

Patrick didn't know how long he was going to stay this time, and he had no intention of taking advantage of Richard's generosity. He spent Sunday walking around that neighborhood looking for any type of small jobs he could do. It was slightly higher class than where his mom lived and he made some money mowing lawns, washing windows and started painting one house, with the promise he'd be back everyday until it was finished.

With Don paying him after work, and the money he made doing odd jobs, Patrick had to get a bank account. It proved simpler than he expected, he did it online, and all they required was his ID number. He picked a local branch, so he could make deposits now, instead of having to wait the two days until his card arrived.

When she called him for the first time, he had a moment of concern about his mother, wondering if she'd have enough money without his income. He pushed the thought aside, she didn't care about what he wanted, he wasn't going to care about her either. He didn't answer.

He spent the week doing odd jobs when Joey didn't need him at the junkyard. That Saturday his family invited him to a picnic, which he accepted. It was a fun day, they played football, five versus five, with a dad on each team.

A few times he found himself in a pileup, and his father's comment about why he liked football would surface and he found that he agreed, having guys on top of him did feel nice. At least until he remembered they were his brothers and fathers, then he was just uncomfortable.

When they stopped playing Patrick lay down, and within moments his brothers were snuggled up to him, laying next to him, Aaron and Anakin were half draped over him, Arthur next to him. For a moment he wasn't sure how he felt about it, but none of them said or did anything other than lie and look at the sky, so he enjoyed the closeness.

"Alright everyone, lunch is served."

Patrick raised his head to see his fathers bringing two large boxes the closest table. Everyone was off him and running to them. Patrick went slower, watching them jostle each other playfully. For a moment he wished he could experience that, then joined them, staying on the outskirts.

They had dug out plates and patterns of sandwiches. a lot of platters.

His father looked at him. "I hope you're not going to be disappointed, but these were catered. We didn't feel like spending hours preparing them."

"Do you normally prepare the food yourselves?"

"No they don't," Alex said.

"Yeah, they get us to do it," Adam added.

"We made it clear to them if they pulled that on us again," Aaron continued.

"We were going to tie them up and leave them at home," Arthur finished.

His fathers looked at one another.

"You know," one said.

"I think they've picked up," the other continued.

"This bad habit of finishing each other's sentence."

"From you."

Patrick looked at everyone. "do you guys do this kind of thing often?"

"Not as often," one started.

"As you'd think," the other finished.

"This is going to get annoying fast," Patrick said.

His father chuckled. "Don't worry, we're done."

"For now," the other added, and got a light slap upside the head.

"Don't contradict me Danny, I'm the oldest."

"No you're not, I was born a full minute before you."

"Did not."

"Did too." They went back and forth.

Patrick stared at them then at his brothers who were rolling their eyes.

"And we're suppose to be the teens in this family," Arthur commented.

Silence fell and Patrick looked at his fathers, who were kissing. He blushed. He wasn't the kind of lecherous kissing he'd seen when he checked the pornos online, but it wasn't chaste either. It was kind of hot he found himself thinking.

"There," Danny said, "We've made up."

"Like you two need an excuse to kiss like that." Albert said.

Patrick was sure he caught a hungry look in his brothers, and he knew it wasn't for food. He knew his brothers had sex together, but no one brought that up around him. And suddenly he knew they also did it with their fathers. He had no idea what to think of that, he was... he was... jealous?

He couldn't be, they were his fathers. He pushed that thought to the side. He couldn't deal with that right now. He was here to enjoy time with his family, not freak out.

The moment passed and everyone piled up food on plates and sat on the ground. Patrick looked around plate in hand, and his gaze fell on his fathers, seated together, and his

brothers in twos and three. for a moment he hesitated in choosing a place to sit, then went to his fathers. They made a space between them for him to sit.

Patrick was extremely conscious of their legs touching, and snippets of his dreams came back to him. His fathers, naked, embracing him.

he looked at his family again, and they looked like normal guys, brothers talking and laughing, fathers discussing their programing, and he told himself he'd imagined the sexual hunger he'd seen there. He was projecting his subconscious desires on them, that's what had happened.

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Patrick was trying to read the latest Iluminar novel. Now that he had his own money he hadn't had to wait for it to become available on the lending site, he'd bought it. His phone was on his lap, projecting it at eye level.

He'd reread the fifth page for the third time. Jaremis, the illegitimate son of Duren'El'Tig, the hero of the first three novels, had just found him to inform him his mother had died. Duren had just held his son and cried, telling him he wished he'd been there for him as he grew up.

The scene kept bringing his fathers back to his mind, and the dreams he'd had. He wished he had someone to talk with about it, try to make sense of it. He couldn't bring it up with Mother Rosetta, as tolerant as she was, he didn't think she'd approve of this. Joey would probably be okay, but Patrick wasn't comfortable talking about his fathers to him, he didn't know why, but it felt wrong. Natalia might understand, he had no idea how witches felt about incest.

He closed the book and did a search for father/son incest, and quickly decided the net wasn't the place to look. the top three links were sites for guys looking for sex, the next five were popular porn videos of fathers having sex with their sons, and after that more of the same, with written stories thrown in.

