



Trouble
By Mike Shade

Copyright © 2005 Mike Shade

ISBN: 1-933389-68-0

All rights reserved. No part of this eBook may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews. For information address Torquere Press, PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78685.

Printed in the United States of America.

Torquere Press eBooks are published by Torquere Press, PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78685

<http://www.torquerepress.com>

Max knocked back another shot, hooking his boots in the barstool.

Fucking place was rocking. Loud.

Too fucking cool.

Some drunk-assed cowboy bumped into him, not just once, but twice. Asshole. "Back the fuck off, man. I ain't that short."

"Fuck you, boy. 'Fore you get your ass kicked."

Oh, Hell yeah. He slammed his shot glass down, turned around, decked the fat motherfucker right in the mouth. Sent the bastard flying, too.

Fucking cool.

Well, 'til the bastard's buddy whacked his back with a pool cue. "Prick!"

Helen's voice, low and smoky, rang through the bar. "I'm calling the cops! Y'all best run."

"Actually, I'm already here," said a soft voice, and a hand landed on his shoulder.

"Oh, fuck." He ducked another punch, tried to slip between a couple goat-ropers heading for the road.

"Hey!" His belt was grabbed and he was pulled around. The deputy frowning at him was young. Pretty eyes. "You want to add resisting arrest?"

"No, sir. I'm not resisting." Fuck. Fuck. Bastard.

"Then why don't you come outside with me and tell me why you punched that man." Fuck, the deputy was soft spoken.

"Depending on which one, because I got pushed and hit with a pool cue." Man, he didn't need to spend the night in the jail.

"Are you saying they started it?" The deputy's voice sounded even quieter once they were out of the bar, the hand on his arm deceptively gentle.

"I didn't just find me a cowboy and start whaling on him. I was sitting and drinking. Ask Helen."

"I will."

The back door of the patrol car was opened and he was gently pushed down, ass in the seat, legs still outside. The deputy pulled out a pad of paper and a pen and leaned against the car. "Your name?"

"Max Killian." Shit.

"I'm Wilson Crow. I just got hired on. You live around here?"

"Sometimes, yeah. My sister's Jeannie Hooper. I'm staying with them."

"And where's that at?"

He blinked. "Above Hooper's Furniture. On First and Green."

"Phone number?"

He gave his cell number. Jeannie'd cut his balls off if he gave the cops her number.

"Do you know the names of the guys you hit? The ones that ran?"

"Nah. We weren't friends." Like he'd squeal.

"All right. Well, as they aren't here to press charges, and I only saw what happened from the other side of the bar, I'm going to drive you home and suggest you not slug at people in bars in the future."

"Yes, sir. Thank you." Fucking A. He damn near did a butt wiggle dance.

Damn near.

"Okay, in you get, then." Damn, those lashes were long, those eyes a real pretty brown. So pretty. Nice chin, too.

Kissable.

Deputy Crow leaned down toward him. "You have to put your legs in the car, Mr. Killian."

"Oh. Right. Sorry." He grinned. "Had a couple."

"I know. That's why you're not driving." Oh, that smile was...pretty devastating.

"Exactly. So very definitely not driving."

Crow chuckled. "Get in the car, Max."

"Yes, sir. In the car. Not driving." He grinned, slid in, settled.

The door closed and Crow walked around to the driver's seat, started up the car and pulled out into the road. He could see the man's profile from where he sat in the back, the lines crisp in the darkness. He let himself have a little pervy cop and cuffs fantasy as they went, just enough to keep his mouth shut.

Every now and then those brown eyes glanced at him in the rearview mirror.

"You always pick on jerks twice your size with matching friends?" Deputy Crow broke the silence with that soft voice.

"I didn't pick on nobody. I just...held my own."

"That's going to get you in trouble one of these days."

He chuckled, couldn't help it. "Trouble and me are good friends."

"Does that mean I'm going to get to know you well?" He could see the smile on Crow's face.

"I reckon you might." He grinned. "I'm harmless, though. Mostly."

"What do you do when you're not hitting men twice your size?"

"I do some fishing. Some roofing. Some guitar playing." Whatever he needed to do.

"You play in a band?"

"Not really. I more play with whoever needs a spare six-string."

"So no steady job then." He couldn't tell if that was disapproval or not in Crow's voice.

"Last time I checked, that wasn't illegal." Town needed a slacker, damn it.

"I didn't say it was." The car slowed and pulled up into a parking spot in front of the furniture store. "Is this right?"

"Yeah. Thanks for the ride, man. I'll pick up my truck in the morning." After his sister kicked his ass.

Crow nodded and came around to let him out. "You take people out fishing around here?"

"Yep. Got a little bass boat and everything. You a fisherman?" Because Max thought he could so get into a little bait and tackle...

"Not really, but it's one of the reasons I moved out here. I'd like to be. I've got four days off starting Tuesday." He was given a soft smile and a wink. "Provided you haven't found more trouble before then."

"I'll pencil you in. Tell trouble I'm busy."

Crow chuckled, that smile growing. "All right. I'm betting you know where the sheriff's office is. You could pick me up there first thing. My shift finishes at eight am."

"Tuesday. Eight. New sheriff. Got it." He grinned, nodded. He might not be hung over by then.

"I'm just a deputy, Mr. Killian. Brent McTavish is the new sheriff."

"Brent McTavish is a butthead. Used to steal girls' panties from clotheslines." He waved, headed up the stairs. "See you Tuesday, Crow."

Crow chuckled. "Tuesday."

Max stumbled up, let himself in, crashing face-first on the first sofa he found. Tuesday. Pretty cop. Hooboy.

God, he was tired.

Wil was only just getting used to night shifts and now he was off for four days. Just enough time to mess his system back up. On the other hand, he was spending those four days fishing with the cutest, and maybe the shortest, cowboy he'd ever seen.

Brent had warned him. Helen had warned him. They'd all said Max Killian was nothing but trouble and Wil should have booked the man while he had the chance.

There was something about Max though....

Wil took his paperwork to Alicia's desk, left it in her inbox and clocked out.

The ugliest camo truck on earth was in the parking lot, music booming. "Crow! Man! I brought donuts!" Short, square, tan, the man was adorable.

Wil grinned. "You know, not *all* cops like donuts."

"No way! That's un-American! I brought beer too."

Wil climbed into the truck and grabbed an old-fashioned glazed. "The beer's for once we're done fishing, right?"

"You know it. There's a little cabin on the shore, we'll drink and sleep there." Those bright eyes twinkled. "'Cause drinking on the water's illegal."

Wil nodded, grinning wryly. "Occupational hazard. I'm never invited to the really good parties."

"Shit. We met at one of the good parties." Yeah, Max still had a bit of a shiner from that particular party.

"I prefer the smaller ones myself."

"Parties?" Max pulled out, turned the music down to a tolerable level.

The man drove fast, but Wil felt safe. "Yeah, you know, intimate?"

Woah, slow down Wil.

"Mmm...I know intimate." Oh, that purr was...damn. That was something else he'd been told, that Max was light in the loafers and he'd have to watch himself.

Of course, he was a little light himself.

Max grinned, heading off-road, just hooting as they booked down the trail. Wil laughed and made sure he'd done up his seat belt.

"So am I guaranteed a catch this trip?"

"I'll stake my ass on it, Deputy."

He gave Max a look. "I just might hold you to that."

One square hand was offered over. "You got it."

He took Max's hand, shaking it. Warm, smooth, it felt good in his own.

"So how far's this fishing hole of yours?"

"In the middle of nowhere and about fifteen more minutes."

"Sounds nice and...intimate." He was tired, that's why his mouth was bypassing his brain.

"Private. Quiet. Just you and me, Crow."

"Sounds really nice, Max." He watched Max as they drove, sleepily admiring the compact form.

He dozed off, the killing of the engine waking him up. They were right off the lake, little cabin standing there, bass boat in the water. "We're here."

"Wow, it's just what I imagined. Perfect." He grinned and got out, stretching, breathing in the clean air.

"Cool." Max started unloading, whistling happily, coolers and fishing gear and supplies toted about.

"What can I do to help?"

"Nothing. Just relax, yeah? I'll fetch and carry."

Wil leaned against the truck. "I don't mind pulling my weight."

"You want to sleep a while before we go fish?"

"I can sleep in the boat."

"You got it." The last of the gear was stowed in the boat, along with two Styrofoam coolers. "Come on, then. Let's fish."

"Yes, sir." Wil helped push the boat off, climbing in, holding onto the sides as the boat rocked.

The little Evinrude whirred up, Max driving it easily towards a sunny spot on the water. "How's this? Nice and peaceful."

"It's perfect." Wil chuckled. "You gonna bait my hook for me?"

Max laughed, long lashes casting shadows on those cheeks. "No way, Deputy."

"Damn." He winked and reached for a rod, hand meeting Max's on the slim metal.

"Mmm...watch it, Deputy. My ass is on the line."

"And it's a very pretty ass, too." Look at him. Flirting up a storm.

Max grinned, wiggled a little. "You'll have to see if you can catch it."

"Well it shouldn't be too hard, seeing as we're both stuck on this boat."

"Ah, but you're tired and we might tump the boat over."

"You think the water's cold?" he asked.

"Nah." Max leaned, dipped his hand in. "Nice and cool."

"Then it wouldn't be a bad place to land." He gave Max a wink, and cast; he wasn't much of a fisherman, but he'd been out a few times with his dad, knew the basics.

They fished nice and slow, the quiet and sunshine peaceful, easy.

He stole catnaps and long, lingering looks at Max in equal measure. Those jeans fit the man like a glove and whenever Max turned and he got a good look at that ass? He felt it in his cock.

Max kept pretty quiet, dozing himself, thighs sprawling. Nice muscular thighs at that. For all he was short, Max was a well-built man and his package...well, those spread legs were showing off an impressive bulge.

When Wil found himself staring more than sleeping, he stretched and yawned and suggested they head in for the hottest part of the day. It was torture sitting together and trying not to stare too hard. Especially given there was a little hole in those jeans, right up on that inner thigh.

"You want some lunch? I brought lunch meat."

He nodded. "Lunch, beer and a nap sound just about perfect." Well, almost as perfect as Max for lunch.

"I can provide all three." Max started the motor, heading in.

"Excellent." Wil watched Max as they made their way to shore, watching the muscles working in his arms, the hat on his head putting his face half in shade.

Wil realized it wasn't just that Max was a good looking man, he was sexy, too. In an easy-going, natural way. Max wasn't *trying* to be sexy, he just was.

"Come on, Crow. Let's get you into bed."

"Now that's the best offer I've had in months." Damn, had that really come out of his mouth? He ducked his head and grabbed his fishing pole and tackle, carrying it up to the little cabin.

Max's happy little chuckle followed him right up. It had him smiling by the time he stepped aside so Max could let him into the little cabin. Max brushing his arm as he passed didn't dim his smile any either.

Max bent over, spreading those thighs as two beers and two sandwiches were dug out. He closed his eyes and swallowed hard. Damn. Damn. Damn. There went his cock and his own jeans weren't loose enough to hide it.

"Here you go, Deputy. Oh, man. You okay? You...." Max's voice trailed off.

His eyes popped open and all he could see was Max and damn, he wanted. The man's cowboy hat was pushed up on his forehead, those blue eyes something else. "I...."

Max took a step forward, eyes searching. "You're looking for trouble?"

"Yeah, maybe I am." He met Max with a step of his own, swallowing hard. Shit it had been forever since he'd indulged.

"I'm real good at trouble." One hand brushed his thigh, hot as hell.

He might have whimpered, he knew he groaned and bent, mouth pressing to Max's, more enthusiasm and want than finesse.

That hand cupped his cock, rubbed, lips opening right on up. He gasped, tongue sliding right into Max's mouth, hips pushing into Max's hand. His body sure as hell knew what it needed, and needed bad. That hand worked him good and hard, took no prisoners, just drove him.

He reached out, holding onto Max's arms, fingers curling around the surprisingly well-built biceps, hips working, pushing into Max's hand. He moaned as Max's tongue slid into his mouth, taking over the kiss, too. Shit, it was all going to be over in a matter of seconds at this rate.

Max took a half second to pop his fly, fish his prick out. The man was *quick*. And hot. And hungry. And had amazing fucking hands. Wil cried out, the sound swallowed up by Max's mouth, his body shaking as he shot, come spilling over Max's hand.

"Mmm...now, that? Is good trouble."

He nodded, panting, trying to catch his breath. Their foreheads were pressed together, which let him go back for breathless little half-kisses.

"Come on, man. You so need a nap."

"Yeah, but what about you?" His hands slid down Max's arms, heading south. He wasn't a very experienced lover, but he definitely wasn't a selfish one.

"I'm not keeping score." Max smiled, licked his lips. He could feel Max's heat, hard against his thigh.

"Maybe I am." He wanted to at least tug Max off -- he was probably too tired for anything else.

"In that case? It's Deputy, one, slacker, zero."

Wil laughed. "I thought you weren't keeping score...now show me where the bed is, and we can do something about this." He pushed his thigh against Max's heat.

"Mmm...." Max walked him back to a little single room with a big bed, a colorful quilt thrown on top.

"What would you have done if I hadn't been interested?" he asked with a grin and a shake of his head.

"Hmm? Oh? The bed? The sofa in the main room's a pullout. Real comfy."

"Oh, cool." Good. He hadn't looked *that* easy.

He sat down hard, smiling up at Max, his hands wrapping around Max's hips. Max grinned down, cowboy hat going flying into a stuffed chair, fingers tracing his jaw. His eyes half closed as he nuzzled into the touch. God, Max was hot and smelled good and was getting sexier by the second.

"Mmm...pretty, pretty."

Wil looked back up at Max. Him? Not half as pretty as Max. He ran his hands up and started to undo Max's buttons. That skin was smooth, tanned, chest and belly strong and ripped. "Oh, wow...wow." His fingers moved along Max' chest, fingertips sliding over the tiny nipples before continuing down to stroke those lovely abs. The muscles shivered for him, shaking.

"Oh...." It was more of a groan than a word and he pressed his face against Max's belly, breathing in deeply, filling himself with Max's scent.

Max groaned, head falling back. "Damn...."

He moaned, rubbing his cheek against Max's skin and then pressing his lips and tongue there, tasting. Max tasted hot, salty, good.

"Oh. Man, your tongue...."

"Your skin," he whispered against Max's belly, arms wrapping around Max's waist, mouth opening wide. God, it was good. Addictive.

Hands stroked his head, low panting filling the air. He moaned again, his cock trying to lift, just lost in how good Max smelled and tasted. He could spend an age, right here.

"Shit, Crow. You'll make me shoot, you keep that up."

Wil shuddered -- he liked the sound of that. He kept sucking and licking, working the skin of Max's stomach. Max's hips started rocking, fucking the air. He whimpered. God. Sexy. So sexy. His tongue found Max's navel, fucking it.

"Oh, sweet Jesus." Max arched, going stiff. "Don't stop."

No, he wasn't going to stop. He was going to hold onto Max and make love to this patch of skin.

It didn't take long before Max's chin snapped up, a sharp cry sounding. "Fuck!" The smell of him. God. Wil moaned again and bent to press his face against Max's jeans, breathing in deeply.

"Oh, fuck. That was. Damn."

He kissed Max's prick through his jeans and then let go of the man, leaning back and smiling up. "Yeah. I know what you mean."

Max grinned. "You going to let me nap with you?"

"I was hoping you would."

T-shirt and jeans came off, giving him a look at a compact, short, hard little body. He swallowed and worked off his own clothes to keep himself from reaching out to touch.

Max stood there, watched him. "Damn, you're fine."

He blushed and shook his head. "You're the fine one. God, just look at you." He did reach out this time, fingers sliding along Max's thigh.

Max's thigh tensed, heavy cock bobbing a little.

"Come lie with me, Max." He looked up into those blue eyes as he lay back on the bed.

Max wasn't shy at all, just slid up along his body and settled in. He wrapped his arms around the compact body, humming and bringing their mouths together.

"Mmm...." Max smiled, kissed him long and slow, tongue sliding in. He opened wide, fingers sliding along Max's back, learning it.

Max moved slowly, rubbing against him in time with the kiss. He started moving with Max, their cocks sliding.

"I thought you were tired."

"I thought so, too." He wasn't feeling tired now though, he was feeling...horny in a soft, lazy way.

"Mmm...." Max's hands slid over him, petting, stroking.

"God, you're just...sexy." He didn't have pretty words for it.

"Just horny and enjoying you."

"That's pretty sexy, Max." He smiled, stretching beneath Max.

Max chuckled, those eyes just twinkling. "Flatterer."

"Me? I pretty much mean what I say." He reached up, fingers sliding on Max's cheek.

Max nuzzled into his touch, then turned and kissed his palm. He moaned softly, cupping Max's face, body still moving. Max drew in one of his fingers, sucked nice and slow, teeth teasing his skin.

"Oh, fuck...." His cock throbbed, eyes on Max's mouth as it worked his finger.

"Mmmm...." Max nodded, pulling harder, eyes so hot.

"You make me want," he whispered, his free hand sliding along Max's spine, fingers drawing soft, slow circles on Max's skin.

"That's a good thing, yeah?" Max nibbled, nuzzled.

"Uh-huh." He shivered, hips pushing up, finding a rhythm that Max matched. Max's free hand dropped to his cock, stroking in time. Oh, he could do that, too. He slid his hand over to Max's cock, groaning as his fingers wrapped around the thick heat.

"Mmm...fuck, yeah." Max shuddered, rocking, sliding along his palm.

"This is something else. You're something else, Max." He was starting to get breathless again.

"Just an old redneck, Crow."

"Old? You?" He laughed, feeling the sensation of it all through him. "You don't feel old."

"Oh, man. You got a fine laugh, a fine laugh." Max leaned up, kissed him hard. He opened wide, sucking Max's tongue into his mouth.

He could feel himself getting closer, pleasure sitting heavy and eager at the base of his spine. Max moaned, rubbing against him, both of their hands moving faster, harder. His fingers stroked along Max's face over and over, hand jacking hard. Low, deep noises echoed through Max, pushed into his lips.

Those sounds...the soft skin rubbing against his own...Max's hand around his cock. God.

Bucking, he came.

"Yeah. Yeah. Fuck." Max's head fell back, hips jerking, more heat adding to his own.

He moaned softly, eyes closing as he held on, fingertips sliding along Max's skin.

"Nap, yeah? We'll go out again later."

He smiled and nodded. "Yeah, Max. That sounds real good."

"Cool." The blanket was pulled over them, the cabin cool and quiet.

"Mmm." He wrapped his arms around Max, cuddling in. Oh, this felt good and warm.

"Yeah. Sleep." Max's eyes closed, eyelashes leaving heavy shadows on the tanned cheeks.

He kissed Max's cheek and smiled, letting himself relax and go, a bright smile and sweet ass chasing him into dreams.

He let the deputy sleep the day away, wandering out to start some charcoals in the grill when it got closer than farther to time to eat. He'd brought some hamburger for tonight and they'd have fish tomorrow night, for sure.

Max grinned and stretched out on a deck chair. Who'd have thought the deputy was queer. Queer and wanting. Sweet as honey, too.

Big melty eyes, nice build, voice like molasses, nice hands.

Hung pretty fine, too. Always a plus.

He stretched, just enjoying the sunshine, the heat.

The front door swung open, those brown eyes blinking, hair sleep tousled. Wil looked fine in battered blue jeans and a blue sweater that looked homemade, nice and thick.

"Hey. I'm heating coals for burgers. There's beer in the cooler."

"Oh, cool. I'm pretty hungry." Wil gave him a smile and grabbed a beer, settling into the deck chair next to his.

"I'll put 'em on in a minute." He grinned over, nodded. "Good nap?"

Those brown eyes smiled over at him, languid and hot. "Yeah. Thanks for letting me sleep." Wil chuckled. "Of course I'm going to be up late enough to howl at the moon tonight."

"I brought a deck of cards." And Lord knew they could find *something* to do.

"Oh, I know a game or two." The way Wil said it, it didn't sound like the man was talking about cards.

"Yeah? I love to play. Keeps things interesting."

"I imagine things are always pretty interesting around you."

Max chuckled, stood to throw the burgers on. "Interesting, trouble, six of one, half dozen of the other."

Wil laughed and wasn't that a sweet sound -- honest and rich and those brown eyes just lit right up.

"You want two?" He got the patties and the buns out, found a spatula.

"To start, yeah." Oh, that was a wicked little smile.

"Two burgers, coming up." He took a nice, wide stance, let his hips move to the music playing low. He swore he could feel those brown eyes locked onto his ass, could hear Crow licking his lips.

"Thanks." He definitely wasn't imagining the husky note in Wil's voice.

Max grinned, kept it up, just bebopping along, humming with George Strait, spicing the meat.

He heard a groan. "Max...you sure are...trouble."

"Oh, now. I know you were warned about that." Everybody always was.

"I was."

And yet Wil Crow had chosen to be here. With him.

Interesting.

Maybe even exciting.

Max grinned, flipped the burgers.

"Those do smell good, Max. Almost as good as you look."

"Flattery will get you laid, Crow." He winked back, having a blast. The man was fucking edible.

"Oh, good. I'll definitely have to keep it up." Wil laughed suddenly. "Oh man, I'm sorry, that wasn't intentional."

Max just threw back his head and hooted, tickled all through. "Oh. Oh, fuck, that was funny."

Wil just grinned at him and licked his lips.

"Now, now...no distracting. I wouldn't want to burn things."

"I'm just sitting here!" Crow protested.

"Licking those lips and distracting me."

A slow smile spread across Wil's face. "Licking my lips distracts you?"

Lord, Lord. The man had potential. "Did I say that?"

"Yeah, I think you did." Damn those eyes were sweet, like melted chocolate.

"Well, then. I must've meant it." He winked over, easy as pie.

That smile got wider. "I'll have to remember that."

He found himself pinking a little and turned back to the grill, grinning. "Mustard or mayonnaise?"

"Both. Call me greedy."

"Okay, greedy." He bent over, grabbed both squeeze bottles and fixed Wil's burgers, popped them on a plate. "Here you go. Chips are in one of the sacks."

"Thanks, Max. This is great." Wil gave an apologetic shrug as his stomach growled loudly. "I am hungry."

"We missed lunch." He winked again, grabbed another beer.

"We did." Wil actually blushed and dug into his burger like he was even more hungry than he'd said.

He started eating, giving Wil some space, some time to get settled. By the time Wil was done with his first burger, he'd started stealing glances at Max, giving him a slow smile every time he was caught.

It was addictive, sweet, fucking hot. Max spread a little, gave his cock some room to breathe.

That earned him another glance, color sweeping into Wil's face as his eyes focused there. Those lovely lips were licked again. Nice and slowly.

He moaned before he could stop himself, eyes fastened on that mouth.

Wil's gaze flew up to his face, color in those cheeks getting darker. "These taste good."

"Everything tastes better outside."

"Everything?" Wil asked softly.

"You know it, Crow." Max downed his beer, heat flooding him, making him hard. The man had a voice on him.

"I might be inclined to make you prove it."

Make him? That he'd like to see. "Yeah?"

Crow nodded, eyes hot. "Let me taste you."

Oh. Damn. Let's go from tease to full-on want in two point five seconds. "Oh, Hell yeah."

Wil nodded, licking his lips and crooking his finger in a 'come here' gesture.

He chuckled, headed over to straddle Wil's hips. "You beckoned?"

"Oh. Yeah, I did." Wil raised his head, lips offered.

He leaned down, lips covering Wil's, their moans mingling. Wil's hands slid around his back, heading unerringly for his ass. Wil tasted like mustard and burger and sex and damn. Yeah.

Another moan was fed into his mouth, Wil's breath hitching.

The kiss went on and on, then Max leaned back. "So? Better?"

"Better?" Wil asked, eyes all pupil.

"Do I taste better?"

"Oh!" Wil smiled at him and nodded. "You do."

Max chuckled, leaned down, tongue dragging over Wil's lips. "See? Everything's better."

"Well. Kissing's better. But that's not everything."

"No?" He gave Wil his best butter-wouldn't-melt-in-his-mouth, wide-eyed innocent look.

Wil laughed, fingers finding his ribs. Oh, fuck. Damn. He twisted, laughing hard, ticklish as all get out. Wil groaned, hips bucking up against him, hot and hard.

"Oh. Damn. Fuck." He arched, nipples and cock hard as nails.

The tickles turned to caresses, fingers sliding on his skin. "Max. God."

"Yeah. Don't stop." He pulled his shirt off, shivering a little in the cool.

"I won't," Wil whispered, moving in as soon as he had the shirt off, mouth exploring his neck.

"Oh...." He lifted his chin, hand sliding down Wil's belly. Wil groaned, the sound vibrating along his neck. He pushed beneath the soft sweater, finding skin, stroking and petting. Wil's muscles rippled beneath his touch. The lips now on his collarbone wrapped around his skin, sucking.

He hummed, heading up for those pretty little nipples, skin just burning. Wil's hands slid to his ass, pressing their groins together, heat on heat, as Wil's lips and tongue kept mapping and sucking along Max's neck.

"Shit. Shit, Crow. Your mouth." He pushed a little harder, hips rocking.

Wil hummed, mouth sliding along his collarbone, teeth teasing at his shoulder. His fingers found the tight nipples, pinching and rolling. Wil cried out, the sound half surprised, nearly bucking him off.

"Mmm...somebody likes that." He repeated the action, rolling them easily.

"Fuck," muttered Wil, bucking again. "Yes." The hands on his ass squeezed.

Max closed his eyes, focused on driving Wil nuts. Wil writhed beneath him, pushing into his touches, bucking, moaning and whimpering. Wil tried to keep exploring his skin, but in the end, just lay back and felt.

Max pushed the sweater up, mouth starting to help, working those tight bits of flesh. Wil just went wild, hands coming up to hold his head where it was, which turned out to be a good thing because the good deputy was wriggling so much they went tumbling right out of the deck chair and it was Wil's hands cradling his head that kept him from getting a good knock.

"Oh. Good catch." He bit down on one nipple.

Wil shouted and rolled them so the long body was a mattress for him, legs spread, cradling him. He pushed his hand down, giving that pretty cock something to rub against. Will's eyes rolled, body bucking against him again before settling into a rhythm, rubbing against his hand, fingers still on his head, holding on.

Responsive, hot, hungry man. Max purred, just eating it up.

"Oh, shit. Gonna." Wil moaned, bucked, a hot, wet spot slowly growing against his hand.

"Lemme get your fly open. Hold off, now." He worked the button open, grabbed Wil's cock.

"Shit!" Wil's cock jerked in his hand, spraying him good as the brown eyes rolled back in Wil's head. The body beneath him went tight for a few seconds and then relaxed, Wil panting.

"Mm...good." He stroked and nuzzled, bringing Wil down.

"Oh yeah. Better than good." Wil's hands loosened over his head, sliding along down to his back. "Better than good."

He grinned, nuzzled. "You smell fucking hot, Crow."

"I need a shower." He was given a wink, Wil's hands finding his ass again. "And maybe a bed. The ground is *hard*."

Max nodded, laughed. "Come on, Crow. Let's see if we can both fit in the shower."

"Oh, that sounds good. I can soap you up." Those brown eyes were all melted and happy-looking.

