

This time Patrick didn't go to the door. When he, and his mother, were invited to celebrate his birthday with his siblings, the instructions were to follow the path to the side of the house and enter by the gate there.

Patrick was nervous, but also eager, he'd never had a birthday party before. When he'd been young, his mother had just been too busy, she would bring him a cake, and they would watch a movie. As he got older, his friends would try to get him to sneak in a club with them, but those places had never appealed to him, and he had to work to help his mom with the bills. In recent years, the few friends he still had would show up at the bar and share a drink with him. That had been the extent of things.

This was going to be his first God to honest party, and a pool party on top of of that.

The sound of people became audible before they reached the gate. He had jeans on, a t-shirt and his usual jacket, even in this warm mid march day. He had his trunks, towels and a few toiletries in his backpack. His mother had fussed for hours over what to wear, She ended up going to a store and buying a hundred dollar dress. It was a nice looking one, Patrick thought, a beautiful spring flower pattern on a light pink background. He did think it was too expensive, but as far as he knew, this was the first time his mother had treated herself to something nice. Even after her raise, she still lived as frugally as when they could barely afford to pay the bills.

He didn't say anything about the price. She deserved to treat herself.

He pushed the wooden gate, and stepped into a yard as large as his entire block. The pool was toward the back, and had a bunch of people splashing in it. There was a lot more people than Patrick expected. He located his fathers, as he walked toward the large table. They were at the grill, wearing only gray speedos. Patrick stopped moving, both because he'd reached the table, and because the sight of his fathers froze him in place.

Their chest and shoulders were broad, well muscles, and the fur rippled as they moved. They were laughing at something. His eyes stopped at the crotch, when one of them turned, and his breath caught. The package there was ample, and he felt himself react to it.

"Hey, Patrick's here!" the man said, and Patrick snapped back. His brothers came to greet him. They stepped aside for one of the adults. Damian. Patrick worried about what he might do, but he took his mother's hand and kissed the top of it.

"Misses Sanders, It's a pleasure to finally meet you. I have to say you have done an amazing job raising your son."

Patrick couldn't believe his mother blushed. "Thank you, mister?"

"Damian," he said, with a charming smile. He pointed to the

two by the grill with a thumb. "I'm those two's brother."

"Damian!" a woman in the pool called, "come on!"

"If you'll excuse me, duty calls." Damian ran to the pool, threw himself in the air, made himself into a ball and bombed in the water, to the laughter of everyone in the pool. Only now did Patrick notice there was a lot of girls. He felt his heart sink.

He felt someone take his hand, and saw it was Arthur, who pulled him toward the house.

"Where do you think you're going?" Margarette asked.

"I'm going to show Patrick where he can change. We'll be right back."

Patrick saw one of the women attract his mother's attention, and then he was in the house. Arthur led him to a bedroom.

Patrick sat on the bed, and dropped his bag on the floor.

There were girls. He couldn't believe it. And then, what he'd been expecting to happen hit him. He fell back on the bed. "Ah fuck, this is stupid. My mom's here, of course this wasn't going to turn into a sex party."

"You okay?" Arthur sat next to him, and put a hand on his leg.

Patrick's leg tingled from the touch. "I'm okay," He said, and sat up. "I just realized that I was really hoping today would be the day. With it being my birthday and all." He looked at Arthur, and a thought occurred to him. They were alone, and his mother probably wouldn't come looking for him, not for a while anyway. "Arthur, would you have sex with me?"

Arthur smiled at him, and placed a hand on his cheek. "You're a little old for me," he said.

"I am? I'm the same age as you?" the rejection hurt more than he'd expected.

"I prefer my guys in the thirteen to fourteen range, sorry. But it isn't me you want, is it?"

Patrick opened his mouth to protest, but the dreams came back, they started differently, but they always ended with him gazing in his father's eyes.

Patrick looked away. "How did you know?"

"The way you were eating them up with your eyes when you got here. They're yummy, but you looked at them like you hadn't eaten anything for weeks."

"Fuck. I guess everyone noticed too."

Arthur squeezed his leg. "The only ones who noticed, don't care. Trust me on that."

