

January brought frigid weather, but also a present for Patrick's mother. She got the floor supervisor position. It came with a five dollar raise, and every employee got a two dollar raise. She started the new year with seven more dollar an hour. Patrick was over joyed for her. He suggested that with that she could finally stop working at he dinner. He couldn't get her to leave that job, but she did agree to think about working less there.

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Patrick tightened the jacket close to him. The wind was bitterly cold and he wished he had the winter coat his quad counterpart gained in the winter. After two weeks the weather was still much below normal for January, fortunately the forecast said the temperatures would go up to normal over the next week. Patrick couldn't wait.

The jacket was new to him, He'd bought it at goodwill since his old one was only good for rags anymore. This was a little longer, and was not faded yet. Whoever had donated it hadn't made much use of it.

The first thing he noticed as he walked closer was that the rooster sign above the door had been fixed and was lit. Its plumage was in pastels, which Patrick wouldn't have expected considering how low key the bar was.

He entered and a few heads turned his way before going back to their drink or conversation. He looked around making his way to the bar, trying to see if there was a jaguar. He didn't see him there, he would have liked to thank him, maybe get to know him and see what happened.

He'd decided it was time for him to find someone to have sex with. He'd be nineteen in a few month and while he didn't hold with virginity being something wrong, or sacred, he felt it was time he knew why his family seemed to enjoy it so much, and he'd thought the jaguar might have been the right one to do that with.

The place was a little more crowded this time, but someone left the bar as he reached it and Patrick too the stool.

"What do you want?" The thin brown bear behind the bar asked.

"A coke, unless you have any orange soda."

The bear frowned as he reached for a glass, looked at Patrick then shrugged, filling it with coke. Patrick paid with his card, the novelty still with him. It had been a few months now, but he didn't quite believe he had enough money to warrant a bank account and a card.

Patrick sipped his drink, glancing at the guys to his left and right. There was a dog with frizzy gray fur on one side, muzzle buried in his beer and a Dalmatian on the other talking with an Otter. Patrick realized he had no idea how to start. How did he go about finding a guy to have sex with. He realized that the meat markets of the gay village might have been a better place to make that happen, but the idea of going there crept him out.

The frizzy dog drained his beer and left. A moose took his place, ordering a scotch. After the drink arrived Patrick tried to talk to him, but the moose turned to the other guy and began an animated conversation. Patrick shrugged to himself.

"You're new to this whole thing, aren't you?" the bartender asked.

Patrick chuckled. "How can you tell?"

"The uncertainly when you look at another guy, this aborted attempt to talk with him." he paused, and looked at him. "Although I could swear I've seen you before."

"I came in the late spring, might have been early summer. I had some dog drape himself over me and grab my ass. I freaked and left."

"Right, you asked for an orange soda. That's why it seemed familiar. I remember he chased you, I hope he didn't come on too strong. Harold's self restraint is the first thing to go once he starts drinking, but he isn't a bad guy."

"He grabbed my crotch after I told him to leave me alone, so I decked him." Patrick was amused at the bear's wince in sympathy.

"That would explain why you didn't come back."

Patrick nodded. "Not long after I left a jaguar came in, do you know who that was?"

"A jaguar? I don't remember one, and I don't have one among my regulars. Sorry."

"It's okay, it was a shot in the dark anyway."

"So what brought you back?"

Patrick looked in his glass and drained it. "Well, I was hoping to find someone to have sex with for the first time."

The bear looked at him before refilling the glass. Patrick tried to object.

"Don't worry I'm not charging you for this one. You've never had sex and you came here?"

Patrick nodded.

"Kid, this isn't that kind of bar."

"I know. that's why I came here instead of going to the village. I figured I'd talk to someone for a while then he'd

invite me home and... you know."

"Shit kid, you don't want your first time to be with a stranger. Isn't there any guys you know that can help you."

Patrick thought of his family, and his fathers manifested in his mind. "Yeah, but I'd like to know what I'm doing before hand,"

The bartender chuckled. "Kid, you're not going to learn what do to from a stranger, trust me on that. The guys here they aren't looking to teach you anything, they don't care enough about you. You want your first time to be with someone who does care. If he loves you that's even better."

"But what is he going to think when I fumble about?"

"Hopefully you've told him ahead of time he's your first, and if he doesn't understand, then he doesn't care about you and he's in it just for himself."

"It wouldn't be like that."

"Then you should have your first time with him, not one of these drunks."

"You know Yurick," the dalmatian said over his shoulder. "You keep calling us drunks and we're going to stop coming to this hole in the wall of an establishment?"

"And where else are you going to go Brad?"

The dalmatian shrugged. "Guess you're right. You're stuck with us." He looked at Patrick. "But you should listen to him. He might not have any manners, but on this he's right."

Patrick wasn't all that sure.

"Look," the dalmatian said, reading Patrick's expression. "When I was about your age I got curious about my sexuality. I went to an underage club, back then you couldn't get in a bar until you were twenty-one. Like you I didn't know what do to, but still this guy found me, we got friendly, he was really good looking, and he knew a lot of other guys in the club. He convince me to accompany him to the bathroom, where he forced himself on me." He stopped for a moment, then drained his beer.

"You want another one?" the bear asked.

Brad shook his head. "Get me a coffee." He looked at Patrick again. "It was a good decade until I was even able to think about looking at a guy again."

Patrick thought about it while Yurick brought the coffee. "Okay, but you've gone through that, so you wouldn't treat me that way, would you?"

Brad opened his mouth, but it was the jackal next to him who spoke. "Sure, but if he did, I'd kill him."

The dalmatian smiled. "That's Gary, my husband."

Patrick's ears burned. "I'm so sorry, I didn't know. If

I'd known I wouldn't have suggested it."

The jackal grinned. "No need to panic, kid. I knew Bradley wasn't going to do anything. But you should learn from what he went through."

Brad nodded. "And don't think that because some guy went through a bad first time he isn't going to be an asshole on your first time. If you don't know the guy, he could be anything, and trust me, the odds of him being an asshole are a lot higher than him being a caring guy."

"And on that maudlin note," Gary said, "it's time for us to go home. Whatever you decide kid, good luck." The Jackal rubbed the Dalmatian's head. "come on hun."

Patrick watched them leave, hand in hand, then turned back to his empty glass.

"You want another one?" Yurick asked.

Patrick shook his head. "I'll have a coffee, two cream."

The bear came back with it and Patrick used an errant umbrella to stir it. "How about you?" he asked. "How was your first time?"

The bear shook his head. "You don't want to use me as an example. I was sucking cock way back in high school. I was something of a slut back then."

"Then you'd be able to show me how sex works, right?"

Yurick shrugged. "Sure, but come on kid, do you really want me to be your first? You've only just met me and we haven't even talked for half an hour."

Patrick wanted to say yes, but the image of his father holding him came to him again. Would they understand his lack of experience? They did love him, and they knew he hadn't had sex before.

He shook his head. "I guess not. Thanks for talking me out of it."

"You're welcome. contrary to popular belief, it isn't because I own a gay bar that I want to bang every guy in it."

Patrick nodded then a thought popped in his head, and out of his mouth. "If this wasn't my first time, if I was a regular here, would you want to have sex with me?"

"Kid, I'm old enough to be your father."

The image of the bear and him playing catch in the park jumped in his mind, and then they were making out against a tree, the Bear's hand down Patrick's pants.

Patrick swallowed, where the hell (sorry) had that come from. "Yeah, I guess I'm kind of young for you." But his cock was making it clear to Patrick the bear was not too old for him.

He nursed his coffee until his erection went away, then

he thanked the bear again and went home.