"Oooh. Lather me, baybee."

Wil laughed, fingers searching out his ribs again. "Isn't this how we ended up on the ground?"

"I think so. It was either laughing or fucking."

Wil smiled, fingers warm on his cheeks now. "Both good."

Max nodded. "You know it."

Wil stroked his back. "Come on, you're drilling a hole into my hip. Let's go take care of you."

He managed to get up without killing himself, held one hand out to Wil.

Wil took it and hauled himself up, arm going around Max as he stood. "Hey. Thank you."

"Hmm? For what?" He shut the grill lid, made sure everything was settled.

"Everything," Wil answered, voice rough, eyes looking out onto the lake.

He turned, leaned up and up to kiss Wil's jaw. "It's cool, man."

"Cool," replied Wil softly, lips finding his, the kiss sweet for a moment before growing teeth.

He pushed close, rubbing against Wil, cock so hard. Wil's hands slid back up along his body, one settling behind his head, supporting him as the kiss deepened, bent him backward. They weren't going to get to that shower at this rate. He held Wil's shoulders, off balance, gasping, wanting so fucking bad.

Wil kissed him with the same single-minded focus the man had used on his belly earlier in the day. Fuck, it made the world swing like a carnival ride, all bright lights and breathless.

Wil broke the kiss, breathing hard, those eyes starting down at him as one hand slid down his front, fingertips hooking into his waistband.

"Damn. You. Damn...." He took a deep breath, shivered.

Wil nodded. "You make me forget everything."

"Is that good?"

Wil smiled and nodded. "Yeah. I think so." His top button was popped open, Wil's eyes on his, Wil's breath speeding.

"Mmm...you're something else. Hot. Damn." His cock just pushed at his zipper, needing.

"Me? What about you?" Wil's fingers rubbed along his zipper and then slowly pulled it down.

"What about me?" He was distracted, hot, hard as a rock.

"So hot. Sexy." Wil shook his head. "Never knew anyone as sexy as you." Wil's words stopped on a gasp as the zipper got low enough his cock could push out. It slipped right into Wil's palm, the long fingers wrapping around it. He grunted, hips moving immediately, cock sliding on Wil's palm.

Wil whimpered. "Oh. Yeah. Sexy." Then he was being devoured again, Wil's lips working his neck right where his t-shirt collar was.

"Hungry...." Max wasn't sure which of them he was talking about.

"Uh-huh." Wil's lips and teeth and tongue kept sliding, that hand on his cock kept working him. Each of Wil's panting breaths pushed air across his neck. He went up on his toes, panting, hips jerking.

Wil was making hungry, whimpering noises, hand tightening on him. "Max. Oh, fuck."

He just nodded, panting, rolling into it. "Soon."

"Yeah? Good. Want to smell you."

Oh. Fuck. He jerked and shot, like a teenager on his first date.

Wil moaned, jerking against him. "Oh. God. You're something good."

"Nah. Pure...pure trouble." He was melted.

"Then I guess I like trouble. A whole lot." Wil held onto him, held him up, face buried in his shoulder.

"Shower? We're going to stick together." Not that that was a bad thing....

"You say that like it's a bad thing," murmured Wil. Then his cheek was kissed and Wil took his hand, holding his jeans closed with his other hand. "Now where's this big-enough-for-two shower of yours?"

"Come on, it's down the hall. Stay close to me though, so you don't get lost. You know, 'cause this place? Huge." He grinned, squeezed Wil's hand.

Wil laughed, but pressed close enough it was like they really were glued together. "I wouldn't want to get lost without you."

"Well, we'll just have to make sure that doesn't happen, deputy." Hell, no. They got lost for a while? It ought to be together.

Chapter Two

Good food. Good sex. Hot water. The sexiest man he'd ever been naked with. Wil figured he must have taken a good right turn somewhere because this was definitely somewhere he wanted to be.

He soaped his hands up, sliding them along Max's arms and then back up and around to his back, stepping close to reach around Max. Damn, the man smelled as good as he looked. And all this skin and the better part of three days to take his time and explore it.

If Max let him? Wil was going to know this body better than the back of his own hand. And that? The way Max let him just focus and explore and do his thing? Was probably the sexiest thing ever. Most guys thought it was weird. At least in his somewhat limited experience.

He slid his hand along Max's side, that spot where Max's ribs ended. Max's skin was like silk. He watched his fingers glide with the soap, moaning softly.

Max smiled, leaned into his touch, muscles rippling. "Like your hands, deputy."

"Yeah? 'Cause I like touching." He slid his fingers down, cupped one of Max's hips, thumb sliding along the outline of the bone.

"Oh...." Max moaned, thighs parting a little.

He tugged Max a little, letting the water wash the soap from Max's upper body. Then he started to explore, licking and sucking, drinking the water from Max's skin.

Max arched, groaning. "Feels good. You've got a fine fucking mouth."

He smiled up at Max. "You taste amazing and your skin is so hot, like silk." Moaning, he went back to his explorations, lips teasing one of Max's nipples. He groaned as the little bit of flesh pebbled up beneath his mouth. Max shivered, cock bobbing, brushing the inside of his thigh. It made him gasp and push against Max, groaning as it did more than brush this time.

"Mmm...you wanting again, Crow?" Max reached up, stroking and petting his hair, the nape of his neck.

"Can you believe it? You make me need, Max." And need and need and need.

"Aren't you glad you didn't arrest me before?" Max chuckled, stepped closer.

He laughed softly. "I don't know, handcuffs can be fun." He winked.

Max blushed dark, that cock jerking again, bobbing. "Are they now?"

It was his turn to blush. "I don't actually know. I've never had the guts to suggest it to anyone." But he'd sure been fantasizing about it since picking Max up at that bar and driving him home.

"Well, we'll have to see, one day when you're feeling your oats."

"I'd rather feel yours." He dropped his hand to Max's ass and squeezed.

Max threw his head back, laughed, the sound warm and inviting, not mocking at all. He moaned, burying his face in Max's neck, licking at the small hollow just beneath Max's Adam's apple. God, Max tasted good, skin feeling so good beneath his lips and tongue.

"Mmm.... You want to find the bed, Crow? Spend some time?"

"I'd love to find the bed and spend some time, Max." He looked into Max's eyes, smiling, fingers lingering on that sexy body.

"Come on then. I'll spread out and let you play."

"Oh." A soft shudder went through him. "That sounds really good, Max. Really good."

Max leaned down, turned the water off. "Come on then."

He grabbed a towel and started drying Max off, gently sliding the terrycloth over Max's skin. Max goosepimpled up, nipples going dark and tight, belly rippling.

"Oh, God. Get in bed," he murmured, pushing gently. If they didn't get in bed now he was going to wind up making out with Max standing. Again.

They moved into the bedroom together and Max crawled into the bed, ass in the air. Then, as he watched, Max spread out on his back.

He walked along the side of the bed, fingers dragging from Max's foot on up, sliding over the warm skin. "All for me?"

"You know it." Those thighs spread, cock hard and full.

Deciding to start at the bottom, he climbed into the bed, fingers gentle, but not so gentle that he tickled, as he slid them along Max's feet, mapping them. Bending, he kissed Max's instep. Max's toes curled, the blond hair on the muscled leg standing up.

He moaned softly, mouth closing over Max's ankle, sucking, licking. He closed his eyes and just focused on the taste and feel of Max.

"Crow...." Max moaned low, hips starting to rock.

He looked up. "This still okay?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, don't stop."

He beamed up at Max. "I won't."

Eyes closing again, he ran his nose along Max's shin, scenting it first before tasting, tongue sliding, lips closing to suck over the solid muscle. Low sounds filled the air, Max's muscles going tight. He worked his way slowly up one leg and then down the other. Tasting. Smelling. Licking and sucking. Rubbing.

And Max let him, let him take as much time as he wanted, let him do his thing. Max was relaxed, easy, purring softly, eyes warm and shining.

"Love your skin," he murmured. "Muscles. Smell good." He felt drunk on it, on Max's warm, supple skin, on being allowed to do this.

"You make me feel...rich."

"Rich?" He stopped to lick at one hip and then gazed up at Max.

"You know, like rich coffee. Not...lame."

"I don't think you're lame, Max. Not for a second." He breathed in the musk living in the juncture of Mike's thighs, licking softly at one of Max's balls.

"Oh...." The velvet-soft sacs drew up, wrinkling under his tongue.

God. So sexy and warm and fragrant and he kept licking, gently pulling one into his mouth. The low cry that filled the air was so sweet. He gently spread Max's legs with his hands, lying down in the space created there, fingers stroking Max's inner thighs. Soft. Hot. Good. Max responded so easily, offering him everything.

The skin behind Max's balls was softer than anywhere else and he whimpered, hips starting to hump the bed, so turned on by Max.

"Wil. Your tongue. I...." Max's head rolled side to side, lips parted.

He nodded and hummed and kept moving, hips sliding, tongue flicking, heading toward the hot hole with its soft, wrinkled flesh. He'd never done this before, not at this place on a man's body.

"Oh. Fuck, yes. Please." Max's knees drew up, spreading for him.

"Oh, God. Max. Oh." He pressed his face against Max's ass, tongue sliding along that tiny opening, wetting Max's skin before he pointed his tongue and pushed it in. Max rippled, muscles gripping his tongue a moment, so tight.

Wil was humping the bed hard now, the sheets sliding on his cock, felt so good. Almost as good as what he was doing. As soon as Max's muscles started to relax, he used his tongue to fuck that tight little hole.

Max's fingers tangled in his hair, trembling, petted. "Oh, sweet fuck."

Wil hoped so.

He breathed in deep, worked Max's hole harder, fingers sliding over Max's hips.

"I. Oh. Gonna make me come. Damn."

He hummed and nodded, letting Max know that was good. Besides, it would be less embarrassing that way, when he came just from doing this -- if Max had already come, too.

Max arched, panted, hips rocking restlessly. The scent of seed hit him as Max jerked, heady and strong. That smell coupled with the way Max's ass spasmed around his tongue spurred his own orgasm and he drove his hips hard against the bed, his cry muffled by Max's body.

Max moaned, sinking down onto the mattress. "Oh. Wil. Crow. Damn."

He rested his head on Max's thigh, fingers playing over Max's belly, rubbing in the come as he looked up at Max. God, he felt good.

Max looked...debauched. Beautiful. Sensual.

"Thank you," he murmured, head turning to place a soft kiss on Max's thigh. "Maybe you'll let me do it again sometime." Because there were acres of the man he hadn't explored yet. And he had a hunch he was going to want to go back for seconds. And thirds. And likely fourths.

"Oh. I could definitely do that." Max shivered, moaned.

He put another kiss on Max's hip and then pushed up, sliding along the compact body until he was lying next to Max, face to face. "Good. Good." He pressed their lips together.

Max pressed against him, rubbing slowly, skin warm and smooth. He cuddled in nice and close, mouth open, tongue playing with Max's. This was good, too, this softer, gentler touching, this quieter exploration.

Max's eyes were surprisingly beautiful up close, a mixture of greys and blues and greens. A man could get lost in eyes like that. Just like he could get lost in the warm, supple skin and the way Max smelled. He moaned softly, pressed closer.

Max shook his head, fingers exploring. "So sensual. Doesn't anybody ever touch you?"

"I don't exactly have a job that encourages touching." And most guys...well, they wanted wham bam, didn't they.

"You touched me, that first night." The chuckle was low, teasing.

He blushed. "Not the way I wanted to."

"Even then?"

He ducked his head and his voice was thick. "The jeans you were wearing left little to the imagination."

Max chuckled. "They're comfortable too, believe it or not."

He laughed softly, meeting Max's eyes again. The man just had a way of making him feel good. "So you weren't actually *looking* for trouble that night?" he teased.

"I told you then, trouble finds me. I don't have to look."

"Good things, too though, yeah?" Okay, so it was a leading question, but this whole thing with Max was kind of blowing him away and he didn't want to be the only one. And if he was, he supposed he'd better know now.

Those eyes met his, twinkling and warm. "Amazing things."

"Oh." Wil felt his smile grow. "Cool." His fingers started wandering of their own accord, Max just drawing him to touch.

"Yeah. Most definitely." Max leaned in, tongue sliding against his lips.

He opened his mouth, his tongue meeting Max's, the touches gentle, almost teasing. Max's tongue played with his, hot and soft, sweet. His fingers slid, found a hollow at the base of Max's spine and played there, watching the touches spark in Max's eyes.

"Mmm...." Max pressed closer, gasping just a little.

"You've got an amazing body," he murmured, rubbing against Max, fingers still exploring that hollow.

"I'm not tall like you...." Max shivered, thighs moving restlessly.

"Pretty muscles though. And all these little places that are just magic." It felt good, the way Max let him talk, let him whisper sweet nothings, responded to them. Felt good knowing he didn't have to rush, could take his time.

That didn't stop him from pushing Max back over onto his back though, mouth sliding along Max's jaw before dipping beneath to explore the man's neck.

"Shit, you're addictive." Max's hands cupped his head, held him.

He hummed. He liked that Max thought he was addictive, because the man in his arms definitely was.

Max shifted, moved beneath him slow and easy. His fingers found the hollow of one of Max's hips, the skin right above it, fingertips touching, sliding. Max tasted different just below his Adam's apple than he did above it.

"Oh. Oh, damn. You. I. Oh." Max stretched, arched a little.

Oh, he liked that, liked making Max incoherent. Liked the way it felt, the way it tasted, the way Max tasted. He moaned, tongue teasing skin. Max relaxed beneath him, fingers petting and stroking his shoulders.

"I could do this all night," he murmured, not sure if he meant it as a warning or a promise.

"Good thing you took a good nap this morning."

He chuckled. "Yeah. Yeah. That's a very good thing. Almost as good as this." He nibbled his way along Max's collarbone, tongue dragging over skin.

"Are you always so hungry? So focused?"

"Is it a problem?" he asked, still nibbling, looking up into Max's face.

"No. Focus is a wicked hot quality in a lover."

He smiled, Max's words warming him all through. "Cool."

He bent back to his explorations and then popped his head up. "Not always. Sometimes I'm tired. Or impatient. Too horny to take time."

"Yeah, and sometimes a guy just wants a nice quick fuck."

"Sometimes," he murmured, fingers dancing along the edge of Max's cock.

"Sometimes a guy wants to play." Max arched, thighs parting.

"Uh-huh." His mouth found a nipple, tongue slowly exploring around the hard little nub before taking it into his mouth.

"Mmm. So hot. More."

"Yeah. More." Wil nodded, sucking hard on the little bit of hard flesh. His hand slid between Max's legs, stroked the soft skin inside his thighs. God, it felt good. Sexy and hot and yeah, he could do this all night, just lose himself in Max.

Max spread for him, rocking slow and easy, riding his hand. He cupped Max's balls, fingers learning the flesh his mouth had explored earlier. Hot, soft, almost velvety, Max was magic in his hand. He left Max's nipple, nudging the man's arm out of the way, burying his face in Max's armpit.

"Oh...." Max rippled, shivering a little.

He licked and sucked there, rubbed his cheek against Max's skin. All the while his fingers played with Max's balls, with the soft curls that covered his groin.

"You're driving me crazy. Feels so good...."

He hummed, breathing in the strong musk of Max's body. Hot, male, strong.

Max chuckled, moved away. "Oh. Big. Crow."

"You want me to stop?" he asked softly, trying to keep the disappointment from his voice. Max had been more than patient with his predilections.

"No. No. Don't stop...."

"Yeah? Cool." He pushed at Max. "Let me have your back."

"My back?" Max blushed dark, cock bobbing a little. "I. Okay."

He nuzzled Max's underarm, gave the pit one last lick. "What's the matter? Have you got 'I hate the pigs' tattooed on your ass?"

Max laughed, shook his head. "No. No, but I am...well, way sensitive along my spine. I can come, just from that."

"Oh...oh, this is going to be fun." He beamed, pushing at Max, wanting at his back. Now.

Max wrestled with him, playful. "Oh, man, I'm in trouble."

"The best kind of trouble," Wil suggested, laughing, nipping at Max's shoulder. Max's laughter warmed him, aroused him.

Max's body was so sexy, his back no different in that regard. Having been told that Max's spine was sensitive had Wil wanting to jump right in, but instead he bent to explore one shoulder blade. Max relaxed, purring softly, skin sliding against his own. He settled his leg over Max's, leaning in, exploring that shoulder, Max's neck, teasing them both as he stayed away from Max's spine.

That sweet little ass rubbed his belly, rocking, moving. He moaned, rubbing his cheek along Max's spine, letting his stubble scratch the soft skin.

Max jerked, gasped. "Crow!"

"Oh, you are sensitive." He turned to latch onto the top of Max's spine, letting his fingers slide down along the rest of it.

Max bucked, sliding across the bed. "Fuck. Fuck, that feels.... Damn."

He moaned, slowly licking his way down along Max's spine.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." Oh, that was addictive, the way Max jerked and cried out. And Wil was going to make the man come, going to play and explore and love on this beautiful man's spine until Max screamed in pleasure.

Wil slowly made his way down along Max's spine, licking, sucking, mouthing it. The cries got louder, sharper, the skin beneath his mouth heated and flushed. Max's skin tasted different as it heated, sharper, more male. He kept working along the line of Max's spine.

"Crow. Crow. You'll make me...." Max arched, fingers scrabbling on the sheets.

He rubbed his cheek against Max's back again. "Come for me? Let me know how good I'm making you feel." He found that hollow in Max's back, tongued the inch or so of spine there.

The scream was short, sharp, desperate, Max's hips snapping, the scent of come addictive.

Wil whimpered, eyes closing. So sexy. He kept nuzzling, the ripples his continuing touches sent through Max's body heady.

"Damn. Damn, Crow. I. Wow."

He moved on down to gnaw on Max's ass for a moment before resting his cheek there.
"You are *so* sexy."

"Lucky. Real fucking lucky."

"Me, too," he whispered, kissing Max's ass again. He closed his eyes as he shifted, cock rubbing against Max's calf. Max shifted, turned upside down, mouth sliding down over his cock, pulling it into amazing heat.

"Shit! Max!" He cried out, hips snapping, fingers fisting into the sheets.

Max's head bobbed, the sensation amazing, overwhelming.

"Oh. Fuck. Max. Condom." He gasped the words, eyes rolling in his head.

Max's hand reached up, mouth still working. He flailed his hand at the little side table beside the bed. God, he couldn't think with Max doing that. He shuddered, whimpered, and made a concerted effort to get the drawer open, hoping it was where Max kept his stuff.

Max's nose buried in his pubes, free hand rolling his balls.

"Jesus, Max. I can't. I'm gonna." His hips bucked. Close. So close.

Max's hand started jacking him off, that mouth landing on his balls, pulling one into that heat. He cried out, spunk spraying from him, the pleasure shooting through him. His hand dropped to Max's head, stroking as he panted and moaned.

"'s good." Max nuzzled his balls.

"It's good? No, it's great." He laughed softly, just melted and happy.

"Okay. I can accept that." Max grinned, winked up.

"Come up here," he murmured, wanting a kiss, some more cuddling.

Max wriggled up along his body, lips kiss-swollen, red. He moaned, hand sliding to cup the back of Max's head as their mouths met. Those eyes were still something else, close up, sated. He could get real used to this, to those eyes and all that sweet skin.

Max kissed him, lips, cheeks and nose. He chuckled and wrapped his arms around Max, holding on.

Just holding on.

Chapter Three

The fish? So not biting. Still, the sun felt good, the beer was cold, the company?

Damn.

Wil was something else -- especially for a law enforcement type. Hungry, focused, horny, oral. Hung.

Max approved completely.

The good deputy had given up pretending he was watching his pole about ten minutes ago and was slowly inching closer, hand on Max's leg, fingers stroking, exploring.

"Mmm...something's crawling up my leg...." He spread, ass shifting as the boat rocked.

"Yeah?" Wil asked, voice low, soft in the sunlight. The long fingers slid around, teasing the skin behind his knee. "I hope it's not a bug."

"Can't have that. Bugs leave nasty marks." Hot fucking man, Max could just eat him with a spoon.

Wil looked up at him, sliding a touch closer, those brown eyes so warm and all melty.

"I leave sweet marks."

"Mmm...I bet you do...." He reached down, stroked that hungry mouth, cock already going hard.

Wil purred, lips pulling his fingers in. Teeth and tongue explored his fingertips before Wil started to suck rhythmically.

"Oh. Fuck." He wasn't sure what was hotter -- that mouth or those eyes, staring up at him.

Wil shook his head and let his fingers go. "Suck."

Then his fingers were pulled back in, Wil sucking vigorously, Wil's fingers sliding up to the bottom of his cut-offs.

His laughter echoed, the sound ending in a low, needy moan.

Wil smiled around his fingers, eyes so hot on his face, hotter even than the sun it seemed.

Those fingers teased their way up his cut-offs.

"Oh...." His thighs jerked, balls drawing up tight as he moaned and rocked.

Wil moaned, eyelids dropping heavily as his fingers were released and soft kisses were placed on his palm, the pad of his thumb.

"You'll make me forget I'm on a boat...."

"Maybe I should stop. I don't really want to end up in the lake." He was given another one of those warm smiles and then Wil started to lick his wrist, tongue following the veins.

"Uhn...." His head fell back, eyes rolling.

Wil's fingers pushed up higher, stroking his inner thigh, nearly touching one ball.

His ass scooted forward, the boat tilting. "Crow...."

"Don't tip us," Wil warned, fingers forcing their way higher, stroking his balls, the base of his cock. Those warm lips explored his wrist, his forearm, tongue sliding on his skin.

"Wouldn't be me that did...." Fuck, that was hotter than a tin roof in July.

"I'm barely moving," Wil pointed out, voice husky.

"Don't confuse the issue with logic...."

Wil chuckled, the boat rocking gently as he shifted, drew closer. The hand inside Max's cut-offs disappeared, coming back to tease the top button open.

"Somebody's awfully hard."

"No...hard? With that mouth on me? Those fingers?"

"This mouth?" Wil asked, cheeks flushed, smile happy, sexy. "These fingers?" Mouth and fingers licked and wriggled, moving on him.

"That would be them, yeah." He grinned, trying not to wiggle too much.

Wil grinned up at him, looking happy, horny. "You think we're going to catch anything today?" Will asked, fingers teasing his zipper down.

Max's toes curled and he gasped. "I reckon you've caught me."

Wil laughed softly. "I guess that means I have to eat you." His cock was taken in one hand and tugged out into the sunshine.

"Oh, fuck. You're the finest type of trouble, deputy."

"I'm glad you think so."

Wil licked from the base of his cock, all the way up to the tip, where that tongue slid across his slit. His eyes rolled, hips rocking with the boat, both of them moving together. Wil explored his cock as thoroughly as the man had explored everything else, ten minutes and then fifteen and then twenty and he hadn't started sucking yet.

"Wil. Wil, you make me need." He reached down, stroked Wil's hair, throat just working.

Wil nuzzled into his touch, face turning up to him like a flower to the sun. "You got a condom, Max?"

"In my pocket." Hell, yes. He was wanting him some of that.

A slow smile pulled at Wil's lips. "Sure of me, aren't you."

"Just hoping, Crow." And really pretty damned sure, yeah.

Wil laughed softly, two fingers sliding into his pocket and pulling out a condom. "I hate these things. I want to taste *you* not latex." Nonetheless, Wil opened the wrapper and slipped the glove over his prick.

"We could." He snapped his mouth shut. Like a cop would want more than a little fuck. Even a nice one. He? Wasn't long term cop-lover material.

Wil gave him a long look. "I want to, Max. I want to taste you worse than just about anything. But not without test results. It's just...asking for the wrong kind of trouble."

"Yeah, I hear you." And that meant coming up with doctor cash and test cash and shit. Who had that? "You know me, I'm a trouble magnet. Best to be safe."

Disappointment flitted across the soft brown eyes, but it was quickly hidden behind a smile and Wil turned back to his prick, taking it in, sucking around the head of his prick. He let his head fall back, not thinking, just feeling. Oh. Yeah.

Wil's mouth moved slowly up and down, tongue sliding, exploring as best it could through the latex. Those curious, hungry fingers, slid up along his belly and chest, found his nipples.

"Mmm...yeah." He reached down, petting Wil's arms, Wil's shoulder.

Wil's head started moving faster, the boat rocking with them now. Sweet hums vibrated along his cock.

"Oh. Oh. Oh, Crow." He gripped the edge of the boat, gasping.

A longer hum answered him, Wil's head moving even faster, going all the way down on him, the suction growing fierce.

He bucked up as he came, eyes rolling, the boat swaying dangerously.

Wil kept sucking him through his orgasm; the head of his cock, pushed to the back of Wil's throat, felt the swallow, as if Wil could really taste him, take him in.

"Oh, damn." He relaxed, hand reaching out to touch.

Wil pulled off him and got rid of the condom, tying off the end and tossing it in the small bag of garbage next to the cooler.

Crow's chuckle was low and sexy. "You nearly did tip the boat."

"You drove me crazy." He grinned, leaned for a kiss.

Wil moaned into his mouth, opening wide to him, tongue sliding along his own.

Oh. Oh, he could. Yeah. Damn. So fucking good.

Wil's hand slid around his neck, tugging, pulling him in closer and deepening the kiss. He pressed against Wil, hips just rocking. Yeah. Yeah. Love this. Wil gasped into his mouth, hips rocking urgently against his own, the man practically crawling into his lap.

"Want you." He tugged Wil's zipper down, pulling at that hard cock.

"Max! Yes!" Those brown eyes gazed into his own, melted chocolate and hot with need.

"Oh. Oh, you're dangerous for me." He was so screwed.

"Only if I aim to hurt you," murmured Wil. "And I don't." Wil was moving against him, pushing hard into his hand, making the boat rock dangerously.

"Promise? 'Cause you could." Without even trying.

Wil shook his head. "No hurting. Only good." The words were gasped, the boat rocking harder with Wil's desperate movements.

He nipped Wil's ear, tugging harder, faster. "Come on, now. Gimme."

"Max!" Wil jerked hard, heat spraying over his hand.

"Hell, yes. So fucking hot." He could be in such trouble with this one.

Wil rested against him, panting. Every now and then that sweet tongue would snake out and slide along his lips. Max just sort of held on, petting, breathing.

Wil chuckled suddenly. "You got more hamburger meat?"

"How do bacon sandwiches sound?"

"If it means we can keep doing this instead of fishing I think they sound amazing."

"Oh, good. I love BLTs." He took Wil's lips, tongue pushing in deep.

Wil's mouth opened wide for him, hands starting to move on him again.

"Want to go back to the cabin? To the bed? To the bath?"

"Yes." Wil nodded, grinned.

"Oh, fucking A. Me, too." He grinned back, started the engine.

Wil stayed close, fingers toying with his zipper.

"You...." He shook his head, looked out on the lake. "So addictive."

"Yeah, I'm pretty hooked myself." Those brown eyes were looking at him, gazing at him.

He nodded. "Yeah. Yeah."

"Yeah."

Wil smiled at him, thumb stroking his cock before tucking it back into his cut-offs, the zipper going up.

"Yeah." God, those eyes. He reached out, stroked Wil's cheek. Big, big big trouble.

