

The young tiger was seated on the floor in front of the couch, leaning forward, concentrating on the television set. He was biting his lower lip as he rapidly hit the button on the controller. He had to move the character quickly to avoid a hit. He moved it forward, punched the button and his opponent was knocked out.

"Yay!" Bobby exclaimed.

"Not bad, bro," the older tiger said from the couch, over bobby's head.

"See, I said I could beat you."

"And you did. You want to go again?"

Bobby nodded quickly, and the screen was reset.

They were in the middle of the fight, when the door opened and closed. "Hey guys!"

"Hey Byron!" Brian said, not looking away. "We're in the living room." His character hit Bobby's multiple time.

"I can't believe you still play this thing," Byron said.

"It's fun," Brian answered, blocking a series of blows.

"And I'm winning."

"Come on, there's way better things to do than that."

Brian's character stood still as bobby's pummeled it. After the character was declared dead, Bobby turned. "You can't let me win like that." His face fell.

Brian wasn't paying attention to his younger brother. The eldest was whispering something to him that had him grinning and nodding.

Bobby signed. He knew what was coming.

"Hey Bobby," Brian said, "do you mind playing alone, me and Byron have to go do something."

Bobby shrugged. "Sure," he grumbled.

"Thanks," Brian said. He jumped off the couch, and followed Byron up the stairs.

Bobby watched after them. He wished they would include him in what ever they were doing. He hated being the baby sometime. He was ten, he could do what ever it was they were doing.

He tried to play the game alone, but the game was just too good for him, it wasn't even fun. He thought about putting in another game, but he didn't really like playing alone.

He turned it off, went to the kitchen and took a juice box out of the fridge. The straw popped in, and he sat at the table, dangling his legs while he drank. After that he crossed his arms and rested them on the table.

He was bored.

He wasn't going to find anything to do in the kitchen, so he decide to go to his room. He could read a book or color. He still had a few pictures in his coloring book he hadn't done.

He climbed the stairs, and stopped — he heard grunting in Byron's room. The door wasn't fully closed, so he pushed it open, curious as to what his brothers could be doing.

He had to step completely in the room, to be able to see

them. They were on the bed. Byron was lying on his back, his legs around Brian's hip who was knelt between his legs.

Bobby canted his head. "What are you doing?"

His brothers both startled.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Brian yelled. "Get the fuck out!"

Bobby's ears folded back, and his tail hugged his leg, as he slowly backed away, eyes getting wet.

"Brian, you ass." Byron hit his brother's shoulder hard enough to make him wince. "It's okay Bobby," he said. "You don't have to leave." He motioned for him to come forward. "Come lie on the bed with me."

"Are you crazy? He's ten. Dad's going to skin us for exposing him to this."

Bobby hesitatingly moved to the bed, unsure if they really wanted him there.

"Really? And what do you think he's going to do when Bobby runs to him crying, because you screamed at him?"

Brian cursed softly.

"It's okay Bobby." Byron's voice as soothing. "Come on up. Brian's sorry for yelling at you, aren't you, Brian?"

"Yeah, I am. I'm sorry I screamed, Bobby. You surprised me."

Bobby nodded and climbed on the bed. He lay next to his eldest brother, in the crook of his arm, and rested his head on his shoulder.

"You want to know what we're doing, right?"

Bobby nodded.

"We're having sex."

Bobby nodded. He didn't know what that was, but the word was familiar. He'd probably heard it on TV.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Brian asked.

"We're not doing anything to him. Dad'll understand."

Brian looked at his younger brother for a moment. "I guess. It's just weird having him here."

"If it bothers you, close your eyes. It's my room, and I'm not kicking my brother out." He nuzzled the top of Bobby's head, and Bobby smiled at him.

Brian did close his eyes, and then started moving his hips back and forth. Byron moaned, which made Bobby look at his face. His mouth was open, he was panting lightly. He seemed to be enjoying what was happening.

Bobby rested his head back on the shoulder, and he noticed his brother's penis, it was big, and hard. That was strange. He could figure that it was big because he was older, but he didn't know it could get hard. And now it was leaking . . . It wasn't pee, at least Bobby didn't think it was, it looked too gooey to be pee.

Byron wrapped a hand around his penis, and stroked it. Bobby looked at that, then at his face. He was smiling, his eyes

were closed. He moaned, and then gasped.

Brian groaned, and thrust faster. "Oh god," he said.

"Harder," Byron whispered. "Oh fuck yeah."

Bobby was comfortable, resting against his brother. He didn't get what they were doing, but he was happy to be able to be with them. He was a little worried they thought dad would be angry at them, he hoped not.

They were both grunting now, which made Bobby sit up. Brian's face was all scrunched up, he looked at Byron, and it was too. Was something wrong with them? Where they in pain?

They roared in unison, and Bobby's ears folded back. He looked from one to the other, trying to figure out if he should be doing something. He stared at Byron's penis as some white goo jetted out of it and onto his stomach.

Before Bobby could make up his mind, his brothers relaxed. They were panting, now, but they seemed to be okay. At least they were both smiling, eyes closed.

