

Pete remembered his twenty-first birthday. At least, he remembered taking the first swig of beer. The rest of that evening had faded into a black, hazy cloud, but he was certain he'd at least see his son would be shown the right way to nurse a bottle before he passed out from the recklessness that came with your first binge. It was good timing considering PJ's junior year of college was on spring break. He'd intended to have a man's night out for both of them in the RV, nothing but father and son grilling steaks and soaking in the hot tub as they drained a few bottles of dark beer under a clear night sky.

All that enthusiasm barreled over a speed bump when his son asked if Max could join them. Ruminating over it now, he wasn't certain it was the best idea.

The old cat's brain had been spinning ever since the three of them were alone, nestled in the crook of a wilderness that had all the familiarities of the convenience of modern day living. Watching the two boys, he was brought back to that second past time he had picked up alongside drinking during college. Often it went hand in hand with exercising his new fangled ability to sleaze his way into any bar and anyone's pants, finding himself hopping from one establishment or bedroom to the next (whichever came first). More often than not with someone laying in a crumpled heap underneath his considerable bulk. More often than not he would find a lithe, young freshman looking for an 'experience' and the fat cat certainly was the kind of man to throw his weight around no matter what was between someone's legs.

While his son and his best friend shared their first real, legal beer together (possibly more), he began to feel urges; the kind that he hadn't indulged in for years save for when he was able to get some alone time on the computer in an empty house or alone in his office. Worse, the boys were wearing nothing but some swim trunks. The moon was nearly full and everything was bare before his eyes. The dull buzz of the alcohol made Goof's lanky body look alluring in a nostalgic fashion. Pete found himself staring longer than he'd intended whenever they stepped out of the jacuzzi to get another beer.

Yet instead of stepping in and hogging PJ's special day all to himself, Pete hung back. He spent the majority of his time pretending to watch the sizzling slabs of meat on the grill, but every minute he'd glance over his shoulder and see Max leaning a little too hard against his son or giggling a little too eagerly as they cracked jokes. Just when the steaks had finally been flipped he saw PJ down his third beer and slide his arm over Max's shoulder while the other dived downward. The frothing bubbles in the steamy water left a lot up to Pete's imagination, but he could tell that the young Goof was struggling to pry his crotch out of PJ's grasp. Not with an awkward frown or an offended glare, but with an elated gasp, biting his lip with lidded eyes before batting PJ's arm away.

He suspected his son might be gay. He'd always had issues adopting the real 'man' qualities Pete had tried to instill in him since he was a boy. No doubt the boy was terrified of letting his father catch even a whisper of it. Perhaps it might have been a problem, but this forwardness with Max brought a stab of pride in Pete's chest. It was something totally out of sorts for his son to do. It was a boldness he'd been trying to enforce in the kid for years and he was more than surprised to see it rise up in this fashion. In his eyes, that was a quality to encourage rather than split a few hairs over. What makes a man all revolved around who came out on top. Even if it turned out to be on another man.

"Steaks are ready boys! Better come and grab em' before they're gone!" Pete said, chuckling as PJ sluggishly began to clamber out of the tub.

"Y-yeah, yeah dad." PJ said, grunting as he finally pushed himself up and over the rim walking with a uncoordinated swagger.

"Dude, hold on!" Max exclaimed, bubbly laughter pouring out in quiet, drunken 'hyucks' as he rushed behind PJ and yanked the bathing suit up. Another few steps and the whole thing would've slipped down PJ's wide hips. Not that he would have noticed or cared at this point. PJ barely gave more than a grunt in thanks before Pete fixed his plate for his son.

"Feeling mighty loose now, don'tcha sonny?" Pete said, grinning with amusement as his son fumbled for an answer.

"Yeah, la-like-like, yeah! A little bit!" PJ said in a slurred tone and rolled his eyes as he fell back into a chair.

"You want another cold one?" Pete cracked another beer open, holding it steady as PJ's hand swiped clumsily for it.

"Hell yeah! I gotta show my old man up." Nearly half of the cold drink spilled on his bottom lip before he finally started sipping the rim of the bottle.

Pete laughed at the brash nature the brew was bringing out in his son. 'Hell' was about as bad as PJ's potty mouth would get. The next one Pete opened began to froth and he wasn't one to waste even the small excess that began to bubble up. He sucked the tip, handing it out to Max. "Hey Goof." He grunted, tapping the glass table to get the dog's attention. "Hey! Another beer?"