Wil nuzzled into his touch, drawing back a little, just a little, as they arrived at shore.

He helped Wil out, hands surprisingly shaky.

"You okay, Max?" That sweet voice was full of concerned, eyes on his face, searching his own.

"Yeah. Yeah. I just.... You're something else."

Something special.

Wil's cheeks flushed with color, Wil dropping his head for a moment. Then those eyes met his again. "So are you, Max."

"Yeah?" He shivered, swallowed hard.

Wil nodded. "The things you let me do...nobody. It's like a dream."

"I'm a fuck-up, Wil. You should know that. I fuck everything up."

Wil's fingers slid across his face. "You haven't fucked this up."

"Not yet." He closed his eyes, swaying a little. A light rain started to fall, making him gasp.

Warm lips pressed against his eyelids, one and then the other. "Come on, Max. Lets get out of the rain."

"Yeah. Yeah, let's go in." He took Wil's hand, squeezed.

Wil squeezed back, walking with him. Not ahead or behind, but at his side.

No question. This man was going to break his heart.

"Bed?" Wil asked softly, that voice so sweet, settling right inside him.

"Yeah." He nodded. "Yeah."

"Oh, good." Wil stopped them at the foot of the bed, fingers reaching for his clothes again, tugging at them.

"Uh-huh...." He nodded, working Wil's jeans open.

Wil shivered and pressed their foreheads together, lips sliding gently. He moaned, lips parting, making an offer. Wil didn't need to be asked twice, that warm tongue just slid right in, Wil's whole body pushing against his.

Yeah. Yeah, damn. He groaned, snuggling in.

Wil's arms wrapped around him and together they tumbled to the bed, naked bodies pressed together, mouths locked. They rubbed and rocked, low cries fed to each other. Wil held him close, closer, fingers wandering, mouth devouring him like the man was still starving. For him.

Their tongues slid together, pushing hard, driving each other higher and higher. Wil's cock was hot and long, sliding against his, making his belly wet. He reached down, gathered them up together, stroking slow.

"Max...." Wil's whisper was sweet, warm.

He nodded, groaned.

Wil's hips pushed into his hand, tongue finding the same rhythm in his mouth. He opened wider, rubbing, needing. Wil's fingers found his nipples, attacking both at the same time, tugging, circling around them. He cried out, arching, rocking, heat ratcheting up and up.

"Max. Max." Wil whimpered, pinched his nipples, bit at his lips.

"Fuck. Fuck, Wil. Make me need. Make me need you."

"I'm right here, Max. Needing you back."

Wil rocked, eyes rolling as their cocks slid and rubbed together.

He whimpered, eyes widening as Wil's words sank in. "Oh. Fuck."

"Not quite, but it'll do, right?" Wil's tongue slid along his lips, fingers tapping on his nipples.

"More. More than do."

His ass clenched, went tight.

Wil hummed, licked his chin, closed warm lips around it and sucked. Max moaned, head falling back, throat working as his hips rubbed.

"Oh...." Wil bent, lips fastening onto his Adam's apple, tongue teasing it.

"More. More. Wil. Damn."

Wil rolled him so he was beneath the long body, hips snapping hard, fingers pinching as those warm lips moved, found the juncture where his neck met his shoulder and started to suck, hard enough to leave a mark.

His own fingers pulled, tugged them closer together. "Need."

Wil's teeth scraped across his skin in answer.

Seed just poured out of him, his eyes going wide. Damn. Just. Damn.

"Max!" Wil shuddered, more heat spreading between them.

He nodded, face hidden in Wil's throat. Wil relaxed against him, heavy and warm, humming.

"So good." He started petting, fingers trailing.

"Mmmm...." Wil rippled, pushing into the touches.

He nodded, purred, kept touching. Yeah. Yeah.

"You like touching, too," murmured Wil, breath hot against his throat.

"I like touching you."

Too much. Too much.

"I like you touching me, too." Wil chuckled, licked a line along his collarbone. "God, you taste good."

"Do I?" He shivered, skin goose-pimpling.

"Yeah. Sweet and salty, you taste different after you've come than before."

"You make me feel so much." He kept petting, kept holding.

Wil's face buried in his neck, mouth busy on his skin. "Feeling's good."

"Yeah. I haven't...." He never felt like this. So much.

"Haven't?"

"I...it doesn't matter."

"You sure?" Wil nibbled at his neck, his earlobe.

"I.... Never felt like this."

"You mean no one's touched you like I do? Most guys don't seem to be into the touching. Wham bam, yeah?"

"I...." No. No, that's not what he meant at all. "Yeah. Most guys."

Wil kissed the corner of his eye and settled next to him, hand holding up his head. One long finger slid along his chest. "It got tense all of a sudden."

"It did?"

Those brown eyes looked at him and Wil smiled. "Okay, so it didn't. My gaydar's faulty, too."

"Huh?" He felt way out of his league, sort of stupid, sort of silly. "Just kiss me."

"Thank god, 'cause I thought I put my foot in it." Wil's mouth closed over his.

He just dove into the kiss. This he understood. Wil's tongue slid along his own, one hand slid along his side, curled around his hip. He held Wil's neck, Wil's shoulder, keeping them close. Yes. More kissing.

Wil didn't seem to mind, lying back on the bed, tugging him along. He covered Wil's body with his own, rocking and rubbing, thrusting down against him. Wil's legs came up, knees bent, cradling him. Sweet hums filled his mouth.

So hot. So fine. He kept touching, petting, rubbing. Wil pushed into his touches, moaning and whimpering.

Stunning. He wrapped his fingers around Wil's cock, started rubbing.

"Oh, God, again? I can't.... Oh, maybe I can." Wil laughed and bucked, arms wrapping around him.

"Even if you can't, it still feels good."

Wil nodded. "It does."

"You feel good."

Wil nodded again. "You too, Max. God. So good."

Wil's fingers slid along his cheek, thumb patting his lower lip. He ducked his head, sucked that thumb in, pulling hard. Wil's eyes rolled, body bucking up against him. Max closed his eyes, sucking harder, fingers still gentle on Wil's cock.

"Max. Max." Wil repeated his name again and again, head thrashing on the pillow.

"Yeah." He purred, licking and lapping, nuzzling, his hand not speeding up, driving Wil crazy.

Wil was panting, just going nuts from it, focused entirely on him, those brown eyes just gazing at him.

"So pretty...." He leaned down, took a long, slow kiss.

Wil's mouth opened to him, letting him take control, take Wil's mouth. He rocked, purred, tongue sliding in to taste. Wil rocked back, hands sliding on his skin, along his spine.

"You feel good." Max shivered, shifting so their cocks slid together.

Will nodded, body pushing to slide their pricks along each other. "You, too. Better than anything."

"Yes. Shit, Wil. I...." He pushed into the kisses again, bucking, moaning.

Wil moved eagerly beneath him, desperate breaths filling his mouth. Man, they were going to have sore balls tomorrow....

"Come on, pretty. Come on."

Wil's eyes rolled, a shout sounding as heat splashed between them.

"Oh, hell yes." He nodded, kissing Wil hard.

Wil nodded. "Your turn. Your turn."

He whimpered, rocking faster. "Yeah."

Wil's hand slid down along his body, wrapped around his cock. "Yeah."

Wil's lips were hot and wet, so sweet. So sweet. Wil's tongue slid out, ran over them and then over his.

"Wil. Fuck. I. Wow."

"Oh yeah. Wow." Wil smiled and nodded, hand tightening, thumb sliding across his slit. "Show me wow."

"Your smile...." He bucked, pushing into Wil's hand.

Wil's smile got bigger at that, brown eyes twinkling up at him.

He bucked, coming hard.

"Oh, Max...that's a sight to keep a man happy."

Long fingers slid along his skin, gentling him, bringing him down.

"Uh-huh. Damn." He slumped, eyes rolling.

"Mmm...nap time, Max?"

"Uh-huh."

He nodded, cuddled.

"Cool."

Wil's hand stroked slowly along his back and then Wil sighed. "Two more days isn't long enough."

He nodded.

He knew.

He didn't know what to do about it, but he knew.

Chapter Four

Wil drove through the darkness, patrolling the back road, radio sounding now and then, keeping him awake.

He was day three into a five-day run of shifts and then he had another four off. He hadn't spoken to Max since they got back from their fishing trip, but he was hoping for a repeat. He guessed he'd better book it.

'Course since he'd been back he'd slept, eaten, done laundry and worked. It didn't exactly leave a lot of time for socializing.

And truth be told, he wasn't sure what he would say to Max. "Hey, how's it going, want to spend all our free time together?"

That seemed a little bit like coming on too strong. Like being really needy. And he didn't want Max to think he was pathetic.

Wil sighed and turned around when he got to the far edge of his patrol zone, turning and finding the main highway. It was three a.m. and he didn't expect to find anyone on the road so he'd run back to the sheriff's office and catch up on paperwork.

The one big plus of nightshift was that once you hit past three a.m. things tended to be really slow.

Hell, they were slow after midnight most nights.

It was the sight of fireworks that stopped him.

Fireworks.

It was late October.

He figured it was just some kids letting off a couple, but after five minutes and still going he figured he'd better go investigate. If this was kids they'd spent a hell of a lot of money on fireworks. Or stolen them.

Not to mention it was not firework season and unless someone had a special permit issued to them, and if they had surely someone would have told him, then this was nothing but illegal.

He drove in the direction of the fireworks, gauging them to be at about the Gunnerson's place or thereabouts. He was hoping that whoever was setting them off would be long gone by the time he got there. He hated giving people guff over something fun.

The Jeep that was parked on the side of the road was damned familiar, too, a little campfire blazing, a little roman candle held in square hands, shooting out over the pasture.

Oh man. He shook his head and pulled up behind Max's Jeep, getting out slowly.

Max was sitting on a sleeping bag, a half-empty bottle of tequila and an old bag of fireworks beside him. Lord knew how long Max had saved them. Couple months? Couple years?

"Hey, Max. Can I sit?"

It was awkward some, 'cause the lover in him, most of him, just wanted to sit and make out with Max. But he couldn't. Not while he was on duty and not while he was here because Max was breaking the law.

"Crow! Hey. Have a sit down. You having a good night?"

"I *was* having a quiet night." He sat close enough their shoulders were touching. "You know what the date is?"

"October twenty-something. I ain't stoned, Crow. Just sitting."

"You have a special permit to be setting those off?" he asked, nodding at the bag of fireworks next to Max.

Max gave him a look. "You're shitting me. We're in the middle of fucking nowhere, in the middle of the night. I ain't bothering a soul."

"It's still illegal, Max. But I haven't had a complaint, so I'm going to let you go with a warning and take the rest of that bag with me." And thank God he'd seen them and come to investigate instead of just leaving it. He wouldn't have to file any paperwork on it if there wasn't a complaint.

Max looked at him, rolling those eyes and then shrugged. "Take it then. Y'all can shoot 'em off come New Year's."

"I'll keep them for you." He reached out and touched Max's shoulder, electricity going through him, making him want. "I have to do my job, Max."

"I know, man." Max drank deep, not even shuddering. "You want a sip?"

He shook his head. "Max. I'm on *duty*."

"Just being friendly, deputy. No offense meant."

"Sorry. This is...well it's weird. I was just thinking about you, you know? Thinking about seeing if you were free my next days off."

Max snorted, the sound surprisingly bitter. "I, uh. I'm sort of permanently free right now. My sister threw me out day before yesterday."

"Oh, man, I'm sorry. Where.... Where are you staying?"

"Out here. I'm doing some odd jobs for old man Gunny and he's letting me squat."

"Yeah? You warm enough? I...." He what, could let Max crash at his place? His little efficiency with its one room and one bed and wouldn't that be something -- to come home to Max.

"Oh, I'm cool. If it gets nasty, I'll crash in the Jeep. What did you want to do while you were off? So long as it's not big money, I'm willing."

"I was kind of thinking of time spent indoors," he admitted, blushing a little.

Max laughed, leaned close. "You got a bed we can try out?"

He nodded, meeting Max's eyes and leaning in so their lips brushed. "I do. It's nothing special, but it's big enough."

"Cool." Max kissed him, good and hard, fingers petting his face. "When?"

He shivered, cock pressing against the zipper of his uniform. He took a breath, trying to find his equilibrium. "My shift ends eight am on Wednesday."

"So Wednesday night? I can do that." Max unzipped his slacks, fingers fishing out his cock. "Can do this, too."

"Max!" His voice squeaked on his lover's name, hips pushing his cock automatically into Max's hand. "We're on the side of the road. I'm on duty. I...I...." He swallowed, eyes wide as he watched Max's face.

"Uh-huh. Won't take long. I'll suck start you and just take the edge off. 's good."

"Oh. I don't. No condoms." He didn't exactly carry them around in his uniform pockets. He wanted though and he wasn't stopping Max from tugging him off. Not at all.

"kay." Max kissed him hard, hand working him, base to tip, thumb rubbing hard.

He wrapped one arm around Max's waist, holding on. The other fisted into the blanket they were sitting on.

"You look good. Hungry." That hand kept rubbing, working.

He nodded. "I am. Been hungry for you for days."

Max moaned. "Been dreaming about you."

"Me?" Oh. He was pretty sure no one had dreamed about him before. Certainly not anyone he wanted.

"No, the other deputy who I spent time at the lake with last week." Max grinned, kissed him hard. "Yes. You."

He gasped at the kiss, mouth following Max's. "This is...amazing." He was so close.

"Yeah. Come on, now. Give it up."

"Oh!" He gasped, bucking up into Max's hand, spunk spraying all over the place.

Max purred, nuzzled against him. "Better?"

"Shit, yeah." He found Max's mouth, wanted to just sink into the man, roll him and explore all that musky, silky skin.

"You need?" he asked, hand sliding down to Max's cock. He couldn't spend a lot of time like he wanted to, but that didn't mean he had to leave Max needing.

Max smiled, nuzzling. "I'm okay. I know you gotta work."

"Yeah? You sure?" He did need to go. As if to underline the point, his radio went off, damned near scaring the shit out of him.

"Crow, you there?"

He pushed in the button on the speaker on his shoulder. "I'm here, Gweniss," he told the night dispatcher, a sweet old lady who looked after her grandkids during the day and sewed while manning...womaning...personing the radio and phones at night. "What's up?"

"Jeb Hinton called, said someone's been in his barn and he wants you to go have a look. Wants you to use the siren and lights, hopes that'll scare them off for good."

"Okay, Gweniss, I'm on my way."

He gave Max a rueful smile. "I gotta go."

"See you Wednesday." Max grinned at him, waved. "Thanks for stopping by."

He chuckled and gave Max a quick, hard kiss. "See you Wednesday."

It was only as he drove off that he realized he hadn't put the fireworks into his car.

Chapter Five

So, he hadn't gotten Wil's address.

Or phone number.

Good thing there were only four apartments in this dead-end town.

He drove around until he saw Wil's cruiser, then sat and looked at the building it was parked in front of.

Okay, 100 and 103 both were kiddified. 104 had lacey curtains. 106 had a wreath and decoratey shit.

101 had a dog.

That left 102 and 105.

He waited until a lady came out of 102, carrying a bunch of DVDs to take back. 105, then. Cool.

He headed up the stairs to knock.

No one came after a couple minutes so he knocked again. The door opened a moment later, Wil's hair all tousled and he was looking half-asleep still, not wearing more than a pair of sweatpants. A wide smile spread across his face though. "Max. Hey. I'm glad you came."

"Hey. Am I too early? I can come back later." It would be much easier to find the second time.

"No, I slept through the radio coming on." He was given a sheepish look. "I like night shift well enough but it screws me up." Wil stepped back and made come on in gestures.

He grinned, nodded. Went in. He'd worked night shift a few dozen times. He knew about it.

"I didn't really get to cleaning either," Wil apologized.

Place wasn't really messy, though. There were uniforms over the back of a chair and the bed sheets were all messed up, but that was to be expected as Wil had been sleeping. The little kitchen in the corner was clean, no dishes sitting out.

Considering he slept on the ground and paid two bucks at the truck stop to shower? He wasn't stressing it. "Looks good."

"So do you," Wil told him, smiling, hand coming out to slide along his belly. "Real good."

"Mmm...." Max stepped closer, pushed into the touch. "Hey."

"Hey." Wil's lips met his, that hand curling around his hip and tugging them together.

Oh, yeah. That was nice. Warm. Good. All Wil. Damn.

"Oh, I missed this," murmured Wil, mouth sliding down to his neck, tongue and teeth working his skin.

"Uh-huh." He lifted his chin, gave Wil more room to work. "Fucking sweet."

"You taste so good," muttered Wil, mouth sliding and sucking.

"Feel good." He reached for Wil, hands reaching into the sweatpants.

Whimpering, Wil pushed against him, hands finding his arms, tugging them together. The suction at his mouth increased, sweet and hot. He started rubbing Wil off. The man wasn't into assplay, really, didn't seem to want to fuck, but Max knew Wil liked touching and sucking.

"Oh...yeah, Max. Fuck." Wil pushed into his touch and sort of half stepped them toward the bed.

"Mm-hmm...." He nodded, lips parting for another kiss.

Wil's tongue pushed into his mouth, slid along his as they dropped onto the bed, the mattress still warm from Wil's body. He pushed close, rubbing, fingers in Wil's hair. Wil curled around him, fingers tugging his t-shirt out of his jeans.

"Mmm. Want. So good." He wrapped his arms around Wil, tugged them together.

"Naked," murmured Wil, pushing his t-shirt up over his head.

"Am not." He grinned, nipped Wil's bottom lip.

Wil froze a moment and then laughed. "I know. That's the problem."

He grinned, rubbed their noses together. "Yeah." He did like a man who could laugh.

Wil's fingers were on his belly, sliding and tickling, touching and petting. "God, I love your skin."

"Yeah? Took a shower just for you."

"Oh...." With that Wil rolled him onto his back, mouth starting at his collarbone.

He arched up, stretched out for Wil to taste. Wil was as thorough as he remembered, tasted every part of his skin, hips moving, rubbing them together.

"So hot. Damn." He arched, eyes rolling. Wil hummed and nodded, not stopping his long, slow explorations.

The long fingers were busy, too, sliding along his waistband, playing with the button on his jeans. Max was so hot, so hard, needing those fingers on him. The button came undone, Wil's tongue circling his belly. He chuckled, pushing into Wil's lips, Wil's tongue.

Whimpering, Wil rubbed against his belly, breathing in deeply. "Sexy. God. Max."

"Yeah. Please. Need you. Want."

"Uh-huh." Wil was doing that thing where he just breathed in, scenting him or something. It made him shiver, made him hard as stone.

Long fingers pushed into his jeans, slid them down a little and wrapped around his hips.

"Uhn...." His thighs parted, hips pushing up, begging for something.

"Oh, you're wanting."

"Uh-huh. Need you." He stroked Wil's face.

Wil nuzzled into his fingers, turning to lick at them.

"Mmm.... Wil. You. Damn."

"Yeah?" Wil gave him one of those slow smiles, eyes like melted chocolate.

"Yeah." He sat up, drew Wil up for a kiss, tongue sliding in deep.

Wil's mouth opened for him, a moan sliding by his tongue. Those eyes were dark, needy, smiling at him, giving him goosebumps.

"I want you, Max." Wil's fingers slid over his face.

"Why?" The question surprised him, scared him a little that it would just slide out.

"What?" Wil looked startled.

"Why me?"

"Your eyes." Wil gave him a sweet smile. "They were laughing at me even as I all but arrested you. And then...." Wil's eyes dropped to his fingers which were playing with Max's belly again. "You let me touch you."

"I love how you touch me."

"That's a gift you give me," murmured Wil, fingers still sliding, playing.

"I.... Thank you. I want to. Give to you."

Wil's eyes flashed to his. "Why?"

"Because I...uh...I sorta...I like you."

Wil's grin was sweet and eager. "I like you, too, Max."

Then he was pushed back down onto the bed, Wil's mouth covering his, tongue pushing in. Oh. Oh, yeah. Better. No more talking. He rubbed against Wil, holding tight.

Wil pushed at his jeans, getting them partway down, getting them off enough that his prick rubbed against Wil's sweatpants. He slid his hands around, pushed them into those sweats, squeezing that fine ass. Wil gasped, ass pushing into his touch, tongue pushing into his mouth.

Yeah. Yeah, Wil. He bucked up, hips thrusting. Wil thrust back and they found a rhythm that brought them together nice and hard. That made it easy, right as rain, both of them rocking and rubbing, humping each other.

Wil reached down to push at his sweats and suddenly they were rubbing cock to cock. Wil moved faster against him, hands moving randomly over his skin.

"Soon, Wil. Please. Gonna come."

Wil's hand slid between them, wrapping both their cocks together and tugging. Those brown eyes gazed into his own, hot and wanton, intense.

Max just shot, coming so hard his toes curled.

"Max...." his name was a whisper, Wil's eyes going wide as more heat sprayed between them.

Oh. Yeah. Wow.

He cuddled in, moaning low.

"Oh. Oh, God, Max." Wil was breathing heavily, body resting against his.

"Uh-huh. Good." He petted Wil's back gently.

"Can you stay all four days?" Wil asked him.

"If you want, yeah." He had nowhere to be and the weather was turning. Sure he could.

Wil beamed at him, happiness making those brown eyes just shine.

He reached out, stroked Wil's face. "So fine."

Wil nuzzled into the touch. "Not good-looking like you."

Max snorted. Yeah. Right. He was a stud. Not.

Wil looked at him. "Don't snort at me. You're handsome. Sexy. God, your smile...."

He looked right back. "And you're tall, lean, you got those eyes...."

"Like a puppy," suggested Wil with a self-deprecating smile.

"No. Puppies aren't sexy."

"No, I didn't think so either, but there did seem to be a consensus."

"Your eyes are sexy." He didn't care what everyone else said.

Wil beamed at him again and dropped a soft kiss on his lips. "Thank you."

He nuzzled in, smiled. "Just truth."

"Mmmm...." Never still for long, Wil's fingers started playing over him again.

His skin got covered in goosebumps and he gasped.

"Oh...." Wil moaned again, mouth returning to his neck, starting the explorations all over again.

He could learn to get used to this.

So easy.

Four days.

Four days of loving and sleeping and eating and breathing Max.

Wil was in love.

Utterly off his rocker crazy for the man.

They were in bed. Like they had been for pretty much all four days, his fingers going slowly over Max's skin. He knew the compact, muscled body by heart now, had loved every inch. "Max?"

"Yeah, pretty?" Max smiled over, eyes warm, happy.

"I want to taste you. All of you. Will you take a test?"

He got a smile, Max stroking his face. "When I get the money together, I will, yeah."

"I don't want to wait, Max. Let me pay for it, please? I don't need one 'cause I got tested for the job, so it's real recent, yeah? I just want to taste you."

Max frowned. "It don't seem right, having you pay. But...we'll call it a loan. I'll pay you back as I get the pennies."

"Okay. I can live with that. I just want to taste you." He licked at the lines in Max's forehead.

"Your people at work are going to give you shit for taking up with me, if they catch wind of it. You know that, right?"

"They know I'm gay. I was upfront about that." It wasn't always easy in the short run, but it helped in the long run.

"I more meant me because I'm me rather than me because I've got a dick."

He shrugged. "It's not their business."

"So long as you're cool with it. I won't complain."

"I'm here, aren't I? Or rather, you're here." Wil shook his head and grinned. "I know what I mean. And I like you. A whole lot. And it isn't any of their business and that's exactly what I'll tell them if they get on my case."

Max nodded, leaned in, licking his lips, hands sliding around his waist.

He hummed and tried to ignore his stomach, but it was growling pretty good. "You like pizza, Max?"

"Yeah." Max was really pretty easy, accepting all the foods he offered.

"Okay. What do you want on yours?" He sat up and reached for the phone, figuring he was better off calling before they got busy again. He hand reached out, connecting with Max' leg and stroking.

"Whatever. No fish." Max curled around him, nuzzling and licking his thigh.

He hummed and dialed the number for the little take out store at the other end of the block. "Hi Gary. Yeah, a large meat lover's pizza with extra cheese, some cheese sticks and a couple of each of those little pie squares...yeah, they keep well in the fridge. Oh, and a couple two-liters of coke, 'k? Thanks."

Max stretched out, reached for his jeans and pulled out a rumpled twenty. "Will this cover my part?"

"You're my guest, I'll get it."

It was obvious Max was tight for cash, but just as obvious the man had a proud streak. It was going to be a juggling act, paying for stuff and still letting Max pay his own way.

"You sure? I don't mind helping."

"I never did get around to paying you for that fishing trip. I figure I owe you."

"Oh, that's cool." Max put the money away, went back to nuzzling and licking his thighs.

He turned his chuckle into a hum, hand going to Max's head. "We've got about a half hour until the pizza gets here."

"Yeah?" Max's tongue slid over his balls, licking and stroking.

"Uh...." He forgot what he was talking about, Max's mouth making him ache.

"You smell good."

The soft tongue moved again, slow and easy. "Real good."

"I smell like you. I hope." He slid his hands along Max's body. God, he loved touching this man.

"Like us. It's all good." Max's hands slid beneath him, cupped his ass, thumbs rubbing.

He made a soft noise, leaning forward a bit to give Max room to touch.

"Mmm...." Max nuzzled in, breathing him in, moaning low.

He moaned as well, totally turned on by having the tables turned on him. "Let me lie down," he whispered. With Max wrapped around him, he was stuck sitting on the edge of the bed.

"kay." Max ended beneath his legs, tongue sliding on the sensitive bit of skin beneath his balls.

He just lay back, legs spreading for Max, that tongue making him just crazy, making the vulnerability of his position kind of fade beneath the pleasure. Max nuzzled and licked, tongue so hot, so soft. His hands fisted into the sheets as he tried to catch his breath. God. No one had ever. No one ever.

"You okay, pretty? This is good?" Max's tongue flicked against his hole. Pleasure exploded through him, so different from the hurried and painful preparation he'd experienced before.

He nodded, fingers just clinging to the bed clothes, thigh muscles tight as he kept his legs open. "Yeah. Good."

"Mmm...." Max licked and lapped, loving on him, just driving him insane.

He slowly relaxed, legs sprawling wider, heels finding purchase so he could push into the licks. Max pressed inside him, tongue fucking him, taking him, making him feel so good.

"Oh, God. Max." He whimpered, hips pushing, body just on fire.

A finger slid inside him, pressing deep, sending sparks through him.

"Max!" His whole body bucked. He'd never felt anything like it.

"Yeah. Yeah, it's good." Max nipped his inner thigh.

He reached with one hand, sliding it over Max's head. "Uh-huh."

Another finger slid inside him, easy and careful, stretching him, loving him.

He couldn't get tense when it felt this good, he couldn't believe this was heading the same place he'd been before with such disastrous results. He pushed the hurried fucking out of his mind. Max wasn't hurrying, wasn't hurting, in fact was making him feel amazing, special and sexy and good.

The licking and nuzzling continued, fingers slipping and pressing, spreading him. He pushed into the touches, starting to ride Max's fingers. Sparks were shooting off behind his eyes, threatening to send him over the edge.

"Max...."

"Yeah, Wil? What do you need?"

