

Patrick knocked on the door, then remembered the buzzer. He didn't have the time to consider pressing it. The door flew open and a small tiger latched himself to him.

"Hi Arthur." He hugged him back.

"I'm so glad you came back."

"I'm sorry I hurt you."

Arthur took a step back. He was only wearing knee length shorts. "It's not your fault, I'm just happy your here."

Patrick looked in the hallway. no one was there. "Are you always the one who answers the door?"

"No, but this time I was by the window looking for you. I almost reached the door before you knocked."

Patrick chuckled. "Where's everyone else then?"

"In the pool. Come on." But before Arthur could pull him in, their father joined them. he had sweat pants on.

"Hi Patrick."

"Hi dad." They hugged. When they stepped back Arthur was grinning wide.

Their father ruffled the short tiger's hair. "Go join your brothers. Patrick needs to change, we'll join you after."

Arthur glared at his father and rearranged his hair. He hugged Patrick again then ran off.

His father put a small ball of cloth in Patrick's hand. "That should fit you."

Patrick unruffled it. It was black and smaller than his briefs. "You're joking."

"What? It's Lycra, so even if it's a little too small it stretches. Aaron volunteered it."

"Maybe I should just go in my underwear."

His dad chuckled. "Just try it on. you'll see Speedos are very comfortable." He opened a door a few steps away to a bathroom the size of Patrick's bedroom. Patrick looked at what he was holding dubiously. There was no way that would fit him. Still he went in and closed the door.

The room had the same dark floor with gray walls. a sink, toilet and large shower stall. He shook his head in disbelief. A shower by the entrance. He guessed it was useful when coming it dirty.

On the back of the door was a full length mirror. Taking another look at the swimsuit he undressed and put it on. "Shit." He'd been right, it stretched, but it was hugging his form so tightly it was showing every detail of his junk. He rearranged himself a few time until his cock no longer showed so much detail.

"Dad? I don't think this is a good idea."

"How about you show me?"

Patrick opened the door.

"Looks good on you."

"Dad, it shows everything."

His father looked him over critically and Patrick felt his ears heat up.

"No, it doesn't. It just hints at what you have. There's nothing wrong with that."

"Dad, that isn't hinting. I wouldn't be showing much more if I was naked."

His father reached for him, hesitated and then put his hands on both of Patrick's shoulders. "Son. You have a beautiful body, you should show it, even flaunt it a little."

"Isn't the point of flaunting getting someone's interest? Everyone here related to me. I'm not sure that's a good idea to have that happen here."

"Among family is the perfect place for you to get comfortable wearing it."

"I didn't see Arthur wearing something like this, or you. This is starting to feel like you're tr..." Patrick lost track of what he was going to say as his father stepped out of the sweatpants and showed he was wearing a yellow and green striped Speedo. Patrick quickly looked away when he realized his father hadn't tried to keep the details of his package from showing.

"Arthur had his shorts on to avoid freaking you out. Come on, let get to the pool. you can leave your clothes in there."

Patrick hesitated only a moment before following his father. "Fuck, feels like I'm naked."

"You'll get use to that."

Patrick wasn't so sure. He was too distracted by how it felt to pay any attentions to the frames on the wall again. The patio door in the kitchen led to the backyard. Patrick stopped on the threshold, taking it in. It was gigantic. his whole block could fit in this yard. The grass was green and well cared for, not the patchwork most of the front yards in his neighborhood were.

The pool in the middle of it. That pool was at least three times the size of his house. Everyone in the yard, except for him and his father were in the pool.

"How deep is it?" Patrick asked.

"Thirty feet at the diving board. two at the shallow end, going down to four for a few feet, then five. After that it levels at six for three quarter of the pool. It drops quickly after that. Danny is the diving fan." They had a diving board

just above the water and another one maybe twenty feet in the air.

"Come on. Lets join everyone." His father ran to the deeper side and plunged in. Patrick stepped in at the shallow end and walked until he was at the five feet zone. The water was cool, but not as cold as he'd expected. As soon as he got comfortable there he was mobbed, dragged under the water lifted back up hugged and was accidentally bushed against his crotch multiple times.

"Alright guys, give him room to breath. we don't want to send him running off in terror again."

Patrick laughed. He didn't think his family could do anything that would scare him. They tried to get him to the deeper end, where they started a water fight, but Patrick declined the invitation, holding on to the edge and letting himself float.

One of his brothers swam by him twice then stopped. Patrick studied him. "Aiden, right?"

"Yep." He pushed himself off the side, swam under water to the other, came up for air and returned to Patrick. "You don't know how to swim, do you?"

"No."

"I kind of figured since you didn't have a swimsuit. You want me to show you?"

"I don't think there's any way I can learn how you do it."

Aiden chuckled. "That's pretty advanced stuff. we've been swimming since we were three. But I can show you basic stuff, the waving and kicking, to keep you afloat in place and the quad paddle. Those two are so basic that if you don't panic when falling in the water you start doing one or the other almost automatically."

Wanting to do something with one of his brother, instead of staying on the outside, Patrick agreed and Aiden had him moving about the pool in short order. Everyone then joined in, doing quad paddle races, and endurance test by swimming in place. That lasted for almost an hour before they decided to call it a draw.

After that was a game of water polo with an inflated beach ball. Which had them climbing on over the others at times and the ball outside the pool more often than in it. At some point someone cursed and everyone scrambled away. Not knowing what was going on Patrick was still looking around when his father jumped off the twenty feet high diving board. Patrick looked at him mesmerized, not quite understanding what it meant when the tiger made himself into a ball.

