

Damian edged his car to his brothers' garage, and a moment later it opened. He parked next to Adam's Navaho, the hood was opened, and tools carefully lined up on the liner. As he expected the minivan wasn't here. His nephews still had three hours of classes.

He got out and smoothed the wrinkles out of his suit. His brothers ribbed him any time they caught him doing that. They also had many choice comments about the amount of money he spent on those suits, but Damian owned and ran the largest private multinational corporation, he had to dress the part.

He looked at the Navaho's engine. The injector was off, he looked around and found it on the work table that lined the east wall. He looked at what else was taken out or disconnected. Adam was still trying to figure out how to turbo charge it, but he'd made progress. Damian was confident Adam wouldn't be asking him for help, so he was going to have to find something else to get him to take the trip with him.

He ignored the doors on his right, all storage rooms, but peeking into the first one on his left, the lounge, not that they used it as such. Hooks on the ceiling for when they felt like using slings, as well as places against the walls for securing guys. lined the back. His brothers and nephews weren't into overly kinky stuff, but once in a while they felt like being kinkier than usual.

In front of that three full sets of exercising machines, so the whole family could work out together. Staying in shape was a tradition every member of the Orr family embraced, except for Dominic, who'd been turned off it because of how Dietrich's ego got over inflated the bigger he got.

The next door was Anakin's room. He didn't open it, even though he knew it wasn't locked. Other's privacy was a concept Damian had struggled with when he was young and his father spent a lot of time explaining it to him. In the end Damian filed it as something else that only applied to his family.

The stairs took him to the main level. He walked down the hall dividing the house in two, currently the kitchen on on his left and the dinning room on his right. The wall past the opening had multiple picture frames, the extended family on one side, which he ignored and the other wall had the covers to computer games.

He stopped just before the stairs going up another level. A new frame had been added, Future Action. He remembered his brothers putting it on the market four years ago, but he hadn't realized they'd sold it. He would have to look into it. Past the stairs, were Alexander, Albert and Aiden's bedrooms.

He went up to the top floor, where he could hear someone typing. That would be his brothers, in their office. He passed Adam, Arthur and Aaron's bedroom, and arrived to his brothers. The door was open, The sound came from the open door on the right.

Damian put a scowl on his face and stormed through the bedroom to their office.

"How the fuck could you let that happen?" He yelled.

"Hi Damian," his brothers said in unison, not looking up from their screens. They had repainted the wall since the last time he'd been here, they were now a rich earth red brown. The shelves were the same, with books after books of computer languages. Their desk were in the center of the room facing each other.

They stopped typing, and looked up at him. He studied them, like he always did, looking for something to tell them apart, any difference in the stripe patterns. He growled in frustration.

"One of these days, I am going to carve your names in your foreheads. I shouldn't have to wait until we're having sex for me to tell you apart." He took a moment to calm himself, this was one of the few things that truly vexed him. "Now, who's whom?"

"I'm Daniel," One said.

"We can always start wearing name tags, if that'll help," the other, Donald, offered.

Damian thought the idea ludicrous, they could switch them at will. Carving the names might be a bit extreme, but he could always scar one of them to create a difference, except that would go against his promise never to hurt a family member.

"No. If father could tell you apart, than I will manage it also."

Daniel smiled. "Good luck with that. Now, what has you screaming at us?"

Damian crossed his arms over his chest an settled an angry expression on his face. "how could you let that woman leave with your son?"

Donald sighed. "Well, that explains why the kids have been so well behaved for the last week. So they told you."

"Yes, on Wednesday, and don't you dare blame them. You had no right to keep something like that from me."

"Hey, our lives are our own," Donald growled, pushing himself up. "We don't have to tell you every damn thing we do, Dam."

"No, you are right, you don't." Damian made his tone reasonable now. "But when it affects the family, I have to

know. I promised father I would look after everyone."

"Dam," Daniel said, "Dad didn't mean that you have to be our guardian angel. we're perfectly able to look after ourselves, the lot of us."

"You go tell that to Dietrich," He grumbled now. "Look, this isn't up for debate. He's an Orr and I'm going to go get him."

"No! Absolutely not!" Donald got in his face. "You're not going to go there, storm in and breakup that family. He might have our genes, but he's her son now."

Damian looked at Daniel, the less emotional of the two. "He's eighteen and no one has educated him. Do you have any idea what he's going to go through?"

"The same thing the rest of the world does," Donald stated.

Daniel continued. "So he isn't going to be perfectly adjusted. So what? Most people seem to manage."

Damian couldn't stop the growled that escaped him. Why did these two have to be so obtuse at time. He expected this kind of emotional nonsense out of Dominic, but even Donald was normally much more rational for all that his temper tended to get away from him.

"You are not thinking this through. His mother is a devout, old style, Christian, and she's raising him the same. She has filled his head with nonsense about sin and an angry god. Have you considered what will happen if he is the one who has a family? Do you really want our line to become tormented people, repressing what comes naturally to them? Because I promise you, if you don't do anything, that will happen. His religion will compel him to find a girl, have kids and raise them the same way he was."

They were thoughtful now, so he continued. "I can not let that happen, and I don't need your permission. Not if you are not going to see him as your own son."

Donald sat down, shaken.

Damian looked at Daniel. "Do you have anything to say?"

His brother rubbed his temples. "Alright, you're right. We have to do something." Donald gave him a hurt look. "But Donald's also right. You can't be the one to deal with this. I'm sorry Dam, but you're not exactly the most well adjusted person. Your idea of helping him probably involves kidnapping him, locking him in a bedroom and twisting his mind until he doesn't know what he is anymore." Daniel locked eyes with Damian. "I can't let you do that to my son."

Damian felt a tingle of excitement at the core of his being at having manipulated one of them into considering the child their son. "Very well, give me an alternative." He

wasn't surprise Daniel had basically outlined his plan, of all his brothers, he had figured him out the most.

Daniel thought about it for a moment. "I think we need to let the kids handle it, at least at first. They're the same age, experiencing the same things, so it might be easier for him to accept it coming from them."

Damian nodded, while he would have preferred his brothers took a direct hand in it, this was satisfactory, and it had the added benefit that if his nephews became attached to him his brothers would have no choice but to take him in.

"Alright, and afterward?"

"We handle it," Daniel answered. "As you pointed out, he's our son. he's our responsibility."

"And if you screw this up?"

"Then it's on our heads. We all screw up sometime, even you, we accept that. We'll do the best we can, and see what happens."

Damian nodded. He didn't screw up, but he knew he was capable of miscalculating, as the trip with Aaron demonstrated. He smiled at his brothers, now that this was resolved, he needed to take care of his tingle this manipulation had given him. He reached out and grabbed them by the collar.

"Lets go seal this agreement in your bedroom." It wouldn't be as satisfying as when he was with one of his victims, but sex with his brothers had its own kind of satisfaction