"Gonna come soon, you keep that up."

"Okay." Max grinned, nuzzled his balls.

His chuckle was more moan, body shaking, so close. "Oh...oh, now, Max."

"Come on, then." Max's tongue slid over the tip of his cock.

He shouted, hips bucking as he shot, the pleasure riding him hard. He felt like he was floating for long moments and then everything came crashing back and he was panting, still twitching a bit.

Max rested against his hip, panting a little. "Damn."

"Yeah. Wow. That was...." his fingers found Max's face and he traced the increasingly familiar features. "Wow."

Max nibbled his fingers. "Yeah. Wow."

"Max?"

"Hmm?"

"Do you think...." He swallowed, he'd never asked this of anyone before and they'd only known each other for all of two weeks, not even, but Max needed a place to stay and he didn't want to have to wait another five days of night shifts before seeing Max again.

"You could stay here. With me, I mean. You know. Move in so we could see each other more often." He sort of let the words run one over the other and then held his breath as he waited to see how Max took it.

"Oh." Max nuzzled, kissed his belly. "I don't have a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of, Wil. I'm a bad choice."

He stroked the top of Max's head. "Well if you don't want to, that's one thing. But I guess I'm old enough to make my own choices, good or bad."

"I...." Max nuzzled into the touch, eyes closed, body warm against him. "Yeah? If I didn't, it wouldn't be because I didn't want."

"So you'll stay? I can have hot and cold running Max?" he teased softly, trying to cover the thickness of his own voice. He'd just asked Max to move in with him and it seemed to him Max had said yes.

"Yeah. Okay. But if you get tired of me, you just say." Max nodded, cheek hot against his skin.

"Works both ways, yeah? I mean you might get tired of me." He thought it would be a really long time before he got tired of Max.

"Maybe. Don't see it, but maybe." Max grinned over, eyes shining. "I'll find me some work, start paying my bit."

He nodded. "Well, I'm paying for the place whether you're here or not, so there's no need to stress it." He wouldn't say no to help with the utilities and food though. Moving had taken most of his savings and he'd be more comfortable with them padded back up again.

"Hey. I may be a worthless jackass, but I'm not a bum. I'll pay my way."

"I don't believe you're either," he said softly, fingers tracing Max's features. "And I'm not refusing your money."

Max hummed, leaned up into the touch, eyes closing. "Oh. 'kay."

The knock on the door startled them, both of them jumping.

Oh. Pizza. Right.

He chuckled ruefully and jumped up, scrambling for something to put on his legs. His jeans were peeking out from under the bed and he grabbed them, pulling them on and nearly castrating himself as he tugged up his zipper.

"Coming!"

Max chuckled, dove under the covers. "No, man. You came."

"Oh man, I need something to throw! That was bad." He was chuckling as he got the door, digging into his back pocket for his wallet. "Hey, there. What's the damage?"

He paid for the pizza and stuff and toed the door closed, arms full. "Supper's here."

Max nodded, grinned. "Smells good. You look pretty good, deputy."

He grinned and ducked his head. "Thanks." He gave Max a fond smile as he set their stuff on the table and got a couple of glasses for their cokes. "You wanna eat in bed? Don't have to get dressed that way." After all, pizza was fingerfood.

"Works for me. I like naked." Max sat up, straightened the sheets.

"Yeah, me, too." He nodded and passed the glasses over to Max, bringing the pizza and the cheese sticks over before stripping out of his jeans.

Max nibbled on a cheese stick, legs crossed, grinning at him, eyes just shining. "Shake it, baby!"

Blushing he tossed the jeans back under the bed. "Eat your pizza. I'll show you my moonlighting moves later."

"Promise? I bet you dance like a fucking dream."

His cheeks were just burning now. "I didn't really strip or dance or anything. I was a pizza delivery boy, a coffee barrista and a gas jockey -- that's where I got my first taste of night shifts."

"Yeah? I been all sorts of stuff. You like fancy coffees?" Max scooted over, patted the mattress.

He sat down next to Max so that their thighs were touching and shrugged. "They're okay. Nothing like a real coffee though to keep you awake while you're waiting for dawn."

He munched on his pizza, wrapping the string of cheese that he pulled up around his finger and popping it in his mouth.

"Yeah. My favorite job was doing stained glass for the McMurty house. Too cool."

"You did that? Wow, nice job." And no little amount of artistic creativity needed for that, too. Max had hidden depths. Not that he was surprised, he figured there was more to the man than making trouble.

Max nodded, shrugged. "Yeah. Learned it in shop class in school. Pretty cool stuff."

"So what other jobs have you had?" He asked. They hadn't spent a whole lot of time talking, being busy doing... well, each other.

"Lord... Roofer, bricklayer, bouncer. I worked at Wallyworld. I worked at the movie theater. I painted windows. All sorts."

Will finished his first piece of pizza and started on another -- making love was hard, hungry work. "So why do you go from job to job?"

"I get into trouble. I get bored. I get fired. I forget to go." Max shrugged.

"You forget to go?" He shook his head. It wasn't his business. "Trouble just follows you around. Of course it was my luck that it does, wasn't it?"

"Well, you know -- you go out, get fucked up, wake up in a strange place, not know what day it is...."

"Oh. No, I can't say I've ever done that." He gave Max a sad smile. "You didn't have anyone to make sure you got home all right?"

Max snorted a little. "No. Not as a rule."

"Hanging out with the wrong people then, Max." He ate a cheese stick and drank about half his coke.

"The ones who'll have me."

"I'll have you, Max." He looked into Max's eyes. "And I won't leave you to wake up in some strange place, wondering what day it is."

Max looked down, cheeks turned bright red. "I...I hope I'm worth it."

"I think you are," he murmured, finger reaching out to touch Max's cheek.

Then he cleared his throat and grabbed another slice of pizza, pushing it into his mouth before he could say anything else stupid and sappy. Max stopped eating, just sat and watched him, a little smile on his face. He blushed and kept chewing, meeting Max's eyes.

Oh, yeah. He was more than a little in love.

Finally Max grinned, picked up a piece of pizza and started eating. It made him feel good, the two of them sitting together, eating. He reached out carefully and touched Max's hand, two of his fingers curling around Max's.

"Hey." Max squeezed, grinned over, nose wrinkling.

He grinned back. "Hey." Suddenly he was full.

Max leaned over, licked his lips, tongue so hot, so soft. "There was some sauce."

"Yeah? Are you sure you got it all?" Okay, so he was still hungry, but it wasn't for food.

"Let me try again, make sure...." Max leaned again, kissing him.

Moaning, he opened his mouth for Max, sucking on the hot tongue as it slipped into his mouth. Max whimpered, moving the pizza boxes aside to scoot closer. He slid his hand around the back of Max's head, fingers sliding over the shape of Max's skull as he sucked harder on Max's tongue.

God, so good, and he was hard again.

That strong compact body settled against him, Max so strong, so hot. He wrapped his arms around Max, hands sliding down to cup the sweet ass.

"You...." Max nuzzled and nibbled, eyes warm. "You want to fuck me, Wil?"

He froze. "I don't want to hurt you, Max."

"Okay. I'm right supportive of that plan...." Max tilted his head.

"But if I fuck you I will...." He'd vowed after he'd had it done to him he would never do it to anyone else, wouldn't hurt someone like that when every other way of having sex felt so good.

"Why?" Max couldn't look more confused.

He frowned. Max had been around the block a few more times than he had, he knew that. Surely the man knew? "Because it hurts. To be on the receiving end, I mean." He had to figure it felt pretty good to be the one doing it.

"Wil. Man. If it hurt? They were doing it wrong. I mean, it's a little burn and stretch the first time, but it's not bad. It shouldn't hurt-hurt."

He looked down at his hands. It had hurt, no question. It had been hard and fast and sharp. Brutal really and by the time it was done he'd been biting his lip and digging the nails of his fingers into his palms to keep from crying. Not that it mattered in the end, the guy had just slapped his ass and laughed a 'thank you, cherry-sweet' and disappeared.

Max pushed right into his space, cupping his jaw. "Wil? Crow? We don't have to. Honest. But I promise. I could make love to you and it wouldn't hurt. You could do me and it wouldn't hurt."

"It wouldn't? Show me?" He wouldn't do that to Max without being a hundred percent sure he wasn't going to hurt Max.

Max nodded without hesitation, smiling. The immediate motion eased him, somewhat. Max wouldn't hurt him, wouldn't want to.

He smiled. "If you do me now, and it doesn't hurt? I can do you before I have to go in to work." He'd be utter toast in the being able to stand category, but it could be worth it.

"You'll be walking bowlegged." Max hooted, grabbed the lube and the rubbers. "Your balls are going to ache."

He blushed, but he was grinning, too, Max's glee infectious. "Sounds like it might be fun."

"Well, this is gonna be fun, I swear." Max spread him out on the bed. "If something makes you weirded out? Just say so."

He nodded. "I liked what you did earlier," he told Max. "But your fingers are a lot smaller...."

"Yeah, there's a little stretch. We'll just take time." Max leaned down, kissed him deep and slow, making his eyes roll.

He trusted Max wouldn't hurt him. Even more, he trusted that Max would back off if he complained even a little, not hold him down and tell him if he wasn't so fucking tight it wouldn't hurt so bad. That trust allowed him to just go with it, to just enjoy the touches and kisses Max was giving.

It didn't hurt that Max wasn't in any hurry, didn't do anything he wasn't used to, didn't enjoy. His nipples were sucked, his belly petted and nuzzled. His own fingers were busy, exploring Max's skin, where ever he could find it.

He wasn't nervous or tight at all by the time Max went anywhere near his ass, not by a longshot. And even then, it was that tongue, sliding and hot, fingers pushing alongside. Pure sensation filled him, Max everywhere, just making it so good. He was making all sorts of noise, moaning and whimpering, hips pushing and moving, eager for the touches, the licks, the penetration.

"Max...God."

"Mmm...that's right. Feel it." There were fingers inside him, stroking deep, making him buck and twist.

There was a spot there that Max kept hitting, not consistently, just often enough to drive him crazy. He was soon whimpering, head shifting restlessly.

"Now, Crow. Gonna love you. Gonna make it good."

He tried not to tense up, but he couldn't help it and he forced himself to take a breath or two, to relax.

"Breathe now. I won't hurt you." Max slipped on the condom, slicked the heavy cock liberally, and pressed the tip against him.

He nodded, breathed, hands sliding to Max's shoulders, watching Max's eyes.

Max moved so slow, spreading him, stretching him, filling him. It burned, just a tiny bit, but the pleasure that came with it totally overwhelmed that pain. His body tightened and he could feel Max inside him. He breathed again, forcing himself to stay open to Max.

"There, Crow. Is it good? You're so hot...." Max groaned, hips moving so slow.

"Good?" He nodded. He didn't think he could speak because then he'd forget how to breathe.

A part of him was still waiting for the wham bam, for the pain, but Max just kept moving slowly, sliding in and out of him and oh, God, it was...incredible. He whimpered, hands tightening on Max's shoulders.

"Love you, Crow." Max's eyes were shining, hot, watching him so close. "I'm inside you."

"Oh!" His eyes went wide, pleasure exploding through his body at Max's words. He bucked, meeting Max's next push in, mouth open as he gasped for breath.

"Oh, yeah. There. Right there." Max kept talking, kept moving, kept driving him.

"Max," he whispered. "Max."

God, he felt amazing. Who knew this felt so good? Max. Max knew. Max showed him. Oh. He whimpered.

Then one of Max's hands wrapped around his cock, started pumping. He shouted, bucked, his eyes rolling back in his head. Everything kind of greyed out, the pleasure shooting through him, all over his body.

"Oh, hell yeah." When things came back to normal, Max was cuddled against him, hot and smooth.

He turned his head, finding Max's mouth, needing it, the connection and the way their tongues played together.

"That was. Wow." He laughed softly, pressing against Max.

"See? Told you. It was good." Max grinned, licked his lips.

He nodded, feeling unbelievably good. Melted and loose and so damned close to Max. He met Max's eyes, smiling.

Max rubbed their noses together, chuckling, winking. "Now you know how sweet it can be."

"I do." He grinned. "No wonder you asked me to do you."

"Well, shit yeah." Max winked, chuckled.

He grinned and then got serious. "I do, too, you know. Love you, I mean."

"Yeah? Cool." Max looked...happy.

He nodded and nuzzled against Max. He was pretty damned happy himself. More happy than he'd maybe ever been.

"Sleep. You gotta work tomorrow."

"What about you? I was supposed to fuck you," he murmured, but sleep was pulling at him. He was just melted.

"I'm not going anywhere, Crow. Nowhere at all."

"Cool." He smiled and snuggled in against Max's warmth.

Yeah. Crazy in love. It felt good.

Chapter Six

Max found himself at loose ends the first few nights Wil was gone, so he cleaned up and pottered. Then he got himself a job doing a stained glass window for an antique hutch. It wasn't much money, but it was something to do.

He liked it, too, working in the dead of night, radio playing.

Wil rolled in around 8:30 every morning, usually with a couple of take-out boxes of breakfast from Sadie's, and this morning was no exception. The door opened, Wil humming happily.

"Mornin' Crow." He nodded, smiled over, cutting some ruby red glass for a rose.

"Cool, you're awake." Wil beamed at him, just like he had every other morning, like he was surprised Max was conforming to his schedule.

"Yep. Been working." He started cleaning things up, getting them out of the way. "How was your night?"

"Good. Quiet." Wil put the take-out containers on the table and came over, wrapping long arms around him from behind. "Oh, you're warm."

He leaned back, looking up, begging a kiss. "You feel good."

Wil hummed a little and brought their lips together, tongue slipping right into his mouth. He opened up, offering Wil a nice, long good morning, nice to see you. Wil's hands started wandering as the kiss deepened, one sliding north, the other south.

Oh. Good. He moaned, opened wider, hips starting to shift.

"God, you're sexy," muttered Wil, hand cupping his cock through his jeans.

"Mmm.... Your breakfast's gonna get...oh...cold...."

"That's what microwaves are for." Wil's other hand pushed down his collar into his shirt, fingertips teasing across one nipple.

"Oh. Damn." He started rocking, hips moving just like that.

"Mmm...oh, yeah. Sexy." Wil's mouth slid along his neck, nuzzling and nipping.

"Just Max." He stretched, chin lifting. "Want you."

Wil nodded. "Yeah. Me, too."

Wil was rubbing against his ass, chest warm along his back. And that tongue was making its usual magic, exploring his neck thoroughly.

"Mmm...gonna take me, Crow? Make me come?" He reached back, grabbed Wil's ass.

Wil nodded. "I want to."

They hadn't done that yet, falling into bed each morning and just going at it with the rubbing and the kissing and getting off quickly.

"I want you to." Really.

"I think that can be arranged. We got all the right stuff we need?" He'd gotten tested two days ago, but the results hadn't come in yet. Probably wouldn't for a few weeks.

"Uh-huh. By the bed. You want breakfast first?"

Wil just shook his head. "McTavish brought in donuts at seven. I'm good."

He was turned, Wil's mouth finding his again, hands cupping his face, tilting it as Wil's tongue slid between his lips. Max moaned, relaxing, leaning into Wil's body, rubbing some, warming them up.

"You just make me feel good all over, Max," murmured Wil, lips sliding on his face, before coming back meet his again. Wil sucked on his lower lip, hands starting their wandering.

He started working Wil's uniform open and off, fingers trailing, petting, loving on the smooth, soft skin. Wil moaned, mouth letting his go again and starting to trail down along his throat, wet and hot. He managed to get the buttons all undone, eyes rolling as Wil hit a sensitive spot. Wil kind of knew where they were now, all of them. Some he hadn't even known about, but Wil with his curious fingers and exploring mouth? He found them.

It was fucking amazing, His fingers found one nipple, starting tugging and pulling a little. So were the noises Wil made, soft and gaspy, so needy and hungry. Wil just gave it all up for him.

They stumbled over to the bed, both of them grunting and groaning, whimpering into each other's mouths. Wil tugged at his clothing, pushing it off him before they lay down. That long body rubbed against him, Wil so eager for the contact.

He spread, offering, wanting. "Want you in me, Crow."

A shudder went through the long body. "I'd like that, Max. I'd like to make you feel like you made me feel."

Wil kissed the side of his mouth. "I've never done it to anyone before. You tell me if I'm going wrong."

"I will." He smiled. He'd let Wil know how each second felt.

Wil rubbed their noses together and gave him another kiss on the lips before starting to work his way down. His jaw was traced, his earlobe sucked. Wil's fingers danced along his side, curled around his hip. Wil wasn't rushing this, not for a moment.

He just stretched out, nice and long and lean, giving Wil all of him. Wil moaned and hummed, hands and mouth sliding over him, kissing or touching him everywhere as he slowly made his way down Max's groin.

"Oh, Crow.... So good...." He arched, twisted a little.

"You taste amazing," murmured Wil, licking at his cock. "God, I can't wait for your tests to come back."

"Soon. Soon, yeah? And we can suck each other...."

Wil whimpered. "You, me and the number 69? It's a date."

"Oh, hell, yeah." He nodded, cock throbbing. That was one of his favorite things.

Wil gave his prick one last lick and then mounted an assault on his balls, licking and sucking and loving on them.

"Uhn...." He spread wider, shivering. "Please."

"Don't rush me," whispered Wil, tongue finally sliding beyond his balls, teasing the sensitive skin beyond them.

He stretched, nodding. No. No, he wouldn't.

Wil's fingers slid along his thighs, caressing, sensitizing him. That hot tongue teased across his hole, sliding beyond it and then back again. Oh. Oh. He moaned, eyes rolling. Yeah. Wil's hands slid to his ass, rolling him slightly up and holding him open as that wicked tongue worked him.

"Crow. Crow. Love. So hot. So good." He stretched, bucking just a little.

Wil whimpered and pushed his tongue right in, wriggling it inside him and then setting up a nice, even rhythm. In and out and in and out. He panted, called out to Crow again and again, entire body bucking. He thought Wil was going to make him crazy, just staying right there, fucking him with that hot tongue.

"I. I want. Need. Wil. Love. Gonna."

"Oh, wait. Wait. I want to be inside you, yeah?"

Wil gave his hole one last lick and rose up over him, a trembling hand reaching for the condom. Crow's face was flushed, eyes intense.

"Yeah. Yeah. Please." He spread wide, pulling his knees up.

Wil whimpered and bent to kiss him hard. "You tell me if I hurt you."

"I promise. Love me."

Wil nodded. "I do."

Then Will was looking down, guiding his cock to Max's hole and then pushing in. Those sweet brown eyes went wide, flying to meet his. "Max!"

"Mmm...yeah. Yeah, Crow." He relaxed, stretched, nodded.

Those eyes stayed glued to his as Wil kept pushing into him. "Oh, God. You're so tight."

"Does it feel good?" He squeezed, arched.

Wil shuddered, whimpered. "Max. Oh. Yes. Yes. Good."

"Yes. Feel you. Inside me." He smiled, reached for Wil.

Wil whimpered, pressed in deep. "God, Max. Oh, God."

Wil swallowed, eyes closing for a moment. When they opened again, Wil asked, "Can I move now?"

"Yeah. Yeah. Love me. Come on." If Wil didn't, Max was going to beat him.

With a low moan, Wil started to move. Slowly, so slowly.

"Oh...." Wil was going to drive him insane, absolutely mad.

"You're...oh. So amazing." Wil's eyes gazed into him.

"Uh-huh. More. Please." He bucked, riding that fine cock, balls drawing up.

Wil moved faster, a little harder. Not enough, not yet, but good. Then that long cock slid over his gland.

He shuddered, lips parting. "Again...."

Wil kept moving, hitting that sweet spot again and again. "Oh, God. God. Max."

"Uhn." Yeah. Fucking. Good. Uh-huh. Fuck.

Wil kept speeding up, kept moving harder. He could see Wil start to lose control, could see the pleasure spiral in those brown eyes. He reached for his cock, tugging, pulling, needing.

"Oh yeah, Max. God. Good." Wil was jerking now more than thrusting, just moving.

He nodded, hips jerking. Yes. Good. "Gonna come."

"Good."

Wil nodded, a shiver going through him. "Love you."

"Good." His shoulders left the mattress, body going tight, hand moving furiously.

"Max!" Wil shoved into him hard, shuddering, shouting his name.

"Oh! Yes!" He shot, bucking, hips rocking furiously.

Wil's mouth pressed against his, the kiss hot and sloppy. He relaxed, snuggling back into the mattress, just melted. Wil slowly relaxed down onto him, a low moan filling his mouth.

"Oh, Max. That was. Oh."

"Uh-huh. Oh."

Wil nodded, slowly pulling out. Another shiver rocked the long body against him, and then Wil was settling, wrapping around him all warm and heavy.

"S'good. Love." Oh, he was tired, happy, sated.

"Yeah. God." Warm lips slid on his neck. "Just keeps getting better, Max."

"Does. Trying not to fuck it up, Crow." He was. So hard.

"You're not fucking anything up from where I'm sitting. Lying. Whatever."

He chuckled, nodded. "Yeah? Good."

"Yeah. Good." Wil's leg slid over his, strong arms tugging him in closer.

Max snuggled right in, enjoying the warmth, the scent, the feel of Wil around him. Oh. Yeah. Nap time.

Wil's soft snores agreed.

He pulled the blankets over them. Yeah.

Chapter Seven

Wil pulled up to his apartment and sat for a few minutes, holding onto the steering wheel and just steaming.

It had come out yesterday that Max Killian was staying at his place and the snide comments about his sexuality and what exactly he and Max were doing had started the moment he got in for his shift. He'd made it clear that they didn't need to speculate. They knew he was gay and yes, Max was living with him.

That's when the advice and cautionary tales had started.

Max was trouble.

Max was big trouble.

Max drank.

Max got into fights.

Max. Max. Max.

Frankly, who he hooked up with was none of their business and he'd told them as much.

And then this morning, just as his shift was ending and he was in a hurry to head home because Max had gotten his results back yesterday evening and come out clean, McTavish had called him into his office. He'd been warned off Max. Again. And when he'd told McTavish it was none of his business, McTavish had warned him not to break any laws, he was a deputy and couldn't let Max lead him down a bad road.

He'd nearly quit on the spot.

He was mad enough to spit nails.

He'd spent almost an hour driving around the back roads, growling and telling off the imaginary folks sitting next to him. Things he'd wanted to say to their faces but couldn't.

Then he'd come home.

Christ, it was after ten. Max had to be wondering where he was.

He headed in, only realizing as he opened the door that he'd forgotten to pick up breakfast.

Max was packing up his tools, wrapping up the pane of stained glass, fully dressed, not even looking up at him. "Hey Crow."

"Hey. Sorry I'm late. You finished that?"

Max had been working on the stained glass for days.

"Yeah. Gonna get paid today. Go me."

He frowned. Maybe it was just because he was pissed off and out of sorts, but something seemed off with Max, too.

"Something the matter?"

Max shook his head. "That girl you like at work called. Was worried about you. Said the sheriff's pissed. I...I think I should go. Sissy'll let me stay with her and I got another glass job."

Wil frowned and crossed his arms. "You didn't strike me as the type to give a shit what people think, Max."

"I don't, but I got nothing to lose. I sorta give a shit what people do to you, though, 'specially when I'm to blame."

Wil shook his head. "No, you're not to blame, they are."

He went over to Max and touched his lover, just slid his hand along Max's shoulder, because he wasn't sure if Max wanted more from him right now. "It's not their business, Max. I stand by that. And you're the best thing that ever happened to me -- hell, I love you, Max. I'm not going to let some narrow-minded people with more time on their hands than sense run you out of my life."

Max looked over, eyes worried and unhappy. "I fuck everything up. I always have. Probably always will. You sure you want to risk anything for me?"

He stroked Max's other cheek this time. "Did you hear what I said? I said I loved you and you're the best thing that ever happened to me. I'll risk everything, Max."

Max closed his eyes, leaned into the touch. "Sorry you're getting shit at work."

"Yeah, me too. Though I tell you what -- it makes the night shift I'm stuck on *way* more appealing -- less idiots to deal with."

Grinning, he tugged Max into his arms, wrapping the compact body in a hug.

When Max relaxed, cuddled in? It made things just right, made the tight fury in his chest ease.

He gave a long sigh and closed his eyes, let the warmth and rightness of it soothe him completely. "I seem to remember there's a reason to celebrate," he murmured, hand stroking down along Max's back.

"Celebrate?" Max's hips nestled against his thigh, cuddling right in.

He nodded. "Okay, so I mean fuck. But it's appropriate in this case."

Max laughed, eyes alive and awake, shining. He grinned and bent to kiss that laugh, taking Max's happiness into himself. Max opened right up for him, sucking his tongue, hands tugging him close.

Moaning, he started to tug Max's t-shirt out of his jeans. There was nothing like Max's skin and he wanted to feel, to taste. Those strong arms lifted, dark nipples tight and hard.

"Mmm...oh, Max." He licked his way down to them, teeth scraping before he started sucking on them.

"Oh. Oh, yeah. More." Max arched, nodded.

He nodded. "Lots more." He pushed Max back toward the bed, following, wanting.

Max arched up, rocking into him, rubbing. "Yeah. Yeah, love."

He nodded. "Fucking first? Or that 69?" He wanted both. Couldn't decide which he wanted more.

"Sucking first. I want you." Max's eyes were so hot, watching him, drinking him in.

He nodded and started fumbling with his clothes. "Finish getting naked." No way he could undress Max, his fingers would get distracted by that belly.

Max opened his jeans, working them down and off. Wil moaned, his cock jerking and throbbing. God, he was going to get to taste. Really taste. He climbed onto the bed, focused on that heat.

Max pulled him down, lips hot and hungry, needing him, sucking him in deep. He cried out, bucking before settling and concentrating on exploring every single bit of Max's cock without worrying about a condom.

The taste was amazing. Max was hot and salty, a touch of sweet and spice mixed in. The sharp taste of Max's precome slid over Wil's tongue, making him moan. Max wasn't exploring, was just sucking and moaning, working his prick.

He wasn't going to last long at this rate, but that was okay, because then he could just focus on Max's cock, but right now, with the pleasure inside him getting just sucked out

of him through his cock, all he could do was return the favor. So he sucked it all in, feeling the head bump against the back of his throat.

Fingers rolled his balls, stroked his thighs, made him feel so good. He breathed in deeply, loving the smell of Max, loving that they were doing this. Max took him in deep, swallowing around the tip of his cock. He shouted around Max's cock, coming hard. Max moaned, nice and low, hips rocking, lips drinking him down. He shuddered and groaned, a shiver going down his spine.

It came to him suddenly, that he still had Max's cock in his mouth, his lover still wanting, still needing. He started moving his head up and down, tongue working.

"Oh. Crow. Fuck...." Max nuzzled his cock, his balls, mouth open and so hungry.

He nodded and swiped his tongue across the head of Max's cock and then went back down on Max, letting it hit the back of his throat.

"Gonna. Soon...." Max gasped, hips rolling, fucking his face.

He sucked harder, fingers sliding on Max's thighs.

Max's muscles went tight-tight, hips bucking up, cock swelling. "Love!"

Bittersalt heat filled his lips. He swallowed it down eagerly, pulling Max's flavor right in.