"I really hope so. If my mom realizes I have the hots for my fathers, she's going to kill me. She's pretty much put that meeting out of her mind and decided I'm normal."

"You haven't told her?"

"I don't know how. Things are finally starting to go well for her, I don't want to ruin it by forcing her to deal with the

fact I am indeed gay."

"Then don't worry, no matter what happens here, she won't find out."

"Thanks."

"Now, which one do you want for your first time?"

Patrick just looked at him. "What do you mean?"

"You want dad, but I don't think I can manage to get both of them in here, not without your mom realizing something. So you're going to have to pick one."

Patrick saw those eyes, in his mind, he could feel strong hands on his ass, and gulped. "Does it matter?" he whispered, having trouble believing what Arthur was proposing.

"A little. If you want to fuck dad, then you want Daniel. If you want to be fucked by him, you want Donald."

Patrick felt the heat in his face, and ears, as he remembered the scenes he kept playing out, as he'd tried the dildo he'd bought two month ago. No matter what he tried to imagine, it always came back to his father on top of him.

"Donald," he whispered.

He felt the peck on his cheek, and Arthur left.

Left alone, Patrick tried to decide if this was a mistake. It was one thing to admit, and accept that he was gay, but wasn't having sex with your own father a whole new level of wrong? Except it was possible he wasn't actually his father. Did it actually matter if he was or not? He still represented his father, either way.

Patrick hadn't figured things out when the door opened, and his father entered. "Arthur said you needed to see me?"

Patrick looked at his father, standing there, with slight worry on his face. There was his father, the man who had conceived him. He hadn't been there to raise him, but he could see the love in his eyes, with the concern. Patrick knew that this man would be there for him from now on. He could ask him anything, and if it was within his power, he would make it happen.

Patrick ran to him and wrapped his arms around him, squeezing so tight he might choke him.

"Are you okay?" his father asked.

"I'm scared, dad." He felt arms go around him and hold him close. "I want you so badly, it scares me."

"It's okay Patrick, you don't have to do anything."

"I want to dad. I've been dreaming about this for months now." He looked up, tears flowing. "I've never had a dad. For years I thought I had the memories of one, but that was a lie. You're here. You're my dad. I want to feel how much you love me."

"Patrick, are you sure it's . . ."

Patrick didn't let him finish, he kissed him, hard. It wasn't chaste kiss. It was hungry, it was famished. His father didn't hesitate, he kissed him back. The arms on his back moved

lower, He felt them on his ass, and then they squeezes. Patrick gasped, and through he was going to cum right there.

He felt himself being lifted, and he couldn't believe how strong his father was, he wasn't exactly light, with all the muscle he had, but his father was also muscular. He was deposited on the bed. He looked at his father as he stepped away, and noticed that the bulge in his speedo as now a line, thick and long, with a wet spot at the end.

His father straddled him, and pulled the t-shirt over Patrick's head. He kissed him again, it was lighter this time, gentler. When he broke the kiss, his father looked at him, his expression a little more serious.

"First rule of sex in this family, Patrick. No means no. If at any time you aren't comfortable with what's happening. You tell me, and we stop. You weren't educated by us, so I don't want you to feel you have to do this."

Patrick put a finger on his father's lips. "I get it, dad. No means no. You can shut up now. Just love me."

His father looked him in the eyes, an then lowered himself. He didn't kiss him this time, he bit his neck and Patrick gasped. He felt the teeth against his skin, his brain was sending so much conflicting information he couldn't move. He was safe with his father. The bite actually felt good. Biting was a threat to his life. By the time his father release his neck, he was panting as hard as his cock was.

His father moved down, lightly biting his flesh until he reached Patrick's nipples. He knew what was coming, he had played with his nipples before, and he knew they were sensitive, but he still wasn't prepared for the lightning that coursed through them when his father started sucking on one, then the other. And the light bites made him arc his back.

Patrick couldn't speak, he could barely think.

He only became aware his jeans were undone when his father released his nipples and moved lower, pushing them down as he moved. His father stood and pulled them off Patrick completely. He looked up at him, and his father's speedo was gone. He could see this father's cock, erect, proud and leaking. The only thing he could think about was how beautiful his father was. How much he wanted what was coming.

