

Patrick had been fucked by... he couldn't remember how many of them had fucked him. At least each of his brothers had had a go once, and he was now in the process of fucking them, but he needed a break. The bathroom was calling.

He felt like he imagined he would if he'd used those weight training machines downstairs. He was sore in more places than he could count. He was tired, but not exhausted. And he was still horny.

After using the toilet he decided to take a quick shower. He was going to be sweating again, but right now he felt grimier than he liked.

Standing in the large shower stall he thought again about how it was large enough they could have an orgy in it. Instead of being embarrassed this time he got hard.

He toweled himself while the dryer ran, stoking himself a few times to maintain his erection. He might as well be ready for action when he got back to the living room.

He pulled the door open to leave and found himself looking into gray/blue eyes. He hesitated, then got out of the way. Damian looked him up and down, his smile widening at his hard cock.

He entered and closed the door behind him.

"I was going back," Patrick pointed out. He checked his uncle out, he hadn't done it this close yet. He wasn't erect, but his cock looked to be average.

"I'm sure they can manage without you for a while." Damian took Patrick's head in his hands.

"Damian, I don..." He didn't get to finish, Damian kissed him.

The surprise froze Patrick for a moment, and his uncle used that opportunity to push his tongue in his muzzle. Patrick has one 'fuck it' moment, then he kissed him back, wrapping his arms around his uncle.

They turned and Patrick had his back against the wall. Their tongue played together, their lips pressed so tightly their mouths were sealed.

Damian broke away and smiled at him.

Patrick had to catch his breath. "What do you think you're doing?"

His uncle didn't say anything. He leaned forward and nibbled below Patrick's ear. Patrick's breath caught as the teeth scrapped the flesh, lightning coursing from there down to his cock. He held on to Damian as his legs turned to jelly and he spoke God's name in vain, a lot.

Then claws moved down his sides making him shudder. They

traced this hips, moving inside his legs and teased his balls. His cock jumped and Patrick thought he was going to cum right there. He wanted to tell his uncle to stop, but he couldn't get his mouth to work.

The pleasure still vibrating through him the hand clasped his ass and pulled him up. By pure reflex he wrapped his legs around Damian's waist. He felt the slick cock move between his cheeks.

Patrick opened his muzzle to asked his uncle what he thought he was doing, but he bit his neck and the lightning short circuited Patrick's brain.

The cock head was at his ring and Damian lowered him slowly. Patrick gasped and held on tighter to his uncle. When he was fully in he pulled out and thrust back in. He moved slowly, each time changing his angle, and Patrick could only moan, grown and gasp when his uncle cock stroked against a particularly pleasurable part.

He'd read on the male anatomy, and if he were able to think he'd know what it was called, but his uncle's cock was making it impossible for him to do so.

That stroking and his cock being trapped between them, their fur teasing it, their stomach pressing against it as his uncle fucked him, made the lightning become brighter until it overwhelmed him. Patrick roared.

Once his orgasm died down Damian wasn't moving, just holding him. Patrick realized his uncle wasn't in him. He untangled his legs and placed them on the floor. Damian let him go carefully. Patrick wobbled a little but he was able to stay up.

Damian smiled and opened the door, only to have it slam back shut.

"Not so fast," Patrick panted, his hand on it. "What the fuck was this?"

Damian smiled at him. "When you said you'd never be alone in a room with me, I was able to let it go." He caressed Patrick's cheek with a finger. "But when you said I'd be waiting a long time to have sex with you, I found I couldn't resist."

"You had plenty of opportunity in the living room."

"I doubt you'd have really paid attention to what I was doing to you among a crowd."

"So what? this was just you proving a point?"

"A point? no. This was me fucking you." He ran a finger in the cum stained fur. "I believe you enjoyed it."

"Fucking right I did, but I don't believe you. This wasn't just about us having sex. Just what the fuck do you want with me?"