Max groaned, relaxing down. He whimpered, letting Max's cock slide out of his mouth before he started to lick at it, learning the shape of it all over again.

"Oh...I...uh...." Oh, incoherent. Yum.

He grinned and just kept licking, fingers sliding, exploring that sweet belly.

"Love...." Max's fingers tangled in his hair.

He purred, and shifted slowly, making his way back up Max's body. Oh, their kiss was sweet, full of the flavors of each other instead of latex. "Mmmm...congratulations on getting a clean test, Max."

"Thanks. I was tickled." Max pressed close. "You taste good."

"Yeah, you do, too. And later? We can find out if fucking's better without them, too." He felt like a kid in the candy store, with all his favorites laid out just for him. "Love you, Max. I'm glad you're here."

"Yeah? Me, too." The words were almost whispered, Max's chin ducking.

"Good." He wrapped Max in a hug and let his eyes close, let that good melted feeling just have him.

Max did amazing things for his mood and his mental health, not to mention his body. He wasn't giving the man up just because a bunch of narrow-minded people had decided Max was a bad seed.

Nope. Not letting go anytime soon.

Chapter Eight

Max was sitting in his favorite seat of the bar, listening to Tim McGraw on the jukebox and drinking. It was nice, he'd been building up a little bit of business, making windows and pretties and shit. It gave him some money for Wil, some money to go out. Hell, it kept up? He might suggest getting a little trailer with a workshop or something.

He almost snorted. Christ, listen to him.

He sounded almost...domestic.

Shit.

He heard the comments coming from behind him -- low, nasty shit about the queer fucking cop screwing the redneck at the bar.

Oh, he so didn't think so.

He spun around, glaring. "Somebody got something to say?"

Hank Ulrich stood, spit and growled. "Iff'n I did, what are you going to do about it, pansy-ass?"

"You want to take this outside?" He had a tire iron in the truck.

"Come on, fag. I'll make sure your ass isn't good for shit."

"Don't make me call the law, boys." Helen was glaring at them from behind the bar. "Max, why don't you head out home before this gets nasty?"

"Why don't you send Hank home since he's talking shit, Helen."

She came over and spoke just to him. "Cause there's likely to be another to take his place as soon as he's gone, Max, and I don't see you ignoring them anymore than you did Hank."

"All I want is to sit and drink my fucking beer in peace." And beat that motherfucker to death.

"Then sit down, Max. Or I will call the cops." She looked past him. "Hank. Get on home to your wife or learn to keep a civil tongue in your head."

"I don't have to put up with that little prick sitting in here pretending to be a man."

Max growled low, just shaking with it.

Helen sighed. "I'm calling the cops, Hank and I'm telling them you started it."

The blow came out of nowhere, catching him upside the head, and he just jumped, fighting and hitting and snarling and kicking ass.

The sirens sent Hank and his boys scattering, most of them going out the back door. He hit the back running, blood running into his eyes, pouring from his nose. He could see the lights from Wil's car pulling up around the front, he'd made it out.

He slid down the embankment, down into the mud and into a culvert, scooting far enough back that no one'd see him. Shit.

Shit.

He caught the sound of Helen's voice "--off as soon as they heard the siren, Wil."

"Are you wanting to press charges?"

"No. Max didn't start it, but he'll catch the most trouble from it if I do. You should maybe suggest he doesn't come in for awhile."

"I thought you said you weren't pressing charges."

"No, but I'll have to if it happens again and there's no way those boys are gonna keep their mouths shut. They know how to get his hackles up and kicking the gay boy's ass is a sport around here."

"So he loses his watering hole because they're assholes? That's not fair."

"Who told you life was fair, boy?"

Wil snorted. "All right, if you're not pressing charges, I'll be on my way. Is Max still in there?"

"No, he cut out with the rest of them."

"Well shit, his truck is still here. Was he hurt?"

"There was plenty of blood, Wil, I didn't ask who it belonged to."

"Damn. Okay, Helen. You do me a favor and let me know next time he and those jerks are here at the same time?"

"If it'll keep my bar from getting busted up again, I guess I can."

"Thanks."

Wil's boots crunched across the gravel. "Gweniss, the call out to Seven Acres was a false alarm. I'll be out patrolling this neck of the woods though. Out."

Wil's footsteps crunched past him down the road away and then back and across the road.

Shit.

Max panted a little, ribs aching, nose busted sure as shit, ankle aching in his boot. He waited for what seemed like forever, then started crawling out of the cold, funky-ass water.

The car was still in the parking lot, but he couldn't see Wil anywhere; in fact, the road and parking lot were both deserted.

Okay. Okay. Cool. In the truck. In the truck and home. Then a bath.

A nap.

Good stuff.

He headed across the parking lot, sort of staying in the shadows in case Hank and them were out and about.

He did fine until he got to the truck and just as he was about to open the door, a shadow detached itself from where it was leaning against the side of the truck.

"Shit, Max, you look like hell."

He damn near jumped out of his boots, wincing as he came down on that ankle. "Hey, Crow."

"You gonna let me take you to the hospital?" Wil asked, fingers moving in the air above his eyes in an almost caress.

"Nah, I'm okay. I just need a shower." He tried to smile, but it hurt like a bitch. "I didn't start it. I didn't throw the first punch."

"I know. Helen told me. And no one's pressing charges. Though you look like you might want to think about it."

Wil nodded back to his car. "I'll follow you home. Don't argue."

"What about your shift?"

"I'm just making sure you get home all right. Last time I checked those roads are still in my territory."

He nodded, the world swimming a little. "Yeah. 'kay. I don't want trouble." It just wanted him.

Wil's hand ghosted over his back. "You okay to drive, Max? You could pick up your truck tomorrow."

"I'm good. Just a little woozy." He opened his truck door, eased in. "Assholes'll fuck up my baby."

"Your baby? Max? Maybe I should drive you home."

"My truck. I'll meet you at the apartment." He didn't need a fucking ride.

"All right. I'll be right behind you." Wil didn't look happy, but he left, headed back for his car.

Max made it about three-quarters of the way home before he had to pull over, puke on the side of the road. Then he headed back for the truck, waving Crow away. "I'm okay now."

Wil gave him a long look. "I'm *right* behind you."

"'kay." He nodded, thanking God and all the angels for getting his ass home in one piece.

When he finally pulled up and got out, Wil was right there, helping him out of the truck. "You sure you won't let me take you into the hospital, Max? Just let them take a look at you?"

"I'm sure. I just want a shower." He managed the stairs, mostly. Wil didn't say anything else, just quietly helped him whenever he needed it.

Max moved right into the bathroom, into the shower, starting the water before he got naked. Wil went with him, fingers careful as they started to work open his buttons.

"You gonna get in trouble?" He let Wil help, he couldn't figure it alone.

Wil shook his head. "I called in sick on the way home. They'll call day shift if there's an emergency."

Wil was so careful, gentle as the shirt came off. Wil went to his knees, working on Max's tight jeans.

"'kay. Didn't start it." He got dizzy if he looked down, so he didn't.

"Sh. I know." Wil got his boots off, got his jeans off, helped him into the shower.

He leaned against the tile, letting the water clean him, soothe him. Damn. The soap stung when Wil started washing him, but those hands were gentle, those eyes so warm on him, all melted and worried.

"Sorry. Didn't mean to."

"No? You didn't want to get your face bashed in and your ankle torn up and god knows what else? I'm shocked."

Max closed his eyes, looked away. "Fuck off. I told you I was trouble."

"Hey. I'm on your side here, Max. I know you didn't go looking for this." Wil turned the water off and got him out of the shower, was so fucking gentle as he was dried off.

He swayed, let Wil lead him. Let Wil take care.

The bed came up suddenly, Wil laying him down, sitting next to him. "What do you need?"

"Aspirin? Water?" New nose?

"Doctor?" Wil asked with a hopeful note in his voice.

"No doctor." He couldn't afford it.

"Max.... All right, I'll drop it." Wil got up and went to the kitchen, pulling down some pain relievers and filling a glass of water.

"Not going to let anyone bad-mouth you."

"What?" Wil came back and helped him sit, pressed the pills into one hand and the water into the other.

"Not gonna let no one say shit about you." He took the pills, drank deep.

"Is that what this is about? Someone said something about me? Max...I don't need you to defend my honor."

"No. I mean, it started that way and I backed off and they hit me."

Wil sighed. "Helen asked me to suggest you stay away from there awhile."

He nodded, wincing as he did. "Fine."

"I told her that wasn't right if she wasn't asking the others the same. But I'd feel better if you didn't open yourself for more trouble like that until you're feeling better."

"Yeah, I'm not going back. I'll drive over to Lytle to drink."

Or to Greenburg.

"They got a gay bar somewhere near here, Max? I'd like to have a night or two out with you myself without worrying some asshole's going to ruin our night."

"We could drive into Austin. There's a couple there." Oh. Dancing. He liked that.

"Yeah? Cool." Wil gave him a smile, fingers sliding along his cheek, well away from his nose.

"Yeah." He leaned into the touch. "Gonna be sore tomorrow. Wanna fuck tonight?"

Wil laughed. "I don't think you're up to fucking tonight either, Max. But if you just lie back, I'll suck you off."

He snorted. He'd never get it up. Never. "Kiss me."

Wil didn't need to be asked twice, leaning in to kiss him, hard and desperate, not giving him any quarter. He groaned, opening, letting Wil have him, love him. Wil's tongue slid against his own, explored his mouth, those long fingers starting to explore him, careful and gentle, checking him out.

"Oh...." He relaxed, not used to someone caring, someone helping.

Once Wil's fingers had run the course of his body once, lingering carefully over his ankle, Wil's mouth started wandering, tongue licking, lips softly kissing every inch of his skin.

"I never.... Oh, Crow...." He couldn't catch his breath.

"Sh. Just feel."

Wil's eyes were closed, face a study in concentration, mouth making magic, fingers not far behind.

"kay. Love you." His eyes closed, trusting in Wil.

Wil hummed and went back to what he was doing. There wasn't any part of Max that wasn't touched, licked, loved. His cock slowly started to fill, breath slowing, body relaxing. Wil whimpered, cheek rubbing against his cock, nose buried in his belly, his lover breathing in deeply, breathing him in.

Oh, it felt so good, so sweet.

"Love you."

Wil nodded. "I know."

Those brown eyes looked up at him, that melted chocolate intense look that he'd fallen for. "I love you, Max."

Then Wil blinked and turned his head, mouth sliding over the tip of his cock. He moaned, spreading, wanting. Wil hummed around his cock, pulling and licking at him. Long fingers played with his balls, drifted down to stroke across his hole.

"Oh...." He loved this, the touches, the heat, the care. Wil. He loved Wil.

Wil took more of his cock in, head moving slowly, suction growing stronger. That finger at his ass teased its way into him, started moving. Heat built inside him, steady and sure, pain replaced with pleasure. That one finger became two, stretching him a little, pushing deeper, Wil finding his gland.

"Gonna...Crow...damn." He shifted, bucked.

Wil nodded and went all the way down him, nose buried in his pubes. He shot hard, bucking into Wil's mouth, his orgasm surprising him. Wil whimpered and swallowed him down, throat closing around the head of his prick and squeezing.

He slumped back into the mattress, gasping, zoning, floating. Wil cleaned him carefully, heat humping against his leg and then shooting up it.

"Oh." It was good. Damn good.

Wil kissed his way back up to Max's mouth, tongue sliding in between his lips. He opened up, sucking gently, tasting himself on Wil's tongue. Wil pulled the blankets up over them, wrapping him in warm arms and love as clear as a blue, blue sky.

"Not pissed at me?" He settled, sinking into sleep.

"I'm not pissed, Max. Go to sleep. Heal."

"kay. Night. Morning. Whatever." It didn't matter. He was going to rest.

"Love you," whispered Wil, snuggling closer.

"Yeah. Love." He nodded, falling right to sleep.

Wil waited until Max was asleep and then he got up and started cleaning.

It gave him something to do, while his mind went around in angry circles. The truth was he was pissed. He was furious. But not at Max.

Between what Helen had said and Max had said? It was clear Max hadn't started this. Had maybe even tried to back away from it after getting called out in the first place. Which couldn't have been easy for a man with the kind of stubborn pride Max had.

And it made Wil mad.

It made him really mad that people couldn't just mind their own fucking business. Just like the people at work hassling him.

He cleaned out the fridge and scrubbed the oven and thought about going out for a run. Except that he'd called in sick to work and he didn't want Max waking up alone. The man was going to be hurting.

He found himself a book instead and got back into bed, making a soft, happy noise when Max snuggled up against him. Yeah. That was it. It was a pretty good book, but after a couple hours, he started to drift off.

He woke up to Max stumbling across the floor, bumping into things, heading to the bathroom.

The poor face was swollen and bruised, nose a little lumpy.

Wil got up and went into the kitchen, finding the pain relievers and filling a large glass with water. He really wished Max would consider the doctor, make sure nothing vital was broken. He sighed and wiped his face, heading back for the bed with the stuff and waiting for Max to finish up. He wouldn't offer help, Max wouldn't thank him for it.

Max was more awake on the way back to bed, snuggling right back in. "Hey."

"Hey. I got you some more aspirin and water. You need it?"

"Yeah. Please." Max drank deep, throat working.

He slid his hand along Max's shoulders, rubbing them. "You gonna live?"

"I'll seriously consider it, yeah." He almost got a smile, got a definite snuggle.

Wil chuckled and licked at Max's lips. "Oh, good."

"Yeah. Fucking a dead guy? Gross." Those swollen eyes just twinkled.

He started to laugh. "Oh, God, Max. that was *bad*. Like, really."

Max nodded. "Yep. Bad. Funny, too." God, Wil loved that grin.

He nodded and gave Max a bit of a squeeze. "I know you're going to be all right if you're making gross jokes."

"Just a bar fight. No harm, no foul."

"A three- or four-on-one bar fight. That's gonna get you killed one of these times, Max."

"Yeah. Maybe. I'm tough, Crow. I handle myself okay."

"I know you're tough. You know you're tough. I don't see why you need to prove it over and over again."

"Don't bitch at me, man. I didn't ask for it." He got a hard, sure look, that square jaw set.

"I'm not bitching. Not really. I just worry about you." He squeezed Max. "Coming home to you every morning? That's become real important to me."

"Oh." The tension in the bruised face relaxed. "I reckon I can live with that."

"Good." He ghosted his fingers over Max's face, feeling the heat around his nose. "You look nasty."

"Hurts like a bitch, too. My nose gonna be crookedy?"

"Hopefully not. But maybe folks'll think twice about picking a fight with you if you look like you've survived a few." He grinned and kissed a spot on Max's cheek that wasn't bruised.

Max chuckled, winked. "Maybe'll it'll turn you on."

"Maybe. Of course everything about your body does, so it wouldn't be surprising, now would it?" He pet Max's belly, fingers sliding on warm skin.

"Oh, you are a flirt, deputy. It's no wonder you caught me." Max reached out, mimicked the caress.

He chuckled. "I'm not flirting -- I'm touching. Aiming on doing a lot more of it, too."

"Flirting, touching, fucking, sucking -- it's all good, man. All good with you."

He nodded. "Yeah, I know what you mean."

He licked at Max's lips, teasing them open with his tongue. Max opened easily, tongue playing with his, sliding and soft. He whimpered. It felt so good with Max. All of it, from a simple kiss or touch to all-out fucking.

One hand slid around his waist, petting and stroking. His whimpers turned into purrs and he leaned back, Max's weight coming with him, the compact body leaning against his. Max settled against him, hips snuggling against his belly.

He opened his mouth wide, letting Max in, hands finding Max's ass. Max arched, pushed into his hands, tongue fucking his lips. His own hips picked up the rhythm of Max's tongue, sliding their pricks together.

The familiar, hungry low sounds started, pushing into his lips, making him ripple. He slid his fingers along the crease of Max's ass, searching out more of those noises. Max groaned, spread a little wider, offering him more.

Oh, yeah...sweet and hot and tight and his. He slid his finger along Max's crease again and he pushed in a little as he got to Max's hole.

"Mmm.... Yeah. Nice and easy." Max nuzzled him, humming low.

"God, you're something else. Something special." He kept playing with Max's hole and slid his other hand up along Max's spine.

"Yeah? I want to...I want to be."

"You already are."

He worked one finger deep inside Max's body, free hand pushing between them to slide across one nipple.

"Want you." Max moaned, eyes closed, lips parted. "Wil."

"I don't want to hurt you," he murmured, worried about Max's injuries.

"Okay. Don't. Just love me."

He chuckled softly. "That's always your answer."

"It's a good answer, Crow." He got a smile, real and warm. "A damn good answer."

"Yeah. Yeah, it is." He nodded and went back to kissing, to touching Max, loving on the warm, silky skin.

Max pushed close, relaxing against him, letting him touch and heal and feel.

"I want you," he murmured, finding Max's cock and squeezing.

"I'm yours." Max pushed into the touch, groaned low.

Groaning, he worked Max's cock and ass.

"Love you," he whispered, rolling Max gently onto his back.

"Love you...." Max spread for him, moaned.

"Gonna taste you, k?" He started to make his way down Max's body.

"Uh-huh...." That heavy prick jerked, got rock hard like it was calling for him.

He took his time, tasting the way down to Max's cock, tongue wrapping around one nipple and then the other. Max moaned almost constantly, hips rocking on the mattress, the scent of need slowly growing. By the time he made it down to Max's cock, the tip was soaking wet, dripping, and he lapped at the precome, moaning at the taste.

"Wil. Oh, that's good. So hot." The words just poured out, Max shifting and babbling.

"You're hot. You taste good. I want." He nodded. He wanted.

"Yeah. Yours. Want you." Max's thighs spread, hips tilting. "Please."

He nodded again. He wasn't sure this was exactly what the doctor would prescribe, but they both wanted and he wasn't strong enough to resist this taste, this scent, the feeling of Max's body under his tongue.

He lapped at Max's prick, slowly making his way down it, down to those sweet, hot balls. So soft, so velvety under his tongue, under his touch -- Max's sacs drew up, wrinkled for him as Max keened. He purred, nuzzling Max's balls with his nose as his lips explored that soft, soft skin beyond them.

"Oh. Oh, that's.... Damn, Crow." So tender, so sensitive, Max was almost shaking, eager for his touch.

The scent of need grew stronger and he moved lower, licking at Max's hole. His tongue slid over the wrinkled ring of muscles, Max's thighs shaking, ass tight in his hands. He blew gently, licked again. Using his thumbs, he spread Max a little, licked a little deeper.

"Wil. Oh. Oh, sweet...." He could go a month off the need in that voice.

He pushed in a little further, moaning at the scent, the flavor, the sharpness of Max. Max bucked, hips rocking, pushing against him, riding his tongue. He fucked Max with his

tongue, using Max's movements to send his tongue deeper. Max was so soft inside and so hot and grasping, pulling at his tongue like Max didn't want to let his tongue go.

"Love. Oh, God. Please." Max reached down, pumped his cock.

He worked his tongue faster, jaw just aching. His fingers cupped and rolled Max's balls. *Come on*, he thought, *come*.

Max's body went tight, jerking, the scent of seed sharp and strong.

He moaned, slowing his tongue, bringing Max down gently before licking his way up to clean the seed from Max's body. God, he loved that he could do that now, that he could have taste to go along with the scent. Max relaxed, just moaning, rocking under his tongue.

He whimpered, burying his face in Max's belly and breathing in deeply. He loved Max's skin, the heat and smoothness of the man, the way Max smelled and tasted and.... Wil moaned, rocking against the sheets.

"Gonna love me?" Max carefully spread for him, holding his knees up and back.

"You sure, Max?" He wouldn't hurt Max for the world. Not for one second.

"I am. Just be easy, yeah?"

"I will."

He leaned in and kissed Max and then lined up with that hot, wet hole, pushing gently. Max moaned, eyes closing, a soft moan escaping those parted lips. Groaning, he licked at Max's lips and then just rested their mouths together as he pushed the rest of the way in, the heat and tightness just about taking his breath away

"Love you." Max held him, squeezing him, muscles so tight.

He nodded. "Love you, Max," he murmured, still searching for his breath, panting softly.

"Good. Come on now, nice and easy."

"Yeah. Slow and good." He pulled out until just the head of his prick was being squeezed by Max's body and then he pushed back in, eyes rolling at the sensation. Good God that was an amazing sensation.

"Oh. Oh. Yes. Again." Max moaned, rippled around him.

He could do it again. And then again. He had no intention of stopping until he was melted. Until they both were melted.

"Oh." Max rocked and rolled, riding his cock.

"Yeah. Oh." Oh, so good. He moved a little faster, the pleasure urging him on to more and harder.

"More. Damn. Please. More." Max stretched, pushing harder against him.

He slid one hand along Max's side, wrapped it around Max's hip as he sped up a little. Their moans and cries mingled, joined. Max panted, riding him. He wouldn't be able to hold back much longer, the pleasure was speeding through him.

"It's good. Come on. Show me."

Shuddering, he cried out, Max's name or "love" and picked up the pace, hand pulling Max's body back onto his cock as he thrust. Max watched him, those eyes focused, hot. He whimpered, hips jerking now, just running on instinct as he started to fly over the edge.

With another cry he came, pleasure pushing deep into Max.

"Yeah...." Max reached for him, petting and holding him close.

He tried to keep from collapsing onto Max, but his arms were giving out and he didn't want to come out just yet either. So he lowered himself carefully. Max held him, cuddling right in, so warm against him.

"Love you," he whispered, tasting Max's neck.

"Good." Max patted him, a little clumsy, eyes closed.

"Yeah, Max. Good. You're good. We're good." He smiled. They were.

No matter what anyone else thought or cared to express. And as long as they still had this, still had each other, the rest of the world could just get lost.

Chapter Nine

Max straightened his good shirt, walked into the steakhouse in Vernon, looking around for a certain deputy who was just off a day shift. They'd started going out once every two weeks -- somewhere different, somewhere together.

They'd seen a movie, been to supper, played video games, shot pool. All-in-all? It was fun.

Relaxing.

And with the more and more constant work coming in? Actually feasible.

He caught sight of Crow, dressed all in black -- jeans, turtle neck and jacket -- sitting at the bar with a beer.

Oh.

Yum.

"Hey Crow." He stepped closer, eyes hot as he admired his lover.

Wil turned, those brown eyes lighting up, a smile brightening the serious face. "Hey, Max. Mmm...you look good."

"Yeah? Thanks." He grinned, nodded over, eyes just shining.

Wil's smile was sweet and wide and he got up. "Hey, they said they'd sit us when you got here."

"Cool. Black's a good color on you." He admired, ordered himself a beer.

Wil blushed a little, ducked his head. "Thanks." Two fingers slid against the back of his hand before the moment was interrupted by the waiter to show them to their table.

They settled in a little booth in the back, dim and cozy, both of them relaxing in. "Oh, this is nice."

"Yeah. It is." Those brown eyes looked at him like he was something special, a smile on Wil's face.

"You wanting some stuffed mushrooms? I hear they're fine here." He reached out with his boot, rubbed Wil's leg.

"Stuffed mushrooms? Is that a euphemism?" Wil's eyes twinkled at him.

"A what, college boy?"

Wil chuckled. "Something that means something else. Like, you know...stuffed mushrooms." Wil's voice dropped, got really suggestive.

He blushed, chuckled low. "Oh, I hear you. I like stuffed...."

"Yeah, I thought so." Wil's eyes just beamed at him, warm and happy.

"Got another order -- a little piece, but if they like it, there's a whole church needs doing."

"Oh yeah? That's cool. Business seems to be picking up."

"It does. I...." He trailed off, looking down. He'd found a little double wide on an acre. The rent was just a little more, but it was like a real place and shit and he didn't know....

"What's wrong?" Wil asked, foot sliding along his calf.

"Nothing. Nothing at all." He grinned over, more than a little nervous. "I saw a trailer for rent on two acres of land...."

Wil's face fell. "You're thinking of moving out?"

"Uh. Well, no. Not me. Us. Moving. Over."

"Oh." Wil's smile was slow, but sweet. "Oh. Yeah? Have you seen the place yet? Is it big enough?"

"Just the outside, but there's a workshop, a barn, and the money's right." And out of town where they could be together.

"Wow. That sounds." Wil reached out and squeezed his hand. "It sounds really good."

"It does, doesn't it? Somewhere nice sized and roomy? Somewhere ours?"

Wil nodded. "That's the part that sounds the best." Those eyes were gazing right through him with sudden heat.

He shifted in his seat, suddenly hard. "Yeah. A real kitchen. A workshop."

"A place of our own...." Wil licked his lips. "Can we check it out tonight?"

"I have the number for the real estate lady. We could call."

Wil took out his cell phone and passed it over. "I'd like that, Max." He knew that quiet voice. Quiet. Intense. Focused entirely on him.

"Yeah? Me too." He called the number he'd written down, talked to a Jeannie who said that the place was empty, could they come at eight? "Is eight okay, Crow?"

Wil nodded. "Yeah, it'll give us time to eat first."

"Cool. Yeah, that'll work, Jeannie. We'll meet you there."

Wil was grinning at him, foot rubbing against his calf.

"So. Eight o'clock. It's empty." He couldn't stop grinning. And Wil was grinning back at him, eyes making all sorts of promises.

"What're you gonna order? Steak? Chicken?"

"Are you on the menu, Max?"

"Not the dinner menu. Dessert, though...."

"All right then, I'm going to have the steak and ribs. But I'll be thinking about dessert the whole time."

Max ordered hamburger steak and mashed potatoes.

They waited for their food, making small talk, but the whole time Crow was rubbing at his leg and looking at him with those eyes that just melted him.

"Did I tell you there was a barn? It looked big enough for a few cattle, a horse or two."

"You like farming?" Crow asked, voice surprised.

"I...." He blushed dark, ate a mushroom. He'd grown up with critters. He'd always assumed he'd have a couple, when he grew up.

"What? The way you're blushing I'm gonna start thinking you like 'em in an unnatural way." He could hear the teasing note that crept into Wil's voice.

He snorted. "No. No, I mean, I used to think I would grow up and ranch some, build stuff. You know, be grown up and real and shit."

He got a grin and then that warmer smile, the one he liked to think Wil only gave to him. "You seem pretty real to me."

"Well, I'm sort of a screw-up, you know?"

Wil just kept on smiling. "You haven't screwed this up."

"Yeah, I know. Weird, huh?" He grinned over, winked.

Wil chuckled, foot playing along his leg again. "Damn, I wish it was time for dessert."

"We've got to go see the trailer between courses." Their food come and, man, it looked good.

"I know. I still wish it was time for dessert." Then Crow sat up and grabbed one of the ribs off his plate and Max would be damned if the man didn't start to fellate the damned thing right there in the restaurant before licking each one of his fingers clean in turn.

"You are a perv. Sexy and hot as fuck, but a perv." He couldn't stop shifting.

Wil looked up at him, those eyes warm and twinkling. "Isn't that why you love me?"

"One of the reasons, maybe." Max laughed, nodded. "Not in the top five, but one of the reasons."

"You have a top five?" Wil's cheeks were flushed, it was a sweet look.

"Yeah, don't you?" He had to stop himself from reaching over, touching.

