

Patrick opened his eyes.

I was awake, maybe. His eyes were open, so he had to be awake. He didn't feel awake. Or rather his body didn't feel normal, it was vibrating. The light was low, or maybe not. The intensity seemed to shift.

He was looking at an unfamiliar ceiling. It was either white, gray or yellow, or maybe it was some sort of high tech color changing paint. He started giggling. That would be something cool.

Someone moved against him, and he realized he was feeling multiple someones. He chuckled to himself. Right, the orgy. Someone wrapped a hand on his cock, no, it was too warm, that was a mouth. That felt nice. He closed his eyes and enjoyed being sucked on. He scratched his stomach, the fur was matted together.

He raised his head. It wasn't just there, his fur was mated all over his front. Right, all the licking cum off him has left its mark.

Now that he'd moved his head, he was more confident he was awake. And his bladder was informing him he should take a trip to the bathroom. He rested his head back and waited until Adam was done blowing him.

Once he was done Adam just turned on his side and snuggled up to their father. Had his brother given him a sleep blowjob? Patrick wouldn't be surprised. He was pretty sure nothing could surprise him anymore when it came to his family and sex.

He carefully untangled himself from Arthur who was hugging him on his left, and Aaron on his right. He pulled his legs out from whoever was sleeping on top of them. he could only see his back, ass and tail, but he thought that was Alex.

He stood, to his body's protestations. Joints creaked, cracked and popped as he stretched. He stepped off the cushions and his ass hurt, as did his jaw, had it gotten dislocated at some point? His cock buzzed and his balls were sore.

How the fuck had he survived the night? Oh, right. He was an Orr. Sex super-powers.

That was the only explanation. No normal guy could have survived this orgy. He counted how many guys were there, eleven. Eleven guys had fucked him, more than once, and he'd fucked all of them at least once. He'd also been sucked off more times than he remembered.

Yeah, it had to be that. He has sex super powers now.

He was about to head for the bathroom, but smelled coffee

and decided his bladder could wait until he got caffeine in him.

"Can I get one of those?" he asked his father.

The tiger at the counter looked over his shoulder. "Sure. just milk, right?"

"Yeah."

He took out another cup, filled it and added the milk before handing it to him.

"How are you feeling?"

Patrick took a long swallow and sighed. "I'll let you know when reality settles back in. I think I'm high."

His father tilted an ear in his direction, sipping his own coffee.

"Every inch of my body is vibrating, and I've pretty much worked out that I've developed super powers. sexual powers."

"That would be some fun powers to have."

"What are you talking about? I'm pretty sure you have them too. each and every member of this family. One big super sex team."

He looked at his father for some sort of confirmation, but only received an enigmatic smile.

They sipped their coffee in silence for a moment, then Patrick asked. "Dad, what's the deal with Damian?" okay, that settled it, he was high. It was the only way he'd dared asked about him.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Aaron hates his guts, Adam is terrified of him. One moment Damian is all charming, and the next he's like something out of a horror movie."

His father looked at him for long enough that Patrick considered sitting down, but he didn't think his ass could take the hard surface.

His father shook his head. "I don't think this is the right time for it."

Patrick sighed. "Dad, Arthur wouldn't tell me because he said I had to be comfortable with the family having sex together. Well, unless you've missed the banners, I'm pretty damn comfortable with that idea now. I mean Adam went camping with him even when the idea scared him."

"He had to agree to go to see under the hood of my brother's car."

"Dad, you do realize that makes no sense, right? It's just a car. I know Adam loves them, but still."

His father sighed. "Alright. First off, you need to know my brother's a genius."

"Okay, so he's smart."

His father shook his head. "No, Einstein was smart, but compared to my brother he was a simpleton."

"Who's Einstein?" Patrick asked.

His father stared at him, "Relativity? E=Mc square?"

Patrick shrugged.

"How about Hawkins?"

Patrick thought about it. "That's the black hole guy, right?"

"Good enough. that guy is also a simpleton next to Damian. When he was eight, they threw all the IQ tests at him, and he aced them all. After that they started giving him math problems to solve. He solved them all, and I'm talking Math even I don't get, and I was really good at it. The bottom line is that no one knows how smart Damian is."

"Then why isn't he a scientist? If he's so smart why is he just running a company?"

"Science doesn't hold his interest. It isn't interesting to him. And you should remember his company is a multi national corporation, not exactly a simple thing to run."

"Okay, but still..."

His father nodded. "The other thing you need to know is that he's a psychopath."

"What do you mean?"

"A psychopath, he doesn't have any empathy for other people. He doesn't actually care for any of us."

"No, you're wrong. I've seen him around you guys. Sure he can be cold, but he loves the lot of you."

"It's an act, all of it."

Patrick frowned as he remembered something. He'd read an article about criminals a while back. "wait, psychopaths, those are the guys who..." The words slipped away as another memory came back to him. he felt the cup slip from his hand..

* * * * *

He was sitting in a car, trying to get out.

"You're not getting out of the car unless I let you." The voice had been cold, dispassionate. The cold, calculating, blue eyes were looking at him, through him.

"What are you going to do to me?" Patrick had asked, certain he was about to die.

* * * * *

He was shaking. Someone was holding him.

"Oh fuck, of fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck." Someone was repeating over and over.

"everything's okay Patrick," his father said. "You're safe."

It was him. He'd been the one saying it. "I was in his

car. i was alone with him. Oh God, He could have killed me. I would have disappeared and no one would have known."

the arms tighten around him. "You're safe Patrick. None of that would have happened."

He pushed his father away. "How the fuck can you say that? He's a psychopath. He could have cut me in little pieces and not given a damn." He stopped talking as he realized his foot was wet. His father said something, but Patrick didn't hear him, his foot was partially in a pool of liquid. It was coffee, medium brown, but there was another liquid slowly mixing in with it. Then he noticed the inside of his leg was wet. Then he caught the scent.

"I pissed myself."

"What?"

Patrick looked at his father. He was numb. "He said that would happen once I'd learn about him." The anger came back. "How can you let a man like that in your house? Around your kids? How can you put them in danger like that?" He paused. "What the fuck did he do to Adam?"

His father grabbed him by the shoulders. "Patrick, you have to understand. Damian isn't a threat to you, or anyone in this family."

"How can you know that?"

"Because he promised our father he would look after us."

Patrick remembered Damian telling him that. "But you said he doesn't actually care about anyone."

"He doesn't, but promises are sacred to him. He never breaks them. As you interact with him you'll notice he almost never makes any, but if he does, he keeps them. That's how he's able to function.

"But aren't psychopath liars and killers?"

"They don't have to be. Damian doesn't like violence. He considers it a failure on his part if he has to resort to it." His father guided him out of the kitchen. "Lets get you in the shower."

"What about the mess?"

"I'll clean it up afterward. Don't worry about it."

"If he looks out for you, why are you all afraid of him?" Patrick asked once they were next to the shower.

"Because, while he will never hurt one of us physically, he can be emotionally brutal." His father turned the water on. "He doesn't like it when we limit ourselves, so he tends to take it upon himself to resolve what he perceives as being a problem."

"Did he do that to you?"

His father started shaking his head, but then his eyes

became distant. "Yes, he did."

"What did he do?"

"He forced me to break out of my shell when I was a kid."

"Are you okay?"

His father shook himself. "I'm fine, I hadn't thought about that time in a long while."

"He's never going to get to do that to me." Patrick got under the water. He sighed. "That's a lie, isn't it? If he decides to do something to me, I won't be able to stop him, will I?"

His father held him. He didn't say anything. There was nothing he could say.