

Patrick swam around a little, one of the guys, a lithe ermine by the name of Terry, he was one of Aaron's friend, showed him how to do the breast stroke, and Patrick practiced that. When he grew tired he joined the game of, he had no idea what they were playing, in the shallower end of the pool. They simply hit the beach ball in the air, and scrambled to make sure it didn't get in the water. More than once someone sitting around the pool had to kick it back to them.

At one point Patrick felt eyes on him and he turned. One of the girls sitting with Adam in the hot tub was looking at him, and whispering something to his brother. Adam chuckled, shook his head and they leaned close to talk some more. He decided she was just curious about him and Patrick went back to the game, in time to have the ball hit him in the face.

When the game 'ended', which seemed to mean most were done with the pool, only three were still hitting the ball to each other, Patrick did a few laps and then hooked his arms on the edge and let himself float.

He'd never realized before how much he enjoyed being in the water. The sense of speed he got when doing the breast stroke was exhilarating, like he imagined flying might feel like.

Adam jumped in the water in front of him. He shook his head as he surfaced. "one more minute in there and I was going to be cooked enough to be on the menu."

Patrick chuckled. "You and your friends seemed to be having a good talk, although I think I was the subject of it."

"That was Samantha, that's the lioness, and yeah, she was asking if she could watch us fuck."

Patrick sputtered. "What?" He looked around and lowered his voice, even though there was no one near them. "She knows?" Those still in the pool were sitting in the shallow end, except for someone doing laps under water. Patrick had seen the form move, but hadn't paid attention enough to know who that was.

"Yeah, she does."

"Does everyone know? I mean that you guys sleep together?"

"Nah. She and Julie are the only ones of my friends who know. Julie was the bear on my other side. They're cool with it. Well Sam keeps wanting watch us having sex, but none of us are that exhibitionist."

"How did she find out then?"

Adam sank and resurfaced. "I was at her place last year, She'd gone to get us some sodas. Alex called me and we were

making plans. I had him on speaker because I didn't feel like digging for my clip, and we were kind of blatant about what we were going to do once I got home. I didn't hear her come and she caught me saying I was going to plow Anakin's ass until he begged for mercy. After that it was kind of hard to deny it."

"And she what? just accepted it?"

Adam chuckled. "It helps that most parents know our dads are lovers as well as brothers. I think some of them suspect about us too, but no one's asked."

Patrick shook his head. This level of tolerance was a lot more than he'd expected. "And how did Julie find out?"

Adam sighed. "Sam told her. When I found out I made it clear to both of them that if they told anyone else they were going to lose me as their technical advisor. I don't mind being suspected of incest, but having it advertised for me isn't cool."

"What do you advise them on?"

"They have a comic online, Ultimate Speed. It's a mix between a racing and spy story. The main character is a race car driver, so they always have him in these cool cars, but before I started helping them, they weren't very accurate."

"And she's not holding your secret over your head?"

Patrick noted that the lap swimmer was coming their way, from the deep end to the shallow one.

"No. They're both nice girls. Sam's didn't tell Julie for malicious reasons, they are just close friend and talk a lot. She was sorry about it when she realized how pissed I was. Julie promised she wouldn't tell anyone and both have kept their word."

The swimmer was getting close enough Patrick could tell he'd pass between him and Adam. "I guess that's good." He was closer now, Patrick could see orange and stripes, so it was someone from his family, he hadn't seen any other tigers at the party. "I'd be terrified she would rev..." With a choked scream Patrick clamored up and out of the pool. "He groped me." The form was still for a moment then swimming again.

Adam grin lasted, until a few moment after the swimmer stood. they could only see his back, but he was one of the adults.

"Are you okay?" Patrick asked. only three of the adults were tigers, and their fathers were still at the grill.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I just didn't realize it was him."

Patrick wanted to press him, to find out what Damian had done to him, but Adam had made it clear he didn't want to talk about it, so all he could do was be there for him, for when he was ready.

Patrick sat down on the edge, watching Damian shake

himself then walk out of the pool. The asshole didn't even have the decency to look at him and acknowledge what he'd done.

"So how does your advising for the story work?" He asked, to distract Adam. "You draw the cars? you give them technical sheets?"

