

"Hey Bruce, I can't come in tonight."

"What? Why are you just telling me this now? You're leaving me in a bind here."

"Come on, it's Wednesday, the bar's always dead on Wednesdays. Steven can bounce if one of the two people there gets rowdy."

"Alright, but I hope this isn't going to become a habit." Bruce tone's was actually serious.

"Bruce, in the four years I've bounced, I've only asked for two days off."

"In the last year."

"You do realize that if you were paying me above board, you'd have to give me the weekends off, and two weeks vacation, right?"

Bruce chuckled. "Okay, okay. You've made your point. I'll see you tomorrow night then?"

"Yeah, and I need to ask a favor. If my mom calls you. Tell her I'm working, but I'm not around at the moment. If she really needs to talk to me, call my cell and I'll call her back."

"What's going on, Patrick?"

"Just do that for me, Please. And if she asks about it, confirm that you need me to work late."

Bruce was silent for a long moment. "Wait. Are you getting laid tonight?"

Patrick hesitated a moment. "Why would you think that?"

"Oh my God, you are." The smiled he had to be wearing could be heard on his voice. "Why don't you want your mom to know? She doesn't approve of her?"

"Him," Patrick said, just stopping himself from saying 'them'. He hadn't actually mean to admit even that that to Bruce. The long silence that followed worried him. "Bruce? Are we okay?"

"What? Yes, of course. What do I care if you bed guys instead of girls. I'm just surprised, that's all. I never saw that coming, that's all."

"So, you're good with covering for me with my mom?"

"Yes, yes. Of course."

"Thanks, Bruce, you're the best."

"Don't you forget it."

That call made, he had to make another one, and everything would be setup.

"Joey's Junk, Joey speaking."

"Joey, Patrick."

"Hey Patrick, long time. You calling cause you need work?"

"No, actually, I need a favor. If my mom calls you tomorrow, I need you to tell her I'm somewhere in the yard and can't come to the phone."

"You in trouble, or something?"

"No. Nothing like that. I just don't want her worrying."

"You got me worrying now."

"I told you, I'm not in trouble, or doing anything that's going to get me in trouble. I'm going to be seeing someone." He figured he had to admit at least that much, or Joey would really worry.

"Well, you lucky cat. Why didn't you say that from the get go, of course I'll cover from you."

"Thanks joey, I owe you one."

"Don't worry about it."

There, his absence was covered. He wished he'd been able to set that up right after the birthday party, but he really hadn't wanted his mom to find out. He quickly wrote on a piece of paper that he was out, would be going directly to work, and Joey needed him to work at the scrap yard tomorrow. He stuck it on the fridge with one of the multiple pizza place advertising magnet that was stuck on there.

Then he checked the time. He had ten minutes left. He packed a small over night bag, and the sport car was in front of the house as he got out.

"Hey son, you ready?"

"You bet, dad." Patrick got in the passenger seat, and his father reached over to cup his face. "No here dad," He said before his father's hand was too close. He knew what he wanted to do. "If one of the neighbors sees us, it's going to get back to my mom before we've left the neighborhood."

His father nodded. "You know you're going to have to tell her, at some point."

"I know. I'm just not ready. I'm waiting for the right time."

His dad glanced at him, before getting the car moving. "It's never going to come. If that's at you're waiting for, you're always going to find a reason why now isn't it."

Patrick sighed. "I know, it's just that things are finally going well for her, I don't want to ruin things."

"If she feels things are ruined for her because you get her to confront the fact that you are gay, I won't think much of your mother."

"What do you think of her now?"

"I think she did the best of a not too good situation. She raised you to be a good person, which can't be easy in this part of town."

"She also raised me to think being gay was a sin."

"Like I keep telling Damian, no one's perfect. You were able to work around that. I don't dislike her, Patrick. I just don't think I can be friends with her."

"I know. I wish we all could, but I don't see her ever accepting our lifestyle."

They drove in silence for a time. Then the car turned into an empty lot between buildings. "You ever had sex on the hood of a car?" his dad asked, as he brought the car to a stop.

Patrick chuckled. "Of course not. I'll remind you I had sex

for the first time three days ago."

"A lot can happen in three days." He got out of the car.

