

Because food was being served throughout the afternoon Patrick was taken by surprise when one of his father called out.

"Okay, birthday guys! Stop what you're doing and come to the table!"

The others seemed to know what was coming and in short order the eight of them were seated at the table. A moment after that the patio door opened and his other dad with five of other guys carried out a cake.

Patrick's jaw dropped at the size. It barely fit in the door and had to be eight feet long. They slid it on the table and by their expressions, his brothers hadn't been expecting that either. There was only one foot of clear space at each end of the table and not even enough elbow room.

Before each of them, on the cake, was a cluster of nineteen candles above a picture. In front of Patrick was a car. He looked over to Alex, he had beakers, And past him, Anakin had a can of orange soda.

Laughing the brothers changed places until everyone was in front of his picture

"Isn't this a little excessive?" Patrick asked and he sat back down.

Arthur, now seated next to him chuckled. "You might have forgotten how many people there are at the party."

Patrick looked around. He was right. He'd been interacting with people in small groups and lost track of the overall party.

"Alright," our father said. "blow out your candles."

"Maybe Patrick should tell us what his wish is first."

"No!" He replied, probably too loud. He couldn't keep his ears from heating up.

"Come on, uncle Damian," Alex said. "You know very well we can't say what it is. It won't come true if we do."

Patrick tried not to smile. He didn't have to make a wish. It had already come true. Not only had he had sex with his father, but he was okay with it. He didn't feel weird out, he didn't regret it, Hell (sorry) he wanted to do it again, not just with him, but with his whole family.

He couldn't quite contain his smile, he was truly an Orr. He blew out his candles. His brothers did the same and everyone cheered.

Each brother was handed a knife and spatula and they cut in the cake, handing pieces to those around them. Patrick laughed when his part turned out to be orange, and after a taste, was orange flavored.

Once everyone had a piece there was only half the cake left, or so Patrick estimated, Chunks were missing all over the place. He'd eaten his piece, and cut himself one from Aaron's section, which was maple flavored.

He sat down and Damian sat next to him. Patrick thought about moving away, but he wasn't going to let his uncle intimidate him.

"Not having cake?" Patrick asked, instead of letting his uncle take control of the conversation.

"I'm not hungry."

The silence returned.

Patrick was chewing when Damian said. "How was the sex?"

Patrick chocked on the cake and glared at the adult. It hadn't been loud, but still.

"What kind of fucking question is that?" He kept his voice low and looked around. No one was paying them any attention.

"A rather simple one."

"Yeah? Well, if I'd done anything I wouldn't be telling you."

Damian smiled. "No 'if' about it. I may not be able to tell them apart, but I did notice that for over an hour there was only one of them around at a time, and that you were not. They are my brothers, I know how they think."

"I went with Adam to pickup sodas."

"I'm not your mother, Patrick. Please don't act as if I was as... bright as her."

Patrick glared at him again. "Don't insult my mom."

"I didn't."

"Bullshit. I heard that hesitation."

"I apologize. The point remains that you didn't go with him. For one thing, he left half an hour after you disappeared. Arthur came back less than ten and as soon as he was done talking to my brothers, one of them disappeared."

Patrick stared at his uncle. "Why the fuck do you care?" How had he caught all of that? Had he known what would happen?

"I care because you are family."

Patrick sighed. And what the fuck did that mean? He checked to make sure no one was within earshot and leaned in.

"Fine, you want to know? it was great."

"And do you wish for it to happen again?"

"Yes, I do. Are you happy?"

Damian smiled. "Very much so."

Patrick eyes his uncle. "Yeah? don't get any idea. It's going to take a long time before I let you have sex with me."

Damian stood. "Oh, I don't know about that. It may very

well happen sooner than you think. Much sooner." Then he left to talk with a group of women.

Great, what did that mean? Patrick wondered. He put him out of his mind by finishing his piece of cake and then having another one, banana this time.

Then he was pulled into a conversation with Albert and some of his friends about paintings. Patrick didn't think he had anything to contribute, until he realized they were discussing painting him.

* * * * *

The cake had been decimated. there weren't even crumbs left on the board it had been on. Patrick looked at it in amazement. He wouldn't have believed even this large group would have finished it. And the grill was still going, although now it was a zebra and a deer manning it. His fathers were talking with their friends, as was his mother.

He'd kept an eye out for her throughout the day, in case she found herself alone. She'd been worried she wouldn't fit in, but each time he'd seen her she was talking with a group of adults and looking like she was enjoying herself. He didn't know what they were talking about, but by their laughters and pointing at the younger people he expected they were sharing stories about their children.