"I guess I've never thought about it in terms of a list." Wil's hand twitched, finger wrapping tight around his fork and knife as he started cutting his steak.

"No? I have a list, I can't help it." Man, the hamburger steak was good.

"Do I want to hear the list?" Wil asked casually, a look of pleasure crossing his face as he ate his steak. "Damn, why haven't we been here before?"

"You've been working wonky shifts and this place is only open for supper?"

Wil grinned and nodded. "I haven't had a steak this good since I left Austin." Wil's foot was back on his leg, rubbing, touching.

"And real mashed potatoes, too. Damn." He leaned forward, whispering. "You're making me hard, Crow."

"I hope so, I've been that way since before we decided on dessert."

Max blushed dark, grinning to beat the band. "Yeah? I'm all for that...."

"Eat up. We have a date with a real estate agent and I want my dessert badly enough I might snack on it before we get there." Wil frowned. "This metaphor's getting out of hand." So was that foot of Wil's, climbing up his leg.

"Down, deputy. Eat your corn. You'll need your strength." Asshole. Sexy, beautiful, hot asshole.

"And you call me a perv." Wil winked at him and picked up his cob, mouth wrapping around the tip.

"Oh, that's just mean." He loved that mouth, loved what it did to him.

Will pulled off the cob and nodded, blushing slightly. "Mean to both of us." Those eyes just bore right into him. "I want you, Max."

"Yeah. Want." Maybe even need. "Eat, Crow."

"Yes, sir." Wil ate, but he could tell the man wasn't tasting anything anymore. Those brown eyes stayed glued to him, the fork going to Wil's mouth like an automaton.

They finished and paid, heading out to the parking lot. "We both driving? Heading to the apartment to drop one vehicle off?"

"Yeah, I think that's for the better," murmured Wil. "We early? We could go in for a few minutes before heading out to the trailer...." Oh, that husky note in Wil's voice was sexy.

"We could. We have time." Goosebumps covered his arms and he nodded.

Wil nodded, too. "I'll follow you. No speeding -- Brad's got us out ticketing like crazy."

"No, sir. No speeding at all." He hopped up into his truck, heading home at the top end of the speed limit, radio turned up loud.

Wil's car pulled up right behind him, those brown eyes looking at him, but Wil not saying a word as they headed in. The moment the door closed behind them, Wil was on him, pushing him up against the wall, devouring his mouth. He pushed right back, rocking hard, rubbing and groaning right into Wil's mouth. Yeah. Yeah. Come on.

Wil's fingers were trembling as they tugged at his buttons, sliding over his chest as soon as it was exposed.

"Yeah. Need you. Fuck." He pushed into the touch, demanding.

"Yes." Wil ground their hips together, a hot bulge pushing against his own, rubbing as long fingers pinched at his nipples. Wil was needy enough he was moving quickly, not taking his time at all.

Max got their jeans open, got their cocks in his hand, rubbing hard.

"Max! Yes." Wil's mouth attacked his again, fingers going tight on his skin as the long cock pushed through his hand. Then Wil was making a sound, gasping and jerking, heat splashing over his hand in long pulses.

He wasn't far behind, not really, pushing up on his toes, thrusting, pushing hard.

"Oh yeah, I can smell you," murmured Wil, body heavy against him.

"Us. Fuck it's good, you and me."

Wil moaned. "Yeah. Almost too good."

"Almost." He took another hard, deep kiss, fucking Wil's lips with his tongue.

Wil whimpered into his mouth, hands sliding to curl around his shoulders. "We should probably go if we're going to see that place."

"Yeah. Then we can come home, do it again."

"Only slower. With more tasting and touching." Wil licked at his lips, sucked his bottom lip in, nibbling on it.

"And fucking, nice and hard, while you talk to me." He blushed, winked. "That, by the way? Your voice? In the top five."

Wil was still reeling from what Max had said when they pulled up to the plot of land that was for rent. Or for sale. He wasn't sure. It didn't matter. Max wanted them to get their own place -- well a place that was *theirs* and he wanted Wil to talk to him while they fucked because his voice was one of the top five things Max loved about him.

It made him wonder what the other four were.

Janet or Janice or Jane or whatever was already waiting for them, so he was going to have to wait to see if he could ferret them out of Max. He looked around as he went over to where Max and whatshername were standing.

The trailer wasn't huge, but it was solid, clean, on two acres with a great big workshop and a barn. The trailer was in the back, so no one could see it from the highway. Hell, there was even a TV satellite dish.

"What do you think, Crow?"

"I think I could live here." He gave Max a smile. Truth was, he could probably live just about anywhere with Max; the fact that this place was nice and private was just icing on the cake.

"It's only \$150 more than the apartment and I can work here real easy." Max actually looked...excited, eager, happy.

"Well I imagine between the both of us, we can come up with that. How soon could we move in?"

"It's empty, honey. Whenever you can put the deposit down."

Max nodded. "I can do that." At his curious look, Max shrugged. "Sissy gets a percentage of my glass work. With the workshop I can do more. She advanced it to me."

"Well, all right, I guess we'll take it then, yeah, Max? I only need to give two weeks on my place. We can move in then." He smiled at the real estate lady and grabbed Max's arm, leading him away a bit. "Why does Sissy get a percentage of your glass work?"

"Hmm? Partially because I've bummed off her a ton, partially because she's got the good name. On my own? I'm not worth a plug nickel."

"Don't say that, Max." He shook his head, hating it when Max got down on himself.

"Oh, it's no biggie. Look at all this room...." Max grinned, bounced a little.

He nodded. "The workshop's a good size. So's the trailer and we could get a queen or even king size bed, maybe. Though I don't mind the close quarters of the double." He bumped his hips against Max's.

"Works for me." Max was all grins and shining eyes. "I've never had a place before." God, he was sexy like this. Happy and...excited.

Wil just grinned back and squeezed Max's hand.

"So? This is good? You like it?"

"It is. I do. I like.... It means a lot to me that you wanted a place for both of us."

"Well, I figure we're a lot more than temporary, huh, deputy?"

Heat went through Wil at the words and he whimpered softly. "Yeah, Max."

And not caring if Jane was watching, he tilted Max's chin and brought their lips together. Max went still, then hummed softly, opening to him, eyes shocked and warm and happy.

He slid his arms around Max's waist, tugging him close and deepening the kiss, really making it last before slowly ending it and stepping back.

"Oh. Let's go fill out our paperwork so we can go find our bed."

Wil nodded and grinned. That sure sounded right to him. "Fucking hard while I talk to you right? You doing me? 'Cause maybe I do have a list, too and maybe that's in the top five." With that he turned and headed for the real estate agent's car.

Max stood, watched him, a stunned happy look on his face.

And Wil thought maybe there wasn't much he wouldn't do to make sure that look stayed there.

It didn't take them anything to move their boxes into the trailer. They didn't have a ton of shit and the trucks held plenty. Still, it was nice to be in with more room, more space, a full-sized refrigerator.

Pretty good, if Max did say so himself.

His workshop had been set up for a few days, the tools and glass all set up, arranged, not crowded on the dining room table and TV trays.

He was repairing an antique pane, cutting replacement parts and whistling with the radio while Wil was on patrol.

"Hey," said a voice in his ear, hand sliding along his back.

"Oh!" He gasped, looked up with a smile. "Crow. Are you early or am I late?"

"I'm bang on time, didn't stop in at the office to do paperwork. Come on outside. I've got something for you."

A brief kiss dropped on his lips.

"Yeah?" He stood, washed up, arm sliding around Wil's waist. "What?"

"Come see. It's in the back of the patrol car." Wil was just grinning like crazy, eyes twinkling.

"Did you bring me a vagrant, Crow? Or an old drunk?" Wil's happiness was infectious and he smiled over.

"Oh, you've caught me." Wil laughed and kissed him hard and then took his hand and pulled him out. "How did you know I'd picked up some homeless tonight?"

Wil took him out and as they approached he heard barking, two faces appearing in the back door window.

His eyes went wide and he laughed. "Oh. Oh, goodness. Puppies!"

"Yeah. You mentioned critters a couple weeks ago and then there they were on the side of the road in the middle of nowhere." Wil opened the car door and the two pups came bounding out, heading straight for him.

"Shit, look at you two!" He knelt down, scratching and petting two long-leggedty brown beasts.

They were all ears and tongue and big brown eyes. And they responded to his loving like they were starved for it.

Wil came over and gave them a pat, grinning down at him. "So what do you think?"

"I think they knew you were a sucker and laid in wait for you." He grinned up, shook his head. "A place like this needs dogs."

Wil nodded. "Something told me you need dogs. They tell you their names yet?"

"Well, let's see if they're boy dogs or girl dogs first. You take the crooked-eared one." He checked the littler one. "This here's a girl."

"I got a boy. Not fixed."

"So, we need to get them fixed and you name yours. Mine's...Button. As in cute as a."

"Oh, no, they're not my dogs. They're both yours." Wil had let go of the dog and was backing off. "I got them food. It's in the trunk. I'll get it."

"Our dogs. Your boy's gonna get a complex you don't name him." He hid his grin.

"I'm not a dog man, Max." Wil shook his head, big bag of dog food over his shoulders. "Never did have a pet -- I'd likely wind up giving him a stupid name."

"It's better than Dog Crow Wouldn't Name, Wil." The pup was following Wil close, tail wagging.

Wil actually chuckled but then his face got serious again and he got a worried look on his face, looking down at the dog. "You sure you won't name him, Max?"

"They're gonna be our dogs, Crow. He likes you. Name the pup." He wasn't sure what was up, but figured Wil'd fess up eventually.

Wil sighed and shook his head. "Only thing I can think of is Prince."

"Prince is a good dog name." He nodded, reached up for a long, slow kiss. "Prince and Button. I like it."

Wil chuckled and slid warm hands around his waist. "So you're happy I brought them home for you?"

"I am. You're good to me." Max pushed up, tongue sliding into Wil's lips. "Nobody's ever brought me a puppy before."

"I just want to make you happy," murmured Wil, mouth opening for him, arms holding him closer.

"You do. *You* do." He snuggled right in, rubbing them together.

Wil moaned. "Inside, Max. Please."

"Uh-huh. Is the gate shut for the pups?"

"Yes, sir." Wil smiled and licked his way back into Max's mouth. "Oh, Max. Been too long since I explored you."

"We been busy moving and unpacking. Want you...." He drew Wil up the stairs.

Wil followed, eyes on him like a physical touch.

"Bed's all made up." He was hard as a rock, heart pounding. "Pups, y'all be good."

"We're going to mess it up again, Max." Wil's voice was low and sweet, wanton, the sound matching the heat in those eyes.

"Fuck, I hope so." They made it in, left the pups out.

Wil walked him back toward the bedroom, fingers already popping open the buttons on his shirt. He worked on the complicated uniform, getting his own personal deputy down to skin.

Wil, as usual, slowed down as soon as he had Max's shirt open, getting distracted by the skin already exposed. Fingers and mouth and eyes caressed him, explored him, Wil making soft noises.

They made it to the bed, Max's knees hitting the mattress. "Naked."

Wil's eyes met his. "What?"

"Need to be naked." Both of them. In the bed. Fucking.

"Oh." He got one of those long, slow smiles. "Yeah."

Wil knelt by the bed, started undoing his jeans, button first and then his zipper. Max didn't think Crow could move any slower if he tried. He moaned, hips wiggling, hurrying the process a little.

"Thought you were gonna let me take my time," murmured Wil.

"Anything you want...." He just wanted so bad he couldn't help it.

Wil smiled at him, sliding his jeans down. "You want me to take your edge off, Max."

"Oh, fuck yes." He nodded, panting for it. "Please, Crow."

That smile got wider and Wil rubbed his cheek against Max's cock. "Oh, you smell good."

Max whimpered, arched up with a shiver. "Good."

Wil's tongue slid along his cock, teasing and fluttering against his heat.

"Oh...." He pushed, body begging for it, for more.

Wil teased him a few moments longer and then took the head of his cock into that amazing mouth, licking across the tip. The sound that poured from him was deep and raw, need riding him. Wil's hands pressed his hips against the bed, mouth going down on him.

"Yes!" His hips rolled, pushing against Wil's touch.

Wil held him down though, insisting on his own rhythm. Slow, but steady, Wil's head moved down and up again. He started babbling, long strings of promises and want and need, pleasure riding him hard.

Wil moved faster and harder in small increments, but the teasing was done, it was just sucking and head bobbing and more and more and then Wil's hands let him go, let him move. He bucked up, fucking Wil's mouth like a madman, desperate sounds just filling the air as he shot.

Wil swallowed it all down and kept sucking, and then started to clean, the movements slowly growing longer, more exploratory as Wil went right from that to touching and

tasting and smelling him. Max could relax now, spread and purr and stretch and let Wil have him.

Will started in the middle and worked his way up, spending time at his navel, his nipples, his neck, though no part of him was left untouched. It was thorough and sexy and Wil.

When Wil finally brought their mouths together again, he was humming, eyes glazed over. The kiss was soft and sweet, tongues sliding together, both of them so hot, hunger building.

It went on and on, Wil finally breaking it to gaze down at him. "Turn over for me, Max?" Wil asked softly.

"Hmmm?" Wil's hands helped him turn, spread him out.

Then the long, thorough explorations started again. Wil started at his neck, nuzzling, licking, teeth scraping at that spot where all his nerves sat, making him moan and shiver. He reached up, grabbed the headboard and just held on. Wil worked all the way down his spine, fingers sliding and tracing, making sure the rest of his back got touched and explored. That hot tongue drew circles at the end of his spine, slipping down into his crack briefly before heading back up a ways again.

"Mmm...so hot, Crow. So hungry." His thighs spread, hips tilting.

Wil moaned. "Me or you, Max?"

Before he could answer, Wil's tongue slid back down into his crease and licked across his hole.

"Uh...." He just nodded, breath panting from him.

Wil's chuckle sounded more like a moan and the long fingers slid along his ass, spread him for that tongue. Warm and wet, Wil's tongue stabbed into him again and again. He bucked, met that tongue, pushed back against it. Wil thrust into him a bit more and then dragged that tongue down along the sensitive skin between hole and balls and back up. And down. And up. And in again.

"Oh. Oh, Wil...." Felt so good, so hot, just driving him mad.

"Love you," murmured Wil against his balls, drawing one into his mouth.

"Love!" He went still, the pressure sweet, wild.

Wil sucked and then went for the other ball, mouth so hot. A couple of fingers pushed into his body, searching, moving until they found his gland.

"Oh. More. More, Wil...." He arched, moaning low.

Wil fucked him with his fingers, mouth working its way up one ass-cheek and along his back.

"More. Need you, Crow. Need." He was going out of his fucking mind.

"In a minute," murmured Wil, mouth finding the top of his spine again, sucking and licking there as those fingers kept working him. Wil's cock was like a brand against his ass, hot and hard.

He keened, hips rocking, ass squeezing those fingers, needing more. Wil's breath slid against his neck as those fingers disappeared, leaving him empty. He whimpered, groaning, begging for it.

"Need you," murmured Wil. "I want to fuck you now. Want to feel you around my cock." That soft voice was low and husky.

"Please. Deep and hard, Crow. Need to feel it."

"Max.... Oh, love you." Wil's cock pushed against him, pushed into him, spreading him wide.

"Good!" He didn't know if he meant the sensation or Wil's words or both or what.

Wil nodded against his back, cock sliding deep and then just staying there, buried inside him. He tossed his head, throat working, body trying to convince Wil to move.

Wil groaned, one hand tight around his hip, the other holding onto the headboard, Wil bracing himself. "Gonna move now," Wil finally murmured.

"Yeah. Yeah. Come on. Need it." He nodded, panted for it.

Wil rose up a little, cock shifting inside Max as he straightened. One hand wrapped around his shoulder, the other stayed at his hip, both holding hard as Wil began to move. The noises that escaped him would embarrass him in front of anyone else, but he gave them up for Wil.

"Yeah. Oh, Max. So good. Good. Please." Wil's voice was soft and husky, that long cock pushing into him again and again.

He nodded, riding and pushing and loving Wil with all he had.

"God, you feel good. So good. Oh. Max." Wil was murmuring, repeating his name over and over.

"Love you. Oh, sweet fuck. Wil!" He bucked, eyes rolling.

"Yeah." Wil moaned, a trembling hand leaving his hip to wrap around his cock. Each new thrust into his ass pushed his cock into the tunnel of Wil's hand.

He was gonna blow any second, hips jerking, eyes just rolling. "Soon!"

"Yeah, do it." Wil whimpered, hips moving faster, driving that hot cock deep into him.

Spunk poured out of him along with low, needy desperate cries.

"Max!" Wil's shout came with several jerks, heat pouring into him.

"Mmm...." Wil landed atop him and they slumped to the mattress, just panting.

"God, you're sexy."

Wil's fingers started moving on his skin again, the touches soft and familiar now.

"Love you. Damn."

Wil's lips nuzzled his neck, warm and soft. "I know. Makes me happy."

"Yeah? Good." He was floating, soaring.

"I love you, too," Wil told him.

And damn if those fingers weren't still stroking him, those lips exploring his neck.

Max moaned, eyes closing, just feeling. "I know."

He felt Wil's smile against his skin and then Wil settled more firmly against him. "Nap?"

"Uh-huh." Long nap. Long, lazy nap.

"Cool."

Wil kissed his neck again and one hand wrapped around his hip.

He nodded, settling, mostly asleep before his eyes closed.

Wil whistled as he fried up some bacon and made scrambled eggs. The dogs had barked when he'd gotten up, so he went out and pet them and fed them and told them Max would be out to see them when he woke up.

Then he came in and started breakfast.

He heard Max shifting around, heard a yawn, then steps heading for the kitchen. "Smells good."

"Thanks. I was getting hungry." He turned, smiling as he saw Max, warmth curling in his belly.

"Guess I should feed the dogs...." Max walked right up to him, kissed him slow and deep. He moaned, hand sliding to Max's waist, holding on as his mouth opened wide.

"They were barking so I fed them," he murmured. "They wanted to play, too. I told them you'd go see them when you were up."

"Did you not want to play with them?" Max nipped at his ear.

He tilted his head, pushing against Max's body. "They're your dogs."

"Our...our dogs. Our place."

He shook his head. "I can't have a dog."

He wasn't allowed.

And he knew he was grown up now, knew he could because it was his choice, but there was still that voice in his head, still the image of Rusty lying still and limp.

"What? We have two." Max frowned, stroked his face.

"I. I killed a dog once. Well. I didn't. But it was my fault. I can't." He shook his head again. "I can't, Max. They have to be yours."

"Hey. Easy. Save the bacon. I need coffee."

"The bacon? Oh!" He turned, and pulled the bacon off the burner, turned off the stove.

He could hear Benson's voice, screaming about burned breakfast and how if Wil hadn't killed the dog, they could've fed it to him.

"Okay. Come on. You're all wigged out. Sit. I'll make coffee." Max was frowning, eyebrow arching, watching him.

He sighed and nodded, sitting, relieved really to know he wasn't going to have to keep himself up. "I'm sorry. I thought it would be okay if I brought them back. For you. I thought it would be okay. That I'd be okay."

"Are you scared of dogs? Because we can get rid of them, Wil. No sweat." Max was making coffee, putting bacon on plates.

"No, it's not the dogs I'm scared of." He closed his eyes and pressed the heels of his hands against his eyes, trying to get the picture of Rusty out of his head.

"Okay...." Max put the plates down, hands rubbing his shoulders. "Spill."

He leaned back against Max, letting the compact, firm body support him.

"My Mom brought home a dog once. Rusty. He was mine. Benson." He took a deep breath. He didn't even like saying the man's name out loud. God, was he still really this scared? "He killed the dog, but it was my fault."

"Benson?" Max rubbed, fingers digging in.

He nodded, eyes closed, concentrating on Max's touch. "One of my mom's boyfriends. He lasted awhile."

"Why was it your fault?"

"He warned me. If the dog woke him up one more time he was going to have to do something. It was my responsibility to make sure the dog stayed quiet. All I had to do was keep the dog from waking him up. And I got home from school one day and Rusty wasn't outside, she was shut up in my room and when she heard me get home, she started barking, trying to get to me. I went to her as fast as I could, but it was too late, Benson was already awake." He took a shuddering breath. "I begged him not to hurt her."

"Oh, he sounds like a real charmer."

Wil nodded. "And I know he was a jerk, you know? I mean I can look back now and see that he was a manipulative, mean asshole. But there's still a part of me that's nine years old, holding my dead dog and hearing him say it was my fault, that I couldn't own a dog. I'd just kill it like I had Rusty."

"Well, you own two now." Max kissed the top of his head. "And Prince? Is *so* your dog."

He shivered. "That should just be our little secret, Max. He'll be okay if he's *not* my dog."

"Hey. Hey. If it's a big deal, Crow, I'll find homes for them. No sweat."

He shook his head. "No. I want you to have the dogs. I didn't think. I thought I was over that part of my life. That I'd left it in the past where it belongs. God, you must think I'm a freak." He got up suddenly and went back to the bacon, grimacing at the congealing mess.

"Nah. People suck, Crow. Some shit just sticks more than other."

He nodded and decided to toss the bacon. It looked disgusting. And he didn't think he could eat anyway. God, he hadn't thought about Benson in a long time.

Max came up behind him, hands on his back, massaging deep. "You want to go into town and have pancakes?"

He nodded, turning to wrap his arms around Max's waist and bury his face in Max's neck. His lover smelled so good. Smelled like home and safety and good things.

"Cool." Max held him close for a long minute, humming and petting. "Come on. There's pancakes and coffee waiting for us."

He nodded again, squeezed Max tight for a moment and then let go. "I'm sorry for freaking out on you, Max."

"It happens to the best of us, yeah?" Max grinned, kissed his temple and swatted his ass. "Let's go for a ride."

"Oooo, and I thought we were going for pancakes!"

Max chuckled. "Breakfast first, then wild monkey sex."

He pouted and then winked. "Okay. I guess I can get behind that plan."

"Good deputy. Follow my ass. It won't steer you wr...." Max stopped, grinned. "Well, it will steer you wrong, but it's a nice ass."

"Hasn't steered me wrong yet, Max. And it is indeed a nice ass. A fine ass. A hot and sexy ass." He reached out to squeeze that ass.

Max scooted out of reach, wiggling, teasing. He giggled, letting the memories go, letting them be replaced by Max and the new memories they were making together.

He maybe even could have a dog.

Max just kept making life better and better.

Chapter Ten

Max drove out about twenty miles from town if he wanted to drink and carouse nowadays -- partially because he wasn't welcome in his old spot anymore, partially because the new bar was in Collin county and Wil wouldn't be the one called for trouble.

Things were going along. He'd got the job fixing up the church. They'd bought an old sofa and recliner. He'd found homes for the dogs -- not together, but both good places with kids and shit. Wil had freaked right out about the critters and Max couldn't figure why on earth the man would bring dogs home when they creeped him out. Still, that was something he could fix straightaway.

It wasn't until he realized he'd worked for damn near a month without going out that he'd gotten dressed and drove out of town, singing along with the radio and heading for a watering hole. The place was jumping as it was a Friday night, music blaring on the jukebox and plenty of good old boys playing pool.

He had himself a ball, shooting pool, dancing with a couple girls, knocking back the beers. By the time they called last call, he was nice and deeply fucked up. Too drunk to navigate in the rain and the dark, that was for sure. He swaggered out to the truck, hopped in and called Wil on the cell. He'd just sleep it off, drive home in a bit.

"Crow." Wil sounded half asleep.

"Hey, man. 's me."

"Max! Hey, what's up? Everything okay?"

"Yeah. Had a few too many to drive. Gonna sleep in the truck for a couple hours. Didn't want you to worry." He leaned the seat back, stretched out.

"I'll come get you, Max. You out at the Silver Dollar in Collin?"

"Uh-huh. Don't have to. I'm cool. Just don't wanna chance the rain."

"I can take the time, it's just out of my patrol zone and I haven't taken my break yet. I'll be a half hour or so."

"'kay. 'm in the parking lot." He grinned; Wil was good to him. "You havin' a good night?"

"Yep. Nice and quiet for a Friday. I was nearly asleep."

He chuckled low. "Me too. Won \$20 shooting pool."

"Yeah? Cool. Okay, look, I'll be there in thirty minutes, okay?" Wil's voice dropped.
"Love you."

"Love you. See you in a few." He stretched and grinned, hung up the phone. The man was too good to him.

He fell asleep before Wil showed up, hell, he was awake again before Wil showed up, a glance at his watch telling him it was a good two hours later.

"Hey. Everything okay?" He sat up, rubbing his head, blinking.

Wil shook his head, looking pale. "I got a call just after getting off the phone with you. A gay bashing over at Helen's. I had to chase Hank down and then the asshole got out of his car and started running. You have no idea how bad I wanted to shoot him."

"Oh, you should have. The man's a worthless sack of shit." He slid out of the truck, shaking his head. "Who got hurt at the bar?"

"Donnie Fabre. He turned 21 on Wednesday and was there with his boyfriend to celebrate. If you hadn't just called...." Wil shivered. "All I could keep thinking was thank god it wasn't you. This kid is in critical condition in the hospital and I'm *relieved*."

"Ah, poor kid." He hugged Wil's shoulder. "Shit, you know me. I can handle my own end of a fight."

Wil's arms went around him, holding him close. "Donnie didn't have a chance. It was Hank and six of his friends. Seven altogether against a couple of kids. From what Helen said they just held them down and beat the shit out of them. And Helen called it in, but nobody did a fucking thing to stop it, Max."

"Well, Hank's a prick and his friends are asshole drunks. Y'all should watch Helen's truck and shit, somebody'll slit her tires." Hank had been born a fuckwad in a long line of bastards.

"Yeah, well it won't be me." Wil grumbled. "I was given the rest of the day off. Brad said he didn't want me anywhere near the case. Which pissed me off, because I was really careful not to lay a fucking finger on that asshole, when what I wanted to do was bash his face in."

"I'd have paid to see that." He nodded, ran his fingers through his hair. "Come on, I'm sober enough to make it home. I'll follow you."

"Yeah? You're sure?" Wil squeezed him and gave him a quick kiss.

"Yeah. I'll be careful." He grinned, swatted Wil's ass. "Let's get home."

"Yeah -- let's go and do stuff that would piss Hank off no end." Wil gave him a wink and all but slunk back to his car.

Max chuckled, shook his head and headed home. Someone? Had some adrenaline to work off.

Wil drove home quickly, eyes flitting constantly to the rearview mirror, smiling every time at the sight of Max's lights behind him. He said another little prayer of thanks that it hadn't been Max at Helen's. That it wasn't Max beaten half to death and in the hospital. He shook his head. Max was safe and soon they were going to be home and fucking their brains out. He could focus on that.

Of course that made him put his foot on the pedal just a little harder.

He pulled up into their place, grinning as Max's truck pulled in behind his patrol car. He met Max as the man got out of his truck, pushing Max up against the door and taking his mouth.

God, he loved this man.

Max tasted like hops and whiskey and smoke, tongue sliding against his own, fucking his lips. He whimpered and rubbed a little desperately against Max, the need riding him hard. Max slid down, right there, mouth sliding over his cock, breath so hot. He whimpered and moaned, one hand braced on the truck, the other wrapping in Max's hair.

