

"Hey dad." Patrick had waited until ten AM to call, he remembered one of them mentioning they usually took a break from programing around that time.

"Hey son," his father huffed. The background sounds were loud, but Patrick couldn't make them out.

"I was wondering if I could drop by tomorrow, I'd like to hang out."

"Danny, wait up." the voice was muffled, then clear. "Sorry, I wish we could, but we're running to catch a plane. Aguiron arranged for all those working with their new system to meet so we could exchanged ideas and methods."

"Oh, that's cool." Patrick managed to keep his disappointment out of his voice. "When are you coming back?"

"In too weeks."

"Oh." This time the disappointment sounded through.

"I'm really sorry."

"No, no, that's okay."

"We'll arrange something when we get back."

"Yeah, I'll see you then."

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Patrick put the paint brush in the bucket and answered his phone. "Hey dad."

"Hi son. Just wanted to let you know we're back, so you can come by when ever you want."

"Cool, I'll..." Patrick looked at the can of paint at his feet, the room he was in. "Shit."

"What's wrong?"

"I promised Misses Arlington I'd help her paint the rooms in her houses this week."

"There's always this weekend?"

"I can't. Joey's gotten a notice from the city. Someone informed them he has a lot of stuff that doesn't qualify as appliances or larger, so he needs to clear that. we're doing it over the weekend. It'll have to be next week at some point. I doubt I'll take all of next week to finish her houses."

"We're not going to be here next week. We're going to a game designer convention in Seattle."

"Fuck," Patrick sighed.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I was just looking forward to hanging out with the two of you." I'm ready damn it! I want to be naked in bed with both of you. I want to feel you hands roaming over me, I want you to hold me. I want to feel you inside me!

"I'm sure we'll manage it at some point."

"I know. I better get back to work. She isn't paying me to talk on the phone. I love you dad."

"I love you too son."

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"Hi Patrick, It's Donald. Just wanted to let you know that something came up, We met with a game company out of Germany at the convention and they are flying us to their headquarter for a week to discuss a game they want us to make for them. I know I said we'd hangout after the convention. I'm really sorry, we'll make it up to you. We love you."

Patrick sighed. He'd been in the shower when his father called, getting paint out of his fur. If he thought God got involved in their lives Patrick might think He was trying to tell him something.

Patrick had considered asking one of his brothers to be his first, but as much as he loved them, and he knew they loved him, it wasn't one of them he wanted for his first time, it was his father.

Donald had been right, there would be time later. He couldn't find much enthusiasm for painting after that.

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Patrick couldn't believe he was here. Not only in the village, but in a sex toy shop. He tried the act nonchalant, like he belonged, but he was sure everyone would notice how red his ears were as he walked between the aisles.

It had taken him a few days to decide to come here after his father's message, long enough to finish painting Misses Arlington's last house. She had six rental properties, and yet still lived in the same area he did. He'd think she made enough from them to afford a better neighborhood.

He was here to buy a dildo. He was standing before a large display of them. He had no idea there were so many different kinds. Small ones, large ones, way too large ones. There was an entire section with dildoes based on animal penises. Who in Hell (sorry) could want to put a quad's cock up his ass?

At this point he felt like he could melt ice just by standing near it. it wasn't just his ears that were burning anymore.

He reached for a small one, after all, he'd never taken one, he should start with that, right? Except that what he wanted was to get used to it for when he had sex with his father. He remembered how well his father filled that speedo. A small one certainly wouldn't be enough. A large one? He thought the bulge had looked rather large, but the dildo he was looking at was sort of intimidating.

He settled on the medium sized one and headed for the

register. There was two guys in front of him, one was a beaver wearing a mesh shirt that was far too small for him, his brown fur poking out of the mesh in tufts, the jeans were at least one size too small, making his gut flow over it. He was holding a box under an arm, and Patrick glanced at he picture. It was a dildo, that was clear, but the box had to be two feet long.

Patrick looked straight ahead. He found he didn't want to know what someone might do with that. The other one was a thin otter, in a pink shirt, and tight shorts that clearly defined his ass. When he walked away he moved like a woman. If Patrick hadn't heard his deep voice, he's have though that was a woman.

The beaver paid and it was Patrick's turn. He put the dildo on the counter and tried to come up for a reason to explain why he was buying it.

"You want to get some lube with that?"

"What?"

The cashier gave him a bored expression. "We have a special on lube this week. sixteen ounce bottle for twenty-five dollars."

What would he do with it? Was that a good price? was that too much? should he buy more? Shit he was taking too long and holding up the line. "okay, sure. I'll take one."

The cashier took a bottle from under the counter put that in a bag with the dildo and gave Patrick his total. He paid and left in a hurry, certain the others in the store were watching him, and commenting. During the bus trip back home he kept trying to figure out a way to hold the bag so no one could tell what was in it, but he was still sure he hear snickering as he got out.

He was panting by the time he entered the house.

"There you are."

Patrick jumped. "Mom!" he cleared his throat, moving the bag behind him. "Mom, what are you doing home?"

"There was a departmental meeting, and we were allowed to go home. I was expecting you to be here, you said you didn't have any work today?"

"I, err, didn't feel like being cooped up in the house. I went out for a walk."

His mother nodded, and he noticed her leaning aside. Was she trying to see the bag? He turned slightly.

"Do you need my help with something? was that why you expected me here?"

She hide a smile. had she figured out what was in the bag? She couldn't have, she'd been furious.

"No, no. But now that you're here, how about we go do the

groceries?"

"Okay, let me... go change. I'll be right back."

"Right." Another smile. "Change. I'll be waiting here. don't take too long."

Patrick hurried past her, using his body to hide the bag. In his room he took the dildo out of its packaging and shoved it in his underwear drawer with the bottle of lube. He looked around his room trying to figure out what to do with the packaging, then shoved that in the drawer too. he'd throw it out on his way to the bar on Friday.

With a quick prayer to God so his mother wouldn't come in his room and rummage around his things he joined her, and they headed out.

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Patrick moved his food around the plate. he'd made the meatloaf, so he should be eating it, but he didn't have any appetite.

"What's wrong honey?"

Patrick looked up at his mother. "Sorry. Nothing, not really." he sighed. "It's just that I've been wanting to hang out with dad for a few weeks, and we can't make it happen. With the jobs I've been taking in the area, and the stuff relating to theirs we can't seem to be available at the same time."

She reached across the table and put a hand on his. "I'm sorry to hear that, but your birthday's in less than three weeks. If nothing else, you'll be seeing him at the party."

Patrick's mouth dropped. The party. he'd completely forgotten about it. It... It would be perfect. He could sleep with them on his birthday, it would be the perfect birthday present he could have. He smiled.

"I'm glad the thought is making you feel better."

He squeezed her hand. "Thanks mom." He looked at his food and found his appetite had returned.