Patrick got out too, and looked around. A brick housing building on each side, four stories high, with boarded up windows each open end of the lot showed a quiet street. There might have been a building here, at one time, now, it was paved, and by the lines on the ground was used as parking, although they were the only ones there at the moment.

"What are we doing here, dad?"

His father grabbed his hand and pulled him to him. "I'm going to fuck you in the hood of the car"

"What? Here? What if someone comes by?"

His father grinned at him. "No one ever comes here."

"How do you know?"

"You're not the first guy I've fucked here." He paused. "You're not even the first of my sons."

That didn't surprise Patrick, while he hadn't seen any of his family having sex together, the idea they did felt a lot more normal, now that he had had sex with both his fathers.

His father kissed him, and pushed him back until he was sitting on the hood. It was warm, but not burning hot, which surprised Patrick. He kissed his father back, loving the strength behind the kiss. He panicked a little when he felt him undo his pants.

"Dad, you can't be serious, we're in public. Oh fuck."

His father had reached in his pants and was stroking him.

"Who cares, if someone stumbles on us, they can enjoy the show." He had Patrick fully hard now, and he was pulling his pants down even lower with his free hand.

"We could be arrested," Patrick panted.

"I'll just pay off the cops."

Is this what being rich did to people, he thought, they felt they could do anything, anywhere? This was so fucking wrong. So why wasn't he saying no already?

His father bit his neck, and Patrick moaned. He kicked off his shoes and then wriggled a leg out of his pants. "Fuck me dad."

He was pushed on his back. His father undid his pants just enough to get his cock out, revealed he had a small bottle of lube in his hand, and lubed himself up.

Patrick couldn't believe they were about to do this.

His father slowly entered him, and Patrick groaned. When he was halfway in, Patrick wrapped his legs around his father and pulled him in completely, which made them both gasp.

"Fuck dad. If we get caught, I am so killing you. Now fuck me."

His father smiled at him, and proceeded to pound his ass. Patrick tried to be quiet, but his father was fucking him much harder than he had at the house. And soon, Patrick's gasps and moans joined his father's grunts and groans, reverberating on

the walls.

His father wrapped a hand on his cock, and Patrick cursed. He wrapped his arm around his father's neck, and pulled him close, but instead of kissing him, he brought his muzzle next to his ear.

"You son of a bitch," Patrick panted, pleasure building. "You fucking son of a bitch. This isn't fair." A shudder traversed his body, and he fought the lightning. "Of God, of fuck. Harder, dad. Harder!" This felt so fucking good. It didn't matter they might be caught. Right now all he wanted was to feel this forever.

The lightning clashed with his will. Why had he told his dad to go faster, this was getting to be too much. Pleasure shook his body.

Oh, yeah, that's why.

To avoid screaming, he clamped down on his father's shoulder, and the lightning exploded. This time, he didn't completely black out. He could see lightning bolts all around them, his body felt like the lightning was coursing through him, and it felt so fucking good.

He had no idea how long that lasted, but somewhere during the lightning show, he felt his father shudder over him, his cock pulsating inside him, then only pleasure.

And then the lightning was gone.

He and his father were panting. His shirt had strings of cum on it, and he felt amazing. His father looked down at him, a silly grin on his face.

"What?" Patrick asked.

"If anyone catches us now, it's your fault. That roar still has my ear ringing."

He'd roared? He was sure he'd bitten in his father's shoulder to avoid that. He felt himself blush. "I'm sorry, I tried not to."

"That's okay. This place is deserted for blocks around, except for the squatters, and I figure that with the life they are having, they can enjoy a good show. You're beautiful, you know that?"

He blushed a little more at that. He knew he was good looking enough, but to hear his father say it, while still buried in him, gave it a lot more meaning. He kissed him, slowly, tenderly, lovingly.

Fuck he loved his father.

"Aren't the others going to wonder what's keeping us?" Patrick asked.

His father chuckled. "Oh, I wouldn't worry. They'll figure we stopped somewhere to fuck." He slowly pulled out. "Don't move." He leaned down, and licked his belly clean. Then he threaded Patrick's leg back in his pants and pulled them up. "We're going to have to talk you out of wearing underwear, they're a waste of time."

Patrick's ears moved forward. "You expect me to free ball?"

"I think you should." He buttoned up Patrick's jeans. And did his own jeans.