The water explosion when he impacted hit Patrick hard

enough that for a moment he couldn't find his footing. When he surfaced again coughing his father was swimming in his direction.

"Can someone go get me a swimsuit? This shredded another one."

Patrick looked down and couldn't see any green or yellow. He tried to work out how he'd hit for the swimsuit to be destroyed. The only thing he came up with made him wince.

"Didn't that hurt?"

"Not anymore."

Patrick almost asked what he meant, but decided he didn't want to know.

"Come on guys. we have a guest. I'm not stepping out of the pool without a swimsuit."

Someone went inside.

Patrick looked around and noticed someone else was missing. "Where..." he searched for the term to use in his case and then shrugged. "Where's dad?"

"He went to deal with dinner."

"What are we having?"

"Dinner's here!" the other adult said, stepping out of the house with a tall stack of pizza boxes. He put them on the table and spread them, opening them. "Danny, Patrick, aren't you coming?"

"Not naked I'm not," Daniel replied.

Donald looked like he would comment, glanced at Patrick and nodded. "Right, I'll go get it."

"Anakin's already gone, he should be back... there he is."

Anakin threw the red and black Speedo in the pool then grabbed a pizza slice. Daniel swam to it, grabbed it and sank under water. Patrick waited for him to come back up, looking around when he hadn't after a minute. he screamed in surprise as he felt himself lifted in the air.

Daniel broke the surface his head between Patrick's legs and his son's knees on his shoulder. he tried to straighten, but lost his balance and both of them fall backward in the water.

They resurfaced, sputtering water.

"Okay, not doing that again," Daniel commented, turning to check on Patrick. "You okay."

"Other than almost having a heart attack, sure."

"You're way to young for one of those. come on, lets go eat before there's nothing left."

"Dominos?" Patrick asked on seeing the logo on the boxes.

"What's wrong with Dominos?" Adam asked.

"You guys are rich and you ordered Dominos?"

"It's good pizza," Albert said, finishing his slice and taking a another one from a different box.

"And if you pay more for pizza than this, you enter 'gourmet' territory, and that stuff's crap."

"Watch it Alex," Aaron said between bites. "Patrick maybe a foodie."

Patrick laughed. "I'm way too poor to be a foodie. I've had more than one breakfast where I had to put water in my cereal. What's the selection?"

There was a moment of uncomfortable silence then Donald said. "There's two of everything, so don't worry about it." He looked at Daniel. "Really? Anakin, you grabbed those for him?"

Anakin finished chewing. "He didn't specify."

Donald looked down at his swimsuit then Daniel's.

"What's there to drink?"

"Albert, you and Adam go grab a few cases," Daniel said. "Do you have any preference?" He asked Patrick.

"Do you have any orange?"

That earned him a few disgusted faces.

"No. I'm afraid we don't."

"I'll have whatever they bring then." Patrick quickly ate a slice of meat lovers then had a second one.

Donald followed Albert inside, and came back out a minutes after he and Adam brought cases of coke, root beer, sierra mist, and grape out. His fathers stood one next to another and again matched fully.

The ten of them decimated the pizzas, except for the two vegetarians, they lounged on the grass for a time. Patrick found himself with Arthur snuggled out against his side and Aaron's head on his thigh. For a moment he wasn't sure how he felt about it, but then he figured it was innocent enough.

After half an hour Adam and Anakin stood. "We're going inside to play Battle Crowd. Who's coming?"

Patrick didn't move, neither did Arthur or Aaron.

"Are you guys coming in?" Albert asked.

"Maybe in a bit," Arthur replied. "I'm enjoying this."

"Okay. Be nice then." He went inside.

Patrick wondered what he meant by that.

"I hope it's okay," Arthur said. "You're really comfortable to snuggle with." He had a hand on Patrick's chest and was tracing circles in his fur with a finger.

"It is. I've never done this before. I like it."

Aaron repositioned himself so he was lying against Patrick's other side. "Never? not even with your mom?"

"Sure, when I was a kid, but now? It would just be weird."

"It isn't weird," Arthur offered. "Snuggling is always nice."

"Are you saying you snuggle with your dads?"

"Or course," Aaron answered. "We all do. Sometime we'll watch a movie in their room and we'll all pile on, a big snuggle pile, all together. And that pretty much always becomes..." He stopped talking.

Patrick looked down to catch Arthur giving Aaron a warning glare.

"Always fun." Aaron said.

Patrick rested his head back and looked at the sky. "Yeah, I guess it could be nice." He liked the image of his fathers holding him tightly between them.

He closed his eyes for a moment, and came awake when he felt Arthur move away. "Sorry," the small tiger said. "I didn't mean to wake you, but it's getting chilly and I don't have as thick fur as you do. I'm going inside."

The sun was at the horizon, with the sky darkening. Patrick could feel the chill too. "I didn't mean to fall asleep. I'll go in too."

"I guess that means I'm going in," Aaron said standing and offering his hand to Patrick.

As soon as they entered the kitchen they heard exclamation of joy and anger from the living room. Aaron ran there. Patrick and Arthur ran after him.

The couches were moved to the edge of the room, freeing the center for the four tigers standing there, one of his fathers, Alex, Albert and Anakin. They were facing the large screen and making gestures at it. The three seated screamed encouragement.

"What are they doing?" Patrick asked moving behind the couch. On the screen characters were moving around on a field striking each other.

"It's Battle Crowd," his father answered.

"Okay, but where are the controllers?"

"On their hands and legs. Come on Danny! how can you let your son trounce you like that?"

Daniel swore at Donald, and while his father laughed, Patrick's ears burned. He paid attention to the players and he could see they had rings at all their joints on their fingers, on each wrist and ankles.

