



Rain and Whiskey

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ISBN: 0-9762384-6-2

Printed in the United States of America.

Torquere Press electronic edition / March 2005

Torquere Press eBooks are published by Torquere Press, PO Box 4351, Grand Junction, CO 81502.

<http://www.torquerepress.com>

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By *BD Tortuga*

Chapter One

Man, the joint was rocking -- the new band loud enough to make the bar mats vibrate all along his legs and up through his balls. Jake and Lee both fucking showed up and were working -- Miss Lynn must've torn them new assholes after their last little Saturday night stunt -- pricks.

Shane grabbed a bottle of Cuervo and started pouring a round of shots, laughing at Vic's lame assed joke about titty bars and avoiding old man Robert's roving hands, all the time moving to the music, knowing his ass in those jeans in the big mirror behind the bar? Money in the bank, baby.

Everybody who was anybody stopped by, chatted him up a second, grinning and trying to talk over the music. Jake kept giving him that 'how do you do that' stupid-ass, monkey-face look. Shit, he'd been tending bar here for a good long time -- since Spring Break in '95. He'd come down to play with a couple three baby-faces from college and sorta stuck in the sand and the surf and the good life.

He was thinking he'd not go home after his shift tonight. He liked the crowd, liked the band, got his booze for free. And that way he wouldn't have to deal with that... smell in his apartment.

Whatever the hell it was.

"Can I get a whiskey?" He could hear that voice right through the music, maybe because it had a drawl that wouldn't quit. Brown eyes, cowboy hat pulled low, and tall enough to lean right over the bar.

Oh, hello.

"Sure enough. You got a preference to type?" Oh, now, that was just fine enough to lick off a spoon.

"I'm not picky. Jack is fine." Fine and looking right back, too. Those sloe eyes went from his face to the mirror behind him and back, not a bit shy.

He flipped the bottle, singing along with the band, distracted by tall, fine and studly enough that old man Roberts managed to sneak a feel of his pecs. "Watch yourself, man. You know the rules -- Miss Lynn don't allow that at the bar."

"Thanks. He do that a lot?" The fella nodded toward their pervy old fixture, hat just dipping.

"Yeah, he tries. Was better when Keith was here. Kid had a nipple ring and kept him busy." He winked, pulling his rag from his back pocket, wiping the bar down.

"Well, I can see why he'd be after yours." Well, now, that was bold as brass and twice as shiny. Shane flexed a little, knowing that he managed just fine, even after a full shift and a shitload of beer splashed on him. Shifting, Mr. Brown Eyes looked down the bar then back at him. "You working all night?"

"Nah. I'm off in..." He craned his neck to see the clock, back popping as he stretched. "Eighteen minutes."

"Good." There was a wealth of satisfaction in that single word. "You want to do something when you get off, you come on over to the corner over there." And the guy was gone, turning and showing him a fine, fine ass in Levi's on the way.

Fuck, he was easy as 'Come to Jesus' in whole notes.

He did his side-work and got his share of the tips before slipping upstairs and stripping off his black t-shirt, throwing on something whiter and nicer, grabbing his own hat before bebopping back down the stairs. Sure enough, his admirer was right where he said he'd be, sitting in one of the cushy old chairs in the corner farthest from the bar, kicked back, legs spread wide and feet planted. Watching him.

He resisted the urge to smooth his shirt down, nudge his too-interested prick and tell it to be good. No, he moseyed over, chatting a bit, tipping his hat a little. Looking at Fine and Sexy a lot from under the brim of his hat.

Well, he might be feigning a little disinterest, but there wasn't any playacting on the other end of that stare. It was like a laser, cutting through the gloom and the smoke and the dance floor lights, just like a physical touch. And fuck if he didn't just head right over, moth to the flame, body buzzing like he'd had a hit of something wacky.

"Hey." Nodding to the chair next to him, the guy looked him over again, and damn. Obviously the once over he'd gotten at the bar had been restrained, because this one made him feel naked, and half-fucked to boot. He got offered a hand to shake. "I'm Galen."

"Shane. Pleased." His own Tennessee upbringing started to show a little, sort of like the heat in his jeans, which was starting to show a lot.

"Yeah. Same here." They shook hello, Galen holding onto his hand a good bit longer than he should, which should have been as predictable as old man Roberts was, but came off as hot instead. There was something about the press, the slow circle that thumb drew on the heel of his hand that sent messages straight to his privates. "So is this the best watering hole down this way?"

"Well, I'm thinking so. There's pricier places, but nowhere you get booze and music and all together. You here for vacation?"

"Nope. I bought old man Dewey's bait shop. He was a friend of my great uncle's." If he moved just a bit closer his leg would nudge Galen's knee, and damned if he couldn't feel the heat of the man, even that far away.

"No shit?" He stretched, letting the motion slide them together. "I've been down that way a lot."

"Yeah? It's right nice." Galen's knee nudged his leg, bouncing to the rhythm of the music, sliding suggestively.

His eyes traveled right along the seam of those jeans, following them straight to Heaven. "Yeah buddy."

That got him a grin, bright and hot. Lord, that was lethal, lighting up Galen's eyes and putting dimples in the close-cropped little beard. "Wanna go there now?"

"Oh, yeah. I want." Gotta love a man who didn't bullshit.

"Well, come on then." Galen got up and waited for him, gesturing for him to lead the way out. He stood, heading for the door, knowing that those brown eyes were on his ass, feeling them.

Once they got outside he felt a hand on his ass, too, sliding against it gently to turn him the right direction.

Oh, sweet Heaven. He swallowed his moan and followed along, the neon sign turning his shirt red and purple. "You don't want me to just follow you in my Jeep?"

"Well, you can. But I'm not planning on being done with you until well into the morning. I can drop you off." They got to a big diesel pick-up at the far end of the lot and Galen was on him, turning him around and pushing him up against the warm metal of the wheel well. He got a kiss that curled his toes, his hat flying off into the bed of the truck.

He groaned, pushing right into it, heat flooding him. He didn't back off at all, hands rubbing right up that fine fucking body. Galen was built like a brick shit house, muscles under his hands just bulging. Something else was bulging, and it wasn't just him, Galen's hardness pressing against his hip, open long thigh sliding between his legs to press against his own cock, making it rub hard behind his zipper.

He rode that thigh, their teeth clicking together as the kiss lit him afire, burned him down deep. The kiss tasted like whiskey and smoke and copper suddenly as someone's lip split under the pressure of it.

His hands curled into Galen's shirt, fingers pushing into those hard-as-fuck muscles, hips rocking faster, harder. Shit, they were both gonna go off right there in the parking lot, the way they were going. Galen's hands slid between him and the truck to cup his ass and lift him, his feet leaving the ground as Galen humped against him. He wrapped one leg around Galen's waist, bootheel digging into that fine ass.

"Uhn." That got him a grunt, got him shifted around until his hips were pressed right up against Galen's, their cocks pushing together through their jeans, and Galen upped the tempo, just pounding against him.

"Fuck!" His eyes went wide, balls tight as little stones. "Gonna. Fuck."

"Yeah. Yeah, now." Galen's lips were swollen from kissing him, those dark eyes almost black. "Now."

It felt like fucking lightning shot through him, cock filling his jeans like he was a virgin under the bleachers with the quarterback.

"Fuck, yeah." He wasn't the only one, because Galen's narrow hips pumped against him, and

damned if he couldn't smell it, sharp and earth as Galen came against him.

"Damn..." Was this for real? Fucking hell.

"Yeah. That was a nice start." There was that wide, white grin again, pure Devil shining out of those eyes. "You still want your Jeep?"

"No, I'll ride." His heart was pounding and he'd be fucked if he could remember exactly where the fucking Jeep was anyway.

Galen bent and kissed him, licking at the spot on his lip that still throbbed where it had split open. "Yeah. I think you probably will. Come on."

Brazen asshole. Hot, fine fucking brazen asshole.

He dug in his pocket and found a handkerchief, fetched his hat, then climbed up into the truck, cleaning himself off a little. They rode in silence, the radio seeming loud and cheerful in the odd quiet that followed what they'd done. The bait shop sat a ways out on the strip, far enough to be out in the swamps, and it had a little house behind it. Even in the dark he could see it had a new coat of paint. Place had been plumb run down but it was looking good. Galen parked behind the house and hopped out, coming around to open the door for him.

He slid down, half jumpy, half vibrating, and three-quarters horny as hell, which was dumb given the vaguely damp state of his jeans. "You've done some work."

"Figured it was looking sad, and I have the time, you know?" They headed inside, one of Galen's hands riding the small of his back, just above his ass.

"Yeah." Well, not really. He worked and partied and slept in the sun. Periodically went home with studs in hat and jeans.

"It's not much, but it's home." They got inside, Galen flipping the light on to show him a diner style chrome and red kitchen. "You want a beer or something?"

"Sure." He took his hat off, fingers brushing over his crew cut, bristles tickling. "Nice place."

"Seemed as good as any to settle." That ass almost gave him a heart attack as Galen bent to pull them out a couple of beers.

He stepped forward, took a quick feel. Only fair, given it was offered up so pretty.

Galen chuckled low, backing out with the beer, rubbing against his hand before straightening. "You like it, huh? 'Cause I gotta tell you, I'm looking forward to seeing yours out of the jeans, it looks so good in them."

"I like. In fact, I'd be lying if I didn't say the whole package was right on fine."

"Well, that's a good thing. I'm thinking it's mutual. Come on, we can act civilized for a few seconds and sit on the couch before round two."

"So long as I'm just acting, I should be just fine." Mmm. Round two. He liked the sound of that, yes

sir.

* * * *

The sound of rain on the roof woke him up, and Galen stretched, automatically looking at the clock, even though these days he had nowhere to be on Sunday unless his momma was visiting. Which she surely was not, not with him having the body next to him in bed that he did, blocking the view of the little red numbers on the nightstand opposite him. Damn. It was hot enough they'd thrown off all the covers, and that was one sweet piece of man, stretched out lazy and covered with bruises.

His bruises. Galen half laughed at himself because that made his morning wood more than just morning wood, and that would have been good if his stomach hadn't decided to growl like a pissed off rottweiler just about then.

It could wait. A little.

Galen rolled out of bed and headed off to the bathroom before making his way to the kitchen, starting the coffee and leaning on the counter, head down and half asleep while it brewed.

He heard the bed creak, heard the water running and the flush, then the little banty rooster of a man wandered in, bare chested and bare footed, poured back into those jeans, eyes as blue as clear water. "Morning."

Well, damn. Now he felt underdressed and hanging out all over. "Morning. Want some coffee?"

He got a nod, one hand brushing his ass. "Thanks."

"Not a problem." A close look told him Shane was still mostly asleep, and wasn't looking to get out the door in any hurry, so Galen relaxed and poured some coffee for both of them, contemplating breakfast.

Now, why it should matter if Shane wanted a ride back into town was a mystery. 'Cept maybe the last few yokels he'd hooked up with had run away screaming after he started playing a little rough. "Here. You like eggs?"

"Mm-hmm." Shane drank deep, marked throat working. "Man, I haven't been awake this early after sleeping in a hundred years."

"Didn't mean to wake you." Eggs, milk, bacon. Oh, if he was gonna cook bacon he'd best put on pants. Shame too, because he liked how Shane was looking at him. "Let me just go get something on."

Those eyes admired him, started to shine, to wake up. "I'd offer to cook, but I don't. I can make one hell of a bloody mary, though."

"I bet you can." He stopped right on the way by, pushing Shane back against the wall, kissing him hard. "Be right back."

That was a good look for Shane, all dazed and flushed. Galen went and slipped into sweatpants, coming back into the kitchen to find Shane right where he'd left him. He got a sheepish grin and those cheeks went pink, one hand rubbing that flat belly. Oh, that was hot.

If he stopped now and started doing what he wanted to do, they'd never have breakfast though, so he just copped a feel on the way by and started searching for skillets. He knew he had at least two, but damned if knew where they were. Fuck, he hated moving.

"Over easy or scrambled?"

"Man, you get a choice?" He got a playful wink, a grin. "Scrambled, please."

Down boy. That smile was a thing of beauty, made even better by swollen lips and a big old hickey just below Shane's chin. He started cracking eggs to keep his hands to himself. "You bet. Don't have to work today, do you?"

"What's today? Sunday? I got Sunday and Monday off..."

"Oh good." Usually he didn't leave marks that were gonna show, not on a first date, anyway, but this one? Damn. Galen smiled. Hell, this one he was even talking to.

He got another grin, then the coffee was drained. "Can I help somehow?"

