

Patrick stayed in the shower after his father left. He needed some time alone to process this revelation. He went back over his meetings with Damian, First in the car, then during his visit, the parking lot and his birthday. Thinking back on them, Patrick definitely saw a calculating aspect to the encounters, and it made him wonder if the first one was the accident Damian claimed it was.

While that scared him, for what could have happened, yesterday in this bathroom worried him. Damian had something in mind for him, that was certain, why else say 'I haven't decided'.

He didn't feel much better about his uncle, but he got the sense everyone in his family had mixed feelings about him. Aaron and Adam had to, because as strong as their emotions were about him, he had seen both of them have sex with their uncle during the orgy.

Dried, he opened the door and the smell of food reached him, then the sounds out conversation and cooking. His entrance in the kitchen was met with cheers.

"He survived the orgy!" Alex said.

"He can't deny it anymore," Aiden added, "he's an Orr."

"I am, and you better get use to it." Patrick grinned. Looked like everyone was awake and ready to eat. No, not everyone. "Where's Damian?"

"He left a while ago," Dominic answered. "It was still dark."

Patrick canted an ear.

"Someone woke me when they sat on my crotch and rode it."

"That was me," Anakin said "You were hard, my ass was hungry. You didn't complain."

"it was six eighteen," Aiden said. "I was snuggled up against him and he woke me when he stood."

For a moment Patrick wondered how his brother knew that precisely, there were no clocks in the living room, and he hadn't worn a watch during the orgy. then he remembered Aiden always knew what time it was. A useful talent for a musician.

"He probably had a meeting," his father said, placing a plate of eggs on the table. They vanished while Patrick watched.

"Can I help with something?" Patrick asked.

"Yes, You can sit down and help eat the food. me and Donny can handle the cooking." Daniel replaced the plate of eggs with pancakes. half of them were gone before Aaron pulled the plate out of the other's reach and offered it to Patrick, who took two of them as he sat.

The choices of topping for the pancake were strawberry jam, citrus marmalade, chocolate spread, caramel, butter, ketchup and honey.

Ketchup? Patrick watched as Arthur grabbed the bottle and poured some on the end of his rolled up pancake. Patrick shuddered as his brother happily ate it.

Everything else had a knife in it. Seemed it was all spread and eat. He spread caramel on it and rolled it. He moaned as it melted on his tongue and garnered looks.

"Sorry, that's really good caramel."

"It's made locally," his father said. putting another plate of eggs on the table. "A couple drives by once a month to sell what they've made."

Patrick snatched one of the poached eggs before they all disappeared and put it on his other pancake. He had half a dozen eggs, and five pancakes by the time he was done eating. he tried all the toppings, even the ketchup, that was as bad as he thought it would be.

"So, are we going back to the orgy?" Patrick asked.

He was stared at. "Are you still horny?" Dominic asked.

Patrick shrugged. "Not really, but I don't know how this normally goes."

"Not like this," Adam said, then stuffed the rest of his pancake in his mouth.

"Yeah, this one is going in the history books," His father said. "You brought out the horny monsters in all of us."

"Okay, then how does it usually go?"

"The orgy starts after the public birthday party ends and last until we fall asleep in the early morning."

"Okay so what happens then?"

"Well, I'm not doing anything strenuous," Arthur said. "I might not even be able to stay awake much longer after all this food."

"What time is it?" Patrick asked.

"Two forty-nine," Aiden answered.

"In the afternoon?"

"Yeah."

"Shit. I should probably think about heading home. I'm not working tonight, but my mom's going to wonder where I've been."

"She doesn't know?" Arthur asked.

"No, she would freak if she knew I was here having sex with my family."

"You could have told her you were just visiting."

"It's his decision what he tells his mother, Arthur,"

their father said.

Patrick thought about explaining it to them, but he didn't know where to start, or even how to go about doing it.

"Just let me know when you're ready to go," Alex said, "I'll drive you."

"Thanks."

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Patrick woke when the car stopped. He looked around, trying to figure out why he was in a car.

"You're home," Alex said.