The jeans went flying, and Patrick closed his eyes, eagerly waiting for what was coming. He gasped, and opened his eyes as he felt a hot mouth on his cock. He looked down to see his father deep throating him. He moaned, fuck this felt good. No wonder the guys were always going on about blow jobs.

"Oh fuck, Dad." The words escaped his mouth unbidden. His father's mouth, his tongue, they felt heavenly, moving on his cock.

He was so distracted by the sensation his cock was flooding him with, that he barely felt the finger pressing at his ass. He gasped as it popped in, and then he was just moaning, just more

pleasurable feelings added to the mix.

He put his hands on the top of his father's head and started thrusting in his mouth. Fuck this felt good. His movement made the finger go deeper, and every so often, it sent lightning through his cock, even if it wasn't any where near it.

He was panting now, he couldn't believe he'd lasted this long, no one could endure so much pleasure, could they? The last thing he wondered before the world exploded with lightning was 'why did I wait so long to do this?'

As far as Patrick was concerned, he stopped existing for a while. All he was, was the lightning of pleasure, coursing through the world.

When he started breathing again, his father was still nursing on his cock, and it felt good, for a while, until. "Dad. You have to stop," he panted. "If you don't I think I'm going to piss."

His father stopped, and released his now flaccid cock. "How was that?" he asked.

"That was amazing," Patrick replied. "It wasn't what I was expecting though."

"Really?"

"Yeah, Arthur said you were the one to have if I wanted to be fucked."

"That's true, I'm a top, but you wanted me to show you how much I love you. I don't express my love just by shoving my cock up your ass." Patrick chuckled at the vulgar language. "You are worth so much more. I want to make you happy, I want to bring you pleasure."

"I hope you want to fuck me," Patrick added, with a chuckle. And then got serious. "I mean it, dad. I want to feel you in me. I bought a dildo two month ago, and anytime I use it, you're the only one I can think of. Having you in me, that's what I want from my birthday present, dad."

His father nodded, and moved, lifting Patrick's legs and he did so. When he was between them, he grabbed a bottle of lube that was on the bed. Where had that come from? Patrick thought, he knew it hadn't been there before, and there was no way his dad could have hidden it on himself.

His father coated his cock with the gel. "Are you ready?" his father asked.

Patrick nodded, and winced a little as his father started pushing in. He took his time, pressing, and then releasing the pressure, pressing a little more, moving back a little. It was gradual enough that Patrick barely felt any discomfort. Patrick panted more and more, as his father stretched him.

And then, his father stopped moving. Patrick looked at him. "Is everything okay?" which earned him a strange look.

"I'm all in."

Patrick looked down, he couldn't believe it, his father was pressed completely against him. Where had the pain been? There

should have been some pain, right? He then noticed he was hard again.

He couldn't think of anything else to do. He wrapped his arms around his father neck, and kissed him passionately. Like that, his father started thrusting, and Patrick was moaning in the kiss.

After a moment, his arms got tired and he had to let go of his father. His father move on top of him, looking at him. Patrick moaned, looking back.

"You are precious, Patrick. You are my son. Do not ever feel ashamed of who you are, of what you feel. Love with all your heart, with all your being. You don't have to tell the world who you are, but KNOW who you are. Never deny that you are an Orr, even if you don't bear the name."

"I swear dad," Patrick replied, between pants. "I won't deny who I am, and I won't be ashamed of it."

"Thank you Patrick." His father picked up the pace, and Patrick groaned in reply.

He gasped when he felt a hand on his cock, and looked down just long enough to see his father jacking him off as he fucked him. His father was going to make him cum a second time, he realized, a moment before the lightning exploded again.

When he came back to the world, his father was grunting over him. His thrusting was hard, but a little erratic. He opened his eyes and looked at Patrick, there was wildness in them. Patrick smiled at him.

His father pushed himself as deep as he could, raised his head, and roared.