"Hey Alex," Patrick called to his brother. He was the only one not currently in deep conversation, piling condiments on his sausage roll. "If anyone needs me, I'll be back in a bit. I'm going to go rinse the chlorine out of my fur and get dressed."

"Are you leaving?"

"Probably, it's past six and we have to bus to the rail an then home. My mom's working in the morning."

"I'm sure someone will be happy to give you a ride."

"Okay, but I'm done swimming, so I want to get out of those trunks."

Alex looked him over, then licked his lips. "Yeah, I'd like to get you out of those trunks too."

Patrick was only shocked for a moment, then he laughed. "I think this might be too public, even for you."

"Yeah, it is."

"Don't worry, you'll get your chance."

Alex nodded knowingly and smiled.

Patrick was left wondering what that was about as he headed for Adam's room. He locked the door and headed for the shower, peeling off his trunks on the way there.

He had his hand on the shower knob when the door to the bedroom opened. He turned in time to his his father rush in the bathroom.

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

Instead of saying anything his father took Patrick's head in his hands and kissed him. Patrick didn't resist as the lips pressed against his, then the tongue pushed its way in his mouth. His father was hungry for it and their hands roamed on their backs, holding each other tightly.

When they finally separated his father looked him in the eyes, caressing his face. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have unlocked the door and barged in. We have rules about privacy, but I really needed to do this."

Patrick smiled. "Well, was it worth it, Daniel?"

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

Patrick's smile broke into chuckling. "Donald already did this with me. I doubt he'd be as desperate as you were."

His father blushed then kissed him again. When he was done he dropped to his knees and swallowed Patrick's cock.

"Holy fuck," Patrick gasped and panted as he became hard. He looked down at his father bobbing up and down his cock. Donald's blowjob had been good. This one was masterful. "Oh fuck, Dad."

The lips tight against his shaft as they moved up and down, the tongue forcing his cock up to rub against the palate. It was so fucking much. He grabbed his father's head and fucked it.

His father looked up at him with love. fingers dug in his ass. Patrick couldn't believe how hot this was, his father loved being face fucked by him. Patrick groaned. Fuck, he wanted to slow down, this had to last longer, but he also wanted it to be more intense and go faster.

Before he made his decision he felt the lightning surge. He tried to hold it back, He wanted this feeling to go on forever. He started to roar, buried his cock in his father's muzzle, and the world exploded inside him.

When he came back his throat was raw and he moaned as his father was still sucking on him. Patrick panted. He looked down and realized his hands on his father's head were the only thing holding him up. He leaned back against the shower door and his father stood.

Daniel smiled then pressed his lips against Patrick's. He was gentle, tentative. It was almost as if Daniel wasn't certain Patrick wanted to kiss.

Not sure why his father hesitated Patrick parted his lips and ran his tongue against his father's. The lips opened slightly and a odd taste trickled through. It was acrid, bitter and a little salt. Cum, he realized, and understand why his father wasn't shoving his tongue down his throat.

Patrick thought about it for a moment, He'd tasted his

cum a time or two, out of curiosity, like most guys did, he expected, but this was different. He wanted it, not because he wanted to drink his cum, but because his father was the one offering to share it with him. He realized there was little he wouldn't do if his father asked.

He pried the lips apart with his tongue and they kissed deeply. The cum flavored the kiss, made it more primal, something that came from deep within them. When they broke apart Patrick felt like he'd run a marathon, and it not just from the orgasm. Was kissing his father always going to be this good? Or was this special, because it was their first time.

Patrick tried to articulate how he felt, but all he managed to say was. "Wow."

His father chuckled, licking his lips.

Patrick happened to look down and noticed the frond of Daniel's speedo was soaked. "Did you cum?"

"Twice. When you blew your load in my mouth, and then when we kissed."

"When we kissed?" Patrick couldn't believe it, well, okay, it had been a mind blowing kiss.

"Yeah, that's a first for me."

Patrick grinned. "Want to see if it'll happen again?"

For a reply his father took hold of his face and kissed him. It was a passionate kiss and Patrick responded with vigor. with hunger, but when they broke apart, although they were panting, it hadn't been the same.

"Maybe we need more practice?" His father offered.

Patrick laughed. "Maybe on the next visit."

Daniel nodded. "Speaking of your next visit. Did anyone tell you about the party?"

Patrick turned the shower on. "Isn't this the party?"

"This is the social party, the family friendly one."

Patrick looked over his shoulder. "So this wasn't for me and my mom's benefit?"

Daniel looked down Patrick's back. "No, they've always been like this, well, the language might have been cleaner this time. The kids like to party with their friends, and it give me and Donald a chance to hang out with people our age that we aren't currently fucking, well mostly."

