

Patrick looked at the clock after checking the id on the last of this group. Twenty minutes before the next bus. He asked Marleen to check the door for a few minutes and headed to Don's office.

"Hey Don," he said, leaning in the door way. "I need to take next Saturday and Sunday off."

The panda looked up from his phone. "Again?"

"I know, but I checked with Malcolm, he'll be happy to cover for me."

"Again." Don eyed him. "This is starting to become a habit."

"Come on Don, I've only taken a handful of days off in the five years since I've bounced for you."

"True, but they have all been in this last year."

"I'll grant you that, but that doesn't even cover the vacation that technically you'd owe me for five years, if I were officially working here."

Don chuckled. "Alright, alright. Just tell me you aren't planing on quitting."

"No, I have no plans of doing that. This is something special, I doubt there'll be another one until next year."

"Alright. so you'll just be in on Friday?"

"Yeah, and I need you to do me a favor. If my mom happens to call, tell her I'm working, but I'm not around."

"Why would she call me? You have a phone."

"It's going to be silenced."

Don frowned. "Okay, what's going on?"

"Just do that for me, please? And if she asks, confirm you need me to work late."

Don leaned back, his eyes on Patrick. "Wait, a special night? Are you getting laid?"

"Err, why would you think that?"

"Oh my God, you are." The panda grinned. "Why don't you want your mom to know? She doesn't approve of her?"

"Him," Patrick said, just stopping himself from saying 'them'. The look of surprise Don gave him made Patrick pause. "Didn't you know?"

"That you're gay? No, why would I know?"

"Jen and the others do."

"Really? none of them said anything to me."

"And you're okay with it?"

The panda rolled his eyes. "Of course I'm okay with it. What business of mine is it who you sleep with. I take it your mother isn't tho."

"She doesn't know. So will you cover for me with her?"

"Of course."

"Thanks Don, you're the best."

"Don't you forget it."

Patrick went back to his stool for before another group entered. The bus was early.

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"Joey's Junk, Joey speaking."

"Joey, Patrick." He was on his way to Mister Hilary's house, to pour his concrete sidewalk.

"Hey Patrick. If you're calling to see if I need you, I'm afraid I don't. Things have been really quiet recently."

"It's okay, that's not why I'm calling. I need a favor. It's possible my mom will call you next Saturday or Sunday. If she does, I need you to tell her I'm on somewhere in the yard and can't take her call."

"Have the two of you fought again?"

"No."

"Okay, are you in some sort of trouble?"

"No, no, nothing like that. I just don't want her worrying."

"You have me worrying now."

"I told you. I'm not in trouble. I'm also not doing anything that's going to get me in trouble. I'm going to be seeing someone." Joey deserved to know at least that.

"Well you lucky cat. Why didn't you lead with that? Of course I'll cover for you."

"Thanks Joey. I owe you one."

"Don't worry about it."

This took care of his absence for the weekend. He didn't expect to need it, since his mother had mentioned she would work at the diner this weekend, but if for some reason she didn't, he didn't have to worry.

Now all he had to do was keep his excitement in check until then.

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It was one in the afternoon and Patrick was pacing in front of the bar. Sure, his father could pick him up at home, but all it would take was Misses Polyan from two house down seeing him and she'd call his mother to report it. Since she thought he was going to hang out with friends for the weekend, she would question why his father was picking him up.

He checked the time, ten more minutes. He changed the pack to his other shoulder. It had some toiletries and a change of clothing.

The car stopped at the curb and his father smiled at him

through the passenger window. "You ready son?"

"You bet dad." He got in and his father reached over to cup his face. Patrick almost stopped him, worried about the neighbors seeing and calling his mother, then remembered he was nowhere near his house and leaned in so they could kiss.

When they separated Patrick was sporting an erection. He leaned back in the seat, grinning. "It's a really good thing we're not in my neighborhood. If my mom ever got wind of this kiss, she's skin me alive."

His father looked at him, the smile disappearing. "You do realize you're going to have to tell her, right? Not about us, obviously, but that your gay."

"I know. It just isn't the right time yet."

His father shook his head and started the car. "It's never going to be right. If that's what you're waiting for, you'll always come up with a reason why now isn't it."

Patrick sighed. "I know. It's just that things are finally going well for her. I don't want to ruin things."

"If she ends up feeling like you being gay ruined her life, I won't think much of her."

"What do you think of her now?"

"I think she's a decent person. She did the best she could in a not so good situation. She raised you to be a good guy, which can't be easy in this part of town."

"She also raised me to think being gay was a sin."

"Like I kept telling Damian, no one's perfect. She's making a effort to see me and Danny was normal guys. I don't know if we'll ever be friends, but I don't dislike her."

Patrick nodded. "I do wish she could be friends with all of you, but then she'd almost certainly figure out your lifestyle, our lifestyle. that wouldn't go over very well."

They drove in silence for a time, going through multiple neighborhood of varying economic class. They were in what Patrick thought was an old commercial district when the car turned into an empty lot between two buildings.

"You ever had sex on the hood of a car?" Donald asked as he brought it to a stop.

Patrick chuckled. "Of course not. I only had sex for the first time a week ago."

"A lot can happen in a week." He got out of the car.

Patrick got out too and looked around. On one side was a four story building with boarded up windows. The brown brick was falling apart. On the other the building was two stories, and the gray cement wall was featureless.

The other end of the lot showed a quiet street, but by the piece of broken masonry on the walls on each side Patrick

thought there might have been a building there at one time. Now it was paved and served as parking, although right now their car was the only here.