Adam looked away from Damian. "No. Julie writes the scripts, usually they'll use the same cars for one arc, She'll tell me what she wants them to do, like how fast they'll need to go, what kind of turns they'll take on what conditions and I'll give Sam a list of cars that fit. Every so often I go to Sam's place and help her with the more technical details. I can't 'draw' but technical drawing is completely different."

"So you go to her place?"

"Yeah, she lives ten miles away, I mean I really don't need to go. I could just send her the drawings, but it gives me an excuse to be at her place."

Patrick eyed his brother. "Why would you need an excuse to be there?"

Adam smiled. "I sleep with her dad."

"You what?" Patrick barely thought to keep his voice down. He glanced around, the lioness was seated with a lot of the women, and he located the lion at a table with other guys. "why?"

Adam shrugged. "He needs it. Trust me, Charles' marriage has been falling apart for years. The first time I went there I wandered around the house and found him in the basement in the process of getting drunk. Fiona, Sam's mother, she's been cheating on him for years. I have no idea why, because he's fucking great in bed."

"Does Samantha know?"

Adam shook his head. "No. That, I don't think she'd be okay with. wouldn't matter that since we've started fucking Charles pretty much stopped drinking. He said he'd stick it out until Samantha moved out."

"So you're saving their marriage?"

"No, but it's making it so that Sam will have a dad around. I mean, that's not why I'm doing it. He need the sex and I'm giving it to him, but I'm happy that a side effect of it means Sam has a dad. I'd hate for her to lose him." Adam looked at Patrick. "Shit. I'm sorry."

Patrick shook his head. "It's okay. I'm okay with my memories of my 'father' not being real. I mean they were just stories to start with, The fact they weren't even true stories doesn't bother me anymore. I got the better deal, I have two fathers now." Patrick stood. "I'm done with swimming."

"Okay. I'm going to do a few more laps before getting

out"

Patrick snagged a burger as his father put it on a plate. he added ketchup, mustard and onions to it.

"Patrick," his father said. "once your done eating it, can you go get more chairs out of the storage room?"

"Sure, where's the storage room?"

"In the basement. it's the door in front of he one leading to the garage."

"okay." He took the next burger, put mustard in it and relish and took it to his mother, who was deep in conversation with the one guy sitting with the woman, a bear, probably Julie's father.

He gave his mother the plate. "Here mom."

"Oh, thank you Patrick."

"You need something to drink?"

"No, I'm good." She indicated the glass that was still half full of wine, by the smell of it.

"Oh my, Margarett," a zebra said. "Your son of such a sweet boy. You don't see mine checking if I need anything. He's just like his father, only thinking about himself."

"I'm sure he isn't that bad," his mother replied, as Patrick left them. He really wasn't interested in listening to parents talk about their children. He finished his burger and went down the stairs, then down the hall. He had his hand on the knob when he caught motion in the partially open door leading to the garage.

"Come on Anakin. Just this once." It was Damian's voice, it had this cold quality to it that made it very distinctive. Patrick thought about not paying attention to them, getting the chairs and leaving, but he didn't like the idea of Damian being alone with one of his brothers.

"No uncle. Absolutely not!"

Patrick crept closer, the gap was just large enough to let him confirm the two of them were alone. Damian had his back to the door and Anakin was partially obscured by the adult

"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. This is the friend and family party. you know the rule."

Damian snorted. "Rules smrules. Patrick got to fuck."

"It's different for him."

"Why should he be the only one? Come on, you know how great I am, but the only time I've gotten to fuck you is when we have an orgy. I want some one on one quality time with you." He moved closer, but Anakin pushed him away.

"no, do you hear me? It isn't going to happen. The only way you'll ever get to have sex with me one on one is if you're dead and on a slab." Anakin gasped, his hand covering his mouth. "Oh my God, I'm sorry uncle. I'm so sorry." He started crying and Damian pulled him in a hug.

"It's okay Anakin."

"No it's not. I'm sorry, I didn't mean it."

"Yes, Anakin, you did."

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

Damian pulled him at arms length and placed his hands on each side of his face and looked him in the eyes. "Never think that Anakin, do you hear me? Sex is never wrong, so long as you're not forcing it on your partner."

"But they're dead."

"Have they told you to stop?"

"Well, no, but..."

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

Anakin nodded and dried his eyes. "How did you find out?"

"That isn't important."

"Does anyone else know?"

"I haven't told you fathers."

"Thanks."

"You should be the one to tell them."

"I will."

