

"That's your new brother," Samantha asked, "isn't it?"

Adam leaned close to her, as Patrick's mother watched him.
"He is."

"Have you had sex with him yet? Is that why you took so long to come back?"

"No, it just took us this long." He sat back normally, now that she wasn't watching him anymore, hopefully she now thought he was straight, and wouldn't pester Patrick too much.

"When you do, can I watch?"

Adam laughed. Samantha, and Julie, on his other side were the only two of his friends who knew he had sex with his brothers. And while Julie was only amused by that, Samantha kept wanting to watch.

"I don't think so. He's too new to the family."

"How about one of your other brothers then?"

"I haven't been able to convince any of them." Truth was, he hadn't asked. He knew none of them would want someone outside the family watching. Maybe he could ask if they minded sharing one of the movies they'd made? No, they wouldn't go for that either.

Maybe he could ask if she wanted to watch him having sex with her father? He almost burst out laughing. That would be a major bad idea. He wanted to keep her as a friend. She was nice, and smart and could come up with wicked good art. Julie was an awesome writer, these two had an online comic he loved, about a race car driver who got in adventures between races. That's how he got to know them, he emailed them to point out some of the details they'd gotten wrong about the car the main character drove. Back then, it was a supped up Audi R8. He'd become their technical adviser, and then, last year, he found out they were actually going to the same school he was.

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"Patrick," his dad called, "can you go inside, and get more chairs. They're going to be in the basement, it's the door in front of the one leading to the garage. The storage room is going to be at the end of the hall, on your left."

"Sure dad." Patrick glanced at his mother, who was deep in conversation with the bear, who was the father of one of the girls he'd seen in the pool.

He found the door, went down the stairs, the light was already on. He went to the end of the hall, but before he got to the door, he heard voices.

"Come on Anakin, just this once." It was Damian, it came from the door across the storage room. Patrick crept as close as he could. To keep an ear on what he was doing, and help Anakin, if needed.

"No, Uncle. Absolutely not."

Patrick could see, through the partially opened door, that Damian and Anakin were alone.

"Come on, Anakin, you know you're going to love it." He

was running a finger along Anakin's cheek

Anakin shoved the hand away. "I said no. Damn it, Uncle, you know the rules."

Damian snorted. "Rules, smrules. You know how great I am. You've hear the praises I get from anyone I fuck. Think about how great it'll be for you." He moved closer to Anakin, but he was pushed away.

"No. Do you hear me. You aren't fucking me. The only way you'll ever get to fuck me is if your dead!" Anakin gasped, as he realized what he said. "Oh my god. Uncle. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry." He started crying, and Damian pulled him in a hug.

"It's okay Anakin."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it."

"No, Anakin, you did."

"No, I can't mean it. I can't want to have sex with dead guys, that's wrong."

Damian pull him to arms length and looked at him. "No, Anakin, never think that. Sex is never wrong, so long as your partner agrees to it. And if they're dead, it isn't like they can say no."

"But."

"No butts, Anakin. In this family, we don't feel shame over sex, ever."

"But how am I ever going to do it?"

"We'll think of something, but I want you to promise me something. You won't kill someone, just to experience it."

Anakin chuckled "like I'd ever do that."

"I'm serious Anakin. Promise me."

"I promise, Uncle Damian."

Damian hugged his nephew. "Good boy."

They stayed like that for a moment, then Anakin untangled himself and went to a side of the room Patrick couldn't see in. A door closed.

There was silence.

Patrick was about to turn for he storage room when Damian spoke. "SO, you learn anything?" Patrick froze, and glanced in the room, who was he talking to? Damian turned to look at him. "Well?"

How the fuck had he known he was there?

Patrick opened the door fully and looked in the room. On the wall to his right was the door he'd heard close. The room was empty, it could be a family room it certainly was large enough, his house, three times, he guessed.

"I've learned you like pushing people's buttons. And that I'm never going to be alone with you in a room."

Damian walked toward him. "Careful how you say that, Patrick, I might think it's a challenge."

Patrick wanted to tell him to just try it, but something stopped him. He remember those cold blue eyes looking into him in the car, and he had the distinct feeling that if he did

challenge him, he wouldn't win.

He grabbed Damian's arm as he passed by him. "What the fuck is your deal?"

Damian looked at him, his eyes weren't quite completely gray, there was a hint of blue in them. "Have you pissed yourself yet?"

"What? Of course not."

Damian shrugged. "Another time then." He shook his arm out of the grip and left.