"Don't hold you breath dad. I am not putting my junk in danger of catching in a zipper." He stretched. He couldn't believe he felt better, after being fucked like that.

"It's never happened to anyone in the family."

Patrick put a hand on the door handle, and looked at his father over the roof of the car. "That's because your whole family's got super powers, you realize that, right? No one normal can do what you guys can."

His father looked back at him. "You're forgetting a small detail."

"Yeah? What?"

"You're part of that same family." He got in the car.

Patrick stood there. Yeah, he had forgotten that. "I don't care. I'm not free balling it." He got in the car.

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The car came to a stop in the garage, the door closed, and the engine turned off. Patrick didn't move. This was it. He hadn't expected to be apprehensive.

"You okay?"

"Just a little worried. This is going to be an orgy. Having sex with the two of you was one thing, I love you, but . . ." He really wasn't sure why he was hesitant, now that he was here.

"You don't love your brothers?"

"I don't know. I like them well enough, from the times we've hung out together over the last year, but I don't know if I can say that I love them."

"I know they love you."

"I know. But do they just love me cause they know they're going to have sex with me?"

"No, I can promise that to you. They love you for who you are. The sex is just one of the way we demonstrate it." He got out of the car, and so did Patrick. "Just give them a chance to show you. They've been really looking forward to today."

"So, should I just get naked now?"

"No, let them take your clothes off for you."

They went up the stairs, and his father guided him to the living room. Patrick stopped in the opening. The seat and sofas had been repositions in a semi circle, at the back from where he was, facing him. Every seat was taken by a naked tiger, stroking himself or his neighbor.

This was rather intimidating.

His father stood and walked to him. "Hello Patrick." He took his head in his hands and kissed him tenderly. "Welcome home." He guided Patrick closer to the seats. "There's only one person here you haven't met yet."

A tiger stood. Of all of them, Patrick included, he was the only one whose muscles weren't defined, he had them, but there

was a layer of fat over them, softening his shape.

"Hi Patrick. I'm Dominic." He kissed him, the kiss was gentle, but there was an underlying hunger to it. "It's a pleasure to finally kiss you." He took back his seat, and put a hand to Damian's cock.

"Is this the whole family?" Patrick asked, looking everyone over. It was the first time he'd seen any of them naked. His other dad hadn't come back yet.

"No. You have two great uncles. They live in New York, they're too old to travel, and they wouldn't really have been able to participate."

"Bobby could," Damian said. "His kids are looking after him.

"Kids? I have more family members?"

"No, Bobby's kids are the children he educated over the years," he father said. "Now grown up. They really care about him."

"Byron lives with his boyfriend."

"And Dietrich couldn't make it," Dominic said.

"Why?"

"He's in Rehab," Damian answered. "And I'm not letting him out until he's well and dry."

"Dietrich's had a rough life, which led to him having problems with alcohol and drugs," his father added.

Patrick could see Damian wanted to add something, but he didn't.

Arthur stood, grabbed the cushion he had been sitting on and threw it to the floor. More joined it as his other brother's stood.

"What happens now?" Patrick asked. He was looking at Arthur, his smaller size made his cock look much bigger.

"Now," his father said. "Your brothers show you how much they love you."

Arthur stood before him, grabbed his jacket, and pulled him down so they could kiss. It was a passionate kiss, their tongue playing together. When they broke the kiss, they were both panting lightly. Arthur pulled off Patrick's jacket, someone else pulled his t-shirt off.

"I thought I was too old for you," he told Arthur, smiling.

"Oh, I do like young teens, but as you have to know by now. None of us is restricted to our eccentricity. I said that at the party, because I knew you really wanted dad."

"Thanks. How about you go first now?"

"He means second," Anakin said, as he undid Patrick's jeans. "He had sex with dad."

"Shot on his t-shirt," someone behind him said. It sounded like Alexander.

"If anyone here is surprised about that," Patrick found himself saying, "you haven't seen dad naked recently." Laughter responded.

"I'll be honored to be the first of your brother to show how much he loves you," Arthur said, once the laughter died out. He led Patrick to the cushions, which had been rearranged to make a large bed on the floor. Patrick laid down, Arthur knelt between his legs, and someone handed him a bottle of lube.