"I thought all the adult here were married."

"They are, but not all of them have monogamous marriage."

"Or are happy in it," Patrick added, remembering Adam.

"Yeah. Well, the tradition is that we also have a private party, just family members. Normally it would be tonight, once all the guests leave, but since you're going home with your

mother, we were thinking of doing it next Saturday."

"You don't have to." Patrick ran the hand under the jet and happy with the temperature stepped under it.

"We want to." Daniel joined Patrick under the water. "You're part of the family. We'd like you to be part of it, unless you don't think you'd be comfortable with a family orgy." He lathered his son's back.

Patrick closed his eyes, enjoying the hands massaging the soap in his fur. "I... don't know. I..." Didn't he? hadn't he wondered what it would be like to have sex with Adam while they were talking? Didn't he want to have sex with both his fathers? at the same time?

His father moved him under the water and rinsed the lather out of Patrick's fur. After that his father pressed himself against his back and held him. "You don't have to. I don't want you to feel pressured."

"I want to dad. Fuck I want to. I'm an Orr. I want to know what that means. I want to experience what it means." He gasped as he felt a hand stroke his cock, making him hard again.

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

His father moved away and Patrick turned around. His father had his hands against the wall. His tail was in this air, making the offer of his ass clear.

Patrick swallowed. "Dad, I've never..."

Daniel looked at him over his shoulder. "It's fine son. Your cock's already slick. All you have to do is push it in and then enjoy yourself."

Patrick placed himself behind him and places his hands on his father's ass. It was firm, solid, the ass of someone who worked it out a lot. Patrick smiled, did his father use a machine for that? Or did it come from having a lot of guys fuck him?

He rubbed his cock in the crack, moving it until the head was against his father's hole. He slowly pushed it in.

"Oh. Fuck." Patrick couldn't believe how hot it was in there.

His father moaned. "More."

Patrick pushed in slowly. He panted. Fuck that felt good. He tried to remember what his father had done when he'd been fucking him, had he thrust all in in one go? some back and forth? but nothing came to him. but his father's moaning seemed to indicate he was doing well.

Once all in, he leaned over Daniel for a moment, wrapping his arms around him. It felt good to hold his father this way, to be in him. This man had given him life, and now Patrick got

to return the favor, symbolically.

He pulled out slowly, then pushed in with a sigh. His father echoed him. Patrick kissed the back of his neck. he wanted to stretch this out for hours, but he had no idea how to keep the lightning from building until it exploded. He also couldn't be absent too long, his mother would start asking questions.

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 his father acknowledging that his son was fucking him. He sped up, and realized that he couldn't both stroke his father and fuck him hard from this position.

He let go of the cock, promising himself he'd finish him afterward and readjusted his footing. He gripped his father's sides firmly and fucked him just as he'd been told. Hard and fast.

Daniel's moans turned into curses so vulgar Patrick didn't think he could ever utter them. Fast and hard he fucked. In and out of his father's ass.

The lightning built and he tried to hold it back. Just a little longer he asked, just a little more, but the lightning didn't listen. It exploded, the world became white. He felt his father shudder under him, then nothing but pure bliss.

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

"You okay back there?"

Patrick got the impression it wasn't he first time his father asked him that. He got his feet back under him.

"Did you pass out?" Daniel asked.

"I don't think so, but the orgasm was so intense I did blackout for a bit. How long was I out?" Straightening up his cock pulled out. Patrick was sorry about that, it had felt so good in there.

"Ten seconds Id say." Daniel straightened too, his back popping in the process.

"Thanks for catching me dad." He looked at his father's back, that tail swaying languidly. He was going to be in him again, he had no doubt of that.

His father turned. "I'll never let you fall, you know that, right?"

Patrick nodded and smiled.

"But I guess we might have overdone it for your first

times, if you're blacking out."

Patrick shrugged. "I don't know. I think it happened with every orgasm. I know it happened when you sucked me off, I was just lucky my arms locked on your head, it kept me up. Is something like that normal?"

"I don't know. It doesn't happen to me, Donald, or any of the kids, as far as I know. Could be it's because you're starting late. We all started having sex pretty young, so we've gotten use to it? We'll have to see if it still happens the next time.

"And try to avoid being in a precarious position," Patrick chuckled. "Speaking of next time. Does anyone else know about your plan for next Saturday?"

"Sure, the whole family. why?"

Patrick nodded. "It explains some of the looks I've been getting when talking about sex."

"You talked about sex?" His father seemed impressed.

"The subject came up a time or two." Patrick put a hand under the water. "Fuck, I can't believe there's any hot water left."