"Good. now, I need you to promise something. I want you to promise me you'll never resort to killing someone to satisfy yourself."

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

"I'm serious Anakin, Promise me."

"I... I promise, uncle Damian."

Damian hugged him. "Good boy."

They stayed like that for a time, then Anakin untangled himself and disappeared in the back of the garage, a moment later a door closed.

In the silence Patrick tried to figure out exactly what had happened. At least Damian, his uncle, hadn't done anything to his brother. He turned to the storage door.

"So? you learn anything?"

Patrick froze and turned back to the garage door. Damian still had his back to him. he looked over his shoulder at Patrick.

"Well?"

Patrick took a step back. how the fuck had he known he was there? He regained control of himself and entered the

garage.

"I've learned you like pushing people's buttons." On his right was a door. that must have been the door Anakin went through. "And that you're never going to get me alone in a room."

Damian took the few steps separating them with a smile that worried Patrick. His uncle put a hand on the door. "Oh Patrick, I'd be careful how you say that. I might just think it's a challenge."

Patrick wanted to tell him to just try it, but something stopped him. he remembered those cold blue eyes looking into him. A shudder shook him and he realized that all his uncle had to do was close the door and he'd be at his mercy.

His uncle nodded at him and walked by to exit.

Patrick grabbed his arm. "What the fuck is your deal?" Patrick was terrified of him but he wouldn't let that rule him.

Gray/blue eyes looked at him. "Have you pissed yourself yet?"

"What? of course not." What the fuck was that about?

Damian shrugged. "Another time then." he pulled his arm out of Patrick's grip and left.

Patrick watched his back until he disappeared up the stairs, then he went to the door Anakin had to have taken. he almost opened it but considered that if Anakin had just wanted to leave the basement, he'd have exited by the door Patrick had been in. He didn't know what was behind this door, but it might be a place Anakin felt safe in. He couldn't barge in and risk disturbing that. He knocked.

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

"It's Patrick."

The reply wasn't immediate. "Come in."

The door opened to a dark room. There was some light, but the walls were black, as was the carpet, the desk, the dresser and the bed, sheets and all. Anakin was seated on the bed. This wasn't just a safe place, this was Anakin's bedroom.

On the wall were posters, horror movies, and some that might be music bands, but they looked like they belonged in a horror movie of their own. He caught the poster for 'Back from the Dead' and shuddered. He'd seen that movie when he was twelve. It had scared the shit out of him.

"I didn't mean to eaves drop on you a Damian. Are you okay?"

After a moment Anakin nodded. "I'm just shaken. trust uncle Damian to get me to admit something I've been denying even to myself. I just wish he hadn't been so harsh about it."

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

sometime."

Anakin sighed. "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."

That was putting it mildly Patrick thought. "So you haven't had sex with him?"

"I have, during the family gatherings. Just not one on one."

"Why not?"

"He gives me the creeps. I know he's family, and he's a great top, or bottom, he's great pretty much no matter what. I just don't want to be with him without anyone else around. If I'd know he was in the garage waiting for me I'd have stayed in my room. At least he respects closed doors in our house."

"I get the feeling that wouldn't have helped. He seemed to get his way no matter what."

"Yeah, I guess he does." Anakin rested his head on Patrick's shoulder. "Fuck," he whispered.

Patrick put an arm around him. "So, dead guys, huh?"

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

"I know, right?" Patrick chuckled. "I mean, finding out Adam sleeps with married guy unnerved me more than this. Everyone in this family has eccentricities, right? I wonder what mine is. Although in your case." Patrick waved a hand around the room. "I can't say I'm all that surprised."

Anakin looked at the posters, black skulls on the dresser and desk and chuckled. "I guess I have been telegraphing it."

Patrick tighten his arm around his brother. "You going to be okay?"

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

"Or a coroner."

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

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

"If you want to go to the hall, you can take that door." Anakin pointed to the wall in front of them and Patrick squinted. he barely made out the outline. He looked around wondering where the door to the bathroom was, He had to have one, everyone of his other brother had his own bathroom.

"Just how often have you missed the door trying to leave?"

"never," Anakin answered proudly, then chuckled.

"I need to go back to the storage room. Dad needs more chairs."

"Let me help you." Anakin stood and then hugged Patrick.  
"Thanks for checking up on me."

"You're welcome." he kissed the top of his brother's head.