Right. "Sorry for falling asleep."

"Don't worry about it. We've had years to build up our stamina. I'm amaze you were able to last the duration."

"I was having to much fun, and I was afraid that you'd keep fucking me while I was asleep. I didn't want to miss anything." Patrick opened the door. "You want to come in?"

"Isn't you mother home?"

"Maybe. I don't care. I'm just showing the house to my brother, if she has a problem with that might has well find out now."

"Are you going to tell her you were visiting us?"

"I should, Arthur was right."

"He usually is."

"But I told her I was working and then hanging out with friends. I don't know how she'll feel about being lied to."

Alex locked the car. "How is she going to feel about it when she finds out later?"

"Why would she find out?"

"Stuff like this has a habit of coming out. It's best to keep the lying for the important things."

Patrick nodded. "Damian told me something like that too."

"Yeah, he'd pretty big on being honest."

"Mom?" Patrick called as he entered. No response. "She must still be at the diner. come on in." He put his jacket on the rack.

Alex looked in the living room as they walked by it and stopped. "Fuck, you weren't kidding when you said your mom was religious. I don't think I've seen this many Christian symbols, like ever."

"Yeah, mom holds onto her faith pretty hard." A few steps more and they were at Patrick's bedroom.

Alex looked down the corridor. "Fuck, my room's bigger than your house."

Patrick laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"The first times I went to your house, I used mine to

compare. Six of it fits in your garage, three in your living room. The kitchen is two. most of the bedrooms are one." He opened the door to his room. "Sorry about the mess."

He'd cleaned up a little before leaving, but there were still dirty clothes on the chair and in the corners. His bed wasn't made, not that he cared about that.

"I wouldn't worry about it. You've been in Aaron's room, right?"

Patrick had, but he didn't think it had been that cluttered, although that might be because there was so much more space. He turned to face his brother and started unbuttoning the dress shirt he was wearing.

Alex chuckled. "You're horny again?"

"I'm an Orr, we're always horny. I want to have sex with you."

Alex raised an eyebrow. "You already had sex with me."

Patrick shook his head, taking the shirt off his brother. "No, that was me having sex with the entire family. I want to know what it's like to have sex just with you now."

Alex helped Patrick undress, then they kissed, their hands roaming along each other's bodies. Patrick twisted so his brother fell on his bed, and he bent between his legs, running his hands on his chest, stomach and legs.

They were both hard, Alex's cock was a little smaller and thinner than his. He sucked it as he rearranged himself on the bed and they sixty-nined each other. They snuggled for a few minutes, then Alex topped him.

His brother was an energetic top, and vocal. Patrick had to kiss him to keep him quiet. The house didn't have the insulation Alex's had, and he worried the neighbors might hear. Of course, as careful as he'd been to keep Alex quiet, Patrick was the one who shook the wall when he orgasmed from topping his brother.

They had a good laugh about it, then talked for a few minutes. They dressed and Alex went home.

It was almost five, his mom would probably be back soon, so he set about preparing dinner. He made a casserole. it was simple and quick, and if she worked until later it would stay warm in the oven.

While he prepared it he thought about what he was going to do, well say to her. His dad had been right, the right time for this talk would never present itself, so having it now made as much sense as later.

He wrote the number on the fridge, he was sure he'd need it. then he sat and waited for her. A few minutes later he startled when the door opened. Fuck he was on edge. he was just going to have a talk with his mother, it wasn't the end

of the world.

Yeah, right. Keep telling yourself that and hope God listens.

"Something smells good," his mother said. A moment later she looked in the kitchen. "I'll be right back, I need to change."

"Please sit down mom."

"I'm sure it can wait a few minutes."

"No, mom, it can't."

"What's wrong?" She sat, looking at him with worry.

"We need to have a talk." She continued to look at him, her expression not changing. he took a breath. "Mom, I'm gay."

"What?" her shocked expression softened and she waved what he'd said aside. "Oh, honey, we're talked about this."

"No mom, we haven't. we've spent this last year specifically not having this discussion. I'm done with not talking about it. I'm gay."