"You ready?" Arthur asked, lubing his cock. Patrick nodded, and his brother pressed in. Patrick realized at that moment that Arthur's cock didn't just seem to be larger, it was. He was larger than their father.

"Oh fuck," Patrick sighed, as Arthur's balls touched his. Then his brother started fucking him, no, that wasn't right. He started making love to him. He was moving slowly, but it wasn't just his cock that was moving. His hands were roaming his chest, sides, and legs. His kissed his foot, nibbled on his calf, licked his toes.

His father had fucked him in a way that made him feel possessed and safe. He'd fucked his father as something new and exciting. This was making him feel loved.

He gasped as he felt a mouth on his cock, and looked to see Aiden sucking him off. His head rolled back and a moan escaped him. He felt something on his muzzle. Albert was kneeling next to him, rubbing his cock on his lips. Patrick didn't even hesitate, he opened his muzzle to take the tip. The fact he'd never had a cock in his mouth before didn't bother him. He was with his family, what ever happened here, tonight, was because they loved each other.

As he sucked Aiden's cock, he felt something on a hand, balls. Which he massaged, and then a lubed cock. He wrapped his fingers around it. He couldn't move much, so the owner of the cock fucked his hand instead. He couldn't see who it was. He didn't care.

The lightning hit out of no where. He tensed, and the world exploded.

He never came back fully down. The lightning never fully went away. He rode waves after waves of pleasure. Cocks moved around, he changes position, but the pleasure never stopped. It just kept coming as everyone in his family fucked him, stroked him, sucked him, and in returned was fucked, sucked and stroked by him.

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When Patrick opened his eyes, he wasn't sure he was awake. His body was vibrating, and lightning still swam in his sight. He was lying on the floor, on cushions, he could tell that, and bodies were next to him, over him, around him. He could feel a hand on his cock . . . No that was a mouth. He could feel his fur was matted, probably with cum, no, not cum, at least not much of it, when ever some had landed on him, it had been immediately been licked off.

He carefully disentangled himself from the bodies, careful not to wake anyone, yet surprised when he managed it. He stood,

and his body creaked, popped, and cracked. His ass hurt, his cock was sore, his jaw felt like it might have dislocated at one point.

How the hell had he survived the night?

Oh, right, he was an Orr. Super powers.

That was the only explanation he could come up with. No one normal could have survived this orgy. He counted on his fingers as he walked in the hallway, heading for the bathroom. Eleven guys.

Eleven guys had fucked him, more than once, he was sure of that. He had fucked each one of them in return. Been sucked off, jacked off.

Yeah, that had to be it. He has sex super powers.

He smelled coffee as he walked by the kitchen, and turned in there.

"Can I get one of those?" he asked, and his father looked over his shoulder.

"Sure, how do you like it?"

"Black."

He took another cup out and filled it, handing it to him.

"How are you feeling?"

"I'll let you know when Reality settles back in." He took a sip, fuck that was good coffee. "I think I'm high, right now" His father tilted an ear in his direction.

"My body's vibrating, and I'm pretty confident I've developed sex super powers."

"That would be fun powers to have."

"What do you mean. I'm pretty sure you all have them."

His father gave him an enigmatic smile.

They sipped their coffee in silence for a moment.

"Dad? What's the deal with Damian?" He was high, that was the only reason he dared ask the question, that had to be it.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, one minute he's all polite and suave, like with my mom, then he's a cold jerk, scaring Anakin to his room. No one can turn it on and off like that."

His father looked at him, leaning back against the counter. Patrick thought about sitting down, but he didn't think his ass could take it.

"I'm not sure your ready to hear about that."

"Dad," Patrick said with a sigh. "Arthur wouldn't tell me, because he said I had to be comfortable with having sex with the family. Well I am, trust me about that. So I want to know about Damian. The lot of you are scared of him. I know Aaron is terrified of him, he wont get close to him. That camping trip is scaring Adam. I don't get why he's going if he's that scared."

"He had to agree to it, to see under the hood of Damian's car."

"Dad. You realize that makes no sense, right? It's just a car. I know Adam loves them, but still."

His father sighed.

"Alright. First off. You need to know that my brother is a genius."

"What? Like that black hole guy?"

