

"Dad?" Aaron said cautiously, as he entered the lounge. His fathers look up from the couch, where they were snuggling naked. Normally, Aaron would smile, run to them, and join in – his family was very much of the free love type. This time, he just stood in the doorway, his six brothers behind him.

When the seven of them had decided to approach their fathers about this, there had been no question who would be their spoke-person, Aaron had headed for the lounge before the others had even finished talking. He had been full of confidence, which evaporated as he entered the lounge.

"Aaron!" said one of his fathers.

"Don't just stand there, come join us," said the other.

One of his father as Daniel, and the other was Donald, but they were twins, and he couldn't tell them apart, no one could. So everyone who knew the tigers treated them as one person.

"What's wrong?" his fathers disentangled themselves, and looked at him with concern.

His brothers chose that time to crowd the doorway, and push Aaron forward. "We have something to ask you," he said, glaring at his brothers, before straightening.

"Of course, come on in, all of you." His fathers exchanged a worried look. All their sons were wearing pants. A clear sign they didn't want anything to distract from what was going to be talked about.

They moved closer to the couch, but stayed far enough they could run off without being caught. That worried the two older tigers. Their sons were actually afraid this would anger them.

"Alright, what do you want to know?"

"It's, it's about our mothers." Aaron paused, and watched for a reaction from his fathers, they remained calm so he continued. "You've never talked about them. We know we all have different mothers, it's the only way we could all have been born at the same time . . . How did that happen?"

Donald nodded to himself, actually surprised it had taken them this long to bring up their mothers. They had turned eighteen three days ago.

"You guys are going to want to sit down," Daniel said. When his sons looked at each others with worry, he added. "You don't have to worry about running off, you're not in trouble."

With reticence, the young tigers sat on the chairs, in twos and threes, snuggling together out of habit.

That was good, Donald thought, at least they weren't so worried to forget comfort. "Okay," he started, "before we start, I'd like to know if you've been to afraid to ask before, or you've just become curious about them now?"

"We've been curious for a while now, but we didn't know how to ask. Now that we're eighteen, we figured we should just ask, and get what ever it causes over with." Aaron had Aiden leaning against him, and he was rubbing his chest.

"Alright, like Daniel said, you're not in trouble. I'll

admit we don't particularly care to talk about them, but that isn't because anything bad happened, we simply don't think they are all that important.

"Well, as you can imagine, eighteen years, nine months ago, me and Daniel had sex with your mothers. We spent the year before that looking for the right tigresses to give birth to you. We wanted good genetic stock."

Arthur stood a little straighter, his ears standing tall with interest.

"Yes, Arthur, even your mother, unfortunately, nothing's guaranteed when making babies. So you ended up with genes that mean you're not going to be more than five feet tall." They had consulted specialists, and they had confirmed that Arthur had dwarvinism.

"Because of my mother?" his tone was annoyed.

"Or us," Daniel said, "there's not really any way to know. But that isn't important to us, you know that, right?"

"I know, I just that that if it was because of her, I might be able to . . ." He didn't finish his thought. Arthur had always been unhappy about his small stature, even if everyone in his family made sure not to treat him any differently, he was an Orr, that was all that mattered to them. Albert hugged his brother tightly, and nibbled on his ear.

"Stop that," Arthur said with a chuckle.

"We found ten tigresses," Donald continued, "who agreed to have sex with us. We wrote up a contract, so there would be no miscommunications, they were being paid, and any boys they give birth to, we be ours, and they wouldn't have anything to do with you."

A chuckle ran among them at the wording, like any girls might have been born.

"That must have been quite the orgy," Alexander said

"Not really. Not as many people are into that as you'd think. You have to remember that we travel in peculiar circles, us Orrs. No, we got ten hotel rooms, and spent a week going from one to the other. The sex was pleasurable, but utilitarian, really. We were all there to get a job done. After that we kept in contact, they were followed by one of Damian's fertility clinic. Even then, two of them had miscarriage."

Alexander frowned, counted them, to make sure. "We're missing one. There's only seven of us."

Daniel nodded. "One of the mother disappeared before giving birth."

"We have another brother?" Aaron asked, and everyone was paying close attention now.

Daniel shrugged. "Maybe, we don't know. We didn't try to find out."

"Why?"

"We had the seven of you," Donald said, "you are all precious to us. We figured that if she wanted a child this

badly, we were okay with it."

"But," Arthur said, "he's our brother, we should go find him."

"No." Daniel stated, keeping his voice calm. "Let him live his life. At eighteen, being confronted to our lifestyle would be too much of a shock."

"Now that you know this, do you want us to track down your mothers?"

The kids looked for one to the other, and then as one they shook their heads. "No, we just wanted to know about them."

"Alright. Do you want us to spend the rest of the evening with us?"

