

July saw the weather cooling down, and all of Patrick's brother visiting him at one time or another. Even showing up at the bar as a group, where Jen couldn't stop swooning over them, and Arthur had most of the women in the bar, staff and customer fussing over him.

By the time the month was almost over only two people hadn't visited him, and Patrick wondered why. He hadn't asked his brothers to inquire, because he didn't want them caught in the middle if this was something serious. He hoped it wasn't as he entered the number.

"Hi dad, it's Patrick."

There was a moment of silence, in which he heard a chair being moved and creak. "Hi Patrick, how is it going?"

"I'm okay, you?"

"We're good. The kids have mentioned how fun the bar is."

Patrick almost commented on it, but stopped himself. He didn't want to do small talk. "Dad, how come you haven't come over?"

"We didn't want to force ourselves on you."

Patrick chuckled. "Forcing themselves on me seemed to be the other's plans."

"Yes, well, they're your brothers, your age. I expect it's easier to have them around you without feeling like you're being pressured. We worried that if we showed up, or called, you'd feel obligated to spend time with us."

"I'd like to hang out with you dad."

"Really? Great... err, just me, or Danny too?"

"What? Both of you, of course? Sorry, I've been trying to get in the habit of thinking of your two as two distinct people, but I keep falling back to one."

"It's okay, I don't mind. What do you want to do?"

Patrick hesitated. "Father/son stuff."

Donald chuckled. "Okay, anything slightly more specific?"

"Not really. Maybe go in the park and play ball. Do you have any ideas?"

"I do, but you'd have to be willing to let us pay for it."

Patrick cringed. He really didn't want to say no to him. "Nothing too extravagant, okay?"

"It won't be, I was thinking we could go see a baseball game. We'll get some of the middle seats, those aren't really expensive."

"Sure, that'd be fine."

"Good, when do you want to go?"

"Weekdays work best for me."

"How about tomorrow."

"Yeah, that doesn't get in the way of your work?"

"No, but let me check with Danny in case I forgot something." The call was silent for a moment. "Nope, we're good for tomorrow, And he says the Giants have a game with some losing team from the east coast, so it probably won't be busy. We can be at your place around ten, the game starts at eleven."

"I'd rather you pick me up at the bar where I work." He messaged him the address. "I don't want to run the risk of a neighbor noticing you and reporting to my mom."

"Alright. We'll see you then."

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His father was out of the car as soon as it stopped moving and hugging him. "It's good to see you again."

"You too dad."

His other father was more casual about it, but his hug was as tight. "We've missed you."

"I've missed you too."

"So, ready for a baseball game?"

"You bet."

On the drive to the stadium his fathers talked about the game they were working on, a fully immersing adventure for the Aguiron Room system. They talked about the problems they were having since they needed to learn a new way of coding, as well as having to figure out how to handle a 360 world that was there all the time.

It all went over Patrick's head but he let them talk, enjoying listening to them, their enthusiasm, their love for making games. He'd always wanted his father to be someone happy, who loved what he did.

The parking was deserted, and looking over the seating as they took theirs, Patrick saw no more than twenty people.

"Even for a weekday game, I expected there to be more people," he said.

"The team hasn't been winning, so people aren't making time for them, and the Yankees haven't had a great years either, so this isn't much of a draw."

His father stood. "Donny, Patrick, want anything special from the stand? I'm getting food."

"I don't even know what they serve."

"Don't worry about it then, I'll get you typical baseball food."

"And I'll have the same."

When his father returned with the food, two baskets with

sausages rolls and one with drinks, the space above their head, over the field erupted with static and then holo images of the diamond, the stands and various area of the field as the stadium camera people setup their equipment.

His father passed the drinks first, and Patrick smelled the beer as his father took it. He was relieved not to smell alcohol from his cup, and was pleasantly surprised when his first sip tasted of orange soda. He hadn't expected them to remember.

His father then sat and reached past Patrick to handed a roll to his father. the bun holding the sausage was covered in so much chili, sauerkraut, ketchup, mustard, relish that he couldn't see the sausage. Patrick was amazed none of dripped as it was passed before him. His looked the same.

He took it gingerly, taking a moment to decide on the best way to attack it, then bit into it. His fathers laughed as the topping spilled over the bun and onto his hands.