"Hawking? No. That guy's an idiot compared to Damian. When Damian was eight. They threw all the IQ tests at him, and he aced them all. Then they started throwing problems at him, mostly math. The only time he didn't get the answers right, was when the answers the guys who had come up with the problems were wrong. Damian fixed them. No one knows how smart my brother is."

"Then why isn't he a scientist or something? He just runs a company. If he's that smart, why is he just doing that?"

"My brother is a sociopath."

"What do you mean?"

"He's a sociopath. He doesn't have any empathy for other people. He doesn't actually care for any of us."

"That doesn't make any sense. I've seen him act around you. Sure, he can be cold, but he loves you guys."

"It's an act. All of it."

"Wait, a sociopath, that's like those . . ." He didn't get to finish saying it. He felt the cup slipped from his hand, but he didn't didn't hear it shatter on the floor.

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He was back in the car, trying to get out.

"You're not getting out of the car unless I let you," that dispassionate voice said. His cold blue eyes were looking in him, like they were wondering how to cut him up.

"What are you going to do to me?" he'd asked, certain he was about to die.

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He was shaking, someone as holding him.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck." Someone was saying. It was him.

"Everything's okay, Patrick. You're safe."

"I was alone in the car with him. Oh God, he could have killed me. I would just have disappeared, no one would have known."

"You're safe Patrick. None of that would have happened."

He pushed his father away. "How the fuck do you know that? He's a sociopath, he could have cut me up in little pieces and not given a damn." He realized there his foot was in something wet. He looked down, not hearing what his father was saying. There was the pool of coffee, but there was another liquid, slowly mixing with it. He noticed the inside of his leg was wet, then he caught the scent.

"I pissed myself."

"What?"

"He said that when I'd learn about him, I'd piss myself. I did." He looked up at his father. "How can you let a man like that in your house, let him be around your kids? Aren't you

afraid of what he's going to do to them? To Adam?"

His father gently grabbed his shoulders. "Patrick. You need to understand. Damian isn't a threat to you, or anyone in this family."

"How can you know that?"

"Because he promised our father he would look after us."

'He made me promise that I'd look after my family.' Patrick remembered Damian telling him that.

"But you said he doesn't actually care about anyone."

"He doesn't, but promises are extremely important to him. He never breaks them. You'll notice that he doesn't make many of them, as you get to know him, but when he does, he keeps them. It's how he's able to function."

"But aren't sociopath liars and killers?"

"Sociopaths don't have the predilection for violence. Those are psychopath. Damian doesn't like violence. He considers it a failure on his part if he has to resort to it." He pushed him toward the hall. "Lets get you in the shower."

"What about the mess?"

"I'll clean it up afterward, don't worry about it."

"If he looks out for you, why are you all so afraid of him?" Patrick asked, once they were in the bathroom.

"Because, while he will never hurt one of us physically, He can be emotionally brutal. He doesn't like it when we limit ourselves, so he tends to take it upon himself to resolve the situation."

"Has he ever done that to you?"

Donald was about to say no, but a memory surfaces. He was ten, and he was holding his security blanket. Damian entered this room, yanked it out of his hand, ran outside and threw it in the fire. Donald had hated him then. That blanket had been the only way he was able to deal with crowds and other people.

Without it, Donald had to learn to deal with them directly. Damian had helped him grow up, but Donald found that there was still some hate deep down toward his brother.

"Yeah, he did." They stepped under the hot water jet.

"I'm never going to let him to that to me," Patrick stated, and then sighed. "That's a lie, isn't it. If he decides he wants to do something to me, I won't be able to stop him, will I."

His father held him. He didn't say anything, there was nothing he could say.

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Alexander Drove Patrick home.

Very little was said during the ride, Patrick was still reeling from the previous day, night and today. The sex, the revelation, and more sex. He was exhausted, but he wasn't tired. He didn't know how he was going to deal with work, let along the conversation he was going to have with his mother.

He invited his brother in, and showed him around. Alexander didn't say anything, but it was obvious to Patrick he found such

a small place, with everything so close together strange. When they got to his bedroom, Patrick kissed him, undressed them and they had sex.

As amazing as fucking with the whole family had been, it had been so overwhelming that he couldn't really remember details. Now, he wanted to experience each of his brothers individually.