Max finally looked up, turning his eyes from PJ's ass to the big gloved hand shoving a the cold bottle towards him. "Uh, yeah! Sure thing Mr. P!" Max sipped it evenly, giving Pete another surprise. He'd always thought Max was the reckless type and adding alcohol to the mix would have made him outright wild, or so he had presumed. The Goof was a quiet, reserved, drunk. The beer was an afterthought. He hadn't realized how obvious his roaming eyes and embarrassed grin showed what his real priorities were leaning towards.

As they ate, the barrier between the two boys and the older male seemed to dissipate. They roared with laughter amidst the chattering of insects that teemed the rim of the RV's outside lamps, devouring their dinner and downing another beer. Again, the boys stumbled into the hot tub, faces flush and their nearly bare bodies pressed together. This wasn't just some drunk fling that he was just now noticing, or whatever social media liked to call it these days. Pete kept out of the conversation for the most part, cleaning the grill and catching the moments they thought were private while Pete's back was turned.

At one glance, PJ had cornered Max along the edge of the hot tub. Their hands dipping into the water, the Goof's mouth panting into his son's neck. The bubbling water sloshed and a quiet groan from the two as Max clutched at PJ's thighs, before seemingly catching Pete's curious glance in their direction. He gave PJ a hard shove, laughing a bit too forcefully to cover the brief stint of lust for horseplay.

It seemed as though PJ had reached his limit, however. He flopped backwards and began to sag down until he was barely keep his head bobbing above the water line, a dopey grin on his face. Max hauled him up, grunting heavily, "Do you need a life vest or something, man?"

PJ came up spluttering, but whatever words he was trying to say were

impossibly slurred.

"Sounds like ya got a full tank, kiddo." Pete said, tugging his son out of the frothing hot tub. He glanced down, noticing Max trying to help push PJ up onto the floorboards but it made the old cat raise an eyebrow at the thick handfuls of ass he squeezed in his palms.

Whether or not he thought Pete had noticed, the Goof chuckled as he rested his elbows on the rim of the jacuzzi. "With all that stress you gave over midterms you think he would have lost weight, Mr. P," He sipped another mouthful of his beer, swallowing heartily as he waved a hand at PJ. "You need to face plant into the gym instead a textbook for a change."

"What?" PJ whirled, blinking in confusion at Max. Conversation was an immense struggle for his beer addled head to make sense of. "But I didn't bring my skateboard. The hot tub's not even-" He suddenly burped, still talking as it forced its way out, "-big enough, Max."

Giving his son a harsh slap on the ass, Pete guided PJ towards the screen door of the RV. "Ha, can't wait to see the look on your face in the morning! Enjoy this while you can, kiddo!" Pete slapped PJ's back, nearly knocking him forward. "Tomorrow's gonna be hell for that smart skull of yours!"

PJ kept mumbling, to no one in particular, his drunken voice drifting further away until he found the couch. His heavy bulk flopped forward, slamming into the cushions. Pete sauntered back towards the hot tub, grinning as he heard snores mixing with PJ's mutterings in the RV's living room. "Phew! Figure I've earned a dip myself."

"Oh sure," Max said sarcastically, taking another sip. "Flipping steaks must have been a huge workout."

"Just jealous of all the fun you boys have been having over here is all." Pete said as he clambered into the tub. The water surged upward as the fat cat settled in, breathing a heavy sigh of warm relief.

Max had to stand up to not get slapped by the heavy wave of bubbling water that came rushing at him. "Thanks for setting this up, by the way. School's been riding PJ pretty hard lately."

"Ha! Anything else been riding my boy pretty hard?" Pete shot the Goof a suggestive sneer, finally feeling the buzz of alcohol fizzle in his head and gut. That combined with the heat of the tub made him feel bold enough to be so blunt.

Max rolled his eyes and laughed. "He hardly has time for hanging out at the skate park than to spend time dating. Besides, you should know better than I do that PJ doesn't has much pull with girls."

"Oh ho, but I can guess that he has a lot of pull with you, Maxie."

Max gaped at his best friend's father, at first unsure if he'd heard what he thought he heard. "What! I, uh-you don't mean like," Max sputtered as his bottle began to slip out of his hand and he fumbled to catch it before it splash into the jacuzzi. "It's not like that, Mr. P."