"You can sit right there and look pretty." Galen winked, admiring the tight pecs and belly above those low hanging jeans. "And as my momma would say, you can help by staying out of the way. In my case because I ain't a good enough cook to get distracted and not burn anything."

"Oh, I'm an old pro of being out of the way. Nobody could work at the Connection for as long as I have and not. Miss Lynn's a damned harpie when she's riled up."

"Seemed like a good enough place to be." Didn't take long to cook up bacon and eggs and toast, as he was out of those frozen biscuits. He really ought to go shopping. Galen set a plate in front of Shane and straddled a chair to sit and work on his. "You lived here long?"

"Since spring break in '95. I came down and stayed when my roommates went home." The eggs were devoured, he got a nod. "This is good. Thanks."

"Figured I ought to feed you, since I intend to wear you out again." He winked, watched close to see what Shane would say to that.

The cheeks didn't flush, but that six-pack did, the muscles rolling. "You know what they say about good intentions..."

"Yeah, well I figured out a long time ago I was going to Hell." He ate hearty, knowing he'd need it. His body still thought he was an athlete, even if he wasn't anymore. And Shane had proved energetic. "Eat up and we'll grab a shower."

He got a raised eyebrow, a nod. "I could definitely use some soap and water before I drive you out of your own house."

"Oh, I don't know." Galen leaned close, sniffed. Felt his cock twitch. "You smell like sex. And me. That can't be a bad thing. In fact I think we'll skip that shower."

He was close enough he could see the goosebumps raise right on up, those dark little nipples going

tight. "You do, do you?"

"Yeah. I think so." The dishes could wait. Wasn't like he didn't have a dishwasher he could throw them in later. Galen stood, holding out a hand to pull Shane up. "Think I'd rather haul your ass back to bed."

That bare chest slapped up against his, those blue eyes flashing, hot, daring. "You're sure you're going to be doing the hauling?"

Damn. Oh, hot damn, he loved a challenge like that. Made his cock do more than twitch. Made it rise, hard and heavy. Galen bent, pressed his tongue to a bright bruise on Shane's shoulder. "I'm thinking, yeah."

He just caught the low moan before one hand slid into his sweats, fingers wrapping tight around his cock, squeezing. Spreading his stance, Galen let Shane explore, let his prick push right into that touch as he sucked and bit, making even more blood rise to the surface of Shane's fine, tanned skin. It was a compulsion, marking that skin. His own hands found that amazing little ass and squeezed. Oh, sweet Jesus the things he could do to that ass. He wondered how hard Shane would fight him on some of them.

He could feel the short breaths on his chest, thumb working him, hard and sure, pushing him, driving him. He almost laughed out loud. God, the rush was good. As good as hitting the quarterback right before the pass went off.. But if he let the kid get the upper hand now, he might not get it back so Galen pulled away, grabbing Shane's arm and yanking him toward the bedroom, intent on getting naked and fucking hard and sure.

Just a little off balance, Shane stayed with him, skin hot as a firecracker against his arm, his hip. One hand slid over his ass, pinching, grabbing a handful.

Yeah. The sharp feel of that touch made him jump, made him growl. This one was hot, and the rain outside made the best kind of music as Galen got them inside the bedroom and turned to take another kiss, teeth grinding against lips, his hips pushing so his cock was against that ridged belly.

Coffee and heat and need and a hint of bright metal as his tongue dragged over the split in that bruised lip -- damn, that was enough to set a dead man to needing.

Fuck yes. Galen caught sight of them in the big mirror opposite the bed, the one his momma had said would open up the dark, masculine room. Gave him a bright idea. Galen pushed Shane away enough to get to those jeans, struggling to get them open they were so tight, but finally getting them down and off before nodding toward the bed. "Hands and knees, and facing the foot of the bed, man."

"You going to make it worth my while?" The words were cocky, but the sight of that ass crawling on the bed, muscled thighs spreading? Fine.

"Trust me." Hell, yes. That was perfect. Galen slid his sweatpants right off and moved just off to one side of the bed, reaching out to tilt Shane's chin up so he could see himself in the mirror. "This is going to be good."

"Oh." Those eyes went wide, flush trailing down the muscled back. "Fuck, missed that last night. Must've been distracted..."

"You were facing the other way, riding me like a mechanical bull." His fingers trailed over the most prominent bruise as he moved up on the bed behind Shane, pressing against it lightly. His cock rubbed that sweet ass, making him groan. "Damn."

"Went the whole go round, though." Shane's head ducked, ass sliding over his prick again and again, teasing him.

"No. Watch." He wasn't gonna let the kid run the show, as much fun as would be. He wanted too damned much for that. Wrapping an arm around Shane's middle Galen pulled him up so he was more sitting up on his knees, gravity pushing his cock so it slid between those tight cheeks.

"Fuck." So pretty, those marks trailing up over the strong chest, the way Shane's heavy cock pushed out from under thick curls, wanton, obscene, hot as hell.

"Yeah. God, you look good like this." He watched his own hand trail down over Shane's belly to that flushed, bobbing cock and wrap around, squeezing and pulling.

The low groans started up, the sound vibrating against his chest, those hands reaching back for him. From the tipped back head to the long line of neck to the muscular chest and belly, Shane was nothing but gorgeous. Galen felt greedy. Reckless. Fucking overheated. He stroked and petted, humping Shane's ass and figuring he'd better get a rubber soon or it would be over.

Shane turned his head, lips fastening on the underside of his jaw, teeth just scraping.

"You're asking for it. Stay right there." Galen grabbed one of Shane's hands and put it in place of his own on Shane's cock so he could turn and get the condoms and lube. "Touch yourself for me."

"You like watching?" That hand started moving, slow, pulling hard, the kid's entire body into it. It was like watching someone riding, someone dancing.

"I like it all, babe." He liked that for sure, liked how Shane was so right there, not an ounce of self-consciousness in it, like he knew how fucking hot he was. Another kind of challenge, and one he'd take happily.

"Mmm..." Those thighs got tight, Shane's hand moving a little faster, eyes dropping closed as things sped up.

Grinning at himself in the mirror, Galen slid forward again and reached around, pressing hard at the base of Shane's cock. "Not yet. Not until I'm ready, too."

A man could get addicted to that low groan, the jerk of that sweet body, the look of parted, hungry lips. Shit.

"You're something else." Reassured that Shane wasn't going to pop without him, Galen got his fingers wet and pressed against Shane's hole, sliding them right in. God, that was hot. Tight. Still open from their games the night before, but tight. Didn't take him long to get the rubber on, and then he was pushing in, groaning as Shane leaned back down on him and gravity took over.

"Oh, sweet fuck..." He could feel Shane rippling around him, body working on his cock, ass cradled in the basket of his hips.

"Yeah." And being able to see it all... "Look at you. Just hot as anything."

Galen started moving, hips rolling in short, sharp jabs, the hand that wasn't holding Shane up rubbing over that tight chest, those little nipples, pinching hard. Every pinch made that pretty prick throb, made that sweet little ass clench and jerk around him. He just lost it, driving in and out, over and over, fingers scraping down to wrap around Shane's cock again, pulling. The back of Shane's neck had no marks, and Galen thought that was a damned shame, so he bit down hard, tasting salt and heat.

"Fuck!" Oh, shit, Shane bore down, clenched around him like a fist, come pouring over his fingers.

Two, maybe three more hard thrusts were all it took for Galen to curse, too, and for his own heat to let go, spilling out hard and fast, making him grunt. Holy fuck.

Shane went still and heavy in his arms, panting hard, the touch of their skin burning hot. He shifted, and they sorta toppled over, Galen turning Shane a bit so he could take a kiss, deep and wet and lazy.

Shane moaned, eyelashes long and gold-tipped, leaving heavy shadows as their tongues slid together. Mmm. Damn. The kiss went on for a good long while, nothing urgent, just good, letting them settle. He was gonna have to be careful. He was already getting way too used to this.

They settled into the sheets, Shane's hands warm, moving over his skin.

Galen chuckled. "That was a pretty good breakfast show, huh?"

"Not bad at all." Those too-pretty eyes danced up. "What's on the menu for lunch?"

He laughed out loud, smacking that fine ass lightly. "Trust me. I do a great lunch buffet."

* * * *

Sweet fuck and honey, he wasn't ever gonna walk straight again.

Ever.

Not to mention the bruise on his nipple was fucking black and his balls ached from coming and being squeezed and tugged and...

His thighs spread, cock filling again at the memory of those chocolate dipped eyes wanting, teeth on his skin, that voice.

Fuck.

That voice.

He stumbled into work, wincing from the sun and the scent and the fact he wasn't in the bed, working out a way to get at that man again.

"Damn, son. You get mauled by a bear?" Miss Lynn, old pervy broad, looked him up and down, rheumy eyes shining.

"No, ma'am." He grinned, hung up his hat. "A cowboy."

Chapter Two

The sun was beating down, pounding... Mmm... Pounding...

Shane stretched a little, grinning. Yeah, buddy. The action last weekend was enough to keep him in memories for a few thousand sessions with Mrs. Palmer and her five daughters. Shit. That Galen? Had the whole fucking package -- eyes to ass, with a sure touch and a hungry mouth.

Voice, too.

Shit.

They'd parted ways well-enough. He hadn't let the guy in because, the smell, damn. He really needed to call the landlady. Still, he hadn't seen hide nor hair any of the nights he'd worked. It was sort of sucky, because the man was fine and hot, but obviously not in the beach bum universe.

The man had fucking chairs. Pans and shit.

Still, it was going to take a month or two before thinking pounding didn't bring up the official Shane Barton Mental Porn Show, featuring a certain good ole boy.

He chuckled at himself, slid out of the Jeep and headed into the beer store, whistling low and tuneless, hot wind teasing the holes in his jeans.

The little bell over the door tinkled and old man Curtis looked up from where he was talking to someone over the counter, nodding at him. And damned if the long legged feller old man Curtis was talking to wasn't Mr. Galen Frost. Who also looked up and nodded, a slow, hot smile coming his way.

"Howdy." He offered over a smile of his own, letting the man know he was in the pasture and willing before heading back for Coronas and limes.

Wasn't two shakes before Galen was trailing up behind him, standing close enough he could feel the man. "Hey. How's it going?"

He let his arm brush back, eyes closing for half a second. "Been working slinging suds. Enjoying the sunshine. You?"

"Been sweating over the shed in the back, and filling in where the deck was rotting." One hand slid right over his ass, and down between to tease his balls, bold as brass. "You ought to come on out and help me christen it with a cook out."

His thighs spread like butter and God help him if he wanted to pretend not to be a pure-D slut, because damn. "I'm off 'til Tuesday. When're you thinking of doing it?"

"Got all the time in the world. You got plans tonight?" Oh, fuck that voice was like burnt molasses, smoky and deep and sharpsweet. And Galen's fingers were still teasing him, hidden from old man Curtis by Galen's solid body.

"I sure as shit hope so, man." No business playing hard to get. Hell, he'd return the favor if his hands weren't full of beer and limes.

He got a deep chuckle and a pat on the ass. "Plan on it. Come on; let's get your stuff and some tequila for the chicken. And a bottle of Jack." Galen moved away, laughing and telling old man Curtis how it would be nice to feed someone besides the cooters.

He put his beers on the counter, found a ten-spot. "You want me to put in for the booze, man?"

"Nah. I'd buy it anyway." They got settled up and hustled out, those rheumy blue eyes of the biggest gossip outside of Miss Lynn down at the bar watching them.

He slipped his sunglasses on, face lifted toward the sun. "Mmm... feels good out here."

"It does. Rain finally stopped." That cowboy hat got put on Galen's head and pulled low. "You following?"

He nodded. "Right behind you." He turned his gimme cap around so the glare didn't get him and hopped in his Jeep, wiggling the key in the ignition until he got a connection. Skynard was on the radio and he turned it up loud, bouncing in his seat as he drove.

It was a fine damned day, sunny and hot, but the humidity was down, and the road out to the old bait shop was just curvy enough through the swamps that he found himself chasing that big pickup with a bit of adrenaline running through him. Galen flat drove like a bat out of Hell.

He took one corner sharp, hooting as the Jeep shuddered a minute, threatening to roll and held her center. "Fuck, yeah!"

Galen threw gravel at him as he pulled into the drive behind and they both hit the brakes hard. Galen hopped out with the liquor store bag, just grinning at him. "Damn, that's a nice drive."

"Yeah, buddy!" He grabbed his beers, using his keys to pop the top on one, offering it over to Galen.

It foamed a bit, but Galen took it right up, chugging maybe a third of it down and nodding. "Now that hits the spot. Come on in. You feeling like tequila lime chicken or beer bratwurst?"