"I've never seen a game controlled that way."

"It's a new system by Aguiron. It isn't on the market yet."

"I guess that's an advantage of being rich."

Donald laughed. "no, it's the advantage of designing a

game for it. They had to let us have one so we could test it."

"You make games?"

"Yeah, didn't you see the framed covers on the wall?"

"I didn't pay attention to them."

"All games we made. This new game is more challenging to make since it's... Danny! watch out!" Donald winced and Patrick looked at the screen in time to see a character disappear in the distance. "I thought you were good at that game, you're being shown up by your children, that's not very adult of you."

Daniel glanced over his shoulder then back at the screen when his character reappeared. "You keep dissing my playing and I'm going to kick your ass later."

"The way you're playing, I'll be the one to..." Donald didn't finish what he was going to say. He looked at Patrick, then back to the game. "Anyway. The Aguiron Room is more than the controls. It's a projection system that lets you play a game in three dimension." He pointed to multiple small boxes around the room at the top of the walls.

"Yeah, but for playing Battle Crowd it sucks," Anakin said. "Aaron kept kicking my ass."

"You kept moving in front of me." Aaron replied.

Patrick looked at Donald, not understanding what they meant.

"Crowd isn't made for the Room, so it didn't convert very well, made it tough to judge distances and on top of that, we started moving with the characters, instead of standing in place. That's what lead to being kicked and punched."

The game ended, and Anakin was proclaimed the winner. The players changed and Daniel flopped down next to Donald. he looked up at Patrick. "Do you want to play?"

Patrick looked at Arthur, Adam, Aaron and Aiden getting ready. "I'll pass. I'm not much for video games." He watched them play, joining in the cheering. Watching the game was surprisingly engaging. Anakin seemed to be the best player, with Arthur a close second.

An hour later a car honked repeatedly on the driveway. Aiden ran to the window and peered outside. "It's uncle Damian! Adam! he has a new car!"

Adam quickly took off the control rings and dropped them on floor before running off. The other players cursed and Anakin jumped in, awkwardly putting the rings on as he tried to keep the character from being killed.

As interesting as the game was, Patrick was more curious as to what would make Adam run like that. He followed him down stairs, and a corridor ending at a large garage. A silver car was stopping next to a blue sedan. there was another car next

to that, a sportier model. On the other side of the garage sat two minivans with still space for three more cars.

Patrick looked at the silver car while Adam studied it carefully. He didn't know anything about cars, but Patrick could see some odd things about this one, for one thing it didn't have any logos, model, brand or manufacturer names on it. The door lifted open and Damian stepped out. He left it open while he watched Adam.

Adam ran an hand over the side. "Okay, this is from a GT-R." He crouched and studied it. "The 2814?" Damian nodded. Adam opened the passenger side door, observing it as it lifted. "I think the doors are original, I can't think of any models that has doors that look like this, but the opening system is obviously inspired by Ferrari." He ran his fingers along the side as he walked to the back. "That's off the F-Type, the one made in 2019"

"I didn't think you'd get that," Damian commented.

Adam stood behind the trunk and studied it. He frowned leaned in close and ran a hand over it. Curious as to what caught his attention Patrick moved closer. he didn't see anything unusual, the surface was smooth, without any imperfections.

"Why don't you have a spoiler? This is a sport design, what's the point if you don't have a spoiler. I expected it to be recessed, but there's nothing here."

Damian raised his key chain and pressed a button. The top of the trunk shimmered, making Patrick back up a step. Then the surface melted up and into the shape of a spoiler.

"Oh, my, God!" Adam exclaimed. "This is amazing." The shimmering stopped and the spoiler looked solid and to be an integral part of the trunk. Adam touched it with a finger, then used his hand to push on it. It didn't move.

"How is that done? Nanotech?" Damian nodded. "I didn't realize anyone had gotten that level of control." Adam continued around the car, ending up in front of the hood. "What engine is in it? It is the Tesla XP? Or the Edison MAX? And whose turbo is in it? GE?"

Damian didn't say anything, he simply kept his gaze on Adam.

"Come on, you have to tell me. At least give me a hint? Is it an original design? Please, just open the hood." Adam was jumping from foot to foot.

"How about I make you a deal?"

Adam stopped moving. He looked at the car an back to his uncle. "What? What kind of deal?"

Patrick felt his hackles rise at the worry in Adam's voice. He fought the urge to interpose himself between the

two. He didn't know what this was about, maybe it was normal?

Damian placed a hand on Adam's shoulder. "We go camping for a week, just the two of us. I'm thinking this summer, once you're done with your classes."

Adams ears folded back. "A week?" His tail stood still, between his legs. For a moment Patrick thought he was going to bolt.

"You don't have to give me an answer right now. I'm going to be here all night. Just think it over."

Adam nodded and headed back to the hall in a daze, Damian a few steps behind him. Patrick grabbed his arm, forcing the older tiger to stop.

"What the fuck was that about?" Patrick whispered between clenched teeth so Adam wouldn't hear.

Damian looked at the hand holding his arm. "Patrick, let go of me."

Patrick thought about tightening his grip. He didn't like how this guy was ordering him about. Then those cold blue eyes bore into him and he let him go.

"Thank you." Damian straightened his sleeve. "Now, what did you mean?"

Patrick looked to make sure Adam had gone up the stairs. "You just offered to go camping with him, so why does he look like he's headed for the electric chair?"

"Ah, that." Damian smiled, and Patrick had to hold down a shudder at that mirthless smile. Damian ran a finger down Patrick's cheek. "You can always come camping with me and find out."

"Absolutely not!" Patrick's father said, hurrying along the corridor.

