

Patrick sat on the bench in front of the changing rooms by the women's clothing department. he wasn't comfortable waiting for his mother to come out and show him one of the dress she was considering. The dress here cost in the hundreds of dollars. Even the swimming trunks, in the bag on his knees had been thirty dollars.

He hadn't planned on buying it, this shopping trip was suppose to be for his mother, but she'd pointed out there would be a pool, so he might want to get a swimsuit. He'd almost objected, he'd borrowed one from his brothers the last time, but then he remembered what kind it had been, and he'd started blushing. Then he realized his mother would see him in it and his ears burned. He hurried to the department, not even considering he could go to the goodwill store for one.

He'd paid thirty dollar for a swimsuit. Well, swimming trunks. if he had too he could walk around in them and they would look just like another pair of shorts. Still, thirty dollars. He'd never spent that much money on a piece of clothing. He could get four full set of clothing for that amount at a second hand store.

He could return it, and then go to Goodwill. He looked at the bag. Except he'd liked how they felt, how they looked on him, and he'd never owned brand new clothes before. He really shouldn't be spending that kind of money on swimming trunks.

His mother came out of the room. "What do you think?" she twirled and Patrick couldn't help smiling. The dress didn't billow out too far, but for a moment the surface was smooth and he could make out all sort of flowers.

He cocked his head to the side. "well, it's a dress."

"I know it's a dress, but what do you think? Will it be good enough for the party?"

"I'm a guy, mom," Patrick chuckled. "How would I know?"

She shook her head. "Well, do you think I should buy it?"

"How much does it cost?"

"Patrick, you don't ask something like that." She looked at herself in the mirror, making the dress flow back and forth. "Anyway I like it."

"Then you should get it." He was afraid of knowing how much it would cost, but it was her money. And it had been a long time since he'd seen his mother smile like that.

It wasn't that his mother was unhappy, but with working at the factory and at the diner she'd been usually too wiped out to really smile. Now, with the raise at the start of the year, she'd finally cut down on her hours at the diner and she could enjoy living a little.

If that meant she'd splurge on her dress he couldn't fault her for it.

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They took the fast rail. Patrick had been willing to pay for both of them, but his mother insisted she pay her own way. It took under forty minutes to make it to Old San Jose, and then it was fifteen minutes by bus to the stop at the bottom of their hill.

His mother gaped at some of the large house they walked by and snickered at the purple wave. He guided her off the sidewalk and onto the path that wound up next to the driveway and she stopped.

"Oh my," she exclaimed. "I didn't realize they had such a large house."

Patrick looked at the house and realize he'd gotten use to its size over his few visits. How had that happened?

"Didn't you notice that all the houses here are kind of big?"

"Well, yes, but I didn't expect that from your father, he and his brother are so down to earth people." She considered it for a moment before starting up the path again. "I suppose it makes sense, they do have a large family."

Patrick didn't comment as he followed her. He was starting to become nervous. This was going to be his first actual birthday party. He hadn't realized just how much he was looking forward to it until now.

The closest he'd come to a party was having Natalia show up at the bar with a few others for his seventeenth birthday. They had brought a cake and candles. When things were quiet even the waitresses joined in singing him happy birthday.

Otherwise, it was just him, his mom, a cake, and a movie. He always enjoyed those. She took him to see the adaptation of the Iluminar books, back when only the first three were out, which he'd read. and the movie had done a much better job of telling the story than the books had.

He'd missed those trips to the theater, but he understood how busy his mother had been. Maybe now that she didn't work quite as much they could do it again.

When his mother headed for the door he caught her arm and lead her around the house, and up the steps leading to a gate in the fence. His father had told him to use that instead of the front door. As they got closer they could hear shouts and splashing. He almost ripped the plastic bag, with his towel and swim trunks, when it caught on the latch.

He knew the yard was large, probably close to his entire block, but there was so many people running around, seated and playing in the pool that it felt a little smaller. Patrick

hadn't expected there to be quite so many people, and there were girls.

A group of them were in the pool with guys, at least two of which were his brothers. four of them were playing volley ball in the back of the yard. Some were talking with adults. There were adults too?

Now he thought he remembered his father mentioning something about parents being here. Friends of his brothers, with their parents. Why had he forgotten about that?

Thinking of his father made him search for them as he moved deeper in, heading for the large table near the patio door. They were at the grill, one of them cooking meat patties and the other preparing and handing out burgers.