It was clear a lot of guys got off on that, but that didn't help him figure out how he should feel about it. He looked at the tent in his pants. Other than turned on.

He put his phone away. He was going to sleep on it. He didn't have an answer by morning, or by the end of the week, or even two weeks later when he showed up unannounced to his father's house.

He should have called, he thought, after pressing the buzzer. There was no telling what he was interrupting.

The door opened and Aiden stared at him. He was wearing sweatpants, his fur was ruffled and he smelled. Yeah, no telling what he was interrupting.

"Pat, hi. We... We weren't expecting you to come over."

"I know. I'm sorry. I just wanted to see you guys."

Aiden looked over his shoulder. "It might take a bit for everyone to... err... finish what they're doing." He moved out of the way to let Patrick in.

"Don't rush them. I should have called. I'll wait in the living room, unless that's where it's happening." He remembered his first time here, the mess in the living room. Now he knew what had been going on there.

"We're in Albert's room." Aiden's ears turned red.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to say that."

Patrick chuckled. "It's okay, I sort of figured that's what you guys would be up to."

"You're okay with it?"

"I'm okay with you guys doing it. I'm not joining in."

Aiden nodded. "Do you want me to setup the game system?"

"Nah, I have a book."

Aiden hesitated when they reached the living room.

Patrick shooed him away. "You go finish it. Don't rush it on my account." He watched his brother step away and turn the corner to go up the stairs. Aiden was smaller and not as wide shouldered, but he had good muscles on him.

For a moment Patrick considered following up the stairs. He freely admitted to wondering what it would be like to be with his brothers, but he wasn't comfortable with the idea.

He stretched on the couch, and read. Ten minute later his had a message from his father. the ID was D/D. He hadn't been joking when he said they had the same number.

'Just learned you were visiting, We're going to be home in in time for lunch, in a meeting. Are you staying for dinner?'

'Yes,' he replied. 'I have no plans tonight.'

'Staying the night?'

Patrick thought about it. Thought for longer than he expected. It would be nice to sleep under the same roof as his family, in rooms near him, probably wishing they could be with him.

'No, I'm not quite comfortable with the idea yet.' He knew they wouldn't pressure him, but that wasn't what he was afraid of.

'okay. the kids should have lunch ready when we arrive. love you.'

Patrick smiled at the words floating before him. 'love you two.'

He went back to his reading, but caught the scent of wet fur. He looked behind him, Arthur was standing there, wearing

jeans and a worn t-shirt with 'I heart Geeks' on it.

"You shouldn't have rushed it," Patrick said, sitting up.

"I didn't We'd been at it for a while when you got here. The others are going to be down soon." he sat next to Patrick.

"Dad's going to be here in a couple of hour. he said you'd be making lunch. I was expecting them to order something."

"We usually cook lunch over the summer."

"You enjoy cooking?"

"No. nothing's set to my height."

"Oh, yeah. I'm surprised dad didn't make sure it would be."

"It'd be too much trouble. There's only one of me, and eight of them."

"I'm guessing when you get your place it's all going to be your size, and when we visit we'll have to crouch down to walk through doorways, sit on the floor to eat with you."

"And sleep on the floor, with your legs to your chest because the guest bedroom will be extra small," Arthur added with a chuckle. "and you won't fit in the shower."

"Why won't he fit?" Alex asked, joining them.

"We're talking about how much trouble normal size people will have in my house."

Alex sat on the floor, between Patrick's legs. "Really?"

The others joined them before Arthur could expand on it.

"What do you guy want to make?" Aaron asked.

"No idea. what's do we have?" Anakin asked.

"Not much, grocery is later today."

"That means we have to scrounge the shelves for something to eat."

"Come on," Patrick said, "you guys can't be that hard off on food."

"Oh there's stuff," Albert said, "Just not enough of any one thing to make enough to feed everyone."

"It can't be that bad."

"Yeah? you try making a meal out of a few of eggs, some potatoes, left over ground beef, carrots, beets and cheese," Aiden said.

"Is that what's in the fridge?" Patrick asked.

"It was this morning when I looked in it."

"Do you have any flour?" Patrick asked.

"Sure."

"Butter, salt and pepper?"

"Of course."

Patrick looked at them. "And you can't make a meal out of that?" Blank stares regarded him. "You guys are lucky you're

rich. you'd die in my part of town." He got up. "come on, I'm going to give you a course in survival cooking."

He spent the afternoon showing them how to turn what they had into a hearty meal. during that time he found out that Adam was off camping with Damian.

By the time their fathers arrived they had turned the flours and eggs into pasta, sauteed the vegetables they had and made a sauce from a few cans of mushroom soup they found in the back of the pantry.

Their fathers brought up cases of soda, including one of orange soda. They sat down to eat. Patrick bowed his head and silently gave thanks, surprised they waited for him to be done before starting in on their food.

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After the meal was over they cleared the table and the dishes went into the washer. Then, to Patrick's surprise, they turned the top of the table into a gaming surface. It had looked like dark varnished wood while they ate on it, it had even felt like it, but now it was a dark screen with a list of game.

