

Patrick had his head in his hands. Was this a mistake? Sure, he wanted to have sex with his father. He wanted it badly, but that didn't mean it was right. Surely there were reasons why it was considered wrong to have sex with a family member.

"Arthur said you needed to see me?"

Patrick's head snapped up, and all his doubts vanished. His father was standing there, looking worried. How could he not want to be with this guy who had conceived him. He hadn't been there to raise him, but the love in his eyes was undeniable. Patrick knew his father would be there for him now. He could ask him anything and if it was within his power, his father would make it happen.

Patrick ran to him and wrapped his arms around him.

"Are you okay?" Donald asked, placing his arms around Patrick.

Patrick buried his face in his father's chest and breathed in his scent. "I'm scared, dad." He smelled of meat, charcoal, and sweat. "I want you so badly it scares me."

"It's okay Patrick," Donald soothed. "We don't have to do anything."

"I want to, Dad." Patrick could feel the tears falling and he didn't bother trying to stop them. "I've been dreaming about it for months." he looked up. "I've never had a dad. For years I thought I had the memories of one, but that wasn't even true. You're here. You're my dad. I want to feel how much you love me."

"Patrick, are you sure? It's..."

Patrick didn't let him finish. He pressed his lips against his, He was hungry for this. He kissed him, hard. His hands were in Donald's neck fur, holding him in case he tried to move back. His father wasn't pulling away. His lips parted and their tongue met.

Patrick moaned as he tasted his father and his tongue moved against Donald's. The hands on his back moved, first up, then down. They came to rest on his ass, then they squeezed.

Patrick gasped. "Oh shit." He trembled, his cock was straining in his pants, his balls hurt.

His father lifted him, and by reflex Patrick wrapped his legs around Donald's waist, only then realizing how strong his father had to be to do that. Patrick wasn't all that light.

Donald took a few steps, and their groin rubbed together. Patrick felt his father's hard cock move against his. He held him tighter.

For a moment he thought he was falling, but it was his

father depositing him on the bed. Donald let go of him and stepped back. Patrick could now see what he'd felt, straining against the speedo, barely being held in place and a large wet spot at the tip.

His father straddled him and pulled Patrick's t-shirt off. They kissed again, this time gentler, lighter pecks, more loving rather than hungry. When they broke apart, Donald looked at him.

His father caressed his face. "First rule of sex in this family. No means no. If at any time you aren't comfortable with anything that's happening, you tell me and we stop. You weren't educated by us, so I don't want you to feel like you have to do this."

Patrick put a finger to the other tiger's lips. "I get it dad. No means no. Now you can shut up and just love me." His father looked him in the eyes, and then leaned in. He didn't kiss him this time, he bit his neck and Patrick gasped.

He felt the teeth against his skin and ancestral parts of his brain lit up, sending information that conflicted with the modern part, preventing him from doing anything.

He was safe in his father's arms/The male on top of him was larger, dangerous, a threat. The bite felt good/Biting was a threat to his life. He wanted to submit to whatever his father would do to him/He couldn't submit to a bigger male, he had to fight, he had to establish his dominance over him.

By the time his father released his neck, Patrick was panting as hard as his cock was.

Donald slid down, lightly biting Patrick through his fur until he reached the nipples. Patrick knew what was coming, He'd played with his nipples as part of discovering his body. He knew they were sensitive, but he wasn't prepared for the sensation that coursed through him when his father bit on one and then suckled. Patrick panted when Donald released the nipple, then arched his back when he nibbled on the other.

Patrick couldn't speak, he could barely think. He didn't feel his father release his nipple, or move. He knew something happened when he felt cool air on his balls. He forced his head up. His father had undone his belt and pulled Patrick's jeans down, along with his underwear. Patrick raised his legs and they were off.

Donald stood and Patrick realized the speedo had disappeared. His father's cock stood tall, hard and leaking. The only things Patrick could think of were how beautiful his father was and how much he wanted what was coming.

The jeans went flying and Patrick closed his eyes in anticipation. He gasped as he felt a hot mouth on his cock and opened his eyes. His father was deep-throating him. He moaned,

fuck this felt good. No wonder the guys were always going on about blowjobs.

"Oh fuck, dad." The words escaped him unbidden. His father's mouth moving on his cock, his tongue... He didn't want to be sacrilegious, but this had to be what heaven felt like.

He was so distracted by the pleasure flooding him he barely felt the finger pressing against his asshole. He gasped as it popped in, then he was moaning again, the finger's motions adding more sensations to the mix.

Patrick put his hand on his father's head and began thrusting in his mouth. Fuck this felt good. The movement made the finger go deeper and every do often it made his cock jump, even if it was nowhere near it.