"I'm easy. What's your druther?" Like he cared with that fine view heading toward the house.

"Well, I have the chicken thawed, so we might as well have that. And I can make a mean guacamole." They got inside, right into that red and chrome kitchen he remembered from before and Galen set everything down before turning and taking his beers and setting them aside so the man could pull him right up for a hard, deliberate kiss.

Oh, yeah. That's what he was needing. He pushed right against that heat, rubbing hard.

Wasting no time at all, Galen started working on his shirt, getting it open and sliding it off, those big hands running over his arms and shoulders before going right to his nipples and twisting. Fucking hell. That sent jolts straight to his cock, sharp and hot. He nipped Galen's lip, hard enough to get a response, to get a growl.

It was like pulling a tiger's tail. Galen turned, lifted, and he was up against the counter, half on it, with Galen bending to suck his abused nipple, pulling hard enough to draw the blood up just under the skin. Those hands dropped to his knees and spread him so wide his thighs twinged, Galen stepping between them and rubbing.

He wrapped his legs around that fine fucking form, heels digging in, forcing them harder together, hands burying in the short hair. That just made Galen bite harder, move faster, one hand pushing between them to open his zipper and search for his cock, wrapping around it and squeezing.

"Shit..." His head slammed back against the cabinet, teeth snapping on his bottom lip, balls drawing up tighter than a boar's backside.

"Yeah. Fuck, you're hot. I want to taste you so bad." Those dark eyes caught his, looking right into him as that hand pulled and stroked.

"Shit. Galen." He shuddered, thighs going tight, need riding him high and hard. "Never fucking felt anything like this. Never. Don't fucking stop."

"Not gonna. Trust me." There was no stopping it, the rush. Damn. Galen bit down on his collarbone, hand a blur down there as it worked him. "Come on. Come on."

He bucked up, humping, barking out a desperate cry as he shot, spunk spraying.

"Oh, fuck yeah." Galen actually bent down, mouth open, but stopped just short of licking him clean. "Damn, that's not fair."

"Yeah. Yeah..." Fucking diseases. Fucking hell. He rippled, panting. "Hot fucking mouth..."

"Next time I'll manage to make to the fucking bedroom and get a rubber." Galen grinned at him, color high in his cheeks, and leaned back to open his own jeans, pulling out that thick cock, legs braced wide. "My turn."

"Oh, fuck yeah." He licked his lips, hands wrapping around and rubbing hard, thumbs working the tip.

"Yeah. Right there." Moving out from under his, Galen's hand wrapped around and moved his faster, held his tighter. "It's okay, I like it good and hard."

"Hot son of a bitch." He growled, leaned forward, biting at those lips, hands jerking, tugging. "Going to fucking keep you."

"Uhn." He could see muscles strain under the thin shirt Galen wore, could feel that thick prick jerk in his hand, wet heat spreading over his thumb and wrist. "Jesus."

He groaned, leaned his forehead against Galen's, panting, entire body alive.

"Hell of an appetizer." Licking the sweat from his upper lip, Galen stood back and let him slide 'til his feet touched the floor.

"Fuck, yeah. Yeah." He nodded, fingers sliding over Galen's hip. "Though the main course might well kill me."

* * * *

The tequila lime chicken and guacamole? Had been a hit.

Galen figured he and Shane had eaten enough to render a gorilla comatose. Chips, chicken, guacamole, grilled corn. Damn. And they'd had a few of Shane's Coronas, too, sucking them down before collapsing in the late afternoon sun, sprawled out on the deck.

Damn. Oh, damn Shane looked good. He was on the other chaise, way too far away, jeans riding low, tanned skin gleaming with just a hint of sweat. Shane's legs were spread, perspiring Corona bottle balanced on his crotch, and Galen thought he might just bust a vein from looking.

Fuck, there was something about the kid. Something that drew him, made him crazy for it. Now, Galen wasn't one for self deprivation anyway, but he had to admit it scared him a little, how much he wanted to just tie Shane up in his bedroom and never let him out. Ever.

What was worse was that the kid was a natural, sensual and hot, and up for anything Galen had thrown at him so far. A bruise stood out on that smooth skin, lurid and purple, just above one nipple, and Galen felt his cock stir just thinking how Shane had begged for more instead of calling him off when he'd left it there.

Hell, at this rate his dick was gonna have calluses.

Galen cleared his throat. "Been more than an hour since we ate. They say that's all you need before you can do some heavy exercising again."

"Now why don't I think you're talking about a nice long swim?" The edge of that gimme cap was lifted up, blue eyes peering over the dark glasses, then pulled down again.

"Maybe 'cause the only place I have to swim is out there with the gators?" Smart ass. Galen shook his head, rolling up to his feet. "Gonna go get another beer. Want anything?"

The kid's chin dipped and he could damn near feel the heat of that long, slow look. "Yeah, I'm thinkin' so."

Then Shane pushed himself up, right into his space. Oh, now. He did like a challenge. "Yeah? What would that be?"

"Now I know we've had a few, but I bet you can figure it out." One hand grabbed his crotch, squeezing good and firm.

Damn. His cock pushed right into the touch, hips rolling up and then back. He grabbed Shane's hand and brought it up to his mouth, biting down on the fleshy underside of Shane's thumb. "Yep. I catch on fast."

That was a sweet, low sound, fingers rough and insistent on his prick, the cloth rasping. "You've got a hungry fucking mouth."

Laughing, Galen licked and sucked. "There's got to be some Freudian explanation. But I'm a take it as it comes sorta guy."

He spread wider, letting Shane play him, the pulse in his cock echoing his heartbeat. The skin under his lips tasted of salt and lime and just faintly, come. That hand slid back behind his balls, working that sensitive little strip of skin, making his toes curl.

No. He wasn't ready for it to go that fast. Galen nipped hard at the hand he held, and backed off a step, breathing hard. "You're zero to sixty in nothing flat, aren't you?"

"There anything to be said for idling slow?"

Now that was some kind of question a man had to answer, and Galen determined right then and there to prove there was something to be said for it. He tugged Shane's hand, pulling him into the shade of the house. "Matter of fact, there can be."

Those blue eyes challenged his over the dark rims, excited, shining. "Just wastes gas."

"You're not much of a bass fisher are you?" They got to the bedroom and Galen took off Shane's cap and sunglasses, gesturing to the bed. "Get naked and I'll prove it to you."

"I like the beer and sunshine part of it okay, druther get on the big boat and fish for shark." The old jeans were unbuttoned, shimmied out of.

That was one fine body. Galen didn't get close enough to be distracted though, just headed for the closet and hopefully an old flannel shirt. He was woefully unprepared to play. "Stretch out on your back for me, arms over your head."

He got a tilt of that head, those eyes watching him for a bit, then Shane sat on the bed, stretching and twisting, back popping.

Galen hid a grin, saying diffidently over his shoulder, "Unless you don't want to play. I'm pretty happy to just jump your ass and ride you 'til you can't see straight."

"I can play." Oh, that was a stubborn jaw, the man a pure bull.

Worked in his favor, so he wasn't complaining. There. An old flannel sheet from when he was playing second string up in Minnesota. Galen grabbed it and turned back to the bed, admiring for a minute before going for the lube and rubber. Best to be prepared. "I do anything you don't like, you say so, yeah?"

"You bet." One of those hands dropped, scratching the tanned belly, legs shifting restlessly.

Nodding, he dropped the supplies on the bed and tore off a strip of flannel, then another, long enough to hold good, and to pad nice. Then he took one of Shane's hands and pressed it up to the post on the headboard, tying it off figure eight, so it was like a handcuff. Shane's stomach rippled, the motion of those muscles visible, the testing tugs making the bed creak a little.

Thank God he still had his damned pants on, or he might have just given up and rubbed off against that flat belly. Damn he liked a man who looked like a man. If that made sense. The other wrist went next, and Shane was laid out for him, arms and chest straining. Fuck, yes.

"You still thinking this is a waste of time?"

"I'm thinking I'm either a damn fool or one lucky son of a bitch." Oh, there were some nerves there, just a hint behind the bravado.

Galen had his own case of nerves, if not for quite the same reason. If he went too far... well, he'd just have to make it sock melting good. He could do that. He moved to the foot of the bed, intent on starting with one bony ankle. He could just see a black bruise there. "Trust me. You're about to get real lucky."

Those long toes curled, those blue eyes fastened onto him like a starving man on a banquet table. His touch light, slow, Galen lifted Shane's leg and bent, licking at the thin skin over his target, eyes right on Shane's, never once looking away. That curved cock started to fill, Shane's tongue slipping out to wet the swollen lips.

He echoed the motion with his own tongue, letting it scrape across Shane's arch before moving back to wrap his lips around the ankle bone and suck hard enough to hurt just a little.

"Mmm..." Shane's arms tensed, shoulders rolling a little, but that muscled leg didn't pull back, didn't fight.

Hands sliding up Shane's calf, Galen licked and teased the spot he'd just sucked, nice and easy. The soft flesh behind Shane's knee drew his fingers, and he petted it, the contrast between it and the rougher hair everywhere else damned exciting.

"Oh..." That got him a full-body shiver, like Shane'd grabbed a cattle wire, those eyes going wide, then hungry. Better. But he could get more. Galen pushed that leg aside, spreading Shane wide before reaching for the other leg, bending to bite just there, at the side of the knee.

"Shit!" Shane's leg pulled out of his hand, that cock bobbing against Shane's belly.

He didn't think that was a complaint, but he was nothing if not a gracious host. "You all right?"

"Yeah. Yeah, just... Sensitive there. Damned sensitive." Oh, so not a complaint.

"Yeah?" Oh, damn. That was like waving a red flag in front of a bull. Galen bent that leg up and back, smoothing his fingers over the skin over and over, sensitizing it so when he bent to lick at it, he could feel muscles jump and twitch, felt Shane shiver. Fuck, it was sweet, watching the way those hips started shifting, sliding and rocking on his sheets, just a little. He wasn't even sure Shane was aware of the slow sway, the promise offered up.

The cock was gorgeous, tempting him so bad. So bad. But he couldn't without a rubber anyway, so he could wait. Instead he nibbled right where he was, rubbing his bearded chin against it, watching the skin turn red.

Low and husky, the sounds started filling the air, the smell of musk and want overtaking the sun and salt and lime.

Slow, easy. That was what Galen told himself. Over and over. The fine hairs on the insides of Shane's thighs got stroked. licked, tickling his face. The scent got richer as he moved up, deeper. More addictive. Which was why he moved on up to Shane's face instead, kissing those lips deep and hard.

He heard the bed creak as Shane reached for him, forgetting about the ties and tugging hard, the gasp pushed right into his lips. Just letting his teeth scrape that sweet lower lip, Galen leaned up and looked down. "Getting the benefits of it?"

"I think I'm seeing a..." Shane took a deep breath, heels digging into the mattress to arch against him. "A few things to recommend it."

"I thought you might." The tiny depression under Shane's lip got licked, the strong throat kissed, and Galen stopped at the base to suck up another mark, stopping at purple instead of black. Goddamn he couldn't ever remember skin that took his marks like this. Ever.

"Fuck, that's fine. Just fine. Man would go broke and blind for your mouth, Len."

"And just think, you get it for free." Chuckling, he caught one nipple in his teeth, already knowing how Shane reacted to that, reveling in it as the reaction came again. That little nipple went tight and hard, skin flushing dark, wrists twisting in the strips of sheet. The sharp cry was bit off before it became a plea.

Too bad. He wanted to hear a little begging. Fucking needed it. The other nipple was already bruised and swollen from the afternoon, and Galen blew on it, making it stand out hard.

"Shit. Shit, I'm feeling that." And liking it, too, from the sound.

Soon. His point was almost made. Soon he could get naked and go from slow to fast, and have that tight ass as hard as he wanted. Galen breathed deep, licking down the ridged belly, chin scraping. His fingers found the skin under Shane's balls and teased, pressing hard, then letting off.

"Uhn..." Thighs parting, hips pushing and searching for his touch, Shane wasn't shy about going for it, entire body moving, hot cock tapping that flat belly over and over.

That prompted Galen to go for it, licking down that flushed cock, avoiding the head, moving down to mouth Shane's balls, pushing them up with his tongue.

"Oh, sweet fuck. Yes." Shane pulled his knees up and back, spreading wide.

Jesus, the view was almost enough to make him come. Legs spread wide, muscles straining to keep them up, balls swinging, Shane was the hottest fucking thing he'd ever seen. Growling, Galen rolled off the bed, tearing off his jeans and scrabbling for the lube and rubbers he'd set aside earlier.