Patrick watched his back for a moment, and then looked at the closed door. He went to it, and knocked.

"Go away. I don't want to talk to you."

"It's Patrick," he said.

There was silence. "Come in," came the weak reply.

Patrick tried the knob, and found the door was unlocked. The room was dark. There was some light, but the walls were black, as was the carpet, the desk, the chest of drawers, and the bed. On the walls were movie posters. Most from horror movies he hadn't seen, although he had seen 'back from the dead' when he was twelve. It had scared him shitless.

"I'm sorry to have eaves dropped on you and Damian, but are you okay?"

After a moment, Anakin nodded. "I'm just shaken. Trust uncle Damian to get you to admit the truth, as painful as it might be."

Patrick sat next to him. "He does sound like a dick sometime."

"Believe it or not, he does mean well, not that it helps stop the shakes. He's just not the most socially adept at times."

Patrick didn't say anything, but he got a feeling Damian knew exactly what he was doing, at all time. "So, dead guys, huh?"

Anakin looked at him. "You don't really sound as freaked out by that as you should."

"I know, right?" Patrick said, with a chuckle. "I guess I'm just starting to realize that your eccentricities really don't make you bad people. Although, in your case, after looking at your room, I can't say I'm surprised."

Anakin looked at the posters the skulls on the bed sheets. "Yeah, I guess I have been telegraphing it."

Patrick put an arm around his brother's shoulders. "Are you going to be okay?"

"Yeah. I'm just going to have to figure out a way to work around dead guys. I could be come a mortician."

"Or a coroner."

Anakin laughed. "Somehow I think they're going to see me having sex with a corpse as tempering with evidence"

"I guess that's true." Patrick stood.

"If you want to go directly to the corridor, you can take

that door." Anakin pointed to the wall in front of them, on the right of the one he'd entered by. Patrick squinted, and could just barely make out a door frame, black on black.

"Just how often have you reached for the wrong spot, when trying to leave your room?"

"Never," Anakin answered proudly, and then chuckled.

"I need to go to the storage room, dad needs more chairs."

"Let me help out." Anakin stood, and then hugged Patrick.

"Thanks for checking in on me."

"You're welcome." He kissed the top of his head

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Dinner had been great, his dad was really an ace at the grill. There had been burgers, hot dogs, a couple of steaks, and a lot of salads, both as sides and for the vegetarians among the guests. Margarette had fit in nicely, for all the fretting she did on the way here, about not being rich enough, and about not being dressed well enough. The parents had welcomed her, and from what Patrick over heard here and there, it seemed that raising children was the same horror show, no matter how much money you had.

Patrick had let his meal settled for a while, and it was becoming obvious he wasn't going to be swimming again, even if a few had gone back to it. "I'm going to go change," he told Alexander, before standing and heading in the house.

In the room, he locked the door, grabbed his clothes, and headed for the bathroom. He'd taken off his trunk, and was about to turn the water on in the shower when the door to the bedroom opened, and a moment later his father was in the bathroom.

"I know I locked the door." Patrick stated.

"I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't have unlocked it. I should have knocked and waited for you to answer, but I just had to come in and do this." He took Patrick's head in in hand and kissed him, hungrily, passionately. Patrick didn't resist, he kissed his father back.

"How was that, Daniel?" he asked, when they broke the kiss.

Daniel took a step back. "How did you know it was me?"

Patrick chuckled. "Donald already got to do this with me, and more, so I don't think he'd be as desperate as you were."

His father blushed, and then kissed him again, before dropping to his knees, and swallowing Patrick's cock in one go.

"Holy fuck," Patrick gasped. He panted for a moment, as his father stared bobbing up and down. Then he place his hand on his head, and face fucked him.

Fuck his father's mouth felt good.

He felt fingers on his ass, claws digging in slightly.

He looked down, and his father was looking back up at him, with so much love in his eyes. Patrick couldn't believe how hot this was. He was fucking his father's muzzle, and he was loving him for it.

His panting sped up. Fuck, he both wanted to slow down, to

make this last longer, and go harder, to make it feel even better. The decision was taken out of him, and he felt the lightning come. He really tried to hold it back, he wanted this to go on for ever. He didn't hear his roar, as he buried his cock in his father's muzzle one last time, and the world exploded around him.

When he came back, his throat was raw, and his father was still sucking on him. He was panting heavily, he looked down, realizing his hands on his father's head were the only thing holding him up. He leaned against the wall, and his father stood.