Patrick panted, how long had he been doing this? How long could he last? Could anyone survive feeling this much pleasure? And then the pleasure increased.

Why did I wait so long to do this? He thought, and then the world exploded.

As far as Patrick was concerned, for a long moment he no longer existed. All he was, was the lightning of pleasure coursing through the world.

Then he started breathing again.

He moaned as he breathed out. His father was still nursing on his cock and it felt good. At least for a while. "dad, stop," Patrick panted. "If you don't I think I'm going to piss."

Donald released the cock and it flopped down. "How was that?"

Patrick needed a moment to reply. "That was amazing." He looked at his father. "Although it wasn't what I was expected."

"Really?"

"Yeah, Arthur said you were the one to have if I wanted to be fucked."

"Yeah, I'm mostly a top, but you wanted me to show you how much I love you. I don't just express my love by shoving my cock up your ass." Patrick chuckled at the vulgar language. "You are my son, you are worth so much more. I want to make you happy, I want to bring you pleasure."

Patrick reached down and caressed his father's muzzle. "I hope you also want to fuck me." He made his expression serious. "I mean it dad. I want to feel you in me. I bought a dildo a while back, and anytime I use it, you're the only one I can think of. Having you in me, that's what I want as my birthday present."

Donald nodded. he stood, lifting Patrick's legs as he did so. Standing he was at the right height. he took the lube

bottle that was on the bed.

Where had that come from? Patrick thought. He knew it hadn't been there before, had it? There certainly was no way his father could have hidden it on his person.

Donald coated his cock with the gel. "Are you ready?"

Patrick nodded and his father moved closer. his cock pressed against Patrick's hole, then moved back. It pressed again, then the pressure was gone. It was back a little harder, then gone again. Little by little, so gradual that Patrick barely felt any discomfort his father stretched him.

Patrick was panting, sometime moaning. He didn't know it could be, but this felt so much better than the dildo. All of a sudden his father stopped moving.

"Is everything okay?" Patrick asked.

His father canted his head. "What do you mean?"

"You stopped moving."

His father smiled. "I'm all in."

Patrick looked down in disbelief. His father was pressed against him. Where had the discomfort been? it was always present when he used the dildo, and he was pretty sure his father was thicker. Then he stared at his own cock, his hard cock.

He looked up at his father, who smiled down at him. Patrick could only think of one thing to do. he wrapped his arms around his father's neck and kissed him passionately. In that position his father began thrusting in him. Patrick moaned in the kiss.

Too soon his arms got tired and he had to let go of his father. Patrick closed his eyes and lost himself in the sensation of his father moving in and out of him. After a moment he opened his eyes and his father locked eyes with him.

"You are precious Patrick. You are my son. Do not ever feel ashamed of who you are, of what you feel. Love with all your heart, with all your being. You don't have to tell the world who you are, but 'know' who you are. Never deny that you are a Orr, even if you don't bear the name."

Patrick moaned as his father's cock hit a sensitive spot. "I promise dad," He said when he was able to form words again. "I won't deny who I am and I won't be ashamed of it."

"Thank you son." Donald picked up the pace and Patrick groaned in reply.

He gasped when he felt the hand on his cock and he looked down just long enough to see his father jacking him off as he fucked him. He was going to cum a second time, he realized, a moment before the lightning exploded throughout him again.

When he came back to the world it was to the sound of grunting and the feeling of his father's cock moving fast and

deep in him, but erratic. Patrick didn't have time to wonder at the intensity of his orgasm, the dildo had never made him cum that hard. He opened his eyes and saw wildness in his fathers. He smiled at his father.

Donald pushed himself in as deep as he could, raised his head and roared. Patrick felt the cock in him pulse as it filled him with his father's cum. He was receiving the ointment he gave to all his sons. The seed that made him.

Panting heavily his father looked down at him.

Patrick was crying. "I love you so much," he said before his father could worry.

He had a father. The world might never be perfect, but he had a father. His world was perfect now. He held onto his father as he slowly pulled out, then he was held in return.

Patrick didn't know how long they held each other, but it couldn't have been very long. It hadn't been long enough.

"We should get back to the party," his father said.

"I know. I just don't want this to end." He felt the kiss on his forehead.

"It isn't going to end. You'll always be one of us. We're just a phone call away."

"What if my mom freaks."

"She might be your mother, but you have to be your own person. At some point, you're going to have to let her go."

Patrick pulled away, but Donald kept a hand on his arm

"It has nothing to do with us, it's just part of growing up. Our kids are going to let us go too, eventually. We have to accept that, they have to accept it, and so do you."

Patrick was silent while he processed it. It was too heavy for him. "You know," he finally said. "I think there's a rule that says you can't be this profound after sex."