Damian looked him over. His father was still only wearing this speedo, just like he was, Patrick realized and suddenly felt naked.

"And why not? He's old enough to make his own decisions."

"Because he has no idea what he'd be getting into. I saw the state Adam is in, I don't like it, but he knows what's in store. Patrick doesn't"

"Look." Damian pointed a finger at him, paused, studied him, then cursed. "Which one are you?"

"Daniel."

"Wait," Patrick said. "You can't tell them apart either?"

"No." Damian growled. "The only time I know which one's which is when we're having sex."

"Damian," Daniel warned. While Patrick stared.

"You have sex with them?"

"Damian." Daniel's tone was hard this time.

"Of course," Damian replied, ignoring his brother. "How else should brothers show their loves for each other?" He canted his head at Patrick. "How do you thing the kids do it?"

"This is just fucking great," Daniel grumbled at Patrick's sick expression. He reached for him but Patrick bolted out of the room. "You just had to go and say that, didn't you?"

Damian took a step back, raised his hand in a pacifying gesture. "How was I to know he was going to react that way?"

"Don't bullshit me. You knew exactly how he was going to react. You don't love us, so you said that specifically to get a reaction out of him."

Damian kept his face still for a moment. He had been rather blatant about it, hadn't he? Then he smiled. "Okay, you got me."

"Damn it Dam. Why? Why did you go and do that? he's getting comfortable around us."

Damian considered multiple expression to express his annoyance, and settled on rolling his eyes. "Of course he is. Look at you, wearing a swimsuit. Alex told me how you wouldn't get out of the pool because you were naked. I'm guessing everyone upstairs is behaving, keeping their hands to themselves? If I let you take it at a comfortable speed, Daniel, Patrick is going to go to his grave a virgin. He hasn't even had sex yet."

"How do you know that?" Daniel's eyes went wide. "You're having him followed?"

Damian stared at him. Didn't his brother know him? "Really? That comes as a surprise to you? What did you think I'd do? Close my eyes and hope for the best? This is my family we are talking about. I am not going to leave anything to chance."

"I told you we would handle it! Damn it." he tuned. "I need to go check on him."

Damian grabbed his arm. His brother wasn't the right person to deal with Patrick at this time, he could comfort him, tell him how Damian was blunt and had no tack, that he shouldn't think too much about what had been said.

"Let one of the kids handle this." Damian already knew which of his nephews would go see to Patrick. They were now close enough the harsh truths would be easier to absorb.

Daniel glared at him. He pulled once to try to get out of Damian's grip, but it wasn't enough. he didn't try a second time.

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Patrick was bent over the bowl, but he hadn't thrown up. He was grateful for that, but he didn't move, his stomach

still felt like it might decide to heave at any moment.

When his stomach finally calmed down enough he believed it wouldn't rebel he closed the cover and sat on the floor, leaning against the wall. What the fuck had he gotten himself into? His clothes were by the door, he could get dressed and leave. they wouldn't stop him.

Someone knocked.

"It's busy."

"I know. It' Arthur, can I come in?"

Patrick thought about it. He wasn't sure he wanted to see any of them right now, but Arthur had been nice to him. maybe it was because he was so much smaller than the others, but Patrick felt safer with him.

"Sure." Patrick was in the process of standing when the door opened. "Do you have a key?"

Arthur looked at the handle. "No, it wasn't locked."

Patrick stared at it. He'd forgotten to lock it? He had been in a hurry to make it to the bowl. He sat back down. his eyes fell on the large shower stall, only now he noted the entire family could fit in it. He stopped that image from forming, he didn't want to think about that.

"Are you okay?" Arthur sat next to him, and rested his head against Patrick's side.

Patrick placed an arm over his shoulders. "Not really. No offense, but your family's crazy, you know that?"

Arthur shrugged. "I guess it can look that way, unless you grow up in this environment."

"And you're okay with it?"

"What are we talking about at this moment?"

"Your fathers and your uncle."

"Ah, so it's finding out they have sex that sent you in here?"

Patrick rested his head against the wall. "No. It was a shock, but I think I could have accepted it. It didn't trigger the reaction learning you guys do it too did." He paused. "How can you do that?"

"Why shouldn't we?"

"Because it's wrong."

"Says who?"

"The..." He'd been about to say the bible, but after as many conversations about it with Mother Rosetta they'd had, he knew it wasn't much of an argument. He tried to come up with something better. "Everyone!" was all he found, and he knew that was as lame as it got.

"Why?"

"Because you're brothers, damn it!"

Arthur looked up at him. "Patrick. I'm going to say something, and I want you to keep in mind it isn't a judgment on how your mother raised you, okay?"

Patrick nodded.

Arthur took a deep breath. "My, our, fathers, they raised us not to have any hangups about our sexuality. we've had sex for a long time. Way longer than you're comfortable knowing. I love my brothers, so I have sex with them. For us, it's as simple as that. we don't see anything wrong with it. Actually, it's people like you out there that we don't get. Why do you feel there has to be so much baggage when it comes to sex?"

Patrick couldn't answer. He knew, deep down inside him, that it was wrong for them to have sex, but he couldn't say why. "I guess you guys are expecting me to just jump in bed with you?"

"No. we'd never want you to be forced into it." Arthur smiled at him. "What we hope for is that you'll reach a point where you're comfortable with that, because we love you Patrick. You're our brother and we love you. We would love to be able to show you how much." He stretched and kissed Patrick's cheek.

Patrick was surprised at the gesture. No one but his mother had ever kissed him. His ears warmed.

"Do you think you're going to be able to continue hanging out with us? Or do you prefer going home?"