"That slow shit's over. You ready?"

"Yes. Fuck, yes. Come on, Len. I fucking need." Those eyes were burning, tearing over him.

"Yeah." Fingers slick, Galen pushed into Shane without ceremony, stretching him quick. He had to, because he wasn't going to last otherwise, but he figured it was a damned good contrast to the pace before anyway. He got a condom on, hands shaking, and got lined up, pushing Shane's knees clear up to his ears.

"Don't fucking tease. Show me what you got." Demanding bastard.

The least he could do was do just that, and Galen slammed right in, pushing deep with one sharp jab,

grunting as that snug heat closed around him. "Jesus, you're something else. Hard to believe you're real."

"Yeah. Oh, fuck. So good. More." Shane's body pulled him in, holding him, not wanting to let him go. Galen grunted, moving hard and fast, reaching for Shane's cock and holding on tight, hand moving in time with his thrusts. Shane's fingers got hold of the headboard, bracing himself, adding that strength to the thrusts, to the slap of their skin.

Sweat ran down his chest, his face, getting in his eyes. His chest heaved. He never slowed though, never stopped, just kept shoving in deep. "Want to see. Want you to come on my cock, Shane."

"Yeah. Yeah. Fuck, I..." Those eyes rolled, teeth sinking into that full bottom lip hard enough to draw blood as the muscles around his cock clenched. Heat sprayed over his hand, the scent all male. Fuck. Galen pushed, bent, licked at Shane's lips as he shot hard enough to take his breath, whole body shaking, the bed rocking under them.

Shane moaned, taking sloppy kisses that were all moans and slow tastes, both of them coming down. Before he just up and collapsed, Galen untied Shane's arms, feeling a rush of pleasure in his belly at the red marks ringing them. That was fine. Just fine.

Those arms wrapped around him, holding on, almost petting, one leg sort of draping over his.

He could handle that. Kinda weird to realize he could handle that so well that he was relaxing right down and letting Shane hold onto him as he dozed off.

Lord almighty he was in trouble.

* * * *

Galen was sleeping hard and heavy and Shane dozed a little, fading in and out before the sun started sinking and his body insisted it was time to wake up, get busy. Well, busy was a strong word, really, but up. He was pretty decent at up.

He slid out from under Len's weight, heading for the bathroom and a long shower. He always thought best in the bathroom. Fuck knew he had shit to think on. It was one thing, to come home looking like a leper cause things got a little het up. Lying down on the bed and letting a man tie you up?

On purpose?

And sort of getting off on it?

Shit.

He turned on the hot water, washing and scrubbing and letting himself remember. It was funny. Sort of slow and easy, well... up to the end. The end wasn't slow and he was the easy one. His fingers slid back to soap up his hole a little, slick it up. He was jonesing a little on the rush, the tingle, that freshly fucked feeling.

There was something, wasn't there? Something raw and exciting and sort of fierce. Something so much harder than those fucking inflate-a-beach-buddy tourists that ended up feeding him a

complimentary bagel and cup of coffee before he stumbled home. Something...

He shrugged, grabbed the shaving cream and started shaving. Didn't make no nevermind. They were playing and he could hold his own in the fucking department. He soaped up his pubes, his cock, moving into the touch, enjoying the slick slide of his palm, the steam, the smell of Galen that sort of hung on the air. He was so wrapped up in his thoughts that he almost missed the shower opening, but no way could he miss the big hands that slid around his waist or the broad chest against his back. "Hey."

"Mmm..." He leaned his head up, hand still moving nice and slow. "Hey."

"Oh, now that's pretty." Yeah, Len's voice was deep and sleep-rough, chin scratchy on his shoulder. Len didn't really move, just held him, watched him.

He spread a little, eyes getting heavy. "You feel fucking fine."

"And you? Feel like heaven." Galen rubbed against him, skin slick and good.

"Oh." He rubbed their cheeks together, his freshly shaved cheek sensitive, nerves jangling. Oh, fuck yeah.

"Half afraid I'm gonna wear you out. I just keep wanting to get at your ass."

"Good thing I'm not fragile, then." Good thing he couldn't fucking get enough.

"Yeah. You can hold your own." That stiff cock rose against his ass, rubbed along his crease just so. Galen licked water from his skin, testing tender spots. He widened his stance, hips moving, sliding along that prick, water making his skin tingle, his nipples stiff.

Damn. What was it between them that they couldn't stop touching, stop moving? Galen grunted and pushed against him hard, hands coming down to circle his cock and lift his balls. He braced himself against the tile, free hand wrapping around Galen's neck, gasping in the steam.

"So fucking hot." They moved together like the last time hadn't been two hours ago, Galen's hips rolling against his ass, those long fingers teasing him.

"Shit, Len. You make me..." He bit his bottom lip, groaning low, balls pulling up tight. Galen didn't answer, just bit down right where his neck met his shoulder, hands and cock just working him. Fucking electricity shot through him, sharp and hot and fine, revving his engine right on up.

"God, I could fuck you for weeks on end. Wanna do things..." Galen trailed off with a moan, cock jerking against him and Galen shot, wet and hot all over the small of his back.

"Fuck, yes. Over and fucking over." He twined his fingers with Galen's, pulling hard and sure, tugging the come right out of him.

The only sound for long minutes was the running water and the sound of their breath. Finally Len pulled away, groaning. "You're gonna kill me."

"Just think of the exercise you're getting."

"Oh, Hell, yes. We're getting a work out."

He turned, winked. "Better than tae-bo anyway."

He got a hard kiss for his trouble, and a pinch to one butt cheek. "I haven't even begun to work you out."

He snorted, went for the double hand grab of that fine ass and squeezed. "Anything you can dish out."

"You think so?" Oh, those black coffee eyes challenged him, smiled right down at him, wicked and fine.

Everything in him raised right up, met that challenge. "You know it."

"Good. 'Cause I'd hate to think you were gonna poop out on me before I was ready." His own ass got a hard pinch before Len turned off the water and stepped out of the shower, tossing him a towel.

"Not a chance." Not a single fucking chance in hell.

He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, dark bruises peppering his skin here and there, not quite as bad as last week, but they had time. Damn. Damn, that was...

Damn.

"You coming?" He caught Len looking over his shoulder at him, that long, muscled back and tight apple of an ass framed in the open doorway.

"Hell, yeah." He wrapped the towel around his waist, nodded. He was gonna get him some of that.

Chapter Three

The back corner of the club suited Galen just fine. From this angle he could watch Shane work, and admire, but most everyone left him alone. 'Course that could have as much to do with his pulled down hat and fuck off attitude as anything else.

Still, he liked it, because he didn't think Shane knew he was there, and he got to watch the kid be completely unaware and unselfconscious. In his element, so to speak. Kinda made Galen horny.

He snorted. Fuck, who was he kidding? Everything about Shane made him horny, from the way the kid flipped a bottle of booze to the way he sang along with the music and wiggled his tight little ass. Give him another, oh, fifteen minutes and that ass was his. Galen got up and adjusted himself, and his hat, and headed up to the bar just in time to intercept old man Roberts mid-reach.

"Uh uh, old man. Mine." When Shane looked over Galen nodded. "Whiskey."

He got a grin, a nod, a quick up and down of those eyes, admiring. "Comin' up, hot stuff. You enjoying the music?"

He got a shot of the good stuff, the bar in front of him wiped down with a practiced motion.

"Enjoying you enjoying it, for sure." There was a lot to be said for watching Shane close up, too, where he could see that smile and the crinkle around those eyes. He could resist admitting it all he wanted, but Galen knew he was in pretty deep with this one, at least physically. Didn't hurt that he liked the kid, too. "You're off right soon, yeah? Figured we might head for the beach."

"Ten minutes and I'm up for anything." He got another grin, then Shane poured off another round of beers, joking and joshing with the customers, tight little ass shaking along with the band.

Damn. He should have worn a different cut of jean. That ass gave him ideas. Ideas that all included heat and sweat and raw animal noises. Shifting on his bar stool, Galen grinned at himself. He wasn't careful old man Roberts would be reaching for him, the way he was sticking up.

There was a rush of friends and customers in the last five minutes of Shane's shift, tips being shoved in the man's shirt pocket. "Y'all have a good night!"

Shane grabbed his tip jar and headed over. "I'm going to get changed and pocket my money. I'll be five minutes."

"Don't dawdle." He had plans for that butt. Galen waited, fading back toward the door, snarling at some blonde tennis club boy who got a bit too close.

Shane headed out the employee door, that fine muscled chest in a tight-tight white t-shirt, leather belt on that little waist, tissue paper thin jeans covering that ass. The blond went over, intercepted Shane with one hand in the center of his chest, and Shane shook his head, waved the guy off and headed for him, straight as an arrow.

Galen almost had to feel sorry for the guy. Rejected twice in five minutes. But only almost. Shane got

close enough for Galen to smell the beer and cologne and clean sweat, and he had to turn toward the door to hide his sudden rise in interest. "You ready? We'll take your jeep."

"Works for me." Shane was humming, bouncing a little as he walked, shimmying just enough. The Jeep's soft top was off, the top of the cooler barely visible. "Where'm I headed?"

"Somewhere there won't be a lot of people." Was that his voice, all low and scratchy? Damn, he was looking forward to this far too much.

"Hmm... Pirate's Alley, then. Cops don't bother the locals. Hold on, we'll take a ride. Oh. Watch your hat." He got a wild grin and Shane peeled out, singing along with the radio.

Oh, yeah. That's why he'd left his truck and let Shane drive. Well, one of the reasons. That grin was addictive. The other reason was he figured the jeep would be more comfortable for the fucking than his truck ever would be. Bright moonlight, good music, Shane in a damned fine mood, and Galen just laughed out loud, holding onto his hat and the roll bar and watching the world go by.

They drove for about half an hour, Shane pulling off down a long dirt road and stopping in front of a cattle gate. "Hold up, I know the combination."

Then Shane hopped out, opened the gate, then waved. "Drive us in!"

Galen slid over, pulled in and stayed in the driver's seat. "Where to?"

Shane swung into the passenger's seat and pointed. "Down here, third left and park where the road ends."

Sweet. The little jeep handled right well, but it was a relief to park and reach for Shane. Galen had kept his hands to himself long enough, thank you very much. He grabbed Shane's arms and yanked him half across the console, mouth coming down hard on that challenging grin. Shane tasted like mint and beer and sex, those hands wrapping around his neck, holding tight.

Yeah. Fuck, yeah, that was what he'd been waiting for all night. Galen pushed his tongue deep into Shane's mouth, hand behind Shane's head, tilting him to take more. He was in too much of a damned hurry, but he couldn't help it. Low moans pushed into his lips, Shane letting him in, opening right up and meeting his passion head-on.

They moved together, hands and mouths and hot breath. The little sounds drove Galen crazy, and he wondered if it would be better to take the edge off first, or move right on to the main event. When he pulled away the pale light showed him swollen lips and heavy eyes. "How do you feel about naked in the moonlight?"

"The skeeters aren't out, the air feels fine, man." His lips were brushed by a thumb that still tasted a little like whiskey.

"Good." He took another taste of Shane's mouth before tossing his hat in the back. "So get naked. I got plans for you."

"Bossy, bossy." Shane grinned, stood up in the floorboard and stripped off the t-shirt, hand working the belt open.

"Never claimed not to be." His cock needed some room so Galen popped the button on his jeans, watching those blunt male hands work on Shane's zipper.

"You not playing along?" Shane stepped out of his deck shoes, wriggling his way out of those jeans, cock full and dark and hard.

"Not yet." Fuck, that was amazing. Galen reached out, running a hand down Shane's chest. "First I'm gonna look."

Shane stretched, leaning towards his touch, prick bobbing, reminding him it was there. Pushy. Galen grinned, touching it, fingers just squeezing the tip before he reached down to tug gently on Shane's balls. Shane's thighs parted, belly rippling, going tight. "Fuck."

"Fixin' to. Reach up and grab that top bar.' He wanted Shane stretched for him, wanted that chest and belly and pretty damned cock open for him. For his hands and his mouth.

Shane stretched up, hands wrapping around the roll bar, shoulders rolling. "Like this?"

"Just like that." Hell, yes. Scrambling, Galen got to his knees in the seat and started with Shane's chest, nuzzling a little, nibbling the edge of one arm down to where it met Shane's body, rubbing his bearded chin there and enjoying the rich scent.

He got a surprised little moan, then Shane slid against him, arms flexing, but not letting go of the roll bar. Galen showed his approval with a quick pump of Shane's cock before moving across one hard pectoral muscle to lick at Shane's nipple, teeth closing around it.