Donald laughed, then shoved him off the bed. "My house, my rule. Come on, let's go wash up. If you want to keep your mother ignorant of what happened here, you can't go back outside smelling of sex."

The bathroom attached to the bedroom was in greens and blues, with a white stripes separating the colors, but there was something different about the colors. Then he realized it was car paint. Of course it would be, it was Adam's bathroom.

It only had a shower, now that he thought about it... "Don't you guys have any tubs?"

"Of course we do." his father turned the water on and adjusted the temperature.

"Where are they? I haven't seen any."

"Then you haven't been in Albert's bathroom, he loves to soak. There's a Jacuzzi in ours. Alex and Anakin also have

tubs."

They stepped under the large jet and the water fell on them like rain. The water was cool and refreshing. Patrick reached for the shampoo dispenser on the wall, but his father stopped him.

"Not that one, that's lube."

"Adam has lube in his shower?"

"Of course," his father whispered, "the shower is a perfect place to have sex. You get cleaned as quickly as you get dirty." He reached for the pump he'd told Patrick not to use.

"Dad, shouldn't we?" Patrick felt the cock under his tail and he knew he had to make a decision. "Oh, fuck yeah." He put both hands against the wall for support.

His father entered him in a smooth thrust.

"Oh fuck, dad."

"Yes son, that is what we're doing." He reached around and stroked Patrick's cock.

Patrick had a moment of wonder. He couldn't be hard again, could he? And then all thoughts fled as his father fucked, and jerked, him.

How long it lasted he had no idea. Pleasure made his body vibrate and all he felt for an undetermined amount of time was the hand on his cock and the cock in his ass. Then his father tensed, bit his shoulder, and the lightning exploded.

When he came aware again his father was panting in his ear.

"Fu..." Patrick chuckled. No he wasn't going to say that, for all he knew it would set him off again. "This was intense." If sex was always this intense, he was going to become addicted.

"huh uh," was as articulated as his father got."

"You okay, old man?"

The arms holding him tightened a little. "just enjoying having my cock up my son's ass and holding him tenderly."

Patrick chuckled. "You're going to have to make due with that you've already had. I can't support both our weights, my arms are about to give."

He got a kiss on the side of the head, and his father pulled out.

Patrick stretched, he felt good, shouldn't he feel exhausted after... He turned. "Fuck, I can't believe I came three times. I didn't think that was even possible."

His father smiled. "You're an Orr. You'll realize that when it comes to sex, we're outside the norm. Way outside."

"Are you saying I'm going to be horny all the time?"

"Of course, but that's because you're a guy."

Patrick swatted at his father, who moved out of reach.

Donald leveled his gaze on his son. "Being an Orr means that if you want to have sex, you'll be able to."

Patrick thought about it as he washed himself. "So... I can get hard and cum on command, or something?"

"Getting hard? Pretty much. If you get turned on, you'll get hard. As for cumming on command? I don't know. As far as I know, Damian is the only one who's ever had that kind of control over his body."

Once they rinsed off his father handed him a towel and they dried each other. Donald dumped the towels in the hamper by the door. In the bedroom he picked up a phone from the bedside table and checked it. he cursed.

"What?" Patrick asked, wondering how the phone had ended up there. He couldn't recall his father having one when he entered the bedroom, not that he was looking at his hands.

"We were here a little longer than I was expecting."

"How long?"

"An hour and a half."

"What?" Patrick rushed to his bag and put the trunks on. "My mom's going to go ballistic."

"No, she thinks you went with Adam to buy more sodas. Just head to the garage once you're presentable." He slipped his speedo on.

"Won't she find it strange that you've also been missing for all this time?"

Donald smiled. "She doesn't know I've been gone."

"How?"

His smiled widened. "No one can tell me and Daniel apart, remember?"

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Adam was leaning against a sport car when Patrick got there a few minutes later. He was wearing black speedoes and an unbuttoned shirt. He was looking at his phone.

Patrick didn't say anything, taking a long moment to look at his brother. He was close to their father in height, but not as wide shouldered. His stomach fur was longer, and he had a nice cock, even soft it stretched the speedo.

Adam looked up. "Hey, had fun?" He took the ear clip off his ear.

Patrick's ears burned. He couldn't help it, the memory of his father fucking him in the shower came back to him.

Adam put an arm around his shoulder. "Yeah, I can see you did, but buddy, you're going to want to put the brakes on and hit reverse."

Patrick blinked. "What?"

Adam pointed down. Patrick's trunks were well tented. With a curse he adjusted himself.

Adam ran a hand through Patrick's chest. Before Patrick could wonder if he was coming on to him, his brother took his hand away and rubbed his finger together.

"Your fur's still humid." He breathed in. "And you smell of my shampoo." He laughed. "Did dad fuck you in my room?"