Patrick thought it over. If he left now, he'd be able to go to the bar, work and earn some money. but what did that say about him? Yes, he was uncomfortable about how his fathers and his brothers lived their lives, but it was theirs to live, right? Did he want to be one of those guys who judged others even though what they did didn't harm anyone? No. he didn't. he also didn't want to let discomfort dictate how he acted around his family.

He squeezed Arthur's shoulder. "I'm staying. Your uncle Damian isn't the most sensitive guy out there, is he?"

Arthur chuckled. "That's putting it mildly."

"You guys all have eccentricities. What's his?"

Arthur shook his head. "No, you're not ready for that, thrust me on that. You're not comfortable with the idea of us having sex together, you're not ready to know that about him."

"It has something to do with the camping trip, doesn't it?"

Arthur looked him in the eyes. "Patrick, if you press this you're going to run away screaming. Uncle Damian is more extreme than the rest of us. That's all I'm going to say."

The seriousness in Arthur's face and voice took Patrick aback. "Alright."

They were quiet for a time.

"Can I ask you something?" Arthur asked.

"Of course."

"How come you don't have a phone?"

"I've got one at home."

"But that's your mother's, not yours."

Patrick nodded. "We can't afford more than one."

"Is it really that expensive?"

"Don't you know?"

"We have a family plan and our dads pay for it. I never thought to ask how much it was." Arthur was silent for a moment, then he got up. "I have an idea. Come with you."

"Where?" Patrick followed him.

"My room. I have something for you there."

They walked by the living room, where the others were still playing. Patrick then stopped by the frames.

"So these are games your dads made?"

"Our dads, yeah."

Patrick counted fifteen frames. Most of the pictures were in bright colors with simple graphics. One was called Mountain top, showed a very simple mountain with a goat climbing it. The one next to it had a more detailed image in darker colors and was called Undertow.

"That's a lot of games." Patrick indicated he was ready to move again.

"Most of the games they create are pretty simple, so they can come up with three or four a year. The one they're making for the new system is more complex, they've been working on it for almost a year already."

They went up the stairs, and there were more frames on that wall. Patrick checked the titles, not that he knew them, he didn't play. He stopped moving. "They made Castle Crash?"

"Yeah, that was one of their big successes. Have you played it?"

"No. I don't have a phone, remember? But a few of my friends play it." Under the picture was a number, thirty-three millions.

"It's still being played? Wow."

"What's the number?"

"That's how much they got for the game when they sold it."

"They sell them?"

"Sure. They wait until the game's popularity peaks and then sell it. I guess they miscalculated with CC if people are still playing it."

Patrick counted twelve frames, and while the Castle Crash

had the largest number by far, none of them were below three millions.

Arthur lead Patrick in a large room. Patrick chuckled as he realized his house could fit in it.

"What's funny?"

"Sorry. It's becoming a game to use my house as a way to measure the rooms in yours." The shelves lining the walls didn't go up above five feet and were filled with paper books, electronic component, clothing and a clear, unmarked bottle. The bed was larger than king size. A desk had a really impressive system, and on the opposite side was a closet, taking up almost the whole wall, except for a door next to it.

Arthur pulled a box that was in the floor, under the lowest shelf. "I hope it isn't making you uncomfortable."

"Not anymore." He looked at some of the book titles. "But when I came here before, I was really put off by the size of the place." Advance Bio chemistry, Programing, physics, Electrical schematics. "You like science I take it."

"Yeah. what about you?"

"Never really thought about it. Most of my reading is fantasy"

"I'm not much of a fiction reader. Aiden is though. I did try the Iluminar Cycle, but I couldn't finish the first book, It was too boring."

"Yeah, a lot of the first two books is world building and setup. I forced myself through it because everyone I knew who'd read the series raved about how good it got on book three, but that you needed the first two to get a sense of what was going on."

"I didn't know. Aiden left his reader out and that was the one on it, so I tried it." He pulled a hand size rectangle out of the box. "There, that'll work."

Patrick was about to ask what that was when he realized it was a phone. Arthur turned it on and the air above it filled with icons. He searched through them, swiping over to the next page, then the one after that. Finding what he was looking for he activated it and went on doing... Patrick had no idea what Arthur was doing now.

Satisfied with what the holographic display showed him the small tiger moved on to another function. "What number do you want?"

Patrick looked at him. "number for what?"

"Your phone. I'm setting it up, you need a number."

Patrick couldn't say anything for a moment. "I can't afford one, I told you."

"I've set it to be on the family plan, you won't have to worry about it."

"I can't accept that. I'd never be able to repay it."

Arthur shut the display down and looked at him. "You don't have to worry about repaying anything. I doubt dads even going to notice it, if they do they aren't going to mind."

"But that can't be cheap."

"Look around Patrick, money isn't something we're short on here."

"That doesn't mean you can go and waste it!" Patrick eyed the door and thought about getting out. He wasn't worth it.

Arthur looked at him and what Patrick was eying. He stood and gently took the taller tiger's hand. "Pat, It wouldn't be a waste if it means I could call you."

"You don't get it," he whispered. "I don't get to have stuff like that. It probably costs more than I've earned in my entire life."

"Maybe, but it isn't worth anything in my old phone box, is it? It would mean a lot to me if you had it. I know it would mean a lot to the others too. It isn't like we can call you on your mother's phone."

Patrick looked at it, in Arthur's hand. It was black, the length of his hand from wrist to finger tips, and a little narrower than the width of his hand.

"Do you have a lot of old phones?" he asked.

"Yeah." Arthur chuckled. "Every time someone upgrades I take the old one and throw it in here."

"Why?"

