

Patrick took a deep breath, and entered the bar.

He'd spent the last two weeks thinking things over, and talking with Mother Rosetta. He'd decided he had to get to know the world he was a part of, he couldn't just read about it online.

He'd picked Rooster, because it was the closest gay bar to his place, being a two hour bus ride away. It wasn't in the gay district, there was no way he was going there, he'd heard enough stories to know it wasn't his kind of place.

So he'd called Bruce, and told him he had to take the night off, to deal with personal stuff, and he came here, a quiet bar, a little out of the way, with what was supposed to be a quiet atmosphere.

The music wasn't too loud, some country song, by the little he could pick out. The bar was probably half full, tables and counter. He took a stool, and ordered a beer, paying for it on the spot. He sipped it slowly, taking in the atmosphere. He was happy to note that wearing jeans, a t-shirt and jacket made him fit in.

He was halfway through it when someone came next to him, and put an arm around his shoulder. Patrick froze.

"Hey, buddy. You new here? I've never seen you before. And trust me I would have remembered a body like yours."

Patrick forced himself to turn his head, to look at the man almost completely draped over him. He was a dog of some sort, rottweiler, maybe. He didn't sound drunk, but his breath stank of rum.

He leaned in closer to Patrick. "You know, we kind of have a tradition here, where the regulars get to show the new blood a good time."

"Harold, leave the kid alone." The barman said.

Patrick stood suddenly. "This was a mistake," he mumbled, pushed Harold away and headed out. He couldn't believe he'd come here. This place was no better than the others he'd read about, he'd been an idiot to think otherwise.

"Hey buddy!" Harold yelled behind him.

Patrick ignored him. The door closed behind him, cutting off whatever else Harold said. If this kind of sleaze was what it meant to be gay, he wanted no part of it.

"Hey Buddy!" Harold had followed him outside.

"Leave me alone."

A hand landed on his shoulder and spun him around. "Listen here, buddy. You don't get to come in here, parade that yummy body of yours and then run off when someone responds to the advertisement."

"What the fuck are you talking about? Just go back inside. I'm not looking for any trouble."

The rottweiler came in close. "I'm not offering you trouble, I'm offering you a good time." A hand grabbed Patrick's crotch and squeezed.

He didn't think. His fist flew and the man staggered back.
 "Don't you fucking dare touch me, you fag." Patrick growled.

"I don't care what you say," his speech was starting to slur, "You want me, and you know it. I'm just going to have to show what you're missing."

The man came at him. Patrick sent a jab at his muzzle, making him reel back, and then swung hard across his muzzle.

The rottweiler spun and crashed to the ground.

Patrick looked at him panting. For a moment he worried that he'd killed the man, but then he saw he was still breathing. He turned and walked away. Fuck, this hadn't been what he'd wanted.

A hand landed on his shoulder, and Patrick spun around, fist raised. What the asshole back for more already?

A jaguar was taking a few steps back, hand raised. "Whoa, kid, calm down."

"What the fuck do you want?"

"I was parking, and I saw what happened. Are you okay?"

Patrick hesitated a moment, and then lowered his fist.

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Okay, that's good. You look a little rattled, do you want me to give you a ride somewhere?"

Patrick had a vision of a car stopping next to him, window lowering and a tiger saying "come in, kid. I'm going to give you a ride home." And of how uncomfortable that ride had been.

"I'm fine. I can get there on my own."

"Okay kid, you be careful out there."

The jaguar turned and headed back to the parking lot. Patrick was about turn, to leave, when he called out "Hey, Mister."

The jaguar turned.

"Thanks for caring."

The jaguar looked at him for a moment, head tilted to the side. "You're welcome. Have a good night."

Patrick turned and started walking.

Well, at least he hadn't punched that guy. He had actually seemed nice, at least he cared enough to check on him, a complete stranger. Not like that fag, who had been all over him and thought that they'd have sex just because he said so.

Patrick hummed. Okay, he had something. The fags were the sleazy ones, and gays were like that jaguar, normal guys, other than they were attracted to guys. Okay, he could make that work. He was gay, but he wasn't a fag. And he would never be one.

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"Hey, Mister."

Tom turned, maybe the kid had changed his mind about getting a ride.

"Thank for caring."

Tom tilted his head. 'Thanks for caring?' jeez, what world did he live in, that he had to thank someone for that? "You're welcome," he said. "Have a good night."

He watched the kid turn and take a few steps, before heading to his car. Once in he checked to make sure the kid was still moving away, and then made a call. "Tom Bracha, reporting in. The kid had an altercation, he took care of it. But I had to expose myself to make sure he was okay."