"Oh, fuck!" Shane arched, pushing up towards his mouth and then pulling away. That response made him jerk, made his cock push against his half open jeans. He fucking loved that. The other nipple got the same treatment, Galen licking and sucking and blowing on it.

Those hands opened and closed on the rollbar, sliding, spreading wide, then scooting back together. Nibbling his way down Shane's belly got him a hard cock bumping against his chin, and Galen moaned, trying to resist it. Of course, the way he'd been all over Shane, licking blood off the kid's skin, he was in for a penny. Might as well be in for a pound. Galen threw his good sense right out of the Jeep and ducked his head, taking the tip of Shane's cock into his mouth.

"Sweet fuck!" One of those hands dropped, brushed his hair. "Len!"

Oh. He knew if he ever got a taste he'd be addicted. The one thing Galen loved to do that a lot of folks thought he wouldn't was suck cock, and this one? Was a work of art. Shane was salt and sweat and bitter and Galen worked all the way down, hands petting Shane's thighs.

"Oh. Oh, fuck. Len, I... Oh, sweet Jesus, that's..." Babbling, he had the kid babbling.

If his mouth wasn't busy he would be, too. He looked up, taking in Shane's face, his tight body. Then Galen closed his eyes and really went to town, licking under the head, swallowing down until his nose met Shane's curls.

"Len, I... I'm gonna come, man. Fuck, your mouth. You're gonna make me come." Shane's hands pushed into his hair; all bets were off on whether they were pulling towards or away.

He wanted it. Wanted to taste it. Galen pulled harder, fingers pressing hard on the skin between Shane's balls and ass, cheeks hollowing as he sucked. Please, yeah, come on. A sharp, sweet cry split the air and Shane lost it, humping up and fucking his mouth, entire body going hard as Shane shot.

Shaking, hips snapping, Galen swallowed it down, coming even as he carefully did not close his teeth around Shane's flesh. Fuck, that was exactly what he wanted.

"Oh. Oh, fuck. Len. I..." Shane moaned, fingers petting his head.

"Mmmm." When Shane was licked clean Galen pulled back and pulled at Shane's hips, hauling him down for a kiss. "You taste... God. Amazing."

"Oh..." Shane dove into the kiss, moaning softly, relaxed and melted beneath him. Galen kissed slow and deep, all of the rest of his plans for the night derailed by the taste and feel and amazing responsiveness Shane gave him. One hand curled around his neck, fingers sliding, soft and easy.

Looked like Shane was happy to just be, too. Galen nuzzled in on Shane's neck, licking at the sea salt and sweat there. "Damn."

"Yeah." Shane made a soft, sweet sound like a purr. "Don't stop, yeah?"

"Not planning on it." Nope, he wasn't planning on stopping, even if his good sense had told him to some fifteen minutes ago.

"Good. I never. Shit, never felt that without a glove. Never let anybody before."

Galen snorted. "I usually don't either. Period." He wasn't sure what else to say, because well, he never did. But Shane made him want.

"I haven't played the field, not since before that first night you came in the bar. I wouldn't have let you, if I didn't know I was clean."

Relieved, Galen bit down on Shane's neck, just a little. "You've been the only one since my last test."

Shane swallowed, stretched for him, just a little. "Good."

"Yeah." Because he wasn't sure he could give up Shane's taste now that he'd had it. Not that he was gonna put that into words. Galen set Shane back and stripped off his shirt, tossing it back with his hat.

"Mmm..." Those warm hands landed on his skin, rubbing, nails scraping just a little.

Felt good. What didn't feel good was his jeans. Swampy. Not pleasant. Galen grinned. "Let me get out of these and you can touch all you want."

"Ooooh... take it off, baby! Take it all off!" There was the pure Devil in that grin.

Lord, that kid was something else. Galen just shook his head and opened his jeans the rest of the way, wiggling out of them and wiping off. "All yours."

"All mine..." He could feel those eyes, looking hard, dragging over his skin before the kid moved.

Pounced. Tackled him.

"Hell, yes." They smacked together, skin on skin, Galen grabbing Shane and holding tight to keep them from toppling right out of the jeep. He took a kiss that curled his toes, hands sliding up and down Shane's back. Shane reached down, fumbling, growling and suddenly something popped and the seat went back and those eyes were dancing above him, one hand circling his cock.

"Damn." Oh, damn. That was... yeah. Galen let Shane go, let the kid do what he wanted. There'd be time for bending the kid over the Jeep and plowing his ass later.

Shane leaned in, hungry little mouth starting to play -- nipping his bottom lip, biting one nipple until it burned, fastened onto the curve of his shoulder. All the while, that hand kept pumping, building him up and easing him back.

He wanted to growl, to grab Shane and push him back and hump him until neither of them could see. Instead he stayed where he was, gripping the sides of the seat, muscles tight, hips rolling. The bites got sharper, teeth dragging along his belly and down to his hip, fingers circling his balls, pulling enough that he could feel it in the pit of his belly, dull and hot.

Then those lips wrapped around the head of his cock, suction like the kid was starving for it, thumb hard as fuck on the strip of skin behind his balls.

"Fuck! Jesus, Shane. Oh." God, he was just gonna lose it. He never expected that in a million years, which was damned stupid if he thought on it, but there it was. Every muscle in his belly clenched up, his thighs going like rock as he pushed up into that sweet mouth.

Then that thumb slid back, pressed against his hole, Shane swallowing hard around his cock, sucking him right down to the base. Galen grunted, shaking and humping as he shot, just that fast. Right down Shane's throat.

That suction eased, Shane's cheek landing on his belly, tongue still sliding over the slit of his prick, making him jump.

"Damn." He stroked Shane's cheek, breathing hard, chest just heaving. "You're something else."

One finger circled a dark mark on his belly. "You think?"

"I do." He thought a lot of things about Shane, but Galen figured most of them were best unsaid, as they scared him. Who knew what Shane would think of them.

"Cool." His belly got nuzzled, his ribs, then those lips were covering his, the kiss slow, tinged with his own salt. The kiss went deep, Galen searching out his own flavor and savoring how it mixed with Shane's. He stroked along Shane's ribs, his hipbone, around to pet one ass cheek, pinching a little. Shane fed him a sound -- part groan, part chuckle -- ass wiggling for him.

"Mmhmm. I could just keep at you until I wore us both out." That wasn't nothing but the truth. Hell, he'd come twice and was already thinking about the next time. "Though I think I'm too damned old to spend the night in your Jeep."

"Too tall's more like it. I got a futon at my place, if you want to stretch out there."

"Sounds good." He was curious to see where Shane lived. Funny he never had.

"Yeah? Cool. The smell's gone, so it should be safe." Shane angled himself up, reaching for their clothes. "Landlady came and found a lizard under the sink."

"The smell? Good Lord." He laughed out loud, sorting his shirt out from Shane's. "Not much of a housekeeper, huh?"

"Man, I didn't know there was a cabinet under that sink. If I had, I'd've found it sooner."

"Good thing to know." Didn't know there was a cabinet under the sink. He snorted, getting his jeans back on. Figured. "Sometimes there's even cabinets in the kitchen."

"No shit?" Shane grinned over, winked. "I got paper plates and Rice Krispies in mine. Oreos, too."

"Got any popcorn?" If he was gonna be roughing it, there ought to be popcorn.

"Yeah, in the fridge with the beer. Microwave works just fine." Shane hopped in the driver's seat, leaving his shirt off. "You ready?"

"Yeah. Let's go." This? Ought to be interesting. Galen couldn't wait.

* * * *

They pulled up into the parking lot of the Evenglades apartments -- said something about a person who was either too dumb or cheap to care their sign was misspelled, but what the fuck, it made it easy to find -- and parked in his spot.

"I'm in 116." Nice little spot, too. Full morning sun in the patio, dark and cooling off by the time he had to get up for work.

Shane unlocked the door and flipped on the lights to his efficiency, the pink flamingo hanging from the ceiling fan starting to spin, casting weird ass patterns over the futon and its NASCAR sheets. "Home sweet apartment. Come on in and sit. I'll grab us a couple beers and turn the fans on."

He got a couple Coronas and cut some limes, popping them in the mouths of the bottles. When Shane wandered back in from the kitchenette, Galen was looking at the balcony with the kiddie pool, three floaties stacked in. "Pretty cool, huh? It's a great place to sleep and catch some rays."

"You sleep in the pool?" Galen looked skeptical for a minute. "'Course I sleep on the deck, so I'm not much better."

"Yeah, it's cool, sunny. Gets a breeze." He nodded, grinned as a frog hopped up into the pool. "You want me to run the air? It works."

"Nah. I'm good. I think the tour is over, right?" Galen came right on up to him and took one of the beers, hand sliding over his. "Might as well get to the entertainment."

"You've seen all I got to show." He stepped closer, let their bellies rub.

"Oh, I imagine you got hundreds of things I haven't seen. This place have a shower?"

"Yeah. Not as big as yours, but it'll do." He slid his free hand around Galen's waist.

"Size doesn't matter." One side of Galen's mouth curled up in what could only be described as a damned evil way. "Just need to wash off the last go round and get this clean." Galen patted his ass.

He chuckled, rolled his eyes. Smart ass. Sexy hot smartass. He led Galen back into the turquoise bathroom, grabbing a couple folded towels and washrags out of the laundry basket.

Galen laughed at him. "Now, no offense, Shane. But I noticed that sink cabinet right off."

"Well, sure, after I mentioned it." He pointed to the fake drawers. "They weren't real, I figured none of it was."

That got Galen to laughing even more, clutching his belly and bending over with it. "You never tried the door?"

"Why?" He swatted Galen's ass, good and hard, made his hand sting. "Never even thought to."

Those eyes went black, Galen turning on him and pressing him up against the sink for a hard kiss, all of the questions and laughter flying right out the window. He met that kiss, passion like an ache inside him, sharp-edged and heated.

Quick as anything Galen had them both naked again, the Corona Galen had been holding thumping to the floor and spilling. The smell of beer warred with the smell of sex and sweat, and Galen muscled him into the shower, turning on the water before bending to lick and bite his neck. He arched, hands sliding over Galen's shoulders, pushing hard, rubbing.

"Yeah. Just like that." Fuck that voice was like warm honey, sliding over his skin like the water.

"Hell, yeah." He kept touching, kept pushing, fucking loving the way those muscles worked against his hands.

Galen looked down at him for a minute, something dark and heavy flashing in those eyes, then he was turned roughly to face the shower wall. He saw Galen's long arm reach out of the shower to snag a washcloth, and then his back and ass were getting a thorough scrub, the rough cloth sliding between his ass cheeks.

His breath caught a little, the action surprisingly intimate, personal, his thighs parting almost instinctively. His balls got one light swipe and he was getting rinsed off. Then Galen tested the size of his shower, sliding down behind him, one cheek rubbing against his ass. Shane stretched, cock shrinking away from the cool touch of the tile. Those big hands of Galen's cupped his ass, spreading him apart, and next thing he knew Galen's mouth was there in between, tongue pushing against his hole.

Oh. Oh, sweet fucking Hell. A sound tore out of him, raw and hungry, echoing on the tiles. A soft sound came from Galen, too, and that tongue pressed right up into him, Galen's fingers hard on him, bruising his skin.

"Galen. Oh. Oh, shit. I..." He spread wider, whimpering, toes curling tight.

Slow and easy, then fast and rough, that tongue fucked him. Relentlessly. He could hear Galen moaning over the sound of the water, and Galen's warm fingers closed around his cock, stroking him in time.

He started rocking, pushing back into it, hips begging like a whore's. "Oh. Oh, fuck. Len. Oh. Oh, fuck please."

"God, you're hot." Oh, oh fuck that slid right up his spine. Galen pushed in, licking and sucking, hand working him until he thought he'd go crazy. Everything in him went tight as fence wire, head slamming back between his shoulders. He came so hard the blue tile went grey, nothing but a raw sob living in his throat.

Galen caught him as he sagged, the man strong as anything, standing up behind him and kissing his neck. "Hot as Georgia in July, Shane."

He moaned, breathing hard, letting Galen hold him a minute. "That... Damn. I... Damn."

"Mmmhmm." Still holding his sensitized cock, Galen rubbed against him, nibbling. "Been wanting to."

He moaned, slid his cheek against Galen's, hips starting to move.

"God, I want in." Galen rubbed the head of that thick cock against his hole, still open and tingling from Galen's tongue. "But I won't without. Not unless you tell me..."