His father put a pile of napkins on Patrick's lap. "No way to avoid the mess, so don't worry about it." The other basket had more rolls and when they finished those the game began.

Patrick leaned back and watched the first pitches, and the Yankee's batter walked to first base. His initial thought was this was going to be boring, but he didn't mind. He was here to spend time with his fathers, the game was incidental.

By the end of the first inning he was leaning forward, watching the holo as the Giant's batter was struck out. there hadn't been any points, after that first walk there had been three consecutive outs on each side.

In the middle of the third inning Patrick found himself standing. "oh come On! Is that guy blind or bribed? That ball was over the plate, that's a strike!" He realized he'd screamed it and blushed.

His father grinned at him and Patrick sat back down. "Why is the umpire even there? there should be sensors in the plate and around the batter," he grumbled, "the results would be much more accurate."

His father patted his leg. "Tradition. Screaming at the umpire for screwing up is as much part of the game as sitting back and watching it. I didn't realize you were this passionate."

"I didn't know either. This is the first time I've bothered watching a game."

His father smiled. "Well, looks like he's another one who takes after you Danny."

Daniel chuckles.

"You're passionate about baseball?"

"Football's my game, but he means a sport fan."

"What's there to enjoy about football?"

Daniel grinned. "Guys piling on top of one another, putting their hands between each other's legs? It isn't so much the game they are playing, it's the things I can imagine them doing."

Patrick found himself imagining, and blushed. "okay, I get the appeal now." He squirmed in his seat and focused on the game to get his mind off the images his father had put in his head.

Patrick surprised himself each time he jumped to his feet to argue a decision. It wasn't that he felt he shouldn't be doing it, he enjoyed rooting for his team, but the game wasn't even that interesting. Both team were bad, the one point the Giant got was because of errors on the part of the Yankees. He was unusually pleased when the game ended with that point being the only one awarded.

"That was fun, I'm going to have to start watching them at home."

They made their way back to the car.

"Do you need to get back home right now?" his father asked.

"No. So long as I'm at the bar by seven I'm good."

"We'll be dropping you off before that. We're going to have to deal with traffic on the way back."

"That's fine. If you want to avoid that, You can take me back right now."

"Absolutely not. You wanted a father/son day, that's what you're getting. Now get in."

They drove to a park and his father took three baseball gloves out of the trunk. They spent the next two hours throwing the ball. Patrick couldn't stop smiling the entire time.

When they stopped his father went to get them food. When asked what he wanted, Patrick replied with 'something that isn't messy.' He could still smell the chili in on his hand after washing them.

They sat in the grass while waiting.

"You didn't ask which one of us is which," his father commented.

Patrick shrugged. "It doesn't matter to me. You're my father, both of you. Like I said when we talked yesterday, I have trouble thinking of you as two individuals."

His father chuckled. "That would have been when you talked with Donny. He didn't mention that."

"I guess this is a case when it might help, but you said

the others don't even try to differentiate you anymore."

"They don't, but they grew up with us. I didn't expect you to adjust this quickly."

"You dress the same, talk the same, I could try to keep track of you when he comes back, but I know I won't be able to, so why even bother."

Daniel squeezed his shoulder. "I'm happy you're comfortable with this."

"You're my dad. It would take a lot for me to even consider making this difficult."

Donald came back with hamburgers, three each.

"Condiments are on the side, so you can make it as messy as you like." He proceeded to add one of everything to his first burger. Patrick put onions and mustard. Daniel also put everything on his.

"Did you ask him?" Donald asked.

"Ask what?" Patrick said.

"We're wondering if you'll want to celebrate your nineteenth birthday with us."

"That's next year."

"I know, but we wanted to give you plenty of warning, because we'd like you to bring your mother."

Patrick pulled the burger away from his mouth. "You want me to bring my mom? You do know what she thinks of you two right? Can you imagine her reaction when she finds out the others are gay too?"

"She won't know. The kids invite their friends and their parents come too. And there are going to be girls. You can invite some of your friends if you want."

Patrick took a bite and used the time to think. "I don't think inviting my friends is a good idea. The shock would be too much for them. As for my mom, I can't promise anything, but I'll talk with her. If I can get her to view you as people instead of walking sins she might come."

"We figured it might take time, that's why we're inviting you this early."

They finished eating, then threw the ball of a while before they drove Patrick back to the bar. He hugged them tightly before they left.