So formal, Pete thought to himself. Totally unlike Max's usual method of brushing off an uncomfortable topic. "I think different. You and Roxanne aren't getting along lately, right?"

The Goof's eyes widened and he pressed himself back against the stone

wall of the hot tub. "How did you even-?"

Pete held up a hand, shaking his head with a laugh. "Don't act so surprised, kid. Social media does wonders with people's personal lives, especially when it comes to your poppa Goof broadcasting everything from what soup he's eating to every tiny insignificant family crisis. You two are taking a break, right?"

Pete crossed the barrier between them in a single, strong stride. He plopped down on the underwater bench next to Max, his broad bulk dwarfing Max as the Goof bit his lip indignantly.

"Bad break up I take it?" Pete said, lifting the neck of his beer to his lips, sucking a long draught.

"Something like that." Max said, holding his bottle in his hands. "I'm not trying to use PJ or anything. I mean, it's just--"

Pete held up his hand, cutting Max off. "Don't get all panicky on me. Just some fun between two friends, or something? I won't knock your lights out for something cheap like that." Pete grunted, leaning back and holding himself as loosely as he could. He didn't want to spook Max and laying that out on the table did a number on how tense the younger man looked.

"That's what I'd tell myself. Except it kept happening night after night and he seemed to get his head cleared from all the stress and I could get mine off of, uh," Max held his mouth open, trying to draw up an explanation and instead let his shoulders slump forward. "You know."

"Heh, I know. Probably better than most folks would."

"Pete," Max hesitated, glancing up nervously. "You're not going to be mad at PJ, are you?"

Pete scrunched his face up, looking down at Max with an amused expression. "Why, because I caught him pawing at your crotch? Boy was running off of his first real binge session, nothing to be mad about."

"No, because he's gay." Max set his beer aside, sighing. "He's terrified that you're going to go ballistic on him or something. It's why he struggled so hard on the first semester. He's tired of hiding it."

Pete mulled it over in his head once again, before letting out a relaxed sigh. "Nah. The boy got the grades he was expected to and if he's was a pitcher for the other team," Pete shrugged, ruffling Max's ears. "Then at least it was in a day and age where it was a hell of a lot more common and accepted. If I see him acting more like he was tonight, less on the inebriated side, then this'll be a good turn for him! He's got to own himself and being honest with his old man will be a good first step towards finally acting like a man."

Max breathed a long heavy sigh. "That's a relief."

"Now what about you?"

"What?"

Pete took another long drink, twisting his head to stare at the empty bottle in his hand. "You're fucking my son. A lot of things can be insinuated from that, Maxie."

The statement made Max's face burn and the steam of the water they

were soaking in only barely hid it. "I'm still figuring it out for myself."

"That's what college is all about, really. Hell, most folks don't even get that far by the time they graduate. Your father got to tackle college all over and he's doing plenty fine now."

"I'm kind of wondering if he's going to be, you know, disappointed if he hears about this."

"What, you and PJ? Not saying you two are a working couple or anything. Lets not go that far, ha!"

"No, just if I start feeling like I'd want to be with a guy instead of a girl. I still feel like I could love a girl, but I don't really care if I hook up with another dude either. You think dad would get upset if I did?"

"I know for a fact your pop don't give a hoot one way or another. Only thing he cares about is whether you're happy or not. Don't get caught on whether you have to choose one sets of junk for the other. Hell, I've pounded a few guys myself, don't mean I didn't love Peg any more than I did."

"You're-" Max stammered, eyes widening as he stared at the bulky cat, his face twisting from amazement and a brief look of enticement. "You're joking with me, right?"

"Hey, I know Peg was a scary lady sometimes but-"

"No, I mean, you've had sex with other guys before?"

Pete felt his heart hammer in his chest. The old cat let out a rasping laugh that bellowed out into the dark wilderness, making the night sounds go silent before he clapped Max on the back. "What? Can't see old Pete having his way with other fellas?"

"You have to admit, you don't fit the bill. I grew up next door from you and that's the last I would have considered about you."

Pete paused, then turned to touch the glowing touch screen that controlled the jacuzzi. The furious flow of bubbles slowed to a halt and the jets merely expelled a warm, pleasant stream that bumped against their backs. It also gave them both a clear view of below the waters surface as the bubbles receded. "Do I need to prove it to you, Goof Boy?"