"I'm clean. I haven't, not with anyone else." He turned a little, meeting those eyes, straight on, heart pounding hard and furious. "You start wantin' to move on, you just say and we'll go back to better safe than sorry."

"Oh, fuck, Shane." Galen stared right at him, serious as a heart attack. "I'm good to go, I swear. And I won't. Not until you get bored and go." That cock nudged, pushed, slid in him just a bit. Wide and hard and so fucking hot. "Want you."

"Oh..." He nodded, pressed back, entire body shuddering, nerves firing like the fucking Fourth of July. "Yes. Yes, Len. In me."

"Yeah. Yeah, Shane. Fuck." Sharp teeth closed on his neck and Galen pushed right up inside him, spreading him wide, filling him deep and fast. Their fingers twined together, held tight against the tile, bodies working together, slamming together.

Galen's hips dug into his ass and Galen's chest pressed against his back as he was filled again and again, curses and moans and pleas falling on his skin.

He was riding hard, fucking flying on sensation and that voice and the heat and... "So fucking good!"

"I can't... Jesus, Shane." Oh, Galen's cock fucking swelled in there, and Galen's hips went crazy, snapping and rolling as he was filled with Galen's heat.

They were panting, shaking. He could feel Galen's heart beating against his back.

"Oh. Fuck." Damn, Galen sounded dazed. Almost lost. And just about then the water went from

lukewarm to cold as ice. He squeaked and Galen roared and they stumbled out, shaking and laughing, grabbing for the towels.

"Goddamn. That was a wake up call." Something splashed under Galen's foot and they both looked down to see a puddle of beer. That just made Galen laugh even harder.

He grinned, shook his head. "Now see? That? I'll know that smell..."

"I sure hope so, with what you do." Galen grabbed him and swung him into a hard kiss. "You showed me the shower. Now show me the bed."

"Come to the futon, the pool's not big enough for two." He nipped Galen's bottom lip, damn near giddy.

Galen slid an arm around his waist and they tumbled into the other room, flopping on the futon. That smile was enough to light up the whole place, Galen looking happy and sleepy and still half horny.

They found the places they fit together, cocks and legs and arms, settling in. "'s good."

"Mmhmm." Nuzzling in, Galen went all octopus on him, wrapping around him, practically purring. "Better'n good."

"Yeah." He stole another kiss, slow and lazy, head finding the pillow before the tingling in his lips faded. Damn.

Just. Damn.

Chapter Four

Galen waited until he had to go into Miami. He probably could have gone to any number of places, but he wanted a measure of anonymity he couldn't get in the Keys, so he waited.

The store was bright and clean and one he'd been to before, because Galen was damned careful about where he bought his stuff. No way was he going to buy from some sleazy hole in the wall adult bookstore. The clerks were just fine at looking the other way while he shopped, too, so as not to make him uncomfortable.

The first damned thing he went for was the plugs. Just the thought of using one on Shane made him sweat, made his palms damp. Shane would look so damned hot on his knees with that black one... yeah. Galen got it, and a thicker, shorter one too. Just for variety.

Fuck for all he knew, Shane would run screaming if he broke out that kinda shit, but the kid took everything he had to give and then some, so it was worth a try. He wanted. Oh, he wanted. He'd picked up some soft wrist restraints and thought about ankle ones when he found himself stroking a collar, heavy leather, with rings placed at regular intervals.

Jesus. He'd never even thought of a collar. Galen's cock hardened in his jeans in a rush that left him dizzy and blushing, looking around to make sure no one noticed. No one noticed a damn bit, so he picked it up and considered it, pictured it around Shane's throat.

Holy mother of God that was a thought.

Galen took that, too.

Nipple clamps, a variety of cock rings, and a whole damned basketful of lube and he was ready. There were a thousand and one other things he wanted, but if he had them he'd try to use them on Shane, and slow and steady might win the race better. He had enough to start.

As he checked out he saw a little display of travel size Kleenex packages, and with a wry grin turning up one corner of his mouth he plopped a couple of those on the counter, making the clerk chuckle.

Thinking about Shane and that collar? He was gonna need them as soon as he climbed back into his truck.

* * * *

"Buster? Hey, bud!" Shane hadn't heard that nickname in a month of Sundays, not since he'd stopped spending Sunday afternoons at the Bend playing volleyball and drinking with the guys.

Sure enough it was Brad -- or Bart, maybe? Eh, it'd been awhile -- standing at the bar all tanned and blond and toothy. "Howdy. Been awhile. What can I do you for?"

"Margarita and an appletini."

Shane barely managed not to roll his eyes. Damned girly drinks. "You got it. You want salt?"

"Sure. Where you been?"

He shrugged, grabbed two glasses, working quick and easy. "Been fishing, relaxing."

Getting fucked to within an inch of his life and loving it, thanks. Please tip your bartender.

"We're having a party tonight, Bust. Poppers. Blow. Weed. I could sure stand to have a little of your time, if you're around."

He looked over at the hair that was perfectly sunlit, perfect tan, white t-shirt, khaki pants, Birkenstocks. In his head he made a quick comparison, decision surprisingly -- and, if he was honest, distressingly -- easy to make. He slid the apple, pineapple, cherry garnish into the bright green drink. "Thanks, man, but I got plans."

Plans with a certain whiskey-soaked mouth that may or may not show tonight, but was worth waiting on.

Hooboy.

* * * *

It was too hot to move. Too hot to think. That had to be why Galen was lying out on his deck in a pair of ratty old jeans and an open shirt, sucking down beer rather than finding Shane and sucking him instead. Well, that and the fact that the kid had been pulling double and triple shifts thanks to some asshole quitting down at the club. Galen sighed, rubbing the beer bottle over his bare belly. He hadn't seen as much of Shane as he'd like because of it, either.

He'd found out that these days watching Shane work not only made him horny, it made him jealous. Kid was a natural flirt, and worked at a job where smiling and touching weren't unusual, and while he didn't like it about himself, Galen had learned he was a possessive bastard who got riled right on up over that.

Hell. He hadn't known what to do with himself ever since that one night. The one that started on the beach and ended at Shane's with Galen pushing his bare cock into the hottest, tightest place he'd ever been. Shane hadn't been any different, but Galen had felt something shift, something in his equilibrium, and wouldn't his momma be proud of that twenty five cent word?

Maybe he should just go fishing. Would if it wasn't so hot. He was contemplating his options and trying not to think of Shane's ass when he dozed off.

Something hot and wet slid up along his stomach, heading toward his nipple, the button on his jeans opened. Damn. He was dreaming. Either that or his beer had gotten hot while he slept and he'd spilled it. Galen blinked and opened his eyes, squinting down at his chest.

Sky-blue eyes smiled up at him, Shane looking worn down, but happy. "Hey."

Lips wrapped around his nipple, pulling good and hard, waking him all the way up.

His hands came up to rub along the back of Shane's head. "Hey. Long time no see."

"No shit. Run my ass plumb off." Shane's tongue dragged over his skin. "Off 'til Tuesday, though. Hired a new guy and Rog is pulling tonight's shift."

"Yeah?" Oh, fuck that felt good. Galen stretched and arched under Shane's mouth. "Sorry I ain't been in, but it's hard to watch and not have."

"Shit. I been busier than a one-legged man at a butt-kicking convention." Fingers slid his jeans open, rubbing, tugging his cock out to touch.

"Fuck!" God, yeah. He'd been missing that touch, dreaming about it. "That's it. Yeah."

"Want you. So fucking bad." Shane pushed up, lips covering his as that hand stroked hard.

"Now. You know it." He touched Shane's shoulders and back, finding bare skin, making him groan.

"Yes. Now." Shane was in the barest cutoffs, moving to straddle his thighs, press close and so fucking hot.

Did he say it was too hot to move? Seemed just hot enough as Galen popped the button on Shane's cut offs, freeing that sweet cock. He stroked it, moving it right up with his so he could squeeze them together. "Sweet Christ, I can smell you."

"Thought about you all fucking night last night. Fucking zipper was going to eat through my cock."

"God." He jerked them both, sweat slicking them up just enough. His thighs were hard and tight beneath Shane's ass, his belly clenched up, chest heaving. "Dreamed of you."

"Yeah. Fuck..." Shane leaned down, nipped the curve of his jaw, the hollow of his ear. "Len. Need this."

He knew that need. It gnawed at his guts, trite as that sounded. Galen pushed them higher, faster, harder. He intended all sorts of things for that sweet ass, for that soft mouth, but for now? He needed to see Shane come. Shane's fingers grabbed his shoulder, his hip, gasps becoming sharp, sweet cries as heat poured over his fingers.

Oh. Galen groaned, keeping his eyes wide open until Shane was done, still gasping and quivering. Then Galen closed his eyes, let his head fall back as he came. Shane nuzzled against his throat, licking and sucking, breath slowing.

"Oh, man. That was like a lightning storm, buddy." Galen grinned, looking for his beer. It was on the deck, and it was bone dry empty. "Wanna get something to drink and get in by the fan?"

"Hell, yeah." Shane nodded, stretching as he stood, a hint of their come on his belly.

Galen grabbed him, hands on Shane's hips, and leaned down to lick it off, tasting all salt and heat and them. His cock twitched, making him look down at it in amazement. "Damn. Come on, you. We need to get right in so we can get to round two."

Shane chuckled, hauled up the little shorts, giving him a good look at that tight little ass, framed just so.

Before he could jump it, Galen turned and hauled Shane inside, flipping on the fan as he went by. "Beer or hard cider?"

"Beer's good." Shane headed to the sink, running cold water over his face. Galen pulled out a couple of beers and got in the freezer for a tray of ice cubes. Grinning, Galen got Shane while his back was still turned, slipping one cold cube down the back of those shorts.

"Fuck!" Shane squeaked, jumping, hand tugging the back of those shorts, ass wriggling. "Cold!"

"Feels good, huh?" Oh, yeah, he was having some serious bad porno movie thoughts about the ice. "Air's on in the front room."

"Bitch." Shane grabbed one of the beers with one hand, his ass with the other.

"Be nice, or I'll dump the whole batch on you instead of doing it one at a time on your nipples and balls."

"My balls?" Oh, that was a squeak, right enough.

"Hell, yeah." Sauntering, maybe even swaggering a little, Galen headed for the living room, grinning over his shoulder. "Just think. The ice just under them... your cock in my mouth."

Shane went dark red, lips parting. "That would be... cold."

"Cold and white hot all at the same time. I tell you what, it'll blow your mind." He wasn't gonna tell Shane about the kid who did it to him once in New Orleans; cock, balls and ass all feeling that burn.

Shane settled on the sofa, looking at him a little wide-eyed, a lot curious. "No shit?"

If Galen wasn't already more than half gone for the kid, that look would have done it. He'd said it before, but that complete willingness to try it if he threw it out there really did it for him. "No shit. It's... intense."

"Yeah?" Shane leaned back, adjusted his prick a little, thighs parting.

As much as he liked the grabbing and taking, Galen thought it was time for a little teasing. He sipped his beer, then picked up an ice cube and sucked it between his lips, licking until it was mostly melted. "Yeah. It's like you can't get away fast enough and can't get close enough."

He got a soft chuckle, a nod. "I been there with you before. Like my body and my mind can't fucking decide what's up."

Now he was the one making room for his cock. He shifted a bit. "Yeah? I like that."

"Yeah." Shane sort of hid in a long draw of the longneck, eyes lingering on him.

Galen set his beer aside and took up the rapidly melting ice tray, going to kneel before Shane. "Take these off."

Shane's beer joined his, button popped open, then the shorts were slid down, baring that heavy cock to him. Fuck yes. That cock was already half hard and Galen bent to lick it, tasting the tip, lips just closing around.

"Oh..." Shane's head fell back, throat working. "Been too fucking long since I felt that..."

"Mmmhmmmm." Been too long since he tasted it, too. Galen worked all the way down the shaft, lips working the base, feeling Shane grow to full hardness in his throat. Then he pulled back enough to breath, and scrabbled for a chip of ice, sliding it along Shane's left thigh.

"Cold..." Shane spread wide, heel settling on the edge of the sofa.

Galen left Shane's cock for just long enough to suck up a mark on the damp patch of Shane's skin. "Better?"

"Oh." Shane licked his lips, wetting them, watching. "Yeah. Shit, Len. You twist me up and smooth me back out again."

He was just starting to twist. Going back down on Shane's prick was the easiest thing ever, and he scooped up another bit of ice, rubbing it on Shane's belly this time, low down.

