen table, rocking the small, crying, bundle in his arms. His eyes were puffy and red, he was doing the best he could not to start crying again, but the pain was so great.

His father ran into the kitchen, panting. "What happened?"

Brian looked up at the older man. "She left." His voice came out as a wail. Robert went to his son and wrapped his arms around him, careful not to crush his grandson. Brian rested his head on his father's shoulder and sobbed.

When Brian had calmed down a little, Robert took the baby from him. Held him gently, and rocked him. "There, there, little Damian. It's okay. Everything will be better now." Damian quieted.

"Why did she leave?" Robert asked, softly.

Brian was sitting now, elbows on the table and head in his hands. "She wanted girls," he said, his voice hollow. "She said she had enough of boys. Damian had been my last chance to give her a girl. I told her I couldn't give her girls. She got really angry then. I tried to calm her down, I told her we could adopt. That's when she stormed out." He looked up at his father. "What am I going to do, dad? I can't raise them on my own."

"Dad?" said a third voice. "Why are you crying?"

Robert and Brian looked down. Dominic was at his father's feet, looking up at him. Brian picked up his son, and deposited him on his lap. He dried his eyes and hugged his him. "It's nothing."

"Let's put them to bed," Robert said, quietly, "then I can see to it you're feeling better."

Brian carried Dominic to his bedroom, at three, and the eldest, he had his own room. "Try to sleep, okay?" Brian whispered to him, "if you can't, play a game, but quietly. I need to spend some time with your gramps, okay?"

Dominic nodded, and wiped more tears off his father's face.

Brian quietly closed the door, and checked on his other sons. Donald and Daniel were curled up together, in their small bed, and Dietrich was sprawled out in his own bed. All three sleeping soundly.

"Damian is asleep," Robert whispered, standing behind his son. "Come on." He lead Brian to the master bedroom. Once there, he removed his clothing, and then his son's. Naked, they lay on the bed, holding each other, and Brian started crying again, hard. Robert held him, knowing there was nothing he could say.

Eventually the crying slowed, and Brian started nuzzling his father's chest, then his neck and then they were kissing passionately. Their hands were roaming along their bodies, rubbing, scratching, squeezing. Then they were grinding against one another.

Robert bit his son's shoulder and rolled him on his back, straddling him. They were both hard, and leaking. He positioned himself so Brian was rubbing his cock in his crack, lubing it.

When it was slick enough, he changed the angle, and his son entered him.

Brian gasped. "Oh fuck, dad." Feeling his father's heat surrounding his cock felt so good.

Robert let out a contented sigh. "Oh, Brian. It's been too long." And then started moving back and forth.

Brian looked at his father, moving on top of him, this man who had raised him, who had seen him through the hardship of starting his garage, who had loved him since the moment he was born, and who was still looking at him with endless love. Brian grabbed his ass, and started pounding it, hard and fast.

Robert was momentarily surprised at the change, but seeing that his son had things under control, he focused on his own cock, spreading precum on it and stroking it.

Brian started panting, as he watched his father jerking off. Fuck his father was hot. Robert winked at him, and then slowly licked his lips. The sight made Brian growl at him, and fuck him harder

Robert groaned, and then he was shooting cum all over Brian's chest and face. Brian eagerly licked the cum off his lips, and then he clenched his teeth together to hold back the roar. He shoved his cock deep inside his father and exploded.

When Brian opened his eyes, his father was looking at him lovingly. He leaned down to kiss him, and then licked the cum off him. Then they snuggled.

"Dad, you're going to have to help me with them. How am I suppose to teach them about sex?"

Robert looked at his son. "I can't help you with that. It's a father's responsibility to decide how he educates his sons."

"What if I decide I can't do it?"

"Then you don't. They are your children, you can decide to let them learn on their own. It seems to work for most people."

Brian thought about it for a moment, then snorted. "Right, and leave them to the trauma of fumbling about, of hitting on the wrong guy, of being abused, because of their inexperience? No thanks." He sighed. "I'll figure something out. I can always do it the way you did it with us."

"Sure, if you feel that works."

They were silent for a while.

"Dad, how come we only have boys?"

"What do you mean?"

"You said we only have boys, you did the research, and no one in our family ever had a girl. How come? I mean, that doesn't really seem possible, the odds are fifty-fifty, so there should have been at least one girl in our family tree."

"I don't know why. I mean there's an old family legend that claims that the Baron Etienne made a deal with a witch for power, strength and wealth. But I don't really believe in it. I think it's just genetics. But if you think that's odd, think about this, with only one exception, no matter how many boys are

born to a family, only one of them will then start a family of his own, all the other ones will remain childless."

"Is that by choice?"

"I don't know. I never thought to see if I could find indications about that. I just looked at the family tree."

"You said there was one exception."

"Yeah, back in the sixteen hundreds, Amado had eight sons, and two of them started a family. Christian had four sons, and Charles had three. Charles and his sons died during an earthquake, not long after his last son was born."

"Another strange thing about our family, with the exception of my own parents. We all ended up being single parents. Most of the time, the mother leaves." He hugged his son. "The rest they die, and always before the oldest is of age to be educated."

Brian nodded. His own mother had been taken by pulmonary cancer. "Your mom was okay with the way grampa educated you and your brothers?" he missed his grandparents.

Robert chuckled. "My mom was okay with pretty much anything. She was really easy going, and she thought it was good for our father to be involved with us, like that. She also told me, once, that it was a relief for her, since dad had a very active sex drive."

"Which one of us doesn't?" Brian commented. "You think mom would have been okay with it?"

"I don't know." Robert was silent for a long moment. "As much as I miss her, I'm happy I didn't have to find out. I'm not sure how I would have handled her leaving." He looked at Brian, "Sorry."

Brian shook his head, and smiled. "I'm guessing your father would have showed up, comforted you and then have sex with you until you felt better."

Robert laughed. "Actually, he would have fucked me senseless. He wasn't much for talking and sharing. He firmly believed that a cock up the ass was a cure for pretty much everything."

Brian nuzzled his father. "Thanks for being here for me, dad."

"Anytime, son."