After the sex, they talked. Alexander of how he wanted to be a police officer, which surprised Patrick, since that seemed to be such a blue collar job. Patrick told him of working at the bar, and the scrap yard, which seemed to enthrall his brother. He talked of drunk trouble makers, of girls hitting on him.

An hour later, Alexander left, and Patrick set about getting dinner ready. It was almost five, and his mom was usually home by five thirty. He made a casserole, it was quick and simple, and he could leave it in the oven to stay warm.

He was sitting at the table when the door opened, he jumped. As much as he tried to calm his nerves, he was on edge.

"Something smells good hon," his mother said. Not long after that she looked in the kitchen. "I'm going to be back in a bit, I want to change first."

"Please sit down, mom."

"Is everything alright?"

"Yeah, it is." Although how long it was going to remain that way, he wasn't sure. "We need to have a talk."

She looked at him, concerned, and sat.

"Mom, I'm gay."

She had a moment of surprise, and then waved dismissively. "Honey, we've already had this discussion."

"No, mom, we haven't. We've spent this last year specifically not having this discussion. I can't take it anymore. I'm gay."

She was getting uncomfortable. "I know Patrick, but that doesn't mean you have to do anything about it."

"I have sex with guys, mom. I have done something about it, and I'm going to do it again."

"What? How could you do that?"

"I did it because I enjoy it."

"Did they put you up to that? Did those two perverts force you into this?"

"Stop it!" Patrick slammed his hand on the table, and she jumped. Damn it, he didn't want to get angry at her. He breathed and reigned in his temper. "This isn't about them, this is about me. About who I am."

She stood. "I don't want to hear about this. This conversation is over. Do you hear me?"

"I brought a guy home, earlier today. We had sex in my bed."

"What?" she stared at him. "How could you do that to me?"

"I didn't do anything to you mom."

"No! I will not have a fag for a son, do you hear me, take it back!"

It hurt. He would have preferred she slapped him, instead of saying those words. Claws across the chest would have been less painful.

He tried to keep his eyes dry, but he could feel them getting wet. He wanted to tell her that he wasn't a fag. He would never be a fag. But the anger on her face kept him from saying anything.

He nodded and stood. He was half way to his room when she spoke.

"Where are you going?"

He stopped. It took him a moment to have enough control over his voice, he trusted himself to talk. "I'm going to pack a bag. I'll be out of here in a minute."

"Wait, stop." She sounded confuse.

He turned, an she had a hand to her mouth. He could feel the tears running down his face.

"Patrick . . . I . . ."

"Mom, I can't do this anymore. I won't deny who I am. I can't. I know this hurts you, and I'm sorry, but I have to think about my happiness."

"What about your soul, Patrick." Her voice was weak, afraid.

He though about how to answer it. He knew how he felt about that, but that wouldn't make the point that this was his decision. "What about it?" he said finally.

"I don't want you to be damned."

"Isn't that my problem to deal with, mom?" He stopped, he hadn't meant that to sound as harsh. "Mom. My soul's going to be fine. I'm still a good person. I'm still the person God made me to be. He made me this way, mom. I'm not possessed, I'm not being influence. I'm the guy God made."

"But the bible says . . ."

He interrupted with a chuckle. He hadn't meant to do that. "Can we leave the bible out of this mom?"

She looked at him, eyes wide. She probably had never expected him to dare say something like that. The bible was sacred.

"Are you kicking me out?" his voice broke on the last word. He should be able to control his voice, damn it. He wasn't a kid anymore. And yet, that's exactly how he felt right now. He felt like a child, trying to explain to his mother that the punishment was unjust. That he had done nothing wrong.

Her eyes were getting wet. She shook her head.

He ran to her, and hugged her tightly. "Thank you." He was crying again, and she was too.

When they weren't crying anymore, he released her. He pulled a well worn piece of paper from his back pocket, and put it in her hands. He didn't need it anymore. He knew the number

by heart, after all the times he'd called her.

"What's this?" she asked,

"It's the number for Mother Rosetta. She'd a priest in a different parish. I think you should talk to her. She has a different point of view on God. I think she can help you." He kissed the top of her head. "I need to go to work, mom. But we need to talk about this some more. Okay?"

She nodded.

He went to his room to grab his jacket. When he walked by the kitchen on his way out, she was sitting at the table, the number in one hand, her phone in the other.