"No, thanks," Aaron said, a little subdued, "I have a paper to write up, I should get to it." He stood.

"I have to study," Arthur said, and the other agreed they had something else to do, and left in silence.

Donald and Daniel looked at each other. Their sons weren't as okay with this as they'd said. They thought about going after them, but decided to give them a bit of space, if in a few days they were still this sullen, they would see what they could do.

As it turned out, the next day they were back to their joyful and sexual selves. So the two of them didn't worry about it anymore

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Anakin parked the minivan in the first available parking on the side of the street he saw.

"We could park in the underground parking," Alexander said.

Anakin looked at his brother. "Right, because they would let this heap in there. I don't know if you noticed, but while we drove by, two Cadillacs exited, a Bentley, and a Ferrari, entered. This is a place where they only let people with money in."

"We have money," Aiden said.

"Dad has money, we're just the kids, and a minivan doesn't exactly scream, rich family coming through."

"It's uncle Damian's building," Arthur said, looking up in awe, at the tall glass sky scraper. "He'd let us park inside." He'd seen big buildings before, it wasn't his first time in the San Francisco financial district, but the fact that this building was in his family awed him.

"Uncle Damian doesn't know we're coming," Aaron said, "and it's probably going to be cheaper putting money in the meter. We shouldn't be here long, if he's even going to see us."

"Of course he's going to see us, we're family." Said Alexander.

"This isn't a family gathering," Aaron replied, "were everyone gets to have sex with everyone else. This is his company. Uncle Damian is a busy man."

"Maybe we should have called before coming," Arthur said.

"And risk him telling our father what we were planing? I

don't think so."

As far as their fathers were concerned, the kids had taken the minivan to go to the mall, catch a movie, ogle the guys, and make out. If they had any idea they were coming here to see their uncle, Aaron was certain they would be grounded until they were fifty.

"Alright, lets go."

The seven of them exited, and Anakin put the eight dollars in the meter, that gave them an hour, it should be long enough. They walked through the large entrance, and into the building. They attracted a few stares, but no one stopped them. They were dressed casually enough to make going to be mall credible, but well enough they didn't stand out too much.

They took the elevator to the top floor, during which Aiden got stared at for humming along with the muzak. He shrugged, and kept on humming. Aiden was the musically talented in the family, he had perfect pitch, sang in the choir, and played the guitar, the flute, the piano, and the trumpet. Their fathers had suggested he become a concert musician, but Aiden didn't care for that kind of pressure. He was studying to become a composer.

And he already had enough of a following on Youtube, with all the music he uploaded there, that he'd make money the day he decided to publish an album.

The door opened to a wall, with a diamond shaped glass in the middle of it. Above that a sign read: "Diamond Industries", under the diamond another sign: "because Diamonds are just coal under pressure."

They looked at it for a moment.

"Does that make any kind of sense to you?" Albert asked.

Heads shook.

"Uncle Damian must have come up with it," Arthur said, and everyone agreed with him.

They walked around the wall, and the space opened up with cubicles, and offices with glass walls. Everyone was extremely busy.

They headed for the largest office, at the back of the room. Like the others it was glass, but at least twice the size. The blinds were currently closed.

As they got close, they saw the name on the door: "Damian Orr". Since there was no one there to stop them, Aaron opened it.

It opened to a reception office, with a gazelle at the desk. Behind her was another wall, wood this time, with a door in it. She looked up at them, ears shaking for a moment, before she got them under control.

"Can I help you?" she asked, as they reached her desk. The plaque on it read 'Alice Turbone.

"We'd," Aaron started, and then lost his nerve. He breathed in. "We'd like to see Mister Orr," he said.

"Do you have an appointment?"

Aaron shook his head.

"Mister Orr, is a very busy man," she said, her tone firm, but friendly. "He doesn't have the time for walkings."

Arthur elbowed him. "Tell her," he whispered.

Aaron shook his head. He wasn't going to use the fact that he was related to the richest man in the world to get him to see them. He hated when people name dropped, he wasn't doing to do it. "Could you . . . Could you check with him? Please?"

She looked at him, then Arthur, and the others, studying them for a moment. She picked up the phone. "Mister Orr, I'm sorry to disturb you during your meeting, there's a group of youth here who would like to know if you can find the time to see them." She listened for a moment, then looked the tigers over, counting them. "Seven of them, sir. Yes, tigers." She was silent for a moment, then surprise let her face. "Very well." She hung up. "If you'll wait a moment, he is wrapping up his meeting, and he'll see you."

"Thank you Alice," Aaron said. "Thank you very much."

The kid looked around while they waited.

"Excuse me," Albert asked Alice, "but is this an actual Rembrant?" he pointed at the painting he had been looking at.

"No, dear, it's a reproduction."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, the original is in a museum."