While the other person talked, he reached in the back seat, he pulled a baseball cap, but this one had openings for his ears, it wouldn't do. "Yeah, I can follow him, he's on foot, but if something else happens, and I have to intervene, there's no way he's going to believe it's a coincidence."

He pulled another cap, good. This one didn't have openings. He put it on his lap and looked on the back seat where his sports jacket was. "Okay, that works. Do we have the busses on this route covered? I doubt he's going to be walking all the way home. Okay, good. You also need to send someone at my location. The guy the kid punched will need to be looked after, to make sure he doesn't start anything."

Tom closed the phone, took off his suit's jacket and replaced it with the sports one. He stepped out of his car, folded his ears against his skull and put the baseball cap on. There, with that, and keeping his hands in his pockets, his silhouette was completely changed. There was no way the kid was going to make him. He followed him at a good distance.

Tom didn't ask questions. He might find it strange that the company was having him and a few teams follow and protect the kid, but after what the company had done for him, if they asked him to jump off a building, he probably would. He might not even bother checking to make sure they had something setup for his landing.

Not too long ago the kid had deserved four teams, watching him at all time. The orders were to make sure the kid stayed safe, and unaware of the surveillance. Tom had had to stop three attempts on the kid, by what looked to be gang members. He knew of five other attempts over a three week period. After that, it was only one team, then after a month, it was down to one man on him, only with support when needed.

Tom didn't know who the kid was, if it wasn't for the fact he lived in the brownstones, he'd think he was someone important.

Someone fell in step behind him ten minutes later. Tom heard a Zippo flip open, a cigarette being lit and then a long drag.

"You know those things are going to kill you, right Donovan?"

"I'm more likely to die of lead poisoning." A gruff voice replied. "I've got the kid. You go back to your girlfriend. We have Sandy on the bus he should take, and Emerson on the one after that. So he's covered."

Tom turned right at the next intersection. He kept going for three blocks, and then made his way to his car through the

alleys, to make sure no one was following him. He checked his watch, she'd still be up. He took out his phone. "Hey hun, how are you doing? Good. I'm going to be home early, within the hour. They decided to lockup the building for the night, something about problems with the gas line. Yeah, I'll still have to report in the morning, if only to find out what's going on. See you soon."

As far as his girlfriend was concerned, he worked as head of security for Royal Security. Which was true, he did have a position by that name there, he even had a desk, but was almost never there. He was almost always in the field.

He didn't like lying to her, but after years of doing Black Ops, he knew the benefits of keeping loved ones in the dark.

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Patrick came home, carrying two bags of groceries. It was almost five. He'd have time to put them away, take a quick shower and then head to work.

"Hi mom," he said, she was putting her jacket away, having just come home from work.

"Hello dear."

"How was work."

"It was good," she replied with a smile, and Patrick had to pause, to look at her. It had been a very long time since he'd seen his mother smile. Not that she had been unhappy before, she'd just always been too tired to smile. Now, with the raise she'd gotten at the factory, she'd been able to quit the waitressing job, and she had time to relax when she got home.

Patrick was almost done with the groceries, when she poked her head back in the kitchen. "Remember, I won't be back until Tuesday evening."

"What?"

"I told you about this last week. The company is flying me to New York City for training to become a supervisor."

"It's this week?"

"Yes, I leave tomorrow, I'll be there all weekend."

"Okay, cool, have a good trip then, I won't see you tomorrow."

"You be good. No party in the house."

Patrick rolled his eyes. "I wouldn't dare, mom."

He kissed her on the cheek, before going to get his shower. He was going to have to make arrangements not to work Saturday. With his mom out of town, it was the perfect time to go visit his other family. He'd have to remember to call them. He wasn't showing up unannounced this time.

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Patrick knocked on the door, before he remembered there was a buzzer. The door opened, and Arthur was the one behind it again. "Hey Patrick. Come on in." Like the other time, he was only wearing pants, but this time they were jeans. "We're having a Smash Bros tournament." He lead Patrick to the living room,

where he saw the biggest TV ever. The thing had to be at least six feet across.

He remembered seeing the living room, but the last time it had only been in passing, and it had been disorderly. This time all the cushions were on the couch and people were sitting on them, the four in the central couch had the controllers, and were screaming insults at each other.

As best as he could determine, it was Aaron, Alexander, Adam and one of their fathers. The others were cheering them on. He stood behind the couch, watching them play. He'd never really gotten into video games. A few of the people he'd known when he was younger had them, but he had been too busy working, to play.

He watched the characters punch, slash and use special moves at each other. He winced a few time at what seemed like particularly vicious blows. The players changed as people won and lost. Someone offered him a controller, but he passed on it. While he was finding it entertaining watching the fights, he wasn't interested in playing.