Bobby looked at the goo, he put a finger in it, and then rubbed the finger against his thumb, it was kind of slimy. He smelled it, it smelled strange, but definitely not like pee. He licked it.

"Do you like it?"

The question froze Bobby. He slowly turned his head to look at Byron.

Byron smiled at him. "Well, do you like it?"

Bobby thought about it, and shrugged.

"That's okay." He had Bobby lay back down. "It's all yours Brian." Byron winced. "Damn it, you could ease out, you know."

Brian didn't reply, he was busy licking his brother's stomach clean. He then moved forward and kissed him.

Bobby stared at them, almost making a face. He didn't know if you could catch cooties from boys kissing, and if his brothers were doing it, it was probably safe, but he wasn't sure he wanted to risk it.

After that Brian lay down on the other side, and the three of them took a nap.

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Bobby was shoving the food in his mouth, Byron had made dinner, and it was good, really good, way better than when Brian was the one who made dinner. Brian wasn't very good at cooking.

Their father, Robert, was seated opposite him, with his brothers on each side of the table. Robert was eating slowly, savoring the food. He always said that food had to be savored, but Bobby just wanted to fill his belly. Brian and Byron were just pushing the food around on their plates.

"Alright you two," Robert said, "what's going on? You look like you're about to go to the electric chair."

Bobby thought his father had tried to make a joke, but it only made his brothers look worse.

Byron sighed. "Bobby caught us having sex."

"It's my fault," Brian added, "I thought the door had latched, but it just bounced partially open."

"He must have heard us, and come in to see what was going on."

Robert looked at the two older boys. "Okay, if that's all that had happened, I don't think you'd feel like you're on death row. Out with it."

It was Brian's turn to sigh. "He surprised us, I yelled at him to get out. That was stupid on my part. Byron had him lie next to him and made him feel better."

Robert's ears stood straight up.

"I just had him lie against me, dad, I swear. I didn't do anything to him."

Robert seemed to relax a little, but he leveled a stare on Byron.

"He looked like he was going to cry, from being yelled at. I didn't want him to feel like we didn't want him around. And I wasn't in a position to chase him, so I had him come and lie next to me. He kept his clothes on."

Robert rubbed the top of his muzzle. "Alright, so other than watching you too, nothing else happened."

"He tasted my cum. I didn't offer or anything, I opened my eyes and he had a finger in it, then he licked it off his finger."

Robert took a deep breath. "Okay, that, I shouldn't be too surprised with, he is my son after all." He looked at Bobby, who froze, fork full of food in his mouth. "Chew and swallow, Bobby," Robert said, when it became obvious Bobby wasn't going to do anything. "What did you see?" he asked, once his son's mouth was empty.

Bobby shrugged. He wasn't sure what to say, he didn't want to get his bothers in trouble. "They said they were having sex," he said, simply.

"Do you know what that means?"

Bobby shrugged again, and shook his head.

"Do you want to find out?"

Bobby looked at his father, he thought about asking a question, but he looked at his brothers and shook his head.

"Alright. What did you think of what you tasted?"

"It was okay, I guess."

"No more than that?"

Bobby shook his head.

Robert stippled his fingers, and rested his chin on them. He looked at the three of them for a moment. "Okay, no harm, no foul. You two are off the hook." Byron and Brian deflated in relief. "Bobby, now that you've seen what they do, if you want to watch again it's okay with me."

Bobby just looked at his father, he didn't really see the point of watching them do that again, other than not being left alone.

"Does that mean he gets to watch if its you with us too?" Byron asked.

"Sure, why not?" Robert said, after thinking about it. "There isn't any reasons he should be left out of any family activities anymore."

Bobby did feel good at finding out he was going to be included in activities he didn't know about. He started shoving food in his mouth again.

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Bobby pushed open the door to his father's study and peeked in. He was on the phone, but saw him and motioned for him to come in.

"Yeah, I know. I read the report too, but I'm not seeing what you're seeing. You know my stance on those "personal". I really don't see that's going to catch on, console gaming is where it's at right now. Tell you what. I have some important business to deal with here, I'm going to leave that in your court, go with what your instinct tell you. Yep, I'll see you at the office in the morning." He hung up.

"Hey there Bobby, shouldn't you be getting ready for bed?"

Bobby went to his father. "Dad, why did Byron and Brian do something that hurt them?"

Robert stared at him. "When did they do that?"

"Earlier, on the bed, when they were having sex"

Robert pulled his son on his lap. "Okay, tell me when that was."

"It was toward the end, they were doing . . . what they were doing. Then they started grunting and their faces got all scrunched up like they were in pain. That was about the same time the stuff came out of Byron's penis."

Robert let out a breath in relief. "They weren't in pain."

"Really? It looked like they were."

"I know, but they weren't. Soon you'll experience it too, and you'll know."

Bobby looked at his father and made a face. "I don't want to do that. They kissed."

Robert stared at his son for a moment, and then, he had no choice, he had to laugh.