The old cat hand dipped between his legs and he pulled back his waistband and fished out his cock. The member was already hard and thick, the conversation enough to arouse the older male. Max didn't notice at first but once his best friend's father gave a nod down to the girth caught in his fist, he nearly jumped out of the hot tub.

"Whoa, Mr. P!"

"Don't act so surprised, Maxie. I can see you're enjoying our talk just as much as I am." The old cat smirked at the bulge he could now see rising up from Max's swimsuit. He crossed his legs, biting down on his cheek as he tried to smother his erection between his thighs.

"It doesn't mean anything, I'm just thinking about PJ." He said, faster than he had expected.

"That so? I know you think PJ's sexy and all, but the apple doesn't fall too far from the tree, y'know?"

Max didn't answer. He blinked and lifted his gaze from the thick dick presented to him and let his gaze rise to take in Pete's bulk. It was as large and round as PJ's, but the hint of muscle beneath the thick flab was more pronounced and, to his embarrassment, desirable. He couldn't deny that every inch of his friend's dad was attractive, if not more so. The unsettled fear and the simple taboo of finding an older man was making his blood pulse.

Sensing the crack in Max's reluctance, Pete stood up. He waded in front of Max, placing each of his meaty arms over the young Goof's shoulders, his hands clenching the hard stone edge of the hot tub. He pressed forward, letting his belly settle against Max's, the flabby gut easily pinning the younger man. Pete leaned in, his jowls spreading in a lusty sneer as he spoke in a low whisper. "Tell if you don't want this, Maxie."

Pete's sagging paunch spread over Max's torso. Now that he was this close, Max could smell something besides the stench of chlorine and booze; the older male's unfiltered musk swirling around him as the hefty flab began to encroach over him. Max, giving into the buried thought of enjoying himself, let his eyes settle on the two hefty hills that were tipped with round, plump nipples. The heated scent of a proud, older man and the soft pecs that rubbed against his chin lulled him to ponder 'why not'?

Max leaned in and brought his mouth closer to rub and nuzzle against the older man's plush neck. Unkempt as his jowls were, Max relished in the scratchy, unshaven texture against his own cheeks. He felt some shock at realizing that Pete must be twice his age. Hell, PJ was probably only a few feet away snoozing and here he was starting to feel up his best friend's dad. Any guilt or objections were dashed away, however, as Max felt Pete's fat lower lip nudge against his own as he realized his mouth was being drawn into Pete Sr.'s thick lips. Mean Pete, the demon dad next door. The man his best friend lived his childhood in awe, but primarily in fear of. His dad's own 'best friend', though that had been debatable countless times. Again, his opposition was drained when Pete's thick lips were drawn up over his own, lunging into Max and forcefully slurping the very tongue from Max's open mouth.

An audible gulp of shock swelled up in Max's throat as the wet, writhing tongue was thrust in between his lips. The slimy, warm organ slapped along his gums and he struggled to whirl his own against Pete's blunt teeth. The wet squelching of the impromptu make out session cut off Max's breath only briefly. He huffed through his nostrils, grunting at the mix of the older man's musk mixed with the faint chlorine stench. With his back against the jacuzzi wall and the beefy cat kissing him in such a dominant fashion there was little the Goof could do besides moan and wriggle his hips against the warm hand cupping his dick.

Pete's bulk bent further onto the college junior, releasing a labored breath that washed over Max's face. "I take it you're giving me a yes then, eh kiddo?"

Max could only manage a moan as he tried to tilt his head up meet those soft, powerful lips. Yet, the thick, meaty chest was pressed too tightly to Max's own. He could barely manage to tilt his face up to look at the lusty grin spread across the older male's face. Chuckling at Max's predicament, Pete's hand receded just enough to dip through the rim of Max's swim suit, taking a more intimate hold of the throbbing cock he'd aroused to standing attention.

"You put yourself in a bit of a rut, didn't you? You've had my son

fill your tank up so it's only fair his old man gets a turn." Pete said, sneering as he dragged the shorts down Max's hips. "I can see that you're not gonna last long down there. Heck, just a few jerks and you'll blow just from old Pete rubbing on ya."