Patrick felt the cock inside him pulse, and he imagined being filled with his father's cum. Receiving the ointment he gave to all his sons. The seed that made him.

When his father looked down at him, panting heavily. Patrick was crying. "I love you so much, dad," he said, before his father could worry.

He had a father.

The world would never be perfect, but he had a father. His world was perfect now. He held on to his father as he slowly pulled out, and he was held back.

Patrick didn't know how long they held each other, but he figured it couldn't have been too long.

"We should get back to the party," his father said.

"I know, I just don't want this to end." He was kissed on the forehead.

"It isn't going to end. You'll always be one of us. We're only a phone call away, a visit away."

"What if my mom freaks."

"She's your mother, but you have to be your own man. At some point, you're going to have to let her go."

Patrick disengaged himself.

"It has nothing to do with us, Patrick," his father

continued. "It's just part of growing up. Our kids are going to let us go too, at some point. We have to accept that, they have to accept it, and so do you."

Patrick was silent for a moment. "You know," he finally said, "I think there's a rule that says you can't be this profound after sex."

His father laughed, and then shoved him. "My house, my rule." He stood. "Come on, lets go wash up. If you want your mother to remain ignorant of what happened here, you can't go to the pool smelling like sex."

The bedroom's bathroom was earth tone stones and grays. It only had a shower, no tub. His father turned the water on, and they went under the jet. The water was cool, refreshing.

Patrick reached for the soap dispenser, but his father stopped him. "Not that one. That's lube."

"You have lube in the shower?"

"Of course," his father whispered, "the shower is a perfect place to have sex. You get clean as quickly as you get dirty." His father reached for the pump he'd just told Patrick not to use.

"Dad," Patrick said. "Shouldn't we?" He felt the cock under his tail and he knew he had to make a decision. "Oh, fuck yeah," he whispered, and put both hands on the wall for support.

His father entered him in a smooth thrust.

"Oh, fuck, dad."

"Yes, son, I will be doing that." He reached around to stroke Patrick's cock.

Patrick had a moment of wonder, he couldn't be hard again, could he? And then all thought left him as his father fucked, and jerked him.

How long it lasted he had no idea. He remembered feeling his father tense, and bite his shoulder, then the lightning exploded.

His father was panting in his ear, when he returned.

"Fu . . ." He chuckles, no he wasn't going to say that, for all he knew it would set his father off again. "This was intense."

"Huh hu" was all he got as a reply.

"You okay, old man?"

"I'm just enjoying having my cock up my son's ass, and holding him tenderly."

Patrick chuckles. "You're going to have to make due with what you've already got, my arms are about to give. I can't support both out weight."

He got a kiss on the side of the head, and his father pulled out.

Patrick stretched, and turned to look at his father. "Fuck, I can't believe I came three times. I didn't think it was even possible."

His father smiled at him. "You're an Orr. You're going to

find out, that when it comes to sex, we're outside the norm on many points."

"Are you saying that I'm going to be horny all the time?"

"You're a guy, isn't that the norm?"

Patrick swatted his father, who moved out of the way. "What I mean, is that if you want to, you will be able to."

Patrick thought about that, as he washed off. "So what? I can get hard and cum on command?"

"Getting hard, pretty much. If you want to have sex, you'll be able to get hard. As for cumming. I don't know. As far as I know Damian is the only one who has that kind of control over his body."

His father handed him a towel, and they dried each other off. He picked up the cell that was on the side table. "Shit."

"What?"

"We were here a little longer than I was expecting."

"How long?"

"An hour and a half."

"What? Fuck my mom's going to go ballistic."

"No, she thinks you went with Adam to buy more sodas. So put your trunks on, and head to the garage."

"Won't she find it strange that you've also been gone this long?"

"She doesn't know I've been gone."

"How?"

"No one can tell me and Daniel apart, remember?"

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Patrick went down the stairs to the garage, while his dad headed outside. Adam was leaning against the sports car. He was only wearing a black speedo and unbuttoned shirt. He was looking at his phone. From what he could see, it was probably one of those smart phone everyone used these days.

Adam looked up. "Hey. Had fun?" he took an ear bud out of his ear.