It was the seventh or eighth game, when someone honked outside. Someone ran to the window, Aiden?

"Uncle Damian's here! Adam! He has a new car."

Adam dropped his controller, and ran out of he room. Making the other players curse, and Anakin jump in his place.

Not being too interested in the game, Patrick followed Adam. He ended up in a large garage, with two cars, two minivans and space for three other cars. The door opened, and a silver car rolled in. Patrick didn't know much about cars, but he could tell this wasn't a normal car. It didn't have any logos or even model name on it.

As soon as it stopped, Adam was looking at it closely. The driver's door lifted open, and Damian stepped out. He chuckled as he watched Adam.

"Okay, the front side molding is off a GT-R," Adam said, running his hand over it. "The doors aren't from any model I recognize, but they are obviously designed after a Ferrari. The rear molding's right off the F-Type." He stood and looked at the trunk. "How come there isn't a spoiler? What's the point of the sport design, if you don't have a spoiler."

Damian took out his key chain, and pressed a button. The spoiler lifted up.

"Oh, my god! This is brilliant." Adam ran to the front of the car. "I have to see the engine. Please, Uncle Damian, you have to let me see the engine." He was practically jumping from one foot to the other.

Damian looked at Adam, then the car. "How about I make you a deal." He said, and a lot of enthusiasm left Adam.

"What . . . What kind of deal?" there was actual worry on his face, and Patrick wondered what was going on.

"We go camping, just the two of us, for a week. Once you're done with your classes."

"A, a week?" Adam's ears were folded back, his tail was perfectly still, and he seemed to have trouble breathing.

Damian placed a hand on his shoulder. "You don't have to give me an answer right now. I'm here all day. Just think it over."

Damian headed for the stairs leading up to the house, and Patrick grabbed his arm. "What the fuck was that about?"

"What do you mean?"

"You just offered to go camping with him, and he looks like he's heading for the electric chair."

"Oh, that." Damian smiled, and there was absolutely no mirth in it. He ran a finger along Patrick's cheek. "You can always go camping with me, and find out."

"Absolutely not." Someone said behind Patrick. One of his father's was coming down the stairs. He looked at Adam and shook his head.

"And why not?" Damian asked. "He's old enough to make his own decisions."

"Because he has no idea what he'd be getting into. I don't like Adam going with you, but he knows what's in store. Patrick doesn't."

"Look," Damian said, pointing a finger at him. He paused, then cursed. "Which one are you?"

"Daniel."

"Wait," Patrick said. "You can't tell them apart either?"

"No," Damian growled. "The only time I know which one's which is when we're having sex."

Patrick stared at him for a moment. "You have sex with them?"

"Of course," Damian replied. "How else should brothers show their loves for each other?" He looked at Patrick. "How do you think the kids do it?"

Patrick just stared at him, while his mind formed images. His stomach rebelled at them, and Patrick ran up the stair.

"That's just fucking great," Daniel growled. Upstairs, a door slammed shut.

Damian took a step and raised his hand to pacify his brother. "How was I to know he was going to react that way?"

"Don't bullshit me. You knew exactly how he was going to react. You don't love us, so you said that specifically to get him to react."

Damian didn't do anything for a moment, and then smiled. "Okay, you got me."

"Why? Damn it, Dam, why did you do that? He's just starting to become comfortable around us."

"Of course he is. Look at you, wearing pants, I'm guessing everyone up stair's behaving, keeping their hands to themselves. Daniel, if I let you take it at a comfortable speed, the kid's going to go to his grave a virgin. He hasn't even had sex yet."

"How do you know that?" Daniel's eyes went wide. "You're

having him followed?"

Damian stared at his brother. "Really? That comes as a surprise to you? What did you think I'd do? Close my eyes and hope for the best? It's my family we are talking about. I am not going to leave anything to chance."

"I told you we would handle it! Damn it." He turned. "I need to go check on him."

Damian grabbed his arm. "Let one of the kids do it."

Daniel glared at him, but he didn't try to get out of the hold.

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Patrick was bent over the bowl, but he wasn't throwing up, for which he was grateful. He wasn't moving, thought, because his stomach still felt like it might decide to heave at any moment.

After a few moments, his stomach calmed enough that he felt confident getting up. He closed the cover and sat on it. He shook his head. What the fuck was he getting himself into.

There was a knock at the door.

"It's busy," he said.

"I know. It's Arthur, can I come in?"

Patrick thought about it, he wasn't sure he wanted to see any of them right now, but Arthur had been nice to him. Maybe it was because he was so much smaller than the others, but Patrick felt safer with him.

"Yeah, sure." Patrick stood to go open the door, but it opened before he'd even moved. "Do you have a key?"