"Dunno. I guess I'm something of a packer. This was Aaron's phone. It's last years model. It doesn't have the clip, because Aaron left that in his pocket when he washed his clothes and it was ruined."

"So your dads just bought him a new one?"

Arthur laughed. "Oh no. Aaron had to work to get a new phone. This one still works fine, but he just couldn't live without the clip, and they'd come out with a newer model, so he had to have that."

"So, he had to 'work' for it?"

"Yeah."

"I see." Patrick squirmed a little. he didn't like the image that was forming in his mind of how the phone had been worked off.

Arthur looked up at him quizzically and caught him as he glanced at the bed and away. "Wait, what? No, no, not with sex. He had to repaint every room in the house."

Patrick could breath again. He pulled the chair away from the desk and sat in it, his knees coming up very high. he stretched his legs out.

"Pat, sex isn't a currency. It's something you do with someone you like because you like doing it. We don't use it as an incentive, although I guess if our dads wanted to prohibit it as a punishment it would be really effective." He thought about it for a moment. "Except they'd have to call the guys we know at school, as well as all the guys we could possibly hookup with there."

Patrick stared at him. "You guys don't just have sex together?" As soon as he said that he realized the idea of them having sex outside their family bothered him a little.

"Of course not. That'd get boring."

"And you have sex at school?"

"No. That's against the rules."

Patrick saw the glint in Arthur's eyes and found he was smiling. "And you always obey the rules, right?"

"Mostly. I did almost get caught under the bleachers having sex with Zack. I also know Aaron and the school's janitors have done it more than once in a closet."

Patrick's ears were burning, but he watched Arthur and the casual way he was talking about it. "You're making me realize that for someone who's never done it, I have a lot of baggage when it come to sex."

Arthur opened his mouth, then closed it. He turned his head but stopped before he was looking at the bed.

Patrick realized what his brother hadn't said, and he found he was strangely touched at what he'd thought to offer. "Thanks for the offer, and for not saying it, but I'm not ready for that."

Arthur nodded, then brought up the phone. "We got side tracked. Are you okay with getting this phone?"

Patrick nodded. He couldn't see himself disappointing Arthur again. It was only an object, he'd learn to deal with it, even if it meant hardly ever using it.

"Okay, so what number do you want?"

"It doesn't matter to me."

"Okay." Arthur brought the display back up and went to work, by the time he was done he was grinning. "okay, it's setup. This is the phone function." He swiped to the previous page. "That's the calendar." he had to search through multiple pages to find the next icon. "This is your number's list." He activated it and a lot of numbers came up. "Right, I'm going to clean that up. I don't think you want all of Aaron's buddies." With a few gestures there was only one number left. "That's your number."

Patrick nodded. "What are all the other icons for?"

"They're functions Aaron installed."

"Can you remove them? I just want to have the phone

function."

"I can't remove what came already installed, but the rest's easy." A few more gestures and only eight icons were left. Arthur pointed to the up. "Those are your management functions."

"I'm familiar with them. Mom's phone isn't holo, but it has those."

"Okay, hold this." Arthur handed him the phone.

Then he flicked his hand open and a holographic display appeared over his hand. Arthur quickly went through pages and functions until he had a list of numbers up. He grabbed them and threw them at Patrick's phone. Eight new numbers appeared in the list. As he watched names added themselves to the numbers.

"Those are our numbers." Arthur said.

Patrick looked at the display floating over Arthur's hand. "Where's your phone?"

Arthur tapped the thin band at his wrist. "I have the wearable version of it." Patrick had noticed it before but thought it was just a bracelet. Arthur closed his hand and the display vanished.

Patrick studied the numbers on his phone.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm memorizing the numbers."

"You don't have to do that. That's why they're in the phone."

"Yeah, but what if I lose it, or forget it at home. If I know the numbers I can borrow someone's phone and still call."

Arthur gave him a surprised look. Obviously, that had never occurred to him. When Patrick was done he showed him how to turn the display off.

"Do you have a charge plate?"

"Yeah, the one that came with mom's phone."

"So it's a few years old?"

"Yeah, six."

Arthur went to the shelves and pulled a plate among all those staked there. "I have no idea what kind of range they had six years ago. This is the one that came with Aaron's phone. It's got a hundred fifty feet of range. That should be enough."

Patrick looked around the room. "so you have one per room? do all the room have one?"

"Oh no. The entire house is wired for remote charging."

Patrick eyed the box of phone. "So those are all being charged?"

"Except for the bottom ones, they needed to be plugged in

the wall back then, the rest, sure."

"Isn't that a waste of energy?"

"Considering we can have up to eight cars in the garage being charged, a box of old phones won't really be noticed."

Patrick shook his head. It was still wasteful. He didn't say anything, it was their money they were spending.

"How about we join the others?"

Patrick looked for a place to put his new phone and was reminded again he was only wearing a very tight swimsuit. He couldn't believe how natural it felt when no one drew attention to the fact he was pretty much naked.

"Where are your clothes?"

"In the bathroom you found me in."

"We can drop it off there before joining the others."

They exited the room and walked by a partially opened door. Moaning and groaning came from it. With a quiet curse Arthur quickly closed the door.

Patrick stared at it. "That was...?"

"Our dads. It's their room. they're usually better at closing the door."

Patrick wasn't really listening to him. His fathers were in there doing it, having sex. He swallowed and marched to the stairs.

Arthur rushed after him. "Are you leaving?"

Patrick shook his head, repeating to himself that he wasn't going to let what his fathers did in the privacy of their room chase him away. While studiously not thinking about the thing he really wanted to do, which was go peek in that room and see what they were doing.