Max groaned, trembling as the fat cat's fingers curled over his length. Max could feel his body tensing, his hips trying to thrust, to urge that climax that threatened to overtake him. He let his head fall limp onto Pete's left breast, resting his cheek above the plump nipple. "Yeah, do it just like that Pete!" He mumbled as he nuzzled the flabby chest in front of him. His hands snatched up large handfuls of that belly, giving the gut a firm rub.

Pete hand slipped under Max's chin, pulling the young Goof's mouth to the broad, large nipple in front of him. "Pete?" Pete said, with a coy tone. "If you want to cum, you better start treating me nice and proper. That means giving me some respect."

The taste of the warm sweat coated the plush surface of the old cat's fat nipple. Nodding, Max opened his mouth and sucked the tip of the nub in, drawing the rim of the fleshy bump in after the first gentle suckle, burying his nose into the fuzzy mound.

"That tastes mighty good, don't it?"

"Yes Daddy! Fuck, mm-" Max blurted out, his mouth working over the meaty tip of the nipple and suckling with vigor he hadn't expected.

The cat's eyebrows raised in surprise at the outburst. He hadn't expected to be on those kind of terms yet, but he wasn't going to start complaining. It hadn't been the first time a skinny sub had called him Daddy. It had been a highlight back in his own college days. "Good boy," Pete said, adding a low growl to his now fatherly tone. "Now, old Pete's going to turn you around and get familiar with that ass of yours. You ready to get a good ass-full of Papa Pete?" The lewd vocabulary felt too cliché, but he doubted Max cared one way or the other. He needed to get fucked.

Max huffed, his words swamped in the fuzzy chest he lapped at, taking a moment to get a firm suckle on the older male's nipple before he was yanked off with a lewd pop. Whatever response he had was caught in his throat and he was hastily swung around, leaning out onto the rim of the hot tub with his hips and ass thrust back against the bottom of the hefty gut of the older male behind him.

To Pete's delight his cock found plenty of room and ease of access as he manhandled Max into position. He was still in awe of how quickly the situation had escalated. His swim trunks slid down his legs and he clambered over the lithe Goof, clenching his wide thighs against Max's hips. The flabby paunch settled down over Max's bony back, the cat leaning down to breathe into his neighbor's son's ear. "Gonna breed this slutty ass of your, boy. Ha! bet my son never gets down and dirty like this, huh?"

"No," Max said with a gasp as he felt his pucker tense and flinch from the intruding pressure that suddenly rode up and down his crack. "I'm usually the one teasing him about the whole-uhhyuck!" He grunted, his hands squeezing the stone edge as he felt the heavy bulk that sagged over his body. His throat felt clogged with his grunts as he felt a hard, eager cock head wedge itself through his hole.

"Mmmm, that's fine. He'll get there eventually. Don't know if he'll be better than me, but one can hope." Pete said, adjusting his grip on Max's shoulders as he pressed forward again. The warm sinking sensation that

crept up from the tip of his dick as it entered the tight rear beneath him forced a groan out of him. He paused, giving Max little time to adjust to the insistent force easing into his hole.

It took a minute, but soon Max's hips were pressing back against the girth between Pete's legs, confidently coaxing more into him. He felt surrounded by warmth, from the water that still soaked his skin to the wide, towering car salesman beginning to thrust into him. Soft splashes began to rise up over the already wet surface of the rim of the hot tub as they began to find a mutual pace. Between a few wincing grimaces, Max found himself smiling ear to ear as he felt the short length finding its way to a sensitive, tender spot somewhere PJ had rarely been able to itch. He closed his eyes as he pictured the swaying bulk atop him and released a mixed hum of pain and pleasure as his best friend's father clutched him tightly, shoving his hips against him with sharp, curt thrusts.

"Shit-," Pete muttered, enraptured by the rhythmic grunts and stifled 'hyucks' that he fucked out of the younger male. He never had much stamina for this and he felt his cock pulse. "I'm gonna cum in ya, son."

"Do it, Dad!" Max shouted, grinding himself against the hard pounding against his rump. He let out a sharp yelp as he felt Pete reach under him and tug his hardened shaft, jerking it feverishly.

"That's it, Maxie. Nghhh, shoot it for your Pops," Pete said in between his tired breaths, his joints tensing as he felt the jolt of the first throes of his orgasm wracking his whole body. "Cum with me, boy! Fuck-!"