"No, the door wasn't locked."

Patrick looked at him. He'd forgotten to lock it in his rush to head for the bowl? He guessed that made sense. He sat back down. And looked around. Only now realizing he was in a large bathroom, with a stand up shower that could probably hold everyone in this family. He forced himself not to form that image. He had enough of thinking about that right now. There was also a large Jacuzzi tub. The floor might have been marble, the walls were some sort of black stone.

"Are you okay?" Arthur asked, as he sat on the edge of the tub.

"Not really. No offense, but you're family's crazy, you know that?"

Arthur smiled. "I guess, that unless you grow up in this environment, it can look that way."

"And you're okay with it?"

"What are you talking about at this moment?"

"Your fathers, and your uncle."

"Ah, so it's finding out they have sex that sent you in here."

Patrick shook his head. "No, I think that I might have been okay with. It's when he said you guys did it too. How can you do that?"

"Why shouldn't we?"

"Because it's wrong?"

"Says who?"

"The . . ." He's been about to say the bible, but he remembered his conversations with Mother Rosetta. "Everyone!" he finally said, knowing full well that was as lame as it got.

"Why?"

"Because you are brothers. Damn it!"

Arthur looked at him for a moment. "Patrick, what I'm about to say, I don't say it to imply anything about what your mother might or might not have done right, okay? Try to keep that in mind."

Patrick nodded,

Arthur took a deep breath. "My, our fathers, they raised us not to have any hangups about our sexuality. We've had sex for a long time. Almost certainly a lot longer than you're comfortable knowing. I love my brothers, so I have sex with them. For me, and them it's as simple as that. We don't see anything wrong with that. Actually, it's when we encounter someone like you, and really most people out there, that we don't get it. Why do you feel there's so much baggage that comes with sex?"

Patrick couldn't answer that. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't say why. "I guess you guys are expecting me to just jump in bed with you?"

"No, we don't expect that." Arthur stood and moved close to Patrick. "We hope that you'll reach a point where you're comfortable with that, because we love you Patrick. You're our brother, and we love you, and we would love to be able to show you how much we love you." He lightly kissed Patrick's cheek.

Patrick was surprised by the gesture. No one but his mother had ever kissed him. He felt his ears warming up.

"Do you think you're going to be able to continue hanging out with us? Or do you prefer going home?"

Patrick thought about it. If he went home, he'd be spending the rest of the day alone, as well as the night, unless he went to the bar. And to be honest, except for Damian, everyone had been well behaved.

"You uncle Damian isn't the most sensitive guy out there, is he?"

Arthur chuckled. "That's putting it mildly."

"You guys all have an eccentricity, one of your , our fathers said that last time. What's his?"

Arthur shook his head. "No, trust me on that. If you're not comfortable having sex with us, you don't want to know about him."

"It has something to do with the camping trip, doesn't it?"

Arthur took his hand. "Patrick, if you press this, you are going to be running away from here screaming. Uncle Damian's more extreme than the rest of us, that's all I'm going to say."

Patrik nodded, Arthur's seriousness about this making him

think that he really shouldn't press. "Okay, I think I'll be able to stick around."

"Cool."

Arthur led him back to the living room, where someone finally convinced him to take one of the controller. He mostly lost, but had a couple of lucky win. At one point he noticed that Damian, and his fathers weren't there anymore, and he forced himself not to think about it.

Dinner was pizza, ordered from Dominos. Patrick couldn't believe people as rich as them also ate Dominos. When the evening was late enough, they offered for him to crash, they had extra bedrooms.

He declined. He wasn't comfortable spending the night. He also refused to let Damian drive him home, but he agreed to have Adam do it.

When they went to the garage, Patrick noticed that he hood to Damian's car was up.

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Patrick was in the living room, it was empty. The large television was off. He wondered where everyone had gone to. He went to he couch, the game console was on the floor, with the controllers, so they could be nearby. He turned to leave, and there, before the opening to the hallway, were his brothers. Naked and dancing seductively, grinding against each other, and gyrating for him.

He swallowed hard. He tried to step back, but there was someone behind him. He turned, and looked into one of his father's eyes.

"I can't wait to welcome you into our family, Patrick," he said, in a husky voice. He leaned in, kissed him, and grabbed his ass.

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Patrick woke up with a gasp. His heart was beating a mile a minutes, and he had trouble breathing for a moment. What the fuck had that been about? He wondered. Then he felt wetness on his belly.

He lifted the covers, and there, he got his answer. He couldn't believe it. He had never cum in his sleep, ever.

He saw again, his father kissing him, and felt the hand on his ass, and his entire body shivered in response.