That got him a full-body shiver, those stomach muscles going tight enough the drops of water rolled. Shane's balls were full, heavy, and Galen nuzzled into them, licking and kissing gently while he grabbed more ice to rub over Shane's nipples. He had about six pieces left. He'd have to make them good.

Shane started rocking, long, slow undulations between his hand and his mouth, hungry little sounds starting. Fucking beautiful. He was getting Shane just where he wanted to, flying on the sensations. Still nibbling on those fine, musky balls, Galen rubbed the next piece over the head of Shane's cock, listening hard for those sounds he loved.

"Oh, damn..." Shane jerked away, then pressed forward, Shane's fingers digging into the cushions.

"See? Fucking amazing." Galen gave Shane a break, looking up at him, petting Shane's thighs. That belly was red, the nipples hard and dark. Fuck, he wanted to clamp them, suck them, watch them bruise.

"You... You look so fucking fine..." Shane leaned down, curled toward him, kissing him hard enough their teeth clicked, one hand holding them together.

The kiss went on and on, both of them into it, their tongues pushing against the other's. Galen moaned into it, almost losing himself in it, but managed to break off, breathing hard. "There's more."

Shane's fingers trailed over his mouth, stroking a little before leaning back, breathing hard. That mouth was swollen, Shane's cheeks rosy with what he was doing, and damn it was a picture. Galen

went right back down on Shane's cock and scooped up a tiny ice chip to press just under Shane's balls.

Shane spread wide, both legs this time, hips sliding on the upholstery.

He wanted more. He could taste how good it was on his tongue, smell it strong and male. His own cock was just gonna blow, but Galen forced himself to wait. One more piece, yeah, just there, sliding into Shane's ass.

"Len!" The cry was sharp, sweet, Shane humping suddenly, fucking his mouth, hips jerking gracelessly. That was it. That was what he wanted. Galen followed the ice with two fingers, pushing right in, his own hips riding air as he pulled Shane all the way into his throat.

"Fuck! Fuck, yes. Yes..." Shane arched and shot, entire body bowing, ass clenched tight around his fingers. Goddamn that was the sexiest fucking thing ever. Galen came hard, whole body just shaking, harsh moans tearing from his chest.

"Oh. Oh, sweet Christ. I... Oh, fuck, Len. It's good with you." Shane eased back onto the sofa, sprawled, debauched.

"Yeah, Shane. Good." He crawled up next to Shane and took a kiss, sharing Shane's flavor. Shane's hand slid over his waist, holding him, thumb rubbing in lazy circles.

Sweaty, sticky, they rested until Galen caught himself snoring. "Shower?"

"Uh-huh." Shane blinked over at him, eyes blood-shot as Hell. "Lemme stay?"

"Hell, yes. We'll sleep in and get some of those fancy sweet rolls for lunch." Now Shane was there? Galen wasn't letting him go for days.

"Cool." They wrenched themselves up off the sofa, Shane leaning against him a little as they headed back.

Galen grinned, mentally planning all of the things he and Shane could do before Tuesday. And reveling in the fact that Shane had come to him.

* * * *

Shane slept all night, all morning, stretched out and relaxed on that soft bed. When he finally managed to open his eyes, stretch, it was late afternoon and half a day was wasted.

He felt fucking fine, though, loose and easy. He rolled out of the bed, heading for a piss and a quick shower before hunting Galen up. "You forget I was here? Sorry, man. I was wiped."

"Nah. I was lettin' you sleep, you know? Had some accounting to do." Galen was sitting in front of an armoire he'd noticed but never looked in, and damned if there wasn't a fancy computer in there.

"Yeah?" He tilted his head, grinned. Better Galen than him. Hell, he didn't even have a checkbook. If he didn't have the tips for it? He didn't have it. "Cool."

"It's how I manage to live a life of leisure and run a bait shop." Grinning over, Galen shut down and turned to him. "I was good enough to make money once."

"Yeah? I was supposed to, but didn't." Folks were still damned pissed about it, too. Hadn't talked to him in a month of Sundays.

"Well, I'm happier not. 'Course I have the luxury of having a savings and I can say that." Galen stretched, the thin white shirt he wore rising up and showing a stretch of skin between it and the jeans.

He thought about resisting for... oh, hell, he didn't, really. He just pounced, tickling that skin for all he was worth.

"Fuck!" They went down, Galen bouncing under him as the hit the floor, wiggling to get away from his fingers. He might not be a bad-ass ex-football player, but Shane knew all about wrestling and wiggling and having a little fun, so he didn't hold back, just tickled the shit out of everything he could reach.

It was bound to happen that Galen would finally catch his breath and fight back, and he got some rib digging of his own, those snapping black eyes just laughing right along with him. It was also as fucking sure as day followed night that they'd end up plastered together, tongues pushing into each other's mouths. Those big hands of Galen's pinned his shoulders to the floor, and one of Galen's legs slid between his. Their kiss went on and on, not stopping for anything like breathing for a long while.

He humped up, more than happy to take a nice good-morning quickie -- even if it wasn't morning.

And he could do long, too.

"Damn." Pressing down, Galen licked along his jaw, lips moving on this throat. "You're something else."

He chuckled, tilting his chin, offering more. "That's fucking hot. Damn."

"Mmmhmm." Didn't look like Galen was gonna argue. His mouth was busy. Shane could feel the bruises rising under Galen's lips. He swallowed hard, rubbing against that soft denim, nails sliding down Len's spine.

"Wanna see you." Galen rolled, quick as anything, putting him on top. "Fuck yeah. You have any idea how you look?"

That whiskey and cream voice was as much of a caress as Galen's hands, squeezing his ass. He moaned, balls sliding along the hard ridge of Galen's cock, hot through the denim. "Just wanting you, Len. Fuck, you set me off."

"I hear you." Oh, yeah. Galen spread him, thick thumbs pushing right up against his hole. "I like how I set you off."

He jerked, hand sliding to work his cock, thighs spreading wider.

"Get to me, too. I'm not. I don't. Damn it." Panting, arching under him, Galen played him. In and out, right along to the rhythm he was using on his cock.

"Fuck. Fuck." He tried to get Len's jeans open, hand pushing harder, faster, balls drawing up tight. He gave up on the jeans when Len fucking sat up under him, thumbs pushing deep, and took his mouth. Just took it, tongue fucking his mouth like no tomorrow. He rocked between tongue and thumbs, shooting so fucking hard it ached, stomach hard as a rock.

"Jesus, Shane!" Close enough to see every line on Galen's face when he came, and Shane got another breath stealing kiss, Galen grunting and jerking under him. He slumped, tongue sliding against Galen's, kiss slow and lazy.

"That was a Hell of a nice start." Galen grinned against his mouth.

"Hell, yeah." He nipped Galen's bottom lip. "Not bad at all."

"What do you figure we'll do to top it?"

"Naked mayonnaise twister?"

He got his ass popped for that. "That's nasty."

Shane wiggled, chuckled low. "Greased pig contest nasty, hooboy."

"Lord. I don't like mayonnaise." It was good, laughing together.

"Well, Len, mustard would chafe." He leaned, laughing hard, holding onto Galen. "Spin the bottle?"

Oh, now, something interesting was going on in Galen's eyes. Something dark and hot. "Truth or Dare?"

Oh, man. There was no way on God's green earth he was gonna back down. No way. Course, that light in Galen's eyes? He was in for a world of hurt --- and the fact that that made his cock jump?

Wrong.

Just wrong.

"You're on."

"Oh good." Definitely wrong. "Then we ought to get more comfortable."

He rubbed his hand over his head. "Yeah. And naked. One of us is way not naked enough."

"So, come on." Galen rubbed his ass, hands squeezing tight before heaving him to one side and standing up, holding down a hand.

He let himself get hauled up, invading Galen's space, working his buttons open. "Where we playing?"

"Bedroom. I like the soft." Galen helped, undoing the soggy jeans and wiggling out of them.

"Yeah, I was jonesing on the soft this morning. Slept like the dead." He got that fine belly bared, fingers sliding through the hair on Galen's chest.

"You looked good in my bed." There it was, that growl that seemed to come out when Galen was jonesing on... well, whatever the heck it was about him that set it off.

"Like sleeping with you." He damn near bit his tongue off in shock as the words fell out of his mouth.

"Yeah?" Galen steered him back toward the bedroom, nuzzling and licking, sounding pleased as punch. "Good."

He chased Galen's mouth, fingers tweaking nipples, tickling those ribs. "Who goes first?"

"Oh, you go ahead." They were both naked and sweaty and kinda messy, but it didn't matter as Galen tumbled him down on the bed and kissed him, hands sliding on his skin.

They got all wrapped up together, touching, sharing long, lazy kisses. "Truth or dare?" Shane asked.

"Mmm. Dare. Somehow I don't see you sitting and listening to me ramble about my childhood."

"Oh, I bet you were a hellion." He thought for a second. "Hold onto the headboard and don't let go for five minutes."

He could use a few minutes to explore that body without getting distracted, yessir.

"You'll have to time me." He got a glittering look before Galen settled back and reached back to grab the headboard, arms bulging.

"Uh-huh." He leaned down, lips tracing Galen's arm, fingers sliding along Galen's ribs, counting them, one by one.

Galen jumped under his touch, that broad chest rising and falling, but Galen held on. "Five minutes of this, huh?"

"Uh-huh..." His lips brushed over one nipple, fingers heading down to tug the dark curls in the basket of Galen's hips, tugging a little.

"Shit." More twitching and jumping, and was that the headboard creaking?

"Don't move, Len. I get to touch..." He let his tongue drag over that hot little nipple, fingers brushing Galen's inner thighs. So fucking fine.

"I'm trying, Shane, but damn you're making it hard." All of Galen's muscles were tight, and yeah, his cock was so hard it was reaching right up for Shane's hands.

He grabbed for it, fingers sliding and stroking, pressing into the slit. "You'll get your turn in... two minutes."

"Oh, fuck. By then I'll be dead. That or you will." It was fascinating to watch the flush that rose on Galen's belly, up to his chest and down along his thighs. The headboard creaked again, a harsh sound, and Galen bucked up into his hand, groaning low and deep.

"Fuck, that's sweet." He leaned down, pulling up in one long stroke, a clear drop of fluid gathering in the slit. "Oh, that's what I want."

Shane bent down, tongue sliding over the slit. Fucking A.

"Oh, God." Hot, saltybitter and earthy, Galen pushed along his tongue, cock pressing against his lips. "Shane. Damn."

He opened up, taking Len in, sucking and licking, teasing. Ninety seconds. Fuck, this was fun.

"I can't. Shane." Yeah. Hell, yes. Galen just rolled under him, whole body arching and shaking and straining. Hot as anything. He reached under, cupped Galen's ass, tugging that hot prick in deeper. He could count Len's heartbeat with his tongue, strong and deep. Could feel the strong muscles in Len's ass contract under his fingers. But damn, the man could hold on, keep it from coming, because he got no more than a few sweet drops sliding down his throat.

The last few seconds just dissolved and he lifted his head, panting. "Y...your turn."

Galen just sat there, panting, for the longest time before finally letting go of the headboard and reaching for him, pulling him in for a kiss that bruised and burned.

Oh, sweet fuck. He grabbed the back of Len's head, pulling them together. They kissed hard, neither of them holding back, just full on rutting male. Len just brought out the fight in him. Finally, Galen broke away and pushed him back and down, so he slid off to the bed. Those eyes just burned him. "Truth or dare."

"Oh. Uh. Right. Dare, I guess. Be only fair." His breath was just panting out of him.

"Cool." How the man could walk with that hard-on Shane could only guess, but Galen did just that. Rolled off the bed and went to the closet, coming back with both hands full.

"Then I dare you to let me put this in you."

"In?" He tilted his head, craned his neck trying to look. "What's this?"

Galen held up a smooth, black piece of rubber, slender and rounded, tapering at the bottom and then flaring into a wide base. "Butt plug."

His mouth popped open and he sort of blinked. He'd seen one before, sure. In a magazine. Damn. He jutted out his jaw; he could take any fucking thing Len dished out. "Okay."

"You're gonna love this, Shane. Trust me. But you have to keep it in for the rest of the game."

"Isn't that cheating?" He reached out, fingers sliding against Len's belly, thighs.

"Hell, yes. But if you don't think you can do it." Galen trailed off, arching under his hand, practically purring. Smug.

"I didn't say I couldn't." Out loud.

"Oh, good. Because then you'd lose the game and really be in to me. Hands and knees, buddy."

"Not gonna lose." He turned over, setting on his hands and knees, arching up and stretching his back, fingers tangling in the sheets.