Max fished his cock out, the air brisk and cool until those lips wrapped around it. His eyes fluttered but didn't close; he wanted to watch, needed to see Max. God, it felt so good. He whimpered, hips jerking forward a little. Those warm eyes shone up at him, Max sucking hard, pulling him in deep.

"Love you," he managed to get out before he was shouting, coming hard down Max's throat.

Max took him in, drank him down, eyes just shining. He stroked Max's face, hips still moving a little, sweet little shivers sliding along his cock and up his spine.

"Mmm...that's it. Take that edge right off."

"You always know just what I need," murmured Wil, feeling a lot more mellow than he had been. Not ready to call it a night by any means, but not about to jump out of his skin either.

"s my job." Max kissed the tip of his cock.

His cock twitched under Max's touch and he chuckled. "You're good at it."

He put a hand under Max's arm and tugged. "Come on, let's go to bed. I want you to fuck me."

"I can manage that." That? Was no lie. Max made it good, every time. He'd never have thought it was something he'd ask for, something he'd want, but damn. It was almost better than being able to spend hours tasting Max all over.

He started shucking off his clothes as soon as he got in the door, heading straight for the bed, knowing Max was right on his tail. Max squeezed his ass, rubbing, hands hot as hell. He leaned over, hands on the edge of the bed, and let Max have his way, moaning at how good it felt.

"Lower your pants, Wil." Max pushed his shirt up, nuzzled his spine.

He got them down and kicked them off, his shirt soon following them to the floor. His shoes and socks were somewhere in the living room. He shivered, anticipation making him hard again.

"So hot, Crow." Max shuffled a little, then slick fingers pushed inside him.

He groaned, pushing back against Max's fingers. "Max...oh yeah."

"Uh-huh. Love how you want me." Max nibbled his shoulder, his spine.

"Want you so bad," he growled, fingers wrapping around the blankets as he spread his legs. Maybe he should have gotten into the bed instead of just leaning over it, but now they were here he was just gonna go with it. It seemed...primal like this, like they couldn't even wait to get into the bed.

Of course, then Max's cock slid in and in and in and thinking about anything but feeling? Highly overrated.

He pushed back against Max's cock, groaning low in his throat. "Max...oh...."

"Yeah. So good." Max pushed in again and again, fucking him good and hard, not hurting, but not holding back either.

He locked his elbows, rocking with each thrust, meeting Max's body. The pleasure built and built, his cock soon hard again, slapping his belly with wet kisses on every thrust.

"Love you. So fucking hot. So good. Love you." Max was babbling, hands hard on his hips.

He nodded, tried to agree verbally, but that connection was gone and so he just moaned, eyes closing as the pleasure started to make him shake.

"That's it. Come on. Need, Crow. Come on." Max pushed harder, faster, making him fly.

He got one hand around his cock, stroking himself quickly as his balls pulled up, body squeezing hard around Max's cock as he shot.

"Oh. Oh, yeah." Max arched, hips slapping his ass, heat filling him deep.

He whimpered, body rippling at the sensation. "Oh. Love you," he whispered.

"Good." Max smiled on his shoulder, lips soft, warm. "'Cause you're something special."

He reached back, finding Max's hand on his hip, squeezing it. "You, too, Max."

"Mmm...." His shoulder was kissed, then Max pulled away, tugging him onto the bed.

He curled up with Max, burying his face in the warm neck, licking to taste the sweet sweat. Warm and cozy and right.

"Yeah. Home, Crow. So good." Max cuddled in, pulled the quilt over them.

He nodded and curled his fingers around Max's hip. Home. Yeah. Very good.

Chapter Eleven

Max hit the doors of Helen's with a baseball bat in one hand, shaking he was so pissed. Everything had been destroyed -- all his glass, his tools, their furniture all ripped and torn and pissed on and by God, they were going to fucking pay.

Right now.

He heard Hank's fuck-up buddies laugh when he turned the corner and caught the first bastard -- one wearing his shirt, motherfucker -- right in the gut with the bat, swinging as hard as he could.

The sound when wood met flesh was fucking fine.

Tom Barnes went next, an uppercut to the jaw, knocking the motherfucker out. He'd show the little pricks about how a certain gay man bashed back.

There were five of them -- all of them men he knew -- and he got his licks in as fast as he could before backing away. Not a one of them were dead, but they were all hurting, all bleeding and he whacked Gerry Mason's hand when the man reached for him. "That place? Mine. You motherfuckers come near it again? I promise I will kill you all."

He nodded to Helen on the way out, got in his truck and just drove.

He finally wound up back home and Wil's patrol car was there in the drive, Wil sitting on the hood, shoulders hunched.

"Hey." He stayed near his truck, watching, making sure Wil wasn't going to do something incredibly stupid like try to arrest him.

"You saw the place." It wasn't a question, but there was a world of hurt in Wil's voice, in the defeated line of his shoulders.

"Yep." He nodded, looking down at his bloody hands. "I did."

"I came home and found this. And you weren't home. And for a minute...." Wil stopped, breath hitching. "But your truck was gone. And then I got the call from Brad. How someone had hurt Hank's guys with a bat and I knew. Hell, Brad knew. And all I could think was I lost my home and my heart on the same night."

"I'm not going to jail, Crow. Those fuckers deserved it, every blow." He wasn't going to apologize for doing what was right either.

"They're not pressing charges." Wil took a deep breath and finally turned to look at him, those brown eyes liquid. "Are you okay?"

"Been better. Been worse." He stepped over, left the bat in the truck. "You gonna make it, Wil?"

Wil reached for him, pulling him close, a shudder going through the long body. "I don't know."

He held Wil tight, petting. "I paid them back, Crow. They come back, they'll deserve everything they get."

"As soon as I found out you were okay, the house didn't matter anymore. I could lose everything -- everything -- and it would be okay as long as you were." Wil's fingers clutched at him.

"Don't you worry now." He petted Wil's head, tired and sore now that the adrenaline rush was fading. "Come on. Let's go get a hotel room."

"Okay. Brad told me to take a few days. We'll go in your truck." Wil's hand grabbed onto his, held on like he wasn't letting go.

"Yeah, come on." He led Wil over, threw the bat behind the seat. "Get in."

Wil glanced at the bat and at his hands and shivered, but just got in, buckling up and staring out of the windshield at their place, the windows in the workshop all broken. Max sighed again, walked around the truck. He had a few downers in the glove compartment. One of those and a nice fuck and Wil'd sleep good. Then him and Sissy and his buddies would put shit back to rights.

And if those motherfuckers came back?

Well, Wil wasn't the only man in the trailer with a gun.

Wil waited in the truck while Max checked them in.

He felt...defeated.

He was tired and heart-sore. What those assholes had done...was tear at their safety, violate them. He wasn't even mad at Max for what he'd done. Hell, if he wasn't an officer of the law and sworn to uphold the law he might have gone out and done the same thing.

But he couldn't even arrest them. Brad had made it clear that if he and Max pressed charges against Hank and his boys, they'd turn around and press charges against Max. And it didn't matter how wrong that was, there wasn't a damned fucking thing he could do to change it.

He closed his eyes, hands fisting, just tense as hell.

"Come on, then, Crow. We're in number six. Let me grab some stuff and we'll go in."

"We haven't got anything to grab, Max."

He got out of the truck though, noticing the blood on Max's hand for the first time. "We need a shower."

"Yeah. I got my cell, my wallet and shit." Max dug out a first aid kit from the glove compartment, too. "Called Sissy earlier, so she knows."

"Okay." He got out of the truck and just kind of waited for Max to be done collecting his stuff. He was kind of scared to let Max out of his sight. He just needed to hold his lover.

Max locked the truck, got them moving and into a little, plain hotel room. The sound of the door shutting was loud, the silence left behind louder. He didn't know what to do. What to say.

He didn't know how to fix this. He helped other people get through shit like this, it didn't happen to him. So he did the only thing he could think to do, reaching out, hand searching for Max.

Max's hand slipped into his, tugged him into the little bathroom without a word, got the water started. Max's hand was warm and he held onto it. Yeah, that was real. Good.

Max got him naked, got him into the bath and then joined him, holding a little pill to his lips. "Take this, Crow. Just half a valium. Nothing creepy. Just something to ease you."

He shook his head, backing off. "Just want you, Max."

"You sure? It'll help you sleep after."

"I don't want anything between you and me, Max. I need you." He reached for Max, pressing his head against the strong shoulder.

"Okay." Max reached out, put the pill on the sink. "You got me."

He turned his head, mouth sliding on Max's skin. A shudder went through him. "Oh, love."

"Yeah, Crow. Right here. Not fucking going anywhere."

"Good." He ran his hands along Max's arms and along his sides, touching the warm skin, fingertips moving over the well-known territory.

Max kissed him, slow and sweet, tongue fucking his lips, easing him.

"Oh. Oh, Max." He pushed up onto his knees, pressing against Max, pushing him against the back of the tub as he tried to crawl down Max's throat.

Max opened up to him, letting him in, letting him have whatever he needed. His hands moved over Max, mapping and touching, feeling Max, making sure he was whole and safe. The warm skin felt so good. Max wasn't still, hands stroking him, petting him, making him fly.

"I love you," he whispered. Then he repeated it, louder, looking into Max's eyes. "I love you."

"Yeah. Yeah, Crow. Bunch of assholes can't change that."

He nodded and flattened himself against Max, sliding their cocks together, making the water slosh around them.

"Yeah, that's it. Need to feel you, Wil." Max's hands landed on his ass, squeezing.

He nodded and slid his tongue along Max's, hips moving, grinding. God, it felt good. Necessary.

Max caught his tongue, started sucking, pulling in time with the rhythm of their hips. His eyes rolled, body rushing along with the pleasure. God, he wanted this, needed it. His fingers dug into Max's shoulders as he held on, his noises filling Max's mouth. Max was alive and hot and perfect beneath him, wanting him. Hard for him.

"Wanna do this and then I want to fuck you," he told Max. "I want to feel you around me." He pushed harder, faster, groaning. Close.

"Anything, Crow. Yours." The word was groaned, grunting.

He groaned, whispered "Mine," as he came, the pleasure ripping through him. Max arched, rubbing, following right behind him.

Whimpering, he licked at Max's face and neck, tasting and touching and just being close.

"I got you. I got you." Max's hand was strong on his spine.

"I know. I know." He kept touching and kissing and loving on Max. He didn't ever want to stop, didn't want anything outside of this, of them, to exist.

"Come on, now. Bed. Water'll get cold and freeze your balls off." Max kissed his temple, lips gentle.

He managed a chuckle. "Can't have that. I'm a little fond."

Climbing out of the tub, he reached back for Max, murmuring as that firm hand closed over his own.

Max pulled the plug, and led him back into the main room with the double bed. "It's gonna be okay."

He nodded. It would be. Until the next time. "Do you think they'll do it again?" he asked quietly, still holding onto Max's hand.

Max gave him a long, questioning look, then shrugged. "I put the fear of God into them. If they do, they're dumber than advertised. You sure you don't want that pill?"

"I'd rather you just fucked me. Or let me fuck you. Or let me touch you. I just need to feel you, know you're alive, know my home is still here." It didn't matter where they were, as long as they were together. He needed to hold onto that.

Max nodded, tugged him close and pulled the covers over them. "We're cool, Crow. I'm right here."

He nodded and closed his eyes, rubbing his cheek along Max's chest, feeling the little nipples against his skin. He let his hands explore, fingertips relearning Max's shape. Max stroked his hair, petted him a little, encouraging him to relax.

He let the smells of Max and sex and love fill him, let it bury the strange motel smells and the smell of their place all torn up and turned into garbage, pissed on. It didn't matter, they hadn't taken Max from him.

The touches just went on and on, until the sun rose, warmed the room with light.

He cried out as the sun painted Max's face. "Love. Need you."

"I'm right here." Max pushed inside him, slick and hot, just filling him right up.

He wrapped his legs around Max's waist, pulling him in deeper still, gazing up at his lover's face. He reached up fingers sliding along Max's cheek. "Love you."

Max turned his face, kissed Wil's palm. "I know. I got you."

He cried out again, bucking up against Max, fingers curling into Max's hair. One of Max's hands circled his cock, pumping slow and steady, in time with the thrusts inside him.

"Oh, God!" He arched, his eyes rolling back in his head as he rocked between Max's cock and his hand.

"Yeah, that's it. Come on, now." The low words were familiar, warm.

He came for Max, would do anything for him and this was so easy, so good and right. His whole body rippled and convulsed, pleasure pouring from his cock. Max eased down on him, lips stealing his breath, tongue sliding against his own.

His arms wrapped around Max, holding on, holding him close as he opened up, inviting Max's tongue into him.

The kiss slowly ended, Max giving him a wink. "Sleep, deputy."

"You, too," he murmured, holding on.

Curling into Max, he let his eyes close and breathed deeply. Max settled against him, pulled the covers over them tight. It felt right and smelled right and he just let go, let himself fade into it.

Max called Sissy about noon, left Wil a note, and they headed over to throw shit away, clean up some, put shit to rights. He'd have waited for Wil, but damn. He'd have thought a cop would be used to what shiteheads people could be, but he guessed it was different since it was Wil's stuff.

Who the fuck knew.

Sissy'd got five or six guys to come help and the insurance for the store covered the workshop stuff and by the time supper rolled around? Things were a little empty and the workshop had a shitload of random pieces of glass, but it was basically not shitty anymore.

Not only that, but Bruce gave him a .45 and Sissy got them some floor model furniture and shit. Amazing what good folks could do, given a day. By five, Sissy was driving him back out to the motel. He? Needed a couple three pain pills and a fucking nap. Beating people with a bat was hard on the shoulders.

Wil was still asleep when he got in, curled up around his pillow, eyelashes dark against his cheeks. He stirred though when Max shut the door, eyes blinking open, a slow smile lighting his face. "Max."

"Yep. How's it going, Crow? I brought you some clothes." He lifted the bag a little, winked. "I? Need a shower."

"Oh! Want to share?" Wil sat up, sheets falling down around his waist, leaving the lean torso exposed.

"Surely." He nodded, dug a couple pain pills out of his stash and dry-swallowed them along the way. "You have good dreams?"

Wil shook his head. "I don't remember them." Wil tilted his head. "You okay?"

"Yep." He started the water, worked on getting himself naked.

Wil's fingers joined his. "What were the pills for?"

"Man, I beat five men senseless with a baseball bat yesterday and moved trash and furniture for six hours today. What do you think they were for?" He winked over, rolling his eyes.

"Calm your nerves?" Wil shrugged, fingers sliding over his back, rubbing, massaging.

"Something like that, yeah." He chuckled, stepped into the hot water, just letting it pour over him.

Wil followed him, snuggling up against his back and breathing deeply. "You were at the place? Why didn't you wake me -- I could have helped."

"Sissy came and got me, brought some guys I went to school with."

"How's it looking?" Wil asked, a little tension in the fingers that were working his muscles.

"Good. We got things put to rights."

"Yeah? Cool. I was kind of dreading seeing the place all tore up again." Wil shrugged. "I guess I know how it feels now."

"Well, I took care of shit, so we're good."

"Mmm...took care of me, too." Wil's arms wrapped around him from behind, Wil pressed up against his back. "Thank you."

He nodded, the pills starting to ease things. "It's all good, Crow."

"Uh-huh." Wil's mouth slid along his shoulder, tongue lapping up water. "You taste good."

"Mmm...yeah?" He leaned back, eyes fluttering closed.

"Yeah. Really good." The suction got a little stronger, Wil's lips sliding along his collarbone. Long fingers slid over his belly, tracing his abdomen.

"Mmm..." The room swayed some and he blinked. "Need to get horizontal, Crow."

"Okay." Wil sucked along to his neck first and turned his head, bringing their mouths together in a long, slow kiss.

He melted, body rocking, hips sliding. Wil just moaned, supporting him, kissing him, hand sliding down to wrap around his cock.

"Gonna fall. Damn. So hot."

"I've got you," whispered Wil into his ear, hand moving slow and easy.

"I...you...." He shivered, nodded. "Yeah. Yeah."

"Yeah." Wil's voice was low and husky, breathing over his skin. The hand on his cock squeezed, thumb pushing against his slit.

"Wil...oh, fuck, that's...." He blinked again, heat pouring through him. "More."

"Anything," murmured Wil, mouth latching onto his earlobe and sucking.

Wil stroked him hard a couple of times and then that thumb lingered again, spreading his slit open.

His thighs parted, foot drumming against the tub "Oh. Fuck."

"You like that," murmured Wil, sounding almost surprised, pressing harder this time, other hand coming up to pinch one of his nipples.

"I. Oh. Wil." Words just poured from him, hips rocking, shifting.

There was a little bite to his earlobe before Wil's mouth slid down along his neck, teeth scraping. His cock was stroked again, two or three times and then that pressing again, feeling like Wil was going to push that thumb right into him.

He came hard enough that he saw stars, gasping with it. He felt the heat of Wil's orgasm shoot up his back, a low moan echoing in the shower.

Max just swayed, heart pounding, shudders wracking him. Wil held him up, supporting him, holding him, fingers sliding on his skin, bringing him down.

"Love you." He blinked, trying to get his balance. "Wow."

Wil smiled at him. "I love you, too."

Wil turned off the water and practically carried him out of the tub and onto the bed.

He reached out, tugging Wil closer. "'mere."

Wil wrapped around him, pressing close. "I'm not going anywhere."

"'kay." He nodded, nuzzling in. "Cool."

Wil nuzzled along his neck, tongue sliding out to touch here and there. "God, I love the way you taste."

"Love you." Oh, man. He was purring.

Wil hummed. "Good."

Wil continued to taste and touch, exploring him in that slow, focused way Wil had. Max floated, soared, just loving the sensations pouring through him. Wil rocked against him, cock sliding, making him wet.

"What do you need, Crow?" His hand slid down Wil's spine.

"Oh, this is just fine," murmured Wil. "You know how much I love your skin, love getting to touch and taste as much as I want."

"All you need, lover." He would agree to anything right now. Anything.

Wil moaned, face buried in his belly, humping slowly against his leg. He reached down, stroking Wil's hair, loving on his man. A soft whimper sounded, Wil pushing into his touch. The soft scenting and exploring and licking continued, Wil so focused, so wanton.

"Love you, you know." He grinned, hips rolling a little.

That earned him another whimper, Wil whispering "I know," against his navel, hips moving faster now.

"Good." His fingers traced Wil's eyebrows, the slope of his nose.

Wil's face turned up for his touch, hips moving a little faster, fingers sliding into the hollows of his hips, circling the sensitive skin there. Soft little sounds left him, his cock starting to fill. Wil moaned, caught one of his fingers between his lips, teeth sliding along the tip.

"Oh.... Tease."

Wil's eyes opened, met his own, melted brown chocolate, hot and glazed. "Just tasting."

"Nibbling."

Wil sucked on his finger for a moment and then let it go and took in the next one, teeth scraping along the tip again. Wil's eyes never left his. "Semantics."

"Hmm?" He traced Wil's lips, making them wet.

"Exactly," moaned Wil, eyes closing at his touch.

"Uh-huh." Max wasn't sure what they were talking about, but they were agreeing on it, so he went with it.

Wil's tongue slid out to wet his fingers again, sliding across them.

"Love you so fucking much, Crow." He hated that Wil had been so worried and it was his fault.

Wil moaned and nodded, moved faster. "Yes. It's so good with you." He could feel Wil catch his breath, watched as those brown eyes went wide and heat splashed over his leg.

He grinned, dragged Wil up for a kiss. Wil's lips opened to him, tongue tangling with his own, the kiss lazy and warm.

"Mmm...." The room spun, and he relaxed back onto the pillows. "Love."

Wil nuzzled, hands petting and loving on him. "You okay, Max?"

"Little stoned. Little tired."

"You need anything?"

"You." He smiled, drew Wil close.

"Oh, me you've got." Wil drew the covers up over them and curled up around him, holding him.

"Oh, good." His eyes closed, rolling a little.

"Sleep, Max. I'll watch over you." Wil's voice was soft, the hand stroking along his side softer.

"Mmm...'kay. I fixed the house for you, so you wouldn't be sad..."

"Oh, Max...." Wil nuzzled against his neck. "Thank you."

He nodded, hummed a little, drifting away. Wil's touch followed him into sleep.

They moved back in to the trailer the next day, Wil wandering from room to room, feeling a little strange still. Like maybe it wasn't their place anymore. Which was silly because Max and his sister and their friends had come in and cleaned the place up really well. You couldn't tell it had been vandalized at all.

"Hey, Max. What do you think about painting the place?" He still had some time off -- Brad had insisted he take a week and to make sure he stayed away from Hank and his boys in that time, or else. He'd bristled, but was worried enough that 'or else' meant them bringing Max in for assault rather than just firing him, so he let it be. But the week off meant they had time to do something together.

"Painting it? We could do that. What color?" Max was buried in catalogs, trying to replace his stock.

He went and sat beside his lover. "I don't know. Maybe something light for the front room and kitchen? And something dark for our bedroom, something more...I don't know, intimate I guess?" He blushed at his words, feeling silly, but at the same time he wanted to do this, leave some stamp of his own, of *their* own, on the place to replace the vandalism he could still see in his mind's eye.

Max nodded, shifted closer to him. "Maybe navy blue. Or wine-colored. Or both."

"Both? You got something in mind?" Max was the one with the eye for color, with the artistic ability, though the man kept it quiet enough.

He let his hand rest on Max's thigh, fingers stroking idly. He was glad he wasn't here alone.

"Well, we could paint three walls a rich wine and the fourth the deep blue. It would be cool."

"Okay." He smiled at Max. "We could go get the paint today along with your stock. Work on it tomorrow?"

"Sure. We need to buy some food and shit, too." Max nodded, face lifting for a kiss. "You cool?"

He nodded. "I will be. Still feels...well it lingers, I guess. What happened. But we'll make it ours again." He pressed his lips to Max's, tongue sliding out to flick at the corner of Max's mouth. "This is a good start," he whispered.

"Yeah?" Max grinned, winked. "Either that or you're just a perv."

He drew back. "A perv? Kissing you in the front room is pervy now?" What did that make what he *wanted* to do to Max?

Max laughed, eyes shining. "Okay, okay, maybe wanton instead of pervy...."

He chuckled. "Maybe you should wait and see what all I want to do to you before you make that call...." He stroked Max's belly, fingers tugging at the shirt Max wore so he could feel that warm, smooth skin.

"Oooh...do you have a list?"

"A list? No." He grinned. "I have *lists*."

"Lists? Really? Have you been researching?" Max pressed closer, rubbing.

He blushed. "Just thinking." And remembering everything he'd ever seen in a porno or heard talk of. And using his imagination.

"Thinking about?" Max dipped his head, nibbled.

"You and the things I want to do to you. The things I could do to you." He looked down at Max's mouth on his skin, feeling that tongue touching him. "The things you could do to me...."

"Mmm...yeah." Max groaned, licked his shoulder.

He wriggled, cock hard, pushing against his zipper. "Oh, licking is definitely on one of my lists. I think it's on all of them." He liked the licking. Tasting and exploring with his tongue.

"Yeah? Sounds like a good list."

"Yeah. It is." He pushed Max's shirt up and off, leaning in to start licking, moaning at the taste of Max on his tongue. God, he was never going to get used to this. Not if they did it for a hundred years.

"Hungry man." Max was salty and male, rich and fresh.

He just nodded. "Love the way you taste. The way you let me taste." No one had ever let him just do this the way Max did. It was so heady, spending time and taking his fill. He wasn't going to get used to that either, how giving Max was and never just up to a point, always as much as he wanted.

Max hummed, nodded, pushing the catalogs aside. He slid his hands up along Max's sides, thumbs settling and drawing circles around Max's nipples as he licked along the line of Max's collarbone.

"Mmm...s hot."

"You make me need, Max. Like nothing ever." He licked at the hollow in Max's throat and then over to the other collar bone, taking his time, breathing deeply. It made him so hard, made him want to taste more and touch and just lose himself in Max.

"Just love you." Max swallowed, chin lifting.

"Oh, I don't think that's a 'just' at all." He buried his nose in Max's throat, rubbing his face back and forth, hips moving on their own, shifting and pushing, searching for Max's body.

"Oh. Wanna go to bed or are you good here?"

"Well if we go to bed, then the couch list doesn't get worked on," he murmured. "But I'm easy." He nibbled at Max's skin. "So fucking easy for you, Max."

"Couch list?" Max purred, arched up and rubbed against him, cock hard in the loose sweats.

He nodded, nose sliding along Max's throat. "Things to do with Max on the couch." His thumbs slid across Max's nipples again as he shifted, rubbing their hips together.

"Oh...oh, I like this list...."

"Me, too." His lips slid down around Max's Adam's apple and he sucked gently. He could feel each moan, each swallow.

Oh, God, he wasn't ever going to stop touching and licking and kissing and loving. His hips moved faster, body pushing and rubbing.

"Mmm...want you." Max pushed up against his cock, rubbed.

"Got me," he murmured, lips releasing Max's Adam's apple reluctantly, going back to lick at it a few more times before slowly kissing his way over one tiny, hard nipple.

"Uhn...." Max's flesh peaked, almost calling for him.

He moaned, wrapping his lips around the pink, puckered flesh that circled that tiny nipple and he sucked, tongue flicking across the hard little nub. The low cries filled the air, sharp and sweet. He bit with his teeth, moaning and doing it again when it made Max buck beneath him.

"Fuck. Wil. Oh." Max stretched beneath him, almost pushing him off the sofa.

Oh, yeah, he'd found that out in the shower the other day, hadn't he? That Max liked it a little bit rough sometimes. He bit again, loving the way Max tasted different when he was rougher, too, more salty and male. That earned him a groan, Max humping against him, the motions hungry, desperate.

He reached down and wrapped his hand around Max's cock, giving his lover something to hump into as he moved to Max's other nipple and gave it the same treatment.

"Gonna! Wil!" Max bucked up, gasping, desperate.

"Show me," he whispered, squeezing Max's cock and letting his thumbnail scrape across the sensitive flesh on top.

Heat poured over his fingers, the smell sharp and rich, perfect. Moaning, he moved down Max's body, lapping at his fingers and Max's belly, his cock, cleaning them both.

"Taste so good," he murmured, nuzzling the sweetly muscled belly.

"Love you...." Max moaned, rocked.

"Oh, Max. Yes. God. Love you." He moved back up to take Max's mouth, rocking his cock against the belly he'd just been licking.

Max's hand wrapped around his cock, pumping it and demanding his pleasure. He whimpered, hips working, eager to give Max exactly what he wanted.

"Come on. Come on, Wil. Gimme."

Oh, he loved it when Max asked for his pleasure like that, like it was Max's own. Crying out, he pushed into Max's hand and came, the sensations working through him.

"Oh, hell yeah." Max nodded, hummed against his skin.

He grinned and turned his head, finding Max's lips with his own. "So good," he whispered into Max's mouth.

"Yeah, yeah, Wil." Max nodded, tongue sliding against his own.

He hummed and settled awkwardly on Max. "Now I see what's not so good about the couch list."

"We just need a bigger sofa." Max grinned up, eyes laughing.