Back in the living room three of his brothers were playing, the other three on the couch, watching them while snuggled together. Patrick noted their hands were caressing each other in a way that was definitely more than casual. That stopped when Arthur cleared his throat.

"There you are." Albert said. "We thought the folks kidnapped you."

"No, I gave Pat Aaron's old phone, and I had to set it up."

Patrick nodded, his gaze on the guys' crotch, the way the swimsuits showed everything made it even more clear what the intent of the caressing had been.

There was a cheer and he looked up, ears burning.

"Alright, we'll finally be able to call you. what's your number?"

"I'll give it to you later," Arthur said.

Not wanting to look at his brothers again, he looked

around the room, and realized Damian wasn't there. "Where's Damian?"

"He went with the folks." Adam said.

"To their room?" Patrick said in surprise.

Adam hesitated. "Y, yeah?"

"They forgot to close their door," Arthur said. "We heard what they were up to."

His brothers looked at Patrick with concern, but he didn't pay attention to them. He was reeling at the realization Damian was having sex with his fathers. He'd said as much in the garage. something else bothered him, underneath the shock, Patrick was a little jealous of him.

He forced the feelings aside. He didn't want to deal with that right now. He wanted to spend time with his brothers, with his family. he couldn't do that if he dwelt on what happened behind closed doors or when he wasn't in the room.

He answered the worried looks with a forced smile. "I'm not leaving. I don't have any rights to dictate what happens in their room. But, is there any chance we can all put on something a little less revealing? I get you guys are really comfortable with yourselves, but being able to see how... err... excited you are is kind of uncomfortable."

With a series of curses the guys on the couch covered themselves before running off. The ones standing laughed.

"I wouldn't laugh too much," Patrick said. "You might not be, err... hard, but you aren't leaving much to the imagination."

"Sorry," Albert said, trying to act casual as he covered himself. "We didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"It's okay," Patrick tried to be casual too. "Most of the time I kind of forgot about it, it's just here and there that I get reminded we're not wearing much, and some of you really shouldn't be wearing something this tight."

Aaron tilted his head. "What do you mean, some of us? You also fill yours nicely."

Patrick blushed hard and was happy the couch hid his lower half. The idea they had ogled him during the day made him uncomfortable. He very much wanted to leave, to retreat to the safety of his mother's house. But again he forced himself to stay and think. They had looked him over, but he hadn't noticed it and they hadn't made any sort of comments about it until he brought it up.

He came out of his thought when someone draped sweat pants over his shoulder. He put them on quickly and felt much less exposed after. Everyone else was also less self conscious now.

"How about we get back to the game?" Albert said.

"Patrick, how about you join in?"

Patrick shook his head. "I don't really see the point of it."

"It's fun," Adam said.

"I have fun watching you guys play. I'm not interested in trying it."

"Actually," Aaron said. "You fight, right?"

"Please tell me you aren't planing on sparring with him," Aiden said.

"Of course not. So, do you fight?"

"No, of course not."

"But you were attacked and won, so you have to be pretty good."

"I was shot, and I defended myself. If it wasn't for my friends I'd probably ended up dead. Look, I'll fight if I have to defend myself, but I don't like it. I don't like hurting other people."

"Okay. I wasn't thinking of having you fight me or one of us, but the system has a fighting game. You against a virtual opponent. I'd love to see how you measure up against it."

"I doubt I'm any good."

"Let's find out. Come over here."

Patrick hesitated before walking around the couch. Aaron had him put on the controls on his hands. He hadn't noticed when the others were using them, but each ring was linked to the other one on the finger by a thin wire. Aaron also placed arm bands on his forearms, biceps, ankle, top of his calves and thighs.

"You guys weren't using that."

"CC doesn't really use arm and leg movements. just foot forward and back to move. everything is in the finger motion. For the fighting game it uses more points. The projectors also have sensor that tracks out your body, but they can't do fine details."

He moved to the side and a blocky male figure appeared with no features. It had a fist extended in front of itself.

"Put your main hand on his fist. It's a calibration thing."

Patrick did it and his hand went through it. "Is it suppose to do that?"

"Yeah. We don't have a sensory suit. Just put your hand where you see his and hold it there. He'll move once he's calibrated. The game uses a point system. the more vital a spot you hit the more point it's worth. Forearms and shins don't have any value."

"So I use that to block."

"The points you've accumulated shows above his head. When it resets it's because you've advanced to the next level. It gets progressively more difficult."

"I don't know any fighting styles, is that going to cause problems?"

"No, the game has enough learning capability that it will adapt to challenge you."

The opponent took a step back and brought his hands up.

"It's ready, have at it." Aaron moved to the side

Patrick stood there, waiting for it to make the first move.

"You have to attack it to get it started."

Patrick reminded himself it was a game, he wasn't going to hurt anyone by starting this fight. He punched it, it moved back and responded. He hadn't expected the punch and it struck him in the side. the fist stopped as if it had made contact, but he didn't feel anything. When he struck it again it dodged, he expected it and hit it hard across the jaw to knock it out. His fist went through the head and he lost his balance.

"You okay?" Anakin asked.

"Yeah, didn't expect that."

"You don't have to make actual contact, if you get about an inch from the image it counts."

"Okay, got it."

He punched at it, not putting any force in the blow, just aiming it. he struck it a few time in succession, easily blocking or avoiding it's blows. Then it started avoiding more of his. He focused on what he felt were the holes in its defenses, and got in more blows. After that it had him on the defensive for a time.

At some point Patrick stopped thinking. he used his fists, knees, feet, elbows to attack it and it countered faster and faster. He was sweating, but he was enjoying himself, forgetting it was just an image, but still knowing it wasn't a real person. They exchanged blows after blows until Patrick found he couldn't keep up with it and it stuck him in the chest a quick half dozen time.