He pressed his muzzle against Patrick, gently, tentatively, which surprised him, it was almost as if he wasn't sure Patrick would want to kiss him back. He opened his lips, and ran his tongue against his father's. The lips opened a little, and there was an odd taste tricking through. It was acrid, bitter, a little salty. It was cum, he realized, and he knew why his father wasn't just shoving his tongue down his throat.

Patrick thought about it for a second, the cum was his. Sure, he'd never tasted it, but it was his, so who gave a fuck. He pried his father's lips apart, and it flowed as they kissed. It flavored the kiss, made it taste more primal, like something that came from deep within them. When they broke apart, Patrick felt like he'd just run a marathon, and it wasn't just from the orgasm.

Was kissing his father always going to feel like that, or was this special, because it was their first time.

"Wow," was as articulate as he could be. He looked down and noticed that the front of his speedo was soaked. "Did you cum?" he asked.

"Once when you blew your load in my mouth, and again when we kissed."

"When we kissed?"

"Yeah, that's first for me."

"Want to see if it'll happen again?" Patrick had a mischievous grin on his face. As a reply, his father kissed him, hard, passionately, and Patrick responded to it with as much hunger. They broke apart panting, but he could tell it hadn't been the same.

"Maybe we need to practice it?" his father offered.

Patrick laughed. "On the next visit then."

"I hope it's soon, so we can have a proper party."

"I thought this was the party?" Patrick turned the shower on.

"This was the social party, the one where the kids invite their friends, and the parents come."

"So this wasn't for me and my mom's benefit?"

"No, it's always like this. Maybe with a bit more dirty jokes. Normally, once everyone leaves, we have the family party, but this time we're going to wait until you visit again"

"You don't have to," Patrick offered, making sure the water wasn't too hot. He stepped under the flow.

"We want to." He joined Patrick under the jet. "We want you to join in the family celebration. You're part of the family. It wouldn't feel right doing it without you." He soaped Patrick's back, and washed him completely.

Patrick closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of his father's hand massing the soap in his fur. Once he was washed and rinsed, he wasn't surprised to feel his father press against his back, wrap his arms around him, and hold him, but he was surprised when a hand stroked his cock.

"Oh, fuck, dad," he said, feeling himself hardening.

"You have such a beautiful cock, Patrick. I want you to fuck me with it."

He felt his father move, and Patrick turned. His dad was offering him his ass, tail raised. Patrick swallowed. "I've never."

His father looked at him over his shoulder. "It's okay, you're cock's already slick. Just push it in, go at what ever speed you're comfortable."

Patrick moved closer, and put his hands on his father's ass. It was firm, solid. The ass of someone who worked them out a lot. That thought made Patrick smile, did his father use his machine for that? Or did he just have a lot of guys fuck him?

He rubbed his cock in the crack, moved it until it was against his father's hole and then slowly pushed it in. "Oh fuck." He couldn't believe how hot it was in there.

His father moaned.

He continued pushing until he was all in. He couldn't quite recall what his father had done when he was fucking him, had he plunged right in, like this, or moved in and out? Still there hadn't been any resistance, and his father's moan certainly didn't sound like pain.

He was panting by the time he was all in. He leaned on his father for a moment, wrapping his arms around him. This felt so nice, holding his father, like this, and being in him. This man had given him life, and now he got to return the favor, symbolically.

He pulled out slowly, and then pushed with a sigh. His father echoed him. Patrick kissed the back of his father's neck. He wanted to make this last all night, but he knew he couldn't. And he didn't know how much time he actually had before his mom started looking for him. He doubted they would be able to find many excuses to explain his absence.

He picked up speed, and then reached lower to stroke his father's cock. It was already slick, and getting wetter as he stroked it.

"Fuck, Patrick, you feel so good inside me. Fuck me son, fuck me hard."

Patrick's mind tingled at hearing being referred to his

son. He picked up speed. And it didn't take him long to realize he couldn't do both. He couldn't fuck his father hard and stroke him, in this position. He let go of the cock, promising himself to finish him afterward, and straightened. He put both hands on his father's ass, gripped it and did as he was told. He fucked him hard, and fast.

His father's moans turned into curses, so vulgar Patrick didn't think he could ever utter them. Hard and fast he went, in and out his father's ass.

He felt the lightning build, and tried to hold it back. He wanted to make this last, but the lightning didn't listen. It exploded, the world became white, he felt his father shudder under him, and then nothing but pure bliss.

When he came back to himself, he was slouched over his father's back, who was holding one of his arm, keeping him from falling off him.