Max eyes burst open as he felt the burst of warmth inside his bowels, his own cock throbbing as he writhed beneath the stifling weight rocking into him. "P-pete, I'm gonna--"

Pete only responded with a series of grunts as spasms made his bulk tremble and sway atop the young Goof beneath him. His hand never stopped though, intent on forcing Max to cum while the old man railed him. His free, burly arm came around and wrapped over Max's neck, pulling him tightly against the flabby chest and biting the Goof's ears, hissing through his orgasm. "Go on Goof Boy. Let it out. You know you love Old Pete fucking ya."

Max would have agreed, shamelessly so, but before those words could leave his mouth the cat had forcefully turned his head and pressed his lips against his own once again. The tight suction that left him moaning against the thick, warm tongue that probed against his lips once again finally sparked a rope of Max's load into the warm water of the tub. He trembled, every limb going rigid as he rocked his body back in tune with the slowing pace of the older man with his cock oozing a load inside him.

It ended faster than it had begun. The two men were panting, hardly able to keep the tired kiss going. Max slumped forward, groaning as he felt Pete ease back. No longer bent over the boy, the heavy bulk slowly backed off and the Goof let out a sharp hiss through clenched teeth as Pete's cock slid out, a dance of loose ribbing of semen following. The old cat's hands ran up and down Max's back, idly chuckling as they lowered to the ass cheeks he'd pounded into submission. "What a ride, huh?" There was a bit of an awkward tone to his voice. He hadn't had to find something to say after sex. Usually after Peg had her way, they'd chat about the car sale, what they would do on the weekend, unofficial parent business. Yet, this wasn't Peg and it wasn't just a hole he could plug and shove off the next morning like he used to do in college.

What do you say to your son's best friend after you fucked him?

"That was awesome," Max said, letting out a tired laugh.

"That's a given." Pete watched the white streaks rolling under the surface of the water and slowly being dragged towards the filter. It was all automatic. Any evidence of what just happened might only be between Pete and Max. He doubted PJ would ever know. Kid was hard asleep right now, drunk off his ass. Sill-

"We should let this stay a secret." Pete said, clambering up out of the water, dragging his swimsuit out with him. He began to towel off, grunting as he wiped off his spent cock.

Max looked up at his best friend's father in a whole new light. He took in every ponderous roll of fat that hung from the older man's hefty paunch, feeling a pool of emotions at the sight. Could he feel guilty about this? It wasn't like he and PJ were dating or anything. He was finally beginning to learn not to get hung up over what his dad would think about things as well. Max nodded, letting himself sink down to his chin, letting the hot water soothe the tingling nerves he felt in every limb. "Sure." There wasn't much else to say, was there?

Pete glanced down to the Goof, thumbing over to the RV. "You hopping out? About bedtime." The cat wasn't sure if that was an invitation to share a bed or not. His cock jumped at the thought, elated with the short rough fuck he had gotten out of this.

"Nah, I'm going to soak a bit longer. Have another beer or something."

"Right," Pete muttered, walking past the hot tub and towards the screen door. He turned just once more, pondering whether there was anything else he should do. It'd been too long since he'd shared something like this with someone else. Divorce left that interaction out of his vantage point and he hadn't had a guy for more than a decade. He stepped inside the RV, these thoughts twisting and turning his brain even as he flopped into the bed and began snoring in tune to the heavy breaths of PJ sleeping in the other room.

Max blinked, taking in the silent wilderness that surrounded him. The blue hum of the tub and the hot water soothed his tired body. Tomorrow, it'd all have to go back to normal. He doubted that he and Pete would ever look at each other the same and there might be a pang of guilt, for some reason, when he talked to PJ. College was flying by faster than he'd expected and he wanted to make the most of it. Now, he felt a yearning to clamber out of the tub, stumble into the RV and climb in naked against...who? PJ was his best friend. They looked out for each other since they were kids and now that they were grown up they'd need each other more than ever. Yet, the image of Pete's grizzled voice, the touch of dominance that permeated every inch of his rotund bulk, the idea of crawling into bed with someone who was clearly his elder made Max's cock throb even after the pounding he'd taken.

Another ten minutes of soaking and another beer. Then he'd figure it all out. Anything to delay whatever inevitable conclusion erupted in the morning.