She fidgeted in her seat. "I know Patrick, but that doesn't mean you have to do anything about it."

"I have done something about it."

"What! How could you do that?"

"I did it because I enjoy it. It's who I am."

Her face darkened. "They put you up to it. I knew those two perverts would force you off the Path."

"Stop it!" He slammed his hand on the table and she jumped. Damn it, he wasn't suppose to get angry. Anger wouldn't help anything. He forced himself to calm down. "This isn't about them. They didn't do anything to me. This is who I am."

"No." She stood. "I won't hear this blasphemy. This conversation is over, do you hear me?"

"Sit down mom. we are going to have this conversation."

"No!"

"Fine, have it your way," Patrick growled. "not an hour ago I was having sex with a guy in my room." Push it mom. I dare you, and I'm going to tell you who that guy was.

She looked at him aghast. "How could you do that? Do you have any idea the danger you're putting your soul into?"

"It's my soul, my responsibility, not yours."

"well, this is my roof. I won't have someone who desecrates himself like that under it."

It hurt. He'd known something like that was coming, but it still hurt. Getting shot hadn't hurt as much. fuck, his eyes were getting wet.

"Mom, please try to understand."

"No. I won't have a fag live in my house!"

That hurt even more. He'd almost preferred she clawed him. He wanted to tell her he wasn't a fag, he would never be that, but the anger on her face forced the words back down his throat.

He could feel the anger, waiting to be allowed out, to wrap itself around him and provide a shield against the pain, but he didn't let it out. He wasn't going to storm out this time.

He stood and left the kitchen.

"Where do you think you're going?" The words reached him as he opened the door to his room.

He couldn't say anything, his throat was too tight. When he tried, his voice cracked. He tried again. "I'm going to pack a bag. I'll be out of your house in a minute."

"What? Wait." He heard her step out of the kitchen.

He turned. A hand was to her mouth, she looked confused, old. "Patrick... I..."

Tears were falling down his face now. "mom, I can't do this anymore. I can't deny who I am, I won't. I know it hurts you, and I'm sorry, but this is my life, not yours. I want to be happy, I don't want to live a lie."

"Patrick, I'm worried about you." Her voice quivered with fear.

"I'm fine mom, I'll be fine."

"I don't want you to be damned." There was desperation in it now.

"Isn't that my problem to deal with?" He cursed silently. He hadn't meant to sound that harsh. He walked to her and took her hands in his. "Mom, I'm not damned. I'm still a good person, the person God made me to be. He made me this way. I'm not possessed, I'm not being influenced, mom. I'm the guy God made."

"But the bible says..."

His chuckle stopped her. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do that, but can we leave the bible out of this?"

Her expression bordered on horror. She didn't know of the talks he'd had with Mother Rosetta, that his views on the bible had shifted. For her it was still sacred.

He tried to calm himself before asking the question. "Are you kicking me out?" His voice broke on the last words. Damn it, he should be able to control his voice. He wasn't a kid anymore. Except that's exactly how he felt right now, like a child trying to get his mother to understand the punishment was unjust, that he had done nothing wrong.

Her eyes became wet. She shook her head.

He hugged her, "Thank you," he whispered. They were both crying.

When they weren't crying anymore he released her. "Mom, I wrote a phone number on the fridge, I think you should call it." She gave him a puzzled expression. "It's for Mother Rosetta. She'd a priest in a different parish. I think you should talk to her. I think she can help you." He kissed the top of her head and went to the bathroom.

Fuck he was a mess. He blew his nose and washed his face. He still had a home, and a mother, so he should be happy. but he knew this wasn't over. Even if she called Mother Rosetta, it wouldn't be resolved over night. It had taken him months to come to terms with who he was and he didn't have the decades of ingrained belief his mother had.

All he could do was pray that God helped her, helped them both. As he stepped out of the bathroom he heard her in the kitchen.

"Hello? My name is Margarett Sanders. My son is Patrick. He said I should call you."

Patrick smiled and went to his room to give her privacy. With Mother Rosetta helping God, he was more hopeful his mother would come to accept him.