He laughed and nodded. "Yeah, that would do it. Maybe we can look at some when we go shopping for paint?"

"There you go. Paint and sofas."

He smiled down at Max. "Anything I want, yeah?" Max didn't seem inclined to deny him anything.

"Yep." Max winked. "Anything."

He grinned. "That could be dangerous."

"Promise?" Oh, that was a wicked look. It took his breath and made him hard, that look. Made him want.

And he knew he'd promise Max anything, do anything for Max, too.

He nodded, eyes on Max's.

"Oh." Max leaned up, licked his lips. "Cool."

He grinned and nuzzled Max. "You want some lunch? My treat."

"Works for me. Let me change right quick and I'm yours."

"I thought you were mine regardless?" He grinned and ducked his head, leaving a sucking kiss on Max's nipple before standing.

"Details, details!" Max chuckled, hopping up and heading for the bedroom.

He followed, drawn to that sweet body, eyes watching Max move. He supposed he needed to get dressed, but he was enjoying the show. Max shimmied out of his sweats, tight little ass shaking.

"You keep moving like that and we're going to be late for lunch," he murmured, leaning against the doorway.

"I don't think we'll starve...."

Warmth spread inside him. "You wanting again?" He moved toward Max.

Max smiled, turned toward him, cock filling.

"Oh..." He walked right up to Max, taking his lover into his arms, finding that sweet, hot mouth.

Max opened up, arms wrapping around his waist.

"Oh, God...Max." He slid his hands up to Max's head, tilting it as he deepened the kiss.

Max relaxed into him, rubbing and rocking, those eyes just burning as they watched him.

"What do you want?" he asked, just as willing to give Max anything, everything as his lover was.

"You." Max's voice was low, rich. Husky.

"You've got me." Oh, Max *so* had him.

"Want to fuck me?" There was that wicked glint again.

He nodded. "Always." Now that he knew it didn't hurt? That it felt that fucking good on either end? One of his favorite things.

"What's the catch?" he asked, responding to that glint.

"Catch? No catch...although...." Max took off running, laughing. "Catch me if you can!"

"Catch...." He blinked, Max getting ahead of him, the element of surprise catching him off guard. He laughed and headed after Max. "I'm going to!"

That tight little ass was pretty, bouncing through the house, tempting him. He nearly tripped over a chair, too busy looking, but managed to avoid it at the last minute. Damn, Max was going to let himself be caught, right? Max laughed, sliding past him into the kitchen, delivering that fine ass into his hands.

He pushed Max up against the counter, squeezing Max's ass in his hands. They were both breathless and laughing.

"Caught me. Gonna keep me?"

"I might." He grinned. "You gonna make it worth my while?"

"Probably not." Max chuckled, "But I'll try."

He pinched Max's ass hard. "You do every damned day, Max."

Max squeaked, jerked. "Damn. I do. I do try."

He pinched again. "I meant you make it worth my while all the time."

He took Max's mouth hard. Max groaned, fingers digging into his shoulders, holding on tight. He bent Max back, devouring that wonderful mouth. God, he loved the look in those bright eyes, hungry, needy.

All for him.

His hands slid over Max, loving that skin, the response to his every touch. Max opened wide, groaning, almost begging for him. He rubbed their cocks together, hands finding Max's hips, tugging on them, bringing them together harder as he deepened the kiss further, like he was trying to climb right into Max.

"In me. Fuck. Wil." One of Max's legs wrapped around his waist.

Nodding, not just eager for it, but needing it, he reached into the cupboard behind Max's head and fumbled around for the oil.

"Multipurpose oil." Max leaned down, nipped his shoulder.

He moaned and nodded. "It'll do the job." His hands were shaking as he poured the oil over them, as he slid them down along Max's ass, one going into Max's body.

"More. Need you, Crow."

He slid another finger in, whimpering at the tightness. Nipping at Max's lips, he made it three fingers, moving faster than he ever had with the preparations. "How do you want to do it?"

Max lifted himself onto the counter, legs wrapping around his waist.

"Oh, God." He nodded, wrapping his oiled hand around his cock and slicking it up.

They'd never done this so quick, so fast and he hoped Max was stretched enough. He wanted though, as badly as Max did, and he lined up and pushed slowly in.

"Oh. Wil. More, now. More." Max was panting for it.

"Not hurting?" He asked, starting to move as soon as Max shook his head no. He didn't hold back, wasn't sure that he could, just pounding into Max, that tight body holding him, wanting him deep.

"Oh! Oh, fuck! Wil! Please!" Max's throat was working, eyes rolling.

He pushed closer, fingers digging into Max's skin as he pulled Max into each thrust. His lover's cock was hot, hard and leaking as it rubbed between their bellies.

"Fuck, I...." Max's ass squeezed him tight, holding him.

"Oh, Max." He whimpered, jerking into Max again and again, just shaking as he came.

Max's heat sprayed over his belly, his lover's cry needy as hell.

Panting, he pushed kiss after kiss on Max, hips still moving, slowly now, each thrust shivering right through his whole body.

"Damn." Max blinked, licked his lips. "You melted me."

He grinned, finally stilling and resting against Max.

"Cool."

"Uh-huh." Oh, now. That little dazed look? Addictive.

"You think we should look at padded kitchen counters while we're out?" he asked. Because this? Had been a fine place for making love.

"Didn't need a pad...." Those eyes twinkled, laughed. Loved him.

"Yeah, but my ass is more delicate and if we do this reversed, I'm gonna be worried about splinters." He bit his lip to keep from laughing.

Max didn't have the same problem, laughter filling the house, the kitchen. He released his own laughter, burying his neck in Max's shoulder. Okay. Maybe the place didn't need paint to be all theirs again. But it would be a fun project to do together.

If they ever made it out the door before he had to go back to work, that was.

Chapter Twelve

Max had never had so much fun painting. Wil turned the music on and they filled the cooler with beer and water and soda and just had a ball.

It looked good, too, by the time they were done -- the walls rich and fresh, the whole place new.

"Pretty fucking cool, Crow."

Wil grinned over at him, hair mussed, cream with a touch of eggplant on one cheek, dark eggplant on his nose. Max figured the only reason Wil wasn't wearing any of the forest emerald was because he hadn't touched that wall.

"You picked great colors, Max."

"It looks great." He tossed over a water bottle, leaned back against the armchair.

Wil took a long drink, head back, throat working. There was a little splash of color there, too. "It looks fantastic. Like it's ours."

"Uh-huh." He crawled over, fascinated.

Wil finished drinking and wiped his face with his forearm, blinking when he looked up to find Max right there.

"Hey. Want." He leaned in, took a hard kiss.

Wil's mouth opened on a soft gasp, hand going to the back of his neck. A sweet moan filled his mouth. Max fucked Wil's lips, so hungry, so hot. Another moan sounded, Wil leaning back onto the floor, bringing him along.

"Mmm...yeah." He rubbed, rocked against Wil, moaning low.

"If I knew..." Wil whimpered and pushed up against him. "...painting made you horny. Would have suggested it sooner."

"You make me horny. You. Painting makes me giddy."

"Giddy?" Wil grinned, hands worming their way under his old t-shirt, stroking his skin.

"Yep. Giddy. That feels good." He nipped Wil's bottom lip, nuzzling.

"It does. You do." Those fingers stroked up his back and teased their way down his spine.

"Uh-huh." The kisses got deeper, sharper, harder, his passion growing.

Wil just opened wide and let him in, hands sliding and clutching, alternately exploring and holding. He just sort of moaned, rocking and rubbing, sliding them together.

"God, you make me want," murmured Wil, tugging his shirt up.

"Good." He tugged Wil's shirt open, fingers dragging over his skin.

Wil pushed up into his touches, making soft noises. Their bellies rubbed together as Wil pulled his shirt right up over his head.

"Mmm...that's right." He reached down, unzipped Wil's jeans.

He was given another whimper, Wil's hips pushing into his hands.

"You feel good. All wanting. Damn." He wrapped his fingers around Wil's cock, started pumping.

Wil gasped again, hips picking up his rhythm, hands sliding and catching on his skin, holding on. "Max. Oh...yes."

"Uh-huh. Fucking hot." He loved this, got off on seeing Wil need.

"Soon," murmured Wil, eyes rolling, pushing into his hand over and over.

"Yeah. Yeah, give it to me, love."

"Oh!" And just like that Wil came for him, giving it all up for him.

"Mmm...there you go. Damn." He kept rubbing, smoothing that soft, smooth skin.

Shivers and shudders went through Wil for a moment more before he settled with soft gasps. "Oh, Max...you make me feel so good."

"s my job." He licked and nuzzled, just purring.

"Yeah? You're really good at it." Wil smiled, the look melted and lazy and happy.

Those sweet hands started moving on him, more focused now, sliding and exploring. He nuzzled in, cheek rubbing against Wil's shoulder.

Wil's fingers slid to his waistband, sliding around it, popping his top button. "You wanting, Max?"

"Always." Damn, he was getting used to always wanting.

"Good." Wil worked his zipper down, hands slipping into his jeans, one on his ass, the other cupping his cock.

"Mmm...love your hands." His cock just leapt, pushing into Wil's palm.

"They love your skin. I love your skin." Wil squeezed his prick, smiling at him.

He just nodded, gasping, hips rocking.

"Want to make you fly." Wil's mouth slid along his jaw, slowly licked over to his lips.

"You do. Always." He groaned, lips parting, begging a kiss.

Wil licked slowly into his mouth, tongue warm and good and then suddenly the kiss got serious, Wil's hand tightening on his cock, pumping hard. His eyes popped open, a low groan pushing into Wil's lips.

"That's it, your turn." Wil kept tugging on his cock, fingers sliding, loving him.

"So generous." Oh, yeah. Don't stop. Love.

"Just doing what I love," murmured Wil. "And I don't want to stop. Ever."

"Forever's a long time." He could handle that.

"I hope so," murmured Wil. "I sure hope so."

His mouth was taken again, Wil's tongue pushing in as his thumb slid across Max's slit. Oh, shit, that...damn. Burned and ached and was so fucking *hot*.

"Oh, it wasn't a fluke. You like that." Wil's fingers repeated the motion, teeth nibbling at his lower lip.

"I. Oh. I. Yes."

Wil's thumb didn't slide this time, just pushed in for a moment before backing off again. "What does it feel like?" Wil asked, voice breathless.

"It...aches, burns a little, makes my balls tight."

"It hurts?" Wil's hand jerked on him, pulling away a moment before coming back, fingers stroking softly over the tip of his cock before wrapping gently around his cock again and just stroking.

He closed his eyes a second, lips brushing against Wil's throat. He should have kept his fucking mouth shut.

"But it makes you come," whispered Wil, hand faltering on him.

"Are you gonna wig out on me, Crow?"

Those melted eyes flew to his and Wil swallowed. "I don't know. I...I don't know. I don't want to."

He leaned up, kissed Wil nice and easy, forcing himself not to sigh. They were having a good day. No reason to change that. "Chill out, yeah? I'm cool. You're cool. The walls? Painted."

Wil smiled at him. "I just want to make you feel good. I just want to love you." Wil's hand squeezed again, tugging a little harder again.

"Mmm. You do. You do love me." Oh, that was nice.

"I do," agreed Wil, thumb sliding across his slit again. Not hard, but not too light either. Wil's eyes watched him closely.

He purred, pushed into the touch, not thinking about it, just feeling.

"It feels good," murmured Wil, thumb pushing a little harder this time.

"It does." He groaned, bucked a little, cock starting to leak.

"I don't understand," Wil whispered. "But I love you." This time Wil pressed as hard as he'd been pressing, nail just barely scraping.

His eyes rolled, hips jerking. "Love you. Damn."

Wil's eyes held his, hand working his cock, thumb playing the tip, now soft, now hard, mixing it up. He tried to let Wil know what was in his head -- pleasure and need, heat and love. Wil's tongue slid along his lips, tugging hard, pressing hard, free hand cupping his balls.

"Oh, fuck. Love. Please." His eyes rolled and he panted into Wil's lips.

"Show me. Show me how good it feels," murmured Wil, eyes wide, staring right into him as that thumb spread his slit.

"Wil!" His toes curled, hips snapping, come just pouring from him.

Whimpering, Wil's hand gentled, slowed on him.

"Oh. Fuck." He leaned closer, humming, blinking slow.

"Again?" Wil teased, squeezing his cock gently before letting go.

"You cool, Wil?" He didn't want Wil thinking he was a psycho.

Wil shrugged, but didn't look away. "I just want to make you happy, Max."

"I am happy. I don't want you doing shit you don't like."

Wil shifted and sat up, tugging him along, arms wrapping around him. "I just...I see people hurting each other all the time. Hell, I did all my life and I don't want to be like that. I don't want to hurt anyone. Especially you."

"It's not like it hurts-hurts. It just...." Max shrugged, "It's intense."

Wil's hands, never far from his skin, started wandering again, sliding on him, connecting. "Your face was amazing when you came."

"You make me fly, Wil."

"Then I guess I'm okay." Wil gave him a slow smile, eyes just looking into him.

"Just guess?" He winked, leaned forward for a kiss.

The kiss started slowly and then Wil pushed him over onto his back, rolling on top of him, tongue pushing deep. "I'm good, Max."

"Oh. Oh, good." He groaned, opening wide, wanting.

Again.

Damn.

Their bodies pressed together, rubbing, Wil's hands finding his nipples, teasing them. He pushed up into the touch, encouraging, wanting. Wil's mouth left his, slowly working its way down. Wil's fingers tugged and pinched, getting his nipples ready for those lips, that tongue.

"Never knew I could want so much." He grinned at Wil, fingers stroking around the parted lips.

Groaning, Wil turned, taking his fingers into that warm mouth, sucking them. Wil's teeth slid across the pad of his fingertips, the sensation sharp compared to the soft, hot tongue.

His head rolled, a low cry leaving him. "Oh...."

Wil grinned and nipped hard before letting his fingers go and looking down at him with a half smile. "If I slug you, you won't like it, right?"

"If you punch me, I'll punch you back and be pissed as all get out." He met Wil's eyes, winked.

Wil grinned, looking a little sheepish. "Okay. Just checking. Just...needed to know that."

Then Wil went back to his nipples, lips wrapping around one and tugging, fingers searching out the other, tugging a little harder, almost pinching.

He tried to fight the groan, but it slipped out, wanting and rough. "Damn...."

Wil pinched his nipple again, harder this time and then switched nipples, wrapping his lips around the one originally abused by fingers. The touches were gentle, almost curious and testing, tasting. His skin was so sensitive that he was damn near purring, hips rocking slowly, eyes closed so he could just feel.

Wil pinched and licked and pinched and licked again and again, alternating nipples, mouth spending ages. It was pure pleasurable torture. Max reached a point where he was just soaring, cock leaking, breath gasping from him.

Wil's fingers drifted down over his ribs, pressing into the muscles of his abdomen, fingernails scraping lightly, not enough to break his skin, but enough that he could feel it. Wil's body moved against him, rocking them together.

"Oh. Shit. Love you, Wil...." He'd never been so turned on.

Wil hummed against his chest. "Love you, Max."

His sweats were pushed right off, Wil stopping long enough to pull off his own as well and then his lover was back, covering him with the long, warm body, mouth and fingers exploring and touching and working his belly. His own hands were clumsy, random, tangled in Wil's hair.

Wil moaned and whimpered, pressing soft kisses on his skin, fingers pressing and scraping, moving slowly from his belly to his hips, skirting his cock. Max spread, ass moving slow and sure, cock bobbing.

"Somebody's wanting," murmured Wil, fingernails scraping along the skin between his balls and his ass.

"W...who? Me?" He chuckled, arched, nodding.

"No, the other guy I'm living with." Wil bit down on his hip, nipping hard.

He gasped and laughed and moaned, all in the same breath. "Oh. Oh, right. Him."

He could feel Wil's smile against his skin, felt those teeth breaking the skin next to his hip.

"Wil...." His balls drew up, hips moving faster, harder.

"Right here -- can't you feel me?" Wil's teeth threatened against his balls, fingernails scraping across his hole.

"Oh! Yes. Fuck. Yes." He almost pulled away, almost. He didn't though and Wil didn't stop, mouth closing over his ball and sucking, teeth gone, but that fingernail kept scraping against the skin of his hole before pushing in roughly.

"Wil!" He jerked, almost coming just from that.

Those eyes met his own, Wil looking up at him. "Okay?"

"Yes...." He almost hissed the word.

Wil gazed at him a moment longer and then nodded and went back to licking and sucking, finger pushing in deeper, fucking him.

He rode good and hard, head thrown back, lost to the sensation. "More."

"I don't have any lube," Wil murmured, a second finger pressing against him.

"There's some somewhere...." His head tossed.

Wil's second finger pushed in alongside the first, burning and stretching him. He groaned, arched and started riding those fingers, eyes just rolling.

"God, you're beautiful. Just amazing." Wil's voice was choked.

"Love you. Fuck. Love you so much...." He was so close. So fucking close.

"Want you," murmured Wil, lips teasing the head of his cock, tongue sliding across the slit.

"Yours." He bucked, shot, ass squeezing Wil's fingers.

Wil's lips closed over his cock, taking in his spunk and then sliding on him, cleaning him. He slumped back, breath huffing out, eyes just rolling.

Wil whimpered and stumbled to his feet, took off.

"Wil? Love?" He rolled over on his belly, blinking.

Wil came back a moment later, cock red, leaking, tube of lube in his hand. "I want you."

He nodded, turned, offered his ass just like that.

"Max...oh." Wil knelt behind him, fingers coming back into his ass, two of them, slick and hot, pushing in deep.

"Yeah. Yours. Fuck me."

"Uh-huh." Two fingers became three, Wil stretching him carefully, rocking a hard prick against the backs of his thighs.

"Mmm...s good." Fucking amazing.

"Need you. Now." Wil's lips brushed the back of his neck as those long fingers slid away.

"Yeah. In me. Come on."

"Pushy," murmured Wil, word turning into groan as the long cock pushed into him.

"Uh-huh...." Max shook, head falling back.

Wil moaned as he sank all the way in, cock hard and hot and just pushing right in to nudge up against his gland.

"s good...." He pushed back, heart pounding.

"God. Love you so much." Wil's hands slid along his sides and down to his hips, wrapping around them as Wil started to move, fucking him with long, slow strokes. Max just went with it, giving it up with a low cry. Wil was moaning and whimpering, hands tightening to bring him back into each thrust. "God. Max. Tight."

"For you. Fuck. So deep."

"Gonna be soon, Max," warned Wil, one hand letting go of his hip to slide down along his spine.

"Come on, let me feel you." He'd come and come, it was Wil's turn.

"Oh. Love you." Wil whimpered, jerking inside him a few more times before filling him with heat.

They slumped to the floor, cuddling together. Damn. Damn, that was.

Yeah.

"We should paint more often," murmured Wil, lips warm.

"Oh, hell yes."

Wil chuckled. "We're going to have to look into padded floors then, too."

He started chuckling, ass squeezing Wil's cock. Wil giggled, the sounds turning into sweet laughter and then a soft groan as his cock slipped out.

"Oh, man, Max. You're a keeper."

"Yep. A kept man." He snorted, yawned. "Naptime?"

Wil nipped his neck. "My man." Then Wil was standing, tugging him up. "And yes, but not on the floor."

He groaned, stumbling up. "Too tired to move...."

Wil snorted. "I'm not some he-man who's gonna carry your ass."

Oh, now that?

Was funny.

He draped himself over Wil, swatting that fine fucking ass. "You sure?"

Wil yelped and took a couple quick steps. "I'm sure."

"Okay. I can handle that." He hustled them into the bedroom -- all navy and wine -- and jumped onto the bed.

Wil laughed, looking happy, and climbed on with him. "I hope so, because I'm not planning on going anywhere."

"Promise?"

Those brown eyes met his, warm, melted chocolate. "I do, Max. I do."

"Yeah? 'Cause me, too." He stroked Wil's nose. "Me, too."

"Good." Wil gave him one of those slow, stomach flipping smiles and leaned in to kiss him softly.

He pulled the covers over them both, cuddling close.

Yeah.

Good.

Epilogue

Wil signed the last of his paperwork and dumped it in the outbox. It was well past time to go home, but he had the long weekend off and wanted to leave his desk empty. He shrugged into his jacket, grabbed his hat off the hook and headed out.

"Night, Mary. You have a good weekend."

"Night, Sheriff."

He grinned, nodded and headed out, getting into his own car to drive home. Wasn't long before he was pulling up into their place, Max's sign proud and bright on the front gate.

The Max Killian Gallery.

It made him smile every time he saw it. So did the man he knew he'd find in the workshop and he headed straight there, eager to start his weekend right.

Max was singing at the top of his lungs, working on a huge piece for a high rise in Chicago. The design was original, the work flawless. His lover happy.

Wil grinned, leaning against the doorjamb and just watching. Damn, he loved that man. The singing got louder, that ass wiggling, shaking in time. He felt his prick grow, push up against his zipper. Oh, yeah. Loved and lusted after.

He licked his lips and stood, started toward Max.

Max looked over, smiled. "Hey, lawman! Happy Friday!"

He smiled back and nodded. "Yeah, it's starting to look real happy." He went up behind Max, arms wrapping around him, fingers stroking the fine belly.

Max leaned back against him, smiling up. "What do you think?"

"I think it's gorgeous. It's going to look amazing with the light glinting off it." He kissed the back of Max's neck. "You're something else."

"Just your own personal redneck." Oh, he got a blush, a smile.

"Mmmm...there's no just about you, Max. Never has been." His fingers tugged Max's t-shirt out of his jeans, searching for skin. "You about ready to quit for the day?"

"You know it. Did you eat already?" Max rippled against him, humming.

"Not since lunch." He nibbled on Max's neck, fingers loving that warm skin. "You?"

"Did we have lunch together?" Oh, man. The artist at work.

He chuckled. "No, Max. I haven't seen you since I blew you first thing this morning."

"Oh, damn. No wonder I'm hungry." Max turned, tongue sliding against his lips.

"For food?" he asked with a whisper, letting Max in.

"Uh-uh."

"Oh, good." He grinned, feeling the smile come up from his toes. "Good."

"Mmm...happy Crow. My favorite kind."

"Funny, that's my favorite brand of Max, too." He tilted his head. "No, I lie. My second favorite."

"Second?" Max pushed closer, lips on his jaw. "What's the first?"

"This," he murmured. "Horny Max."

"Always." The word was needy, low. Hungry.

He moaned. "Need you."

"Yours." Max walked them out of the workshop with its hot and pointy and sharp bits in toward the house.

He let Max lead him, taking kisses as they went. His hands found Max's ass, squeezing and holding on. They stumbled together up the stairs, kisses growing sharp and deep. By the time they made it in the door, he was ready to push Max up against the wall and have his wicked way with his lover.

So that's exactly what he did, Max's back hitting the wall hard. Those bright eyes met his, Max's lips parting, offered right to him. So fine. He groaned, taking Max's mouth, tongue pushing in. God, it was good.

Fingers started working his shirt open, hunting for skin. "Your gun, babe."

He grinned and ground against Max's belly. "A little further south, Max."

Max laughed, licking at his lips. "Just don't want you shooting...bullets."

"Oh, fuck, my gun!" He laughed sheepishly, taking it off and going to put it in the desk drawer. God, Max could make him forget his own name.

Max grinned, coming up behind him and unfastening his pants, his belt.

"You going to have your wicked way with me?" he asked, pushing back against Max.

"You know it, Crow." Max groped him, chuckling against his back. "Spread 'em."

He rolled his eyes and groaned, but his legs spread just like soft butter. Max pushed his slacks down, lips brushing his ass, so soft.

"Max. Oh." He grabbed hold of the edge of the desk, letting it support his weight. "Feels good."

"Love you, Crow." That tongue was hot and slick, sliding against his crease.

Whimpering, he leaned over the desk, opening himself to Max. "Yes. Love."

"Yeah...." Max spread him, tongue licking him, loving on him, making him feel so fucking good.

The pleasure shot through him, sensitizing him all over. He started to rock back onto Max's tongue. To think he'd been reluctant to feel this, to know this. He spread his legs a little wider, leaning over the desk a bit more, hands reaching for the far side of it and holding on tight.

Max started fucking him, tongue pushing hard, getting him wet and slick, getting him ready. He just rode it, whimpering and moaning, sounds slowly turning into pleas as he began to beg Max for more.

Max stood, fumbling with his own jeans, panting against his shoulder. "Need."

"Yes. Please, Max." He pushed his ass back, begging the best way he knew how.

Max's cock spread him, stretched him wide, felt so very good. Groaning, he pushed back, met Max head-on.

"Wil. Wil." Max groaned, breath hotter than hell on his back. "Good."

"Yes." He nodded, changed the angle of his hands so he could push back into Max once his lover started to move.

Max grabbed his hips, cock shifting and sliding inside him, pushing deep and then retreating again and again. It was like his very own slice of heaven. The sounds that Max pulled out of him were amazing, all need and want.

"Love you. Fuck, Wil. Love you." Max moaned, pushing hard. "Close...."

He nodded, hand reaching down to stroke his cock, wanting to go over with Max. Max's hand joined his own, both of them working together.

"Oh! Max!" Crying out, he clamped down hard on Max's cock as his own throbbed and pulsed.

"Fuck, yes." Max jerked and grunted, heat filling him.

He reached back, fingers sliding along Max's hip. "Love you, Max."

"Uh-huh. Love you. Damn."

He rested against the desk, ignoring the way the edge of it bit into his belly. "Got three days off, Max."

"Yeah? You want to go fishing?" Max smiled against his shoulder.

"Oh, that would be nice, we haven't gone out onto the lake in ages." He grinned. They'd wound up in the lake last time they went fishing.

"Yeah? Let's sleep here tonight, though. We can go in the morning."

"Mmm...sounds like you have plans for tonight."

"Food. Fucking. Maybe a long bath."

"Sounds good, Max. Sounds really good." He grinned and shifted. "Gotta let me up though, love."

"Picky, picky." Max chuckled. patted his ass.

He laughed. "You're not the one with the desk digging into tender bits."

Max backed up, "Come on, stud. Let's go soak."

He groaned as he stood and stretched, letting his back pop. "Damn, I'm getting old."

Max started rubbing his back. "Not that old."

"Not the spring chicken you took up with either, though," he noted, leaning against Max. Of course he was still younger than Max.

"No, you're better now." Max's voice was serious, sure.

"Oh. Max...." He brought their mouths together, kissing Max hard.

Max cuddled close, lips opening up wide. Purring, he rubbed against his lover, deepening the kiss. It was always so good with Max, need climbing and riding them even as it had just been assuaged.

"Love you." No one ever looked at him like Max did. Ever.

He nodded. "I know. I love you, too." He took another kiss and looked around, their trailer renovated, added onto, made theirs in every way. "It's good, isn't it."

"You know it, Crow. Damn good."

He smiled, caught in Max's eyes, in his smile.

"Was I worth the trouble?"

"You were never any trouble, Max." Not any that counted anyway.

"Never?" Those eyes twinkled for him.

"Never any that mattered, Max." He took Max's mouth again, tasting love and life and everything he needed there.

No. Max was no trouble at all.

End.