"You okay back there?"

Patrick couldn't reply immediately, but he was able to get his feet back under him.

"Did you pass out?"

"I don't know, but the orgasm was so intense I did black out for a moment. How long was I out?"

"Ten seconds I'd say."

"Thanks for catching me, dad." In getting his feet under him, Patrick had pulled out of his father, he was sorry about that. He had loved being in him. He reminded himself he was going to be in him again, it was just a question of time.

"I'd never let you fall, but I guess we've been over doing it, if you're blacking out."

Patrick helped his father straightened. "I think it happened every time. It happened when you sucked me off, I as just lucky to be well balance, so my hand on your head kept me up. Is this normal?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's just because you started late? We've all had time to get used to it? We'll make sure not to be in any precarious positions next time."

Patrick nodded, and pulled his father under the jet, which was still warm. "Fuck, I can't believe there's any hot water left."

"We have a heat as you go system. We can fuck under the shower all day and never run out of water, of course, if we do that with all the family, hot water isn't really good, you want it cooler."

Patrick chuckled. "I can't believe you just told me the entire family has had sex together, and I'm okay with it."

His father soaped his back, again. "Welcome to the family, son."

"Just washing this time, okay? I can't afford to take too much time in here. Mom is going got wonder where I am."

"I promise."

"I know you guys are rich, but the utilities on a place like this can't be cheap."

"It isn't as expensive as you'd think. We have solar panels on the roof. We have a water reclamation system. We were hoping to be able to tap underground water, but this is California, there isn't any around here. You probably noticed how thick the walls are, there's a lot extra insulation, so we don't need to run the air conditioning as much."

"You're right, we are rich, but that doesn't mean we like being wasteful with our money."

"Sorry, i didn't mean to imply."

"I know, you're just curious. Trust me, if we hadn't been as ecologically savvy as we are on our own, Damian would have forced us to be."

"Really? He cares about the environment?"

"Very much."

"But I thought he owned a bunch of companies."

"He does, and a lot of them are into solar and wind power. He also spends a lot of money pushing for better environmental protection laws."

"That doesn't seem to be working very well."

"I know, but he doesn't run the world yet, so we can't expect too much."

Patrick looked at his dad. "You're kidding. He's trying to take over the world?"

"I am kidding. If I remember correctly his exact words were: 'I don't want to waste my time running this damned place. I just want to be in a position where I can kick those fucking politicians in the nuts, and instead of them sending the cops after me, they are going to say thank you.'"

"Wow, that's harsh."

"You probably haven't realized it yet, but my brother is very big on efficiency, so the government system isn't something he likes all that much."

"Why is he so keen on saving the environment?"

His father didn't reply immediately. "Do you mind if we tackle that another time? Answering that is going to lead in a lot of other things that I don't think we have time to cover before your mother misses you."

"Okay." He rinsed off, and then washed his father.

When they were both clean, he dressed, and his father put his speedo back on. Patrick went outside alone, to avoid his mother questioning about them being together. He was starting to realize he needed to tell her. He couldn't keep trying to hide this. But not tonight.

"Hey mom," He said as he joined her. She'd just finished recounting how he'd beaten up the neighborhood bully who had been pushing around the neighbor's daughter. Patrick had been ten, the bully fifteen. The bully had ended up in the hospital, the cops had been called, but Patrick had been cleared of any

wrong doing.

"Hi hun, why are you dressed?"

"It's nine, you have to work in the morning."

"It's that late? Already?" she checked her watch. "So it is. Where did the time go?" she looked for her bag. "I guess it is time for us to go."

"I can give you a ride home," Damian offered.

Patrick looked at him in horror. He mouthed 'no, please, no'. He almost said he'd do anything, but his mother looked up.

"That's very kind of you Mister Orr, but I like taking the bus." She stood, and sniffed her son. "Did you take a shower?"

"Yes, I wanted to wash the chlorine out of my fur before getting dressed."

"That's good thinking."

"It was good meeting you," Damian said, kissing his mother's hand again. He offered his hand to Patrick. "It was good finally meeting you too. The kids have told me a lot about you."

Patrick hesitated a moment, and then shook his uncle's hand. "It was good meeting you too."

"Hopefully, next time you can meet my other brothers too."

Before Patrick could say anything, everyone was over to wish him a good night. He was hugged, he shook hands, and promises were whispered in his ear. He was really happy his mother was busy saying goodbye to her new friends, that way she didn't notice him blushing.