Albert looked at it closer, then smelled it. "It smells right for the era," said, to himself. He took out a small flashlight, put his head as close to the wall as he could and moved the light on the painting. "The shadows are moving, so this is actual paint. This is one hell of a forgery." He finally said, if it actually is one, he kept to himself.

His brother's didn't bother him, his fascination with old painting amused them, mostly. They kept telling him there was no money to be made in art restoration, and joked that he'd have to mooch off their father for all his life. The jab were friendly, he knew, and he didn't mind them. He knew he wouldn't keep the kind of lifestyle he had now, once he strode out on his own, and he was ready for that.

The door to the office opened, and an angry looking elephant, in a very expensive gray suit, stormed out. He glared at them, and left.

Alice looked at him, not flinching when he slammed the door, and then at them. "Mister Orr can see you now."

The seven of them entered an office that was larger than their living room, and they had had parties with over fifty people there. The walls were wood, honey colored, except for the one facing them, it was a all glass, allowing them to look over San Francisco. The floor was white and polished, which made the sole things in the room stand out, a black desk, with two black chair before it, and Damian sitting behind it.

"Come on in!" he said, jovially. "I have to say this is

quite the unexpected surprise. I'm afraid most of you will have to stand, this is the most people my office has ever seen.

"Hi, uncle Damian," Alex said. He'd never been this nervous around him. You've had sex with him, he told himself, snap out of it. But here, in this office, he didn't feel like his uncle, the one who could get into his mind, and get him to do thing he'd never dare do, would be afraid to even contemplate doing, but would end up loving.

No here, his uncle looked like what he was, one of the most powerful man in the world, one of the most feared.

Damian smiled at him, and Alex felt himself relax, that was a smile he's seen so often, on his back, his uncle over him, and moving in him. "There," Damian said, "that's better. The lot of you know you're always welcome here, even if it's taken this long for you to visit my office."

He stood, and came to hug, and kiss each one of them, leaving them smiling, and blushing. Alex was sporting a hardon after that kiss.

Damian leaned against his desk. "So, to what do I owe this pleasure."

"We found out we have a brother," Alex said, once he found his voice again.

Damian stood, and listened carefully as they told them what they had found out from their fathers.

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Damian stormed into Donald and Daniel's office. "How the fuck could you let that happen!"

"Hi Damian," they both said at he same time, and stopped typing moments later, looking up from their computers and at him.

Damian was next to their desks, now. The desk being one against the other, facing each other. He looked from Daniel to Donald, and he growled. "One of these days, I am going to carve your names in your foreheads. I shouldn't have to wait until we're having sex to be able to tell you apart." He calmed himself. "Now, who's who?"

"I'm Daniel," he said, raising a hand.

"We can always start wearing name tags," Donald offered.

"No. If father could tell you apart, so can I."

Daniel smiled. "Good luck with that. Now, what has you breaking down the door and screaming at us?"

"How could you let that woman leave with your son."

Donald sighed. "The kids told you."

"Yes, three days ago. And don't you dare blame them. You had no right to keep that from me."

"Hey, our lives are our own." Donald threw his hands up. "We don't have to tell you everything we do, Dam."

"No, you don't, but when it affect the family I have to know. I promised father I would look after everyone."

"Damian," Daniel said, "Dad didn't mean that you have to be

our guardian angel, we're able to look after ourselves, the lot of us."

"Tell that to Dietrich," Damian grumbled. "Look, this isn't up for debate. He is an Orr, and I am going to get him."

"No!" Donald stood. "You are not going to storm in, and break up that family. He might have our genes, but he's her son now."

"He's eighteen, and no one has educated him. Do you have any idea what he's going to go through?"

"The same thing the rest of the world does," Donald stated. "So he might not end up perfectly adjusted, so what? Most people seem to manage."

"You're not thinking this through. His mother's Christian, she's filled his head with nonsense about sin and an angry god. What if he's the one who has a family. You really want our line to become tormented people, repressing what comes naturally to them? Because I promise you, if we don't do anything, that might happen. He's going to feel forced to find a girl, have kids, and raise them the same way he was raised."

"I am not letting that happen. I don't need your permission, not if you're not planing on seeing him as you own kid."

That took some of the anger out of Donald. He sat down.

Damian looked at Daniel, who'd remain silent through all that. "What about you, what do you think?"

"I think you're right, we have to do something." Donald glared at him, not used to having his twin not take his side. "But Donald's right too. You can't be the one to go take him. I'm sorry Damian, but you're not exactly the most well adjusted person. You're idea of helping him probably involves kidnapping him, locking him up in a bedroom and twisting him up until he doesn't know what he is anymore. I can't let you do that to my son."

"What do you suggest then?" Damian didn't bother denying Daniel had basically outlined what his plan had been.