Patrick felt his whole body heat up. "Yeah, sorry. it was the closest room."

Adam tightened his arm around him. "Hey, it's okay. I was just surprised, but we need to do something about your fur."

"Why? it's sunny, it'll dry pretty quick once I'm outside."

"I don't think it'll be fast enough for your mom not to question it, as well as the smell. Is there a reason you'd need to shower when you got here?"

Patrick shook his head.

Adam hummed to himself as he walked to the back of the car. "I know." he opened the trunk. "Once we're outside, put the cases on the table and throw yourself in the pool."

"What if she calls to me?" He took the two cases Adam handed him.

"Act like you haven't heard her. You can apologize once you're wet." He stacked a third case on top.

"I can take a fourth."

"yeah, but you'll be blind. We have stairs, and a kitchen to navigate. you need to see where you're going." He stacked three cases on the sedan next to the car and closed the trunk.

"How about the other cases?" Patrick had seen at least two other cases.

Adam picked up his three. "Someone else can come for them."

"You came up with the pool idea pretty quick. Do you guys have a book with a list of excuses in it?"

Adam chuckled. "Hell no, although that's a good idea. it would be a best seller." Adam pushed the door open with his butt and lead the way down the hall to the stairs. "I'm quick on my feet, that's how I thought about it. I've had a lot of practice over the last four years. You wouldn't believe how many times I've almost had a woman walk in on me and her husband fucking."

Patrick almost stumbled. "You sleep with married guys?"

"Sure." Adam reached the top of the stairs and turned. "It's my thing, my eccentricity."

"Why? Why would you go after them?"

"have you seen them? they're miserable, they look like they're serving a life sentence. Whatever they had before, it's gone. I offer them some of the fun they used to have."

"But they're not all unhappy. There's plenty of guys out there who are perfectly happy being married."

"Sure, and those guys won't be interested in what I'm offering, and if they look happy, I won't even bother with them."

Patrick frowned.

"Look," Adam continued, "I don't go around tricking them into having sex with me. I might sweet talk them a bit, but if the guy isn't looking for something outside his marriage, he won't be interested in me, and I'll move on."

Patrick nodded, more stunned by his own lack of revulsion at what Adam did than the knowledge he did it. he was becoming part of the family, there was no doubt about that. Would he too do things like that?

"So, you don't force yourself on them?"

"Hell no. No means no."

"First rule," Patrick said.

"Exactly."

They crossed the kitchen and Adam kicked the door and screamed through the screen. "Someone open the damn door, our hands are full." A lioness in her early twenties opened it for them.

Patrick saw his mother in conversation with two other women, a collie and a bear. She looked in his direction as he put down the cases on the table and he ran for the pool as she opened her mouth. He heard his name just as he hit the water. He came up and quad paddled in place. A beach ball bounced off his head.

"Patrick Sanders!" His mother was standing by the side of the pool, glaring at him.

"Hey mom."

"Why didn't answer me when I called you? I was worried. You should have called me and told me you were going to run errands."

"I..." Shit, how was he going to explain that?"

"Sorry, Ma'am," Adam said. "It's my fault. I grabbed Patrick just as he was done changing."

His mother studied his brother. "You're Adam, right?"

"Yes ma'am."

She leveled her gaze back on her son. "And why didn't you call me?"

"Sorry mom. My phone was in my jacket," now that Adam had given him a setup, Patrick had an idea how to go with it. "all

I had on were my trunks."

"I didn't realize you'd be upset," Adam continued. "I would have lent him mine if I'd known."

"And why didn't you ask for his phone?"

The people close by were paying attention and Patrick was happy at the effort it took to paddle, he kept him from being too embarrassed.

"I didn't think of it, mom. I was enjoying the ride. I've been in so few cars."

"And it's the F-Type," Adam added without missing a beat. "It's such a rad car that I kind of went out of the way so he could really get to enjoy it."

"Adam!" a girl in the in-ground hot tub next to the pool at the back called. "Come on!" She was a collie and waved him over.

"Again, I'm really sorry for distressing you, Ma'am." Adam went to the hot tub and sat in, putting an arms around the shoulders of the girls on each side of him.

His mother kept her gaze on Adam as he whispered something to the lioness, making her giggle. She nodded and looked at Patrick, who was now holding to the edge of the pool, his arms tired from paddling.

"You really should know better than to disappear like that."

"I know mom. I'm sorry, it won't happen again."

She smiled at him. "No, I'm the one who's sorry. I shouldn't be scolding you. You're a grown man, you can make your own decisions."

"It's okay mom. I might be nineteen, but I'm still your baby."

Patrick thought his mother's eyes were getting wet as she turned away.

"You go have fun. Enjoy your birthday party."