"What are we doing here dad?"

His father grabbed his hand and pulled him close. "I'm going to fuck you on the hood of the car."

"what, here? what is someone comes by?"

Donald grinned. "No one ever comes here."

"How do you know?"

"You're not the first guy I've fucked here." his father paused. "You're not the first of my sons."

Patrick chuckled. That didn't surprise him. While he hadn't seen his family have sex together, the thought of it felt more normal, now that he had had sex with both his fathers.

"I thought Alex was the one with a thing for public sex."

"It isn't because it's his eccentricity, that I don't enjoy it too with the right guy."

"Oh? and I'm the right guy?"

"Most certainly." His father kissed him and pushed him back until Patrick was sitting on the hood of the car. It was barely warm, which surprised him for some reason. He'd have to ask Adam about...

His chain of thought derailed when he felt his father undo his pants.

"Dad, are you sure? we're in public. what if...? Oh Fuck."

His father's hand was in his pants, stroking him. "Who cares? If someone stumbles on us they can enjoy the show." He pulled down Patrick's pants and underwear and the light breeze of his hard cock made him shiver for a moment.

"We could be arrested," Patrick panted.

"I'll just pay off the cops."

Is this what being rich did to people? he wondered. They felt they could do anything? anywhere?

This was so fucking wrong.

So why wasn't he saying no already?

His father bit his neck and Patrick moaned. He kicked off his shoes and wriggled a leg out of his pants. "Fuck me dad."

His father pushed him on his back before taking out his cock. All of a sudden he had a small bottle of lube in his hand and he was pouring it on his cock.

Where did they keep coming from? Who cares, was the only response he could come up at the moment. He couldn't believe they were about to do this.

His father entered him slowly, and Patrick groaned. God, he thought, I can't believe you'd ever say something which

feel so good could be wrong. His father paused halfway in, and Patrick wouldn't have any of that. he wrapped his legs around him and pulled him completely in. They both gasps.

Patrick looked up at the blue sky, already seeing some of the lightning. "Fuck dad. If we get caught, I am so killing you." He caught his breath. "Now fuck me."

His father smiled and proceeded to pound his ass. Patrick tried to be quiet, but his father's cock was moving in and out of him so fucking hard and fast. He couldn't stop himself from moaning and grunting. The fuckings he'd received at the house were nothing compared to this. Their moans and gaps reverberated on the walls.

His father wrapped a hand around his cock and Patrick spoke God's name in vain. He'd ask forgiveness later. he wrapped his arms around his father's neck and pulled him close, but instead of kissing him he brought his muzzle to his ear.

"You son of a bitch," Patrick moaned. This felt so fucking wonderful. "You fucking son of a bitch. this isn't fair." He shuddered and the lightning fought him for control. "Oh God. Oh fuck. harder dad, harder!" This felt so fucking good. He didn't care about getting caught anymore. Right now, all he wanted was to feel like this forever.

The lightning clashed with his will. Oh God, why had he told him to go faster, this was getting to much. Pleasure shook his body.

Oh, right, that was why.

To avoid screaming he clamped down on his father's shoulder. The lightning exploded, but this time he didn't completely blackout. He could see lightning bolts dancing around them. His body felt like it was electrified, and it felt good.

He didn't know how long that lasted, but somewhere during the lightning show he felt his father shudder over him, his cock pulsating inside him, then all he cared about was the pleasure he felt.

And then the lightning was gone.

He and his father were panting. His shirt had strings of cum on it. He felt amazing and his father was looking down at him, a silly grin on his face.

"What?" Patrick asked.

"If anyone catches us, it's your fault. That roar is still ringing in my ears."

He'd roared? He had no recollection of letting go of his father's shoulder. He blushed. "I'm sorry, I tried not to." the rawness of his voice confirmed he'd roared.

"It's okay. This place is deserted for blocks around,

except for the squatters, and I figure that with the life they live, they deserve a good show. I don't quite have Alex's tolerance level when it comes to risk of discovery." He gazed in his eyes. "Fuck you're beautiful, you know that?"

Patrick blushed some more. he knew he was decent enough looking, but to hear his father say it, while his cock was still buried deep inside you, gave it a lot more meaning.

They kissed, slowly, tenderly, lovingly. Fuck, he loved his father.

They kept looking at each other for a moment after the kiss ended. "Aren't the others going to wonder what's keeping us?" Patrick asked.

His father chuckled. "I wouldn't worry about that. They'll figure we stopped somewhere to fuck." He gently pulled out. "Don't move." He licked Patrick's stomach and chest clean. He then threaded his leg back in his underwear and pants, and pulled them up.

"We're going to have to talk you out of wearing underwear. They're a waste of time."

Patrick's ears moved forward. "You expect me to freeball?"

Donald nodded. "I think you should." He buttoned up Patrick's jeans, then pulled him up to reach behind him and button the tail strap.

"Don't hold your breath dad. I'm not putting my junk in danger of catching in a zipper." He stretched and watched his dad tuck himself away and zip his jeans close. He couldn't believe he felt better then before he'd had his brains fucked out.

His father shrugged. "It's never happened to anyone in the family." He headed for the driver's side.

Patrick put a hand on the handle and looked at his father over the car. "That's because your whole family's got super powers, you know that, right? No one normal can do what you guys can."

His father smiled at him. "You're forgetting a small detail."

"Yeah? What?"

"You're part of that same family." He got in the car.

Right, he had forgotten that. "I don't care, I'm not freeballing it." he got in the car.