Patrick blushed. He couldn't help it, the memory of his father fucking him in the shower came back to him. An arm went around his shoulder.

"Patrick, buddy, where ever your mind is going, you need to reign it in."

Patrick blinked. "What?"

Adam pointed down. Patrick's trunks were well tented. With a curse Patrick adjusted himself.

"Hmm, you're still a bit wet."

"I'll dry off pretty quick once I'm outside."

"Not fast enough for your mom to ask about it."

"Ah, fuck."

"That's okay. Here's what you're going to do." He opened the trunk of the car, eight packs of forty eight sodas where in there. "You'll grab as many of those as you can. Put them on the table and jump in the pool."

"What if my mom calls to me?" He grabbed two packs.

"Act like you haven't heard her. You can apologize once you're wet." Adam stacked a third pack on the two Patrick was holding.

"I can take a fourth one."

"Yeah, but you'll be blind. We have to navigate stairs, halls and doorways. You want to see where you're going." He stacked three packs on the sedan parked next to them. "Someone can come back for the rest." He picked them up.

"You came up with the pool idea pretty quick. Do you guys have a book with a bunch of excuses listed in them?"

"Hell no. But that's a good idea, we'll have to write one, might be a best seller. I've just been almost caught sleeping with married men, while their wives are in the next room, often enough that I've learned to think fast."

Patrick froze. "You sleep with married men?"

"Sure," Adam replied, taking a few more steps, before stopped and turning to look at Patrick. "It's kind of my thing."

"Why? Why do you go after married men?"

"Have you looked at them? Most of them looked like they're in prison. What ever they had before, it's gone now. But they're still chained up to the same person. I offer them some of that happiness they used to have."

"But they're not all unhappy. There's plenty of guys out that who are still perfectly happy."

"And those guy will refuse my offer. I don't try to trick and sweet talk my way into their bed, well, not too much, those who aren't looking for something outside of their marriage, they won't be interested in me, and I'll move on."

Patrick stared at his brother, stunned more by his lack of repulsion at what Adam did, then the fact he was doing it. He was really becoming part of this family. "So you don't force it on them."

"Hell no. No, means No."

"First rule," Patrick added.

"Exactly. Come on."

They made their way through the house, to the back. Adam kicked the door and screamed through the screen. "Someone open the damn door, our hands are full." The door opened, and they went outside.

Patrick saw that his mother was trying to pay attention to him, as well as the conversation she was having with a collie and bear. He put the packs down, and ran for the pool, just as he heard her say his name. He plunged in. The water was a little on the cold side. He came up, and a beach ball bounced off his head.

"Patrick Sanders!" his mother called.

"Hey mom."

"Why didn't you call me to tell me you were going to run errands."

"I . . ." Patrick stammered, no knowing what to say.

"Sorry Mam," Adam said. "That would be my fault. I grabbed Patrick just as he was done changing. He only had his trunks on. I didn't think you would be upset, if I had I would have lent him my phone, so he could call you."

Margarette looked at Adam, visually evaluating his moral character. "You should have thought about calling me, Patrick."

"I'm sorry, mom." Now that he'd had a moment to think, he had a sort of idea. "I was kind of just enjoying the car ride. I haven't been in one often."

"And it's a F-type," Adam added, without missing a beat. "It's such a rad car. I kind of went out of the way, so Patrick could really get to enjoy it."

"Adam! Come on!"

Patrick turned to see who had yelled. It was one of the girls in the in-ground jacuzzi next to the pool.

"Again, I'm really sorry for distressing you, Mam." Adam went to the jacuzzi, stepped in, and put an arm around the girls on each side of him.

Margarette looked at Adam, who whispered something to one of the girls, and she seemed satisfied with what was happening. She looked at her son, who was holding on to the edge of the pool. "You really should know better than to disappear like that."

"I know, mom. I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

She smiled at him. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't be scolding you. You're a grown man. You can make your own decision,"

"It's okay, mom. It's not because I'm nineteen, that I'm not your baby anymore."

Patrick thought his mother's eyes were getting wet, as she turned away. "You go have fun. Enjoy your birthday party."