His father pushed him under. "We have a perpetual heat system. can't run out."

"Shit. If me an mom take consecutive showers they have to be short or one of us gets cold water."

Daniel lathered Patrick up again. "We spend enough time in the shower it was worth investing the extra money to make sure we wouldn't run out. It's really annoying when we have one of our family orgy in the shower to have to deal with the temperature changing."

Patrick let his father's hands knead his back in silence for a moment, going over what his father said. "I can't believe you just said the whole family has sex together, and I don't feel like running away."

His father wrapped his arms around him, lathering his front. "Welcome to the family son."

Patrick smiled and leaned back against him. "Just washing this time, okay? I can't afford to spend too much time in here. mom's going to wonder where I am."

"I promise." Daniel said, a moment before he reached down to lather Patrick's balls.

Because he didn't linger there Patrick just smiled, then grew thoughtful. "Dad, I hope I'm not going to sound condescending, but don't you think you could be more careful with how you waste money? I know you're rich, but Arthur has a box of phone that's kept charged by the house. You probably spend hours having sex under the shower while hot water is running. I mean that stuff adds up."

Daniel held him. "Because I know where you come from you don't, but we're not using as much power from the grid as you think. The roof is full solar, we have a top of the line water reclamation system. Our initial plan was to tap an underground spring, but this is California, there aren't any of those left. And before you point out air conditioning costs, you may have noticed how thick the walls are, both the outside and inside walls. It provides a lot of sound and temperature insulation."

Patrick closed his eyes as he was pulled under the water and let it run over him. "I'm sorry. I didn't realize."

"It's okay. You're right, we are rich, but we are aware of the impact a house like this one can have and we do what we can to minimize that." Daniel chuckled. "If we hadn't done it of our own volition, Damian would have forced us to do it."

"Really? He cares about the environment?"

"Very much."

"But he owns a bunch of companies."

"He does, and a good number of them are linked to all sort of renewable energy companies and research. He also spends a lot of money pushing for better environmental protection laws."

Patrick was amazed to learn about that side to his uncle. Then he remember the summer's heat wave and January's cold snap. "It isn't working all that well."

"You have to remember the damage has been done over a long time. It'll take a while to get everything back to the way things were before. Who knows, once he runs the world it might go faster."

Patrick looked over his shoulder at his dad, then had to blink when soapy water got in his eyes. "He's trying to take over the world?"

Daniel laughed. "I'm kidding. If I remember, his exact words were: 'I don't want to waste my time running this damned place. I want to be in a position where I can kick those fucking politicians in the balls and have them say thank you, instead of sending the cops after me.'"

"Wow, that's harsh."

"You might not have noticed 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 made sure the soap was all out of Patrick's fur, in silence. When he was done he said. "Do you mind if we tackle that another time? Answering your question is going to lead to a lot of other things we don't have time to cover if you don't want your mother to realize you're gone."

"Alright." Patrick quickly and chastely washed his father.

Once dressed, Patrick in his clothes, and his father in his speedo. He grabbed his bag and went outside, his father staying behind to avoid attracting attention.

The day was making Patrick realize that he had to make a decision about his mother. No, not a decision, he'd already made that. Now he had to tell her. He couldn't keep that he was gay from her.

But tonight wasn't the right time.

He found her among the parents, they had all gathered in a corner of the backyard, and she was telling them about the time he beat up the neighborhood bully because he was pushing around on of the young girls. Patrick had been ten, the bully fifteen. By the time it was over the bully had to go to the hospital, Patrick only had a few bruises. The police had been called, but after an explanation, and multiple witnesses, Patrick was let go with a warning not to pick fights."

"Hey mom," he said, kneeling next to her.

"Hi hun, why are you dressed?"

"It's eight. We should go, you're working in the morning."

"Already?" She pulled out her phone. "So it is. Where did the time go." She stood and said her goodbyes to the people around her.

"If you want to stay longer," Damian said. "I can give both of you a ride."

Patrick glared at his uncle from behind his mother and shook his head vehemently. He didn't know what his uncle was planing, but he didn't want them to be part of it.

"That's very kind of you, Mister Orr, but This is only going to be my second time taking the rail, I want to enjoy it." She took her bag and sniffed Patrick. "You showered?"

"Yes, to get the chlorine out of my fur."

"That's good thinking."

"It was good meeting you," Damian said, taking her hand and kissing it. 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, trying to figure out why Damian was being so damn civil. He finally shook it. "It was good meeting you too."

Then everyone was over to wish both a good night. Patrick shook hands, was hugged, and discreetly groped, and not just by his brothers. He was happy his mother was busy with her own goodbyes, otherwise she would have noticed his ears steaming.