There was a chime and his opponent disappeared.

"What happened?" Patrick asked, panting. No one answered. He looked at them, and they were staring at him, his fathers and Damian included. "What?"

"I thought you said you didn't know how to fight." Alex said.

"I don't."

"You made it to level eight."

"Okay, is that good?"

"Level eight would be purple belt if you want a martial art analog," his father said.

"I still don't know what that means."

"You know what a black belt means, right?" Aaron asked.

"Sure, the guy's a master."

"Not really, he's proficient and can move on to the advance stuff. Think of it as having enough schooling in something to get a job. Purple puts you only two belts away from getting a black one. Considering you said you didn't know how to fight, that's really impressive."

"I guess I do know how to fight a bit, I've been attacked enough over the years. I just never thought about it as 'knowing' how to fight, you know? What?" he asked Damian, who was watching him carefully.

"You adapted very quickly to changes your opponent threw at you. It only got the best of you once your stamina ran out."

"Okay."

"If you build up your endurance, you'll be able to last longer."

"Ignore him," his father said. "Dam's always analyzing everything."

Patrick noticed their fur were wet. they'd taken a shower after they were done. they must have arrived close to when he lost. How long had the fight gone on?

"Are you going to spend the night?" his other father asked.

"Ah, no. I want to head home at some point."

"Are you sure? we can find you a bed to sleep in."

"You may have to lock the door," Damian added.

"Dam," his father warned.

Damian rolled his eyes. "He has a very fuckable body, and you're all thinking it."

"Damian, that's enough. If you can't behave I'm going to ask you to leave."

Damian sighed. "Fine, I'm sorry."

"No you're not," Aaron mumbled.

Patrick had a moment of discomfort, but by now he was used to dealing with them, well, pushing it to the side to be dealt with later. "I'm going to take that as a compliment," he said, which earned him surprised looks. "That doesn't mean I'll take you up on it. I'm not sure I'd be able to deal with spending the night, even if I locked the door."

"Alright. What time do you need to be home?"

"At some point tonight, maybe even in the morning. So

long as I can sleep before working tomorrow night I'll be fine."

"How does working nights affect your studies?" His father asked.

Patrick froze in the middle of removing the armbands. His ears burned. "I'm not in school." he whispered, focusing on taking off the controls.

"Why not?" His father's tone was very casual.

Patrick handed the bands and controls to Arthur and sat next to him. "Look. I dropped out in my freshman year because even with working three jobs my mom could barely pay the bills. I had to get a job."

"Have you thought about going back?"

"After missing four years? No. I'd be an old man compared to the kids there."

"You could take the equivalence tests. you might need a few remedials, but you could probably catch up to your age group in a year or so."

"And how do I pay for all that?"

"The test's free I think."

Patrick shrugged. "I don't see the point in going through that since I can't afford to pay for school."

His father placed a hand on his shoulder. "We could pay for that."

"No. I'd have to explain where it came from to my mom, and there's no way she'd accept that."

"I could arrange it so she wouldn't know it came from them," Damian offered.

"Right, like you could hide that."

"I can be very sneaky when I want."

Patrick shook his head. "Look. I'm okay with the life I have. Especially now that you're in it. Just accept that, okay?"

"Alright. Just know that if you ever change your mind, we'll be here to help you."

His fathers hugged him, and they went back to playing games. Patrick watched, always having two of his brothers snuggling up to him. It was late in the night when things quieted down. They talked about games, books and shows, while snuggling. Somehow Patrick found himself seated on the floor, Aiden behind him, Arthur between his legs, Alex on one side and Albert on the other.

Eventually, some of them started falling asleep and they called an end to the night. Damian offered to drive Patrick home, but he refused vehemently. He was never getting in a car with him again. Albert volunteered.

Everyone hugged him before they were willing to let him go. He dressed and Arthur hugged him again. In the garage Patrick saw that the hood on Damian's car was up. He guessed that Adam was going to go camping with him, whatever that meant.

The ride was quiet and comfortable. Albert talked about his drawings and paintings, and made Patrick promise to check them out the next time he visited. They hugged again at Patrick's house, and then he went to bed.

* * * * *

Patrick walked into the living room. The large room was empty, the screen on the wall was off. Where had everyone gone? He'd just left it for a moment to... What had he gone to do again? He couldn't remember. He went to the couch. The controllers were on it, so they had to be close by, right?

He turned to leave planning to check the rest of the house. He froze. His brothers were on the other side of the room, naked, gyrating and rubbing against each other, looking at him invitingly.

He swallowed hard and took a step back into someone. he spun and looked into his father golden eyes. The older tiger ran a finger down Patrick's cheek.

"I'm so happy you've agreed to become part of our family. We are going to make you so happy."

Someone leaned into him from the back, hugging him, his hands rubbing his stomach and then lower. "You are such a handsome guy." His other father whispered in his ear. A hand cupped Patrick's balls, and another rubbed his cock.

He felt good, but why was he naked?

He felt a cock press between his cheeks, moving back and forth.

"Whenever you're ready," His father said, "we will be here for you." And he kissed him.

* * * * *

Patrick woke with a gasp.

He had trouble breathing and his heart was beating a mile a second. What the fuck had that been about? His fathers touching him like that?

At the memory his cock twitched and he realized his crotch was wet. He lifted the covers and stared at the cum there. He couldn't believe it. He was eighteen years old. He hadn't cum in his sleep since he'd started masturbating.

He swallowed hard as he felt those hands against him again. And realized he wished it hadn't been a dream.