"State of the art textured enabled screen," his father said. "So, what are we playing?"

"We haven't played poker in a while," Aiden suggested.

"It's going to have to be plain regular poker, with Patrick here," his father replied.

"I don't mind," was Aiden's answer, and the others nodded.

"Okay, everyone has their phones?"

Patrick pulled out his. "Does everything turn into sex with you guys?" The question was out before he could stop it, but he surprised himself at the genuine curiosity behind it.

"Nah," Arthur answered, looking at the transparent display over his hand. "But strip poker is a favorite of ours. I'll be right back. I'm going to need a standard phone for this." He ran up the stairs.

"If I find out you're cheating," Alex said, looking at Albert who was putting on wrap around glasses, "I am so beating your ass."

Albert rolled his eyes. "Like I need any help beating you." He gestured in the air and Patrick guessed he was interacting with what he saw in this glasses.

"You know how to play poker?" Anakin asked.

"Sure, but I'm used to playing with cards. Not with my phone." Don was a big fan of the game and on really quiet evenings he'd pull out the deck of cards and they'd pass the time playing it.

Anakin showed him how to connect his phone to the table

so he could see his cards and then the few commands he'd need. Arthur came back with a phone from his box and sat next to Patrick.

"What are we playing for?" Patrick asked. "I can't really play for money."

They looked around.

"Right," their father said. "If we're not playing for clothes, we need something else."

Their other father went through the game's options. "there, it comes with a currency options. we'll use that."

Five thousand dollars appeared on the bottom of Patrick's phone. Even knowing the amount was fictitious, he ask for the game to start with a low ante. They agreed to start at twenty-five dollars.

It quickly became apparent to Patrick his family didn't play to win. He wasn't a great player, but he was racking up the wins. He got the distinct impression that when they played for clothing, they wanted to end up naked as fast as possible.

They were on the tenth game, which looked to be Patrick's eighth win, it was down to him and Albert, and he had three kings, when the garage door rumbled open.

"Adam's back," Aiden said.

Patrick called, and they showed their hands. Albert had a straight. Anakin randomized the deck and passed the cards. Patrick looked up from his phone as heavy footsteps stumped up the stairs. Adam appeared, and ran to the other stairs, disappearing before anyone could say anything.

Patrick only realized what the expression on his face had been moments later. It had been fear. Not long after that Damian appeared, an unconcerned smile on his face. Patrick looked at him, then the other stairwell, and back. Adam had been camping with him.

Patrick growled as he climbed over the table to reach him. With curses his brothers got out of the way. As he landed on the other side his fathers grabbed him.

"Let go of me! that son of a bitch did something to Adam!"

"Patrick," his father said, "calm down."

Damian studied Patrick with an amused expression.

"Fuck calming down." He struggled in his fathers' grasp. He was going to wipe that smug smile of his face.

"Damian, leave!"

"But I just got here."

"Leave my house, Dam, now!"

"Alright, fine." The tiger went back down the stairs.

"No! You can't let him get away with what he did!"

Patrick struggled harder, but his brothers joined in to restrain him. They only released him once the garage door had rumbled close.

Patrick turned and stared at them. "How the fuck could you let him leave!"

"Patrick, you need to calm down," his father said.

"I'm not fucking calming down. he did something to my brother and you just let him walk out of here."

"Patrick, please. You don't understand."

"Then fucking explain it to me. And don't give me anything of that I need to have sex with the lot of you before I'm going to be ready."

His fathers looked at him with a confused expression.

"I said he'd have to be comfortable having sex with us first," Arthur said.

His father sighed. "Patrick, it's complicated, but Arthur's right."

He stared at them. He could clearly see the pain on their face. How could they not want to go after him and make him pay? He caught Aaron's angry expression and something clicked. He'd also suffered at Damian's hands, that was the reason for his animosity.

He was the only one who looked like he'd want to make Damian pay, but he hadn't gone after him, he'd also stopped Patrick. what kind of hold did Damian have over them?

Patrick swore and went up the stairs. He knocked softly on Adam's door.

"Go away!"

"It's Patrick."

There was a moment of silence. "Just go away, please."

"Adam, what happened? What did he do to you?"

Another silence. "I don't want to talk about it."

Patrick seriously considered breaking down the door. His fist was raised, before he realized that wouldn't resolve anything. He took a moment to calm himself.

"Adam, I want you to know that if you ever need to talk to someone, I'm there."

"Thanks."

He leaned his head on the door. "If he ever touches you again, I want you to tell me, okay? No one hurts my brother. do you hear me? Absolutely no one."

"Pat, don't do anything." Adam sounded closer to the door.

"I'm not afraid of him."

Adam's next words were soft enough Patrick wasn't sure he heard them correctly. "You should be." Then he heard Adam move

away from the door.

Patrick wanted to scream at him. There was nine of them, how could they let one person cow them like that. he spun on his heel and went down the stairs. He grabbed his jacket off the back of his chair and his phone off the table, daring any of them to comment.

They were his family, but as he left he despised each and every one of them.