He walked into the table, distracted by them. He'd forgotten how good looking they were, broad shoulders, defined muscles making the fur ripple as they moved. They laughed at something, but Patrick couldn't hear over the sound of his heart pounding in his chest. They were wearing red speedoes that hugged their ass. one of them turned and Patrick was happy the table was hiding his lower half, because he'd forgotten just how much the speedoes showed.

"Patrick's here!" His father smiled at him.

A moment later Patrick was tackled by his brothers, hugging him tightly, patting him on the back, getting him wet. Damian got out of the pool and shook himself before joining them. His brothers made space, and Patrick noted there were only six of them. He couldn't tell who was missing.

Patrick eyed the adult, wondering what he was going to do this time, but instead of looking at Patrick, Damian turned to his mother.

"Misses Sanders," Damian said, taking her hand. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you." He kissed the hand and smiled at her. "I have to say you have done an amazing job raising your son."

Patrick was taken aback by Damian's behavior, and even more so when he saw his mother was blushing.

"Thank you, Mister?"

"I'm Damian," he replied with a wry smile. He thumbed in Patrick's fathers direction. "I'm those two's brother."

"Damian!" a woman in the pool called. "Come on!"

Damian kissed her hand again. "Please excuse me, duty calls." Damian ran along side the pool then jumped and bombed in the water. Everyone in the pool laughed. Patrick looked around at everyone, the parents, the friends, the girls and his heart sank.

He felt a hand close around his. Arthur smiled up and pulled him toward the house.

"Where do you think you're going?" Patrick's mother called.

"I'm going to show Patrick where he can change." Arthur answered. "Well be right back."

His mother was about to say something, but a rabbit tapped her on the shoulder. "You're Margarett Sanders, right?" She asked. Patrick saw she wore a one piece bathing suit before Arthur pulled him away. "I'm Judith's mother."

He didn't catch the rest as they entered the house. Arthur lead him to the closest bedroom. Looking at the posters of cars on the wall it was Adam's.

Patrick sat on the bed and let his bag fall to the floor. He couldn't believe this. After all this waiting he still wouldn't get to sleep with his father. He let himself fall back. "This is stupid," he mumbled. "My mom's here, what was I thinking."

Arthur sat next to him and put a hand on his leg. "Are you okay?"

Patrick's leg tingled from the touch. "I'm okay," he sighed. "It's just that I was really hoping today would be the day. You know 'the' day, with it being my birthday and all." He sat up and looked at Arthur. A thought occurred to him. Yes, he really wanted it to be with his father, but that wasn't going to happen.

Arthur cared for him, he'd said so before. And they were alone. Odds were good his mother wouldn't come looking for him for a while. He leaned in and looked his brother in the eyes.

"Arthur, would you have sex with me?"

Arthur smiled and placed a hand on his cheek. "You're a little old for me."

Patrick leaned back in surprise. "I am? I'm the same age as you." He couldn't keep the hurt out of his voice.

Arthur's smile didn't falter. "I prefer my guys around fourteen. But it isn't really me you want for your first time, is it?"

Patrick tried to protest, but he couldn't. "How did you know?"

Arthur chuckled. "You were drinking them in. I know they are really good looking, but you looked like you'd just walked out of the desert."

"Ah fuck. And I guess everyone could see that too."

Arthur squeezed his leg. "trust me, the only ones who noticed don't care."

"I really hope so. If my mom realizes I have the hots for my father, she's going to kill me. She doesn't even know I'm gay."

"You haven't told her?"

"I don't know how? I mean she's accepting dad, but I think she's conveniently forgot that both of them sleep together, they're just brothers, and one of them is my father. I don't know how she'd react to finding out I'm gay, and with things finally going her way at work I don't want to stress her out and risk ruining that."

Arthur wrapped an arm around him. "Hey, calm down. Don't worry about it. Whatever happens here, she won't find out."

Patrick forced a smile. "Thanks."

"Now the only thing to decide is which one you want for your first time."

Patrick stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"You want dad to be your first, right?"

Patrick nodded.

"We can't get both of them in here, your mom would realize something's going on. So you need to pick one."

Pick one? wait, his ears perked up, he was going to have sex with his father? His mind he could feel their hands on him, their bodies pressed against him.

"Does it really matter?" he whispered. He couldn't believe it was going to happen, and that Arthur was going to help make it happen.

"Yeah. If you want to fuck dad, you want Daniel. If you want dad to fuck you, you want Donald."

Patrick felt his ears heat up, as well as his face and his cock stiffen as he remembered playing with the dildo. He realized that all his fantasies centered on being topped by his father.

"Donald," Patrick breathed out. he felt the peck on his cheek, and then he was alone.