"I think we should let the kids handle it, at least the first contact. They're the same age he is, so it might be easier for him to accept it."

Damian thought it over, and nodded. "Alright. And then?"

"Then, you let us handle it. As you pointed out, he's our son, he's our responsibility."

"And if you screw this up?"

"Then it's on our heads. We all screw up sometime, even you, we accept that. We'll do our best, and see what happens."

Damian nodded, then reach out, grabbed each of them by the collar. "Now come on. Lets go seal this agreement in your bedroom"

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"Are you sure this is the place?" Adam asked. They were parked a block away, in the minivan again. They were looking at

a small one story house, with faded, and peeling, blue paint on the walls. The lawn was mowed, but they could see a lot of weeds.

"It's the address uncle Damian gave us," Anakin said.

"I wouldn't want to live here," Alexander commented.

"You have to remember, not everyone is as fortunate as us." Was Aaron's contribution. "It doesn't make them any less good people."

"Would *you* want to live here?" Alexander challenged him.

Aaron didn't reply. His bedroom was probably larger than the house he was looking at. It probably didn't have a pool in the backyard, or workout equipment. Did it even have a backyard?

"How about you runt? Would you live here?" Alexander turned to look at Arthur, and saw an opened door. Their brother was running toward the house.

With curses everyone left the minivan to run after him. He was knocking on the door, when they caught up to him. The door opened, and a tiger was standing before them.

"Yeah?"

No one could say anything, as they looked at the brother they never knew. He was disheveled, had a cut on his left bicep, where his fur wasn't regrowing. He was wearing a wife beater that had seen much better days, and ripped jeans. Not professionally ripped, ripped because of age.

Aaron moved next to Arthur, who was just gawking at the man. "Hi. I'm Aaron. We're your brothers."

The tiger looked at them. Burst out laughing, and slammed the door shut.

They all stared at the door, stunned.

"What should we do?" Adam asked.

"Should we knock again?" Alexander asked.

Aaron didn't know what to do. All of them had imagined what this moment was going to be like, but he was certain none of them had imagined this. He certainly hadn't. Would knocking again accomplish anything? The guy had laughed at them. He turned, and saw that Aiden and Albert's eyes were wet.

"Let's go back to the minivan, the very least we can do, is not crowd his porch." They headed back in silence, and sat in it.

"I'm sorry," Arthur said, "I shouldn't have done this, maybe it would have gone better if I hadn't run there."

"No Runt," Adam said, ruffling his hair. "I'm pretty sure we'd still be sitting here, debating what to do, or commenting on his house, but certainly not going to knock on that door. You got the ball moving, good on you."

"Did we sound that crazy?" Albert asked, he'd dried his eyes. "He laughed at us."

"Well, it's bound to be a shock," Alexander replied, "seven guys he doesn't know showing up at his door, announcing they're his brothers. I don't know what I would have done in that

situation."

"We have his phone number," Aiden offered, "maybe one of us can give him a call, and try to explain the situation?"

"And what would we say? The situation hasn't changed." Adam said dryly.

"Hey guys," Anakin said, nodding toward the tiger that was walking toward them.

Aaron lowered the window.

"Look," the tiger started, "I'm sorry for laughing at you, and slamming the door in your face. But there's no way you guys are my brothers, I don't have any brothers. My dad died right after I was born."

"I'm Aaron," Aaron said, and proceeded to introduce everyone, "this is Anakin, Adam, Alexander, Albert, Aiden, and Arthur."

There was a long silence. "I'm Patrick," he finally said. And most of the brother winced. "What?"

"We were kind of expecting your name to start with 'A'," Anakin said.

"Why would you expect that?"

"It's a family tradition," Aaron said.

"Look, I already said I wasn't related to you."

"What day were you born?" Aaron asked. "March seventeenth? Eighteenth? Or nineteenth?"

Patrick looked at him for a moment. "Eighteenth."

"Us too," Aiden exclaimed.

Patrick smirked. "Right, all seven of you were born on exactly the same day I was."

"No," Aaron said. "Our birth actually range between the seventeenth to the nineteenth, but we've always ended up celebrating it on the eighteenth, so we decide to make it easy on everyone and picked that day as our official birthday."

"So what? You guys were born around the same day, a year apart, or something?"

"No, we're all eighteen, just like you."

"How the hell is that possible? Are you guys some sort of genetic experiment?"

"No, our dads just didn't want . . ." Albert didn't get to finish.

"Dads?" Patrick stiffened.

"Yes, our fathers wanted . . ."

"Look. I told you I'm not your brother. Now leave me alone." Patrick headed back to his house.

"What just happened?" Albert asked.

"I have no idea," Aaron replied. He sighed. "Okay, lets go home, we can ask dad for advise."