Damian regarded him for a moment. "I haven't decided yet." He nodded to Patrick's hand still on the door. "Can I leave?"

Patrick took his hand away and Damian left him alone in the room. He leaned back against the wall. Fuck that had been an experience.

He put a hand to his neck, where Damian had bit him, there was no blood. He hadn't thought there would be, but he wanted to make sure. A few of his brothers had nibbled on his neck, and he'd enjoyed it, but none of them had bitten that hard. If someone had asked him before this Patrick wouldn't have known it could feel that good.

His hand went up and caressed the base of his ear. He shivered. How had Damian known he'd enjoy it? Patrick hadn't known until now. He sighed. Whatever else his uncle might be, he was a fucking good top.

Patrick took a moment longer to make sure he was steady on his legs and headed back to the living room. He'd thought about continuing going through his brothers, but he saw his father seated on the couch, head leaning back and looking like he might be sleeping. His other father was currently fucking Alex in the middle of the cushions.

Grinning Patrick headed for the couch. He ran a hand up each leg before hooking under them and lifting them. His father looked at him and chuckled.

Patrick lubed himself from the almost empty bottle next to his father and then entered him. Both of them moaned. When he was hilted in he licked his father's muzzle.

"You're a lot tighter than I remember," He whispered.

His father smiled. "That's because I'm not the one you think I am."

Patrick frowned for a moment, then gasped. He would have pulled out, but his father has hooked his legs around him, keeping him in place.

"Donald?"

His father nodded.

"I'm sorry. I thought you were Daniel."

Donald nodded. "It's okay."

"But you're a top."

That made him chuckle. "I'm mostly a top. Not exclusively one."

"So you're okay with me fucking you?"

"He is," Daniel whispered in his ear before placing both hands on his shoulders. "Just like I'm going to be okay with fucking you."

Donald moved his legs out of the way and Daniel pressed

himself against Patrick's back. He ground his crotch a time or two and his cock found Patrick's hole. Patrick sighed as his father entered him. He was thicker than Damian.

Patrick couldn't believe he was having sex with both his fathers at the same time. They moved slowly working out the best rhythm to make sure neither of them accidentally pulled out. This was so hot, and it felt so good to have his cock move in his father while his father's moved in him.

This felt more like making love then fucking so Patrick took his time. He let the pleasure build, and listened to his father's bodies, he wanted to cum with them, or at least one of them.

Donald was the first one whose breathing became ragged, his hand moving up and down on his cock, so Patrick sped up his thrusting, to help him and to push himself over the edge.

His father came a moment before Patrick, his spasming ass triggering his orgasm. Buried deep in his father, Daniel's thrusting kept Patrick's orgasm going much longer than before, and then that cock was deep in him, his father shuddering on top of Patrick.

They remained like that while they caught their collective breath. Patrick felt so comfortable between the two of them, so safe, so loved. He kissed Donald, then pulled out. Daniel pulled out and let himself fall on the couch next to his brother.

Patrick stretched and turned. So who was going to be next. He grinned when he saw Damian roll off Dominic and settle on his stomach. If that wasn't a perfect invitation, Patrick didn't know what was.

He knelt between Damian's legs. He didn't know if he was versatile or not, he hadn't paid attention to who he'd fucked or in what position, but at this point he was confident everyone in his family was.

Damian looked over his shoulder, and while Patrick had intended to just start fucking him, he paused and asked. "Do you mind if I return the favor?"

Damian smiled and shook his head. Patrick lay on top of him and began fucking his uncle. In no time at all Patrick was moaning. his uncle's ass kept tightening on his cock, and pulling on it. Patrick couldn't tell if he was using his uncle or if he was being used by him. Much faster then he'd anticipated Patrick came.

He rolled on his back, and Damian smirked at him. Patrick gave him the finger and then had Arthur sitting on his cock and Aiden offering his to suck. Patrick took it in his muzzle, and then lost himself back in the orgy.