A low noise was his reward, sounding like it was torn right out of Len's gut. "Fuck, you're hot." His back was stroked, nice and easy, gentling him. Something cold and wet was dribbled down his ass, and he smelled something kinda fruity. Fancy lube. "You ready?"

"Yeah." He was shivering, wanting, nerves riding his spine like marching ants.

"Okay. Just relax. This thing is way smaller than I am." Two of Galen's fingers pushed into him, opening him a little, then the end of the plug was pressed against him, feeling hard and alien.

"Do they make 'em bigger than you, Ego-boy?" He spread his thighs, hips rocking just a little. The plug was cool, making his hole clench.

"God, yes. They make 'em as big as my arm. Wasn't ego." His butt got a sharp smack from Galen's free hand. "Be good."

"You're shitting me." He chuckled, his nerves easing right up. "And I am good. Mostly."

"Yeah. There are some things? You're better at than anyone I know." Once the tip of the plug was in, the rest went in easily, sliding and stretching and hitting all sorts of good spots inside. The wide, flat base settled against him, keeping it in place.

"Oh." He stretched, shifted, feeling how that plug moved inside him.

"Oh, fuck, Shane. You look. Decadent. Fucking amazing." Galen jostled the plug, making it spear him.

"Fuck..." Everything in him rippled, jostling like an old Ford on a dirt road. "My turn. My turn. No touching. Truth or dare."

"I should be mean and say truth and let you sit and listen while I ramble on." He felt Galen's cheek rub his ass. "But I'll say dare."

He turned, settling on his side, hand dropping to his cock. "Want to watch you touch yourself, Len, but no coming. I wanna see how you get yourself off."

That got him a long, considering look, Galen's face pretty well unreadable. Then Galen nodded, settling back and propping the pillows against the headboard. Without a word Galen grabbed up the lube and got a good bit in his hands, rubbing them together, slow and suggestive.

He scooted close enough to touch, close enough to smell Galen, to lean and lick, if he wanted. The plug moved every time he shifted, every time he squeezed. One of Galen's hands went to his chest, rubbing up and down over the sternum, then shifting over to one nipple, pinching and pulling. The

other trailed down between Galen's legs, fingers stroking the creases between hips and thighs before wrapping around that thick cock.

"Oh..." He rocked, slowly fucking his hand, eyes on Galen's hand, Galen's cock. "You're one fine son of a bitch..."

"Yeah? You like watching me, Shane? Like the way I look showing off for you?" That voice was a throaty growl, rough and deep. The hand on Galen's chest dropped, joining one around Galen's cock for a few strokes before Galen spread and arched and used that hand to roll his balls.

"Shit, Len. Ain't never been anyone makes me need like you." He brushed his cheek against Galen's nipple, letting his stubble rasp.

"God. Careful if you don't want me to come." Galen's muscles jumped, skin hot against him.

"I don't. I want to be the one that sets you off."

"You are the one doing it. Trust me." He got a wink and a grin, but it looked strained. Galen's hips rose and fell, hands moving fast.

"Fuck. Fuck. I want..." He pushed himself up, bent down until his lips circled Galen's cock, bumping hard against Galen's hand.

"Yeah. Christ. Shane!" Oh, yeah. Galen held his head lightly, humping hard. He opened wide, hips fucking the air in time with Galen's.

"Gonna. God." Galen shook under his lips, hips snapping, bitter heat flooding his mouth as Galen shot.

He took it all, pulling good and hard, making sure Galen felt every fucking second. Galen panted, petting him clumsily. He licked and sucked until Len was clean, then rested against the warm belly, hips still rolling slow.

"C'mere." Galen tugged at him, that dark molasses voice slurred, rough. He slid up Galen's body, damn near purring, hard as a rock and pleased as fuck. He'd done that; put that tone in Len's voice.

Galen wrapped both arms around him, one hand dropping to push at the plug, the other at the small of his back. His cock rubbed against Galen's belly. Galen's kiss was hard, slow, a thorough taking. His eyes fucking rolled like dice, focus all about pure fucking pleasure.

The kiss broke with Galen pressing against the plug again and again, rocking it inside him. "Want to see you come for me, Shane. Want it so bad. Want to feel it on my skin."

"Oh. Oh, shit. Len. Len, I..." He arched, spent, feeling like he was fucking drowning, like he ought to be scared but it just felt so good.

He came down to Galen petting him, murmuring to him, low and easy. "Fucking hot, Shane. Make me crazed."

He nuzzled in, hummed low. He could smell them, heat and sex and sweat altogether. "Make me fucking soar, Len."

"Good." Galen laughed. "We'll have to figure out who won later."

He grinned, cuddling in for a second. "I did, of course."

"Uh huh." There was no rancor there, just a low easy chuckle.

"So I just pull this thing out, yeah?" He was ready for a nice snuggle, a bit of a snooze, maybe.

"I'll do it." They shifted, Galen stroking his back and testing his muscles before gently easing the plug out. "There. Now get back here." They got arranged together, arms and legs and sticky skin all settling.

"Pushy." The words didn't have any heat, in fact, he was grinning wide, cheek on Len's shoulder.

"You know it. I'm glad I took the dare."

"Yeah." He blinked, happy as a pig in shit, fingers stroking Len's belly. "Yeah."

Galen laughed, going all boneless beneath him, both of them so close to sleep. "Next time we'll play Twister."

"kay. No mayonnaise though. We'll take our chances with the mustard."

* * * *

Galen watched Shane sleep. It was almost as good as watching Shane come, but not quite. That was orgasmic, no pun intended. The sleeping? Was peaceful. Good. He ran one hand down Shane's back, remembering how the black base of the plug had looked against Shane's smooth skin. Fucking addictive, that's what it was.

Lord knew he ought to be running for the hills. He was starting to get used to having Shane, starting to want things he shouldn't. They played as well as they fucked, laughed together, fought like dogs over a bone. He liked Shane. Actually enjoyed the man's company. Thought about him when Shane wasn't around, and not in just the whoa, horny way. He thought about things he wanted to tell Shane, jokes he wanted to share.

Trouble was, for all that Shane said Galen lit his fire like no one else, he didn't figure Shane was into him that way. Kid was easy going, sure. Friendly. And he liked what Galen did to him in bed, no doubt about it. But Galen was pretty sure going where he was only meant a world of hurt.

Still, a man had to live dangerously.

It was worth giving it his all.

* * * *

Okay, so he was an idiot.

Not that that little tidbit of information would shock anyone, but still.

It was one thing to sleep on a pillow 'cause it smelled like a certain someone, or to have a whiskey instead of a beer, or to have everything hiccup and still when anyone with a certain type of black hat walked in.

But when a certain sweet slow song came on the hit list while you were working and you got a ball of need that sort of felt like you'd been beat?

Then you were in deep and just sorta had to pray you weren't drowning alone.

Chapter Five

Galen shrugged his shoulders, settling his jacket nice and comfy. His cuffs showed perfectly, a half an inch below the sleeves. Black silk jacket, open collar shirt, his good jeans and boots, and his best black hat all made him look... like he was trying too hard.

Not that it mattered. He didn't have time to change a hundred times like some beauty queen pageant host. He had all of about fifteen minutes to haul his ass into town and pick Shane up if they were going to make their dinner reservation.

He wasn't usually the fancy restaurant type, and he was pretty damned sure Shane wasn't either, but Galen'd gotten two free passes to the local country club from a developer who wanted part of Galen's piece of swamp.

No way in all of the levels Hell was he gonna sell, but Galen took the passes with a smile and promptly asked Shane the next night if he wanted to go. They could get a nice meal on someone else, and Galen could take Shane out and show him off.

If he was pressed he wouldn't admit it, but there it was.

His trucked hummed right along the road, hugging the few curves, and Galen sang along with the radio, loud and strong. By the time he got to Shane's he'd forgotten his fashion emergency. Mostly.

He hopped out and headed up and knocked, waiting impatiently for Shane to open the door and get this over with.

Shane opened the door, blue eyes going wide. "Fuck Fuck, you're fine."

Shane wasn't looking bad himself, a pale blue shirt hugging every inch of muscle, jeans pressed and dark, frockcoat open and unbuttoned.

"Yeah? Well you look like a better supper than a fancy country club can give me. I'd come in for a minute and show you, but then we'd be all wrinkled. And late." Damn. Oh, damn, Shane looked good.

Shane grinned, twirled. "Reckon you should be pleased. It's rare someone rates the coat."

"I like it. 'Cept it hides your ass." He had to. Just had to. Galen stepped into the open door and leaned down, tilting so he didn't have to take off his hat to give Shane a kiss.

Shane's fingers brushed against the hollow of his throat, petting, lips parting for him like butter under a heated knife. They kissed nice and deep and slow, barely touching but for their lips, but it scorched him to his boot heels. He pulled back, panting, looking at Shane's red mouth with real regret. "We ought to get on."

"Yep." Shane's tongue slipped out, wetting those pretty lips. "You promised to feed me."

"I did. I will. Come on." He was reduced to single syllables. Lord. Galen shook his head, offered his arm in an old fashioned gesture, laughing as Shane took it.

Shane looked up, winked. "Man, you're temptation walking. Who's driving?"

"I will. I want to get there with my hat on." They headed for his truck, Galen stroking Shane's hand with his.

"It's a nice hat." Shane's fingers curled his, squeezing.

"I like it." They got settled and got going, and Galen was just grinning like a fool, pleased as anything about the way their little date was starting. Date. Yeah, he guessed that was what it was. He was a sap.

"You doing anything come Labor Day?" Shane fastened his seatbelt, settled.

"Not got any plans." He glanced over at Shane. "What about you?"

"I work that Saturday, but Sunday and Monday I have off..."

"Yeah? We ought to go somewhere." He made it sound casual-like. He didn't want to assume anything, but damn, a few days at a beachfront hotel or something sounded good. Or they could even go up to New Orleans.

"Oh, that'd be cool. I could even take some vacation days, three or four. We're slow then." Shane nodded, grin spreading.

"That would be great." Oh, Hell, yes. Four or five days? Damn. The country club had a fancy gated entrance, and Galen laughed, pointing to it. "La de da."

Shane winked over. "Hey, now.. lookit! We don't even have to get out to unlock the gate!"

The laughter took them all the way past the sneering maitre'd and into the dining room, where they stood out like warts on a toad's butt. Galen was used to it, though. Hell, in Minnesota? He'd been a regular freak show. "Want some fancy drinks?"

"Like anyone here can pour a shot like I can." Shane grinned, but nodded. "A rusty nail for me. I reckon this place has got good scotch."

"You got it." He wouldn't want to do it all the time, liked to be able to just hang out with Shane, but this was nice. He could feel eyes on them, could feel disapproving as well as admiring stares, and it made him smile.

Shane looked around, meeting old ladies' eyes, staring down the waiters. "Man, this place is something else."

"No shit. I think I'll have to tell old Jerry I don't want to join." Galen winked, watching as the waiter opened his beer and set it down, picking it up and toasting Shane. "Here's to rednecks."

"Hooboy." Shane lifted his drink. "Give me a man in jeans any day."

"I will when we get back to the house." He flirted shamelessly, looking at Shane from under the hat he still hadn't taken off, just to piss the snooty old folks off.

Shane ducked his head, pinked. "Oh, you do make the nicest promises."

"I try. Wonder how the snapper is." He nudged Shane's ankle under the table, feeling all of fifteen.

"Fishy?" Shane chuckled, fingers sliding together, rubbing, teasing. "I'm thinking steak, myself. Meat. Cooked. Ugh. Og eat cow."

Lord. He could use some meat of his own, but not steak. Galen swallowed hard, taking a sip of his fancy beer to clear his throat. "Maybe I ought to stick with the filet mignon, then."

Shane's eyes were bright, voice pitched low. "Too bad there's not crawfish. We could suck head..."

"There's always oysters." His own ears heated, his cheeks tingling. Felt good. Real good.

"Like we need any help there, Len."

"True enough." Looked like so far there wasn't anything he didn't like doing with Shane, from fucking to drinking to fancy dinner. He was in trouble so big.

"So people pay to be able to come and pay for food here?"

"Yep. They get the golf course and the pool, too, I guess." Even the waiter was looking down his nose as they ordered, and Galen gave him a haughty look his momma would be proud of, sending the kid scurrying.

"Oh, that was nice. You looked plumb snooty."

"Yeah. My momma? She's got that old money southern look. I learned it from her." He winked. "Too bad nothing else took."

"Oh, I don't know. You clean up pretty good..."

"You think so? I think you look better with no clothes at all." Goddamn he was having fun.

Shane sure pinked pretty, throat to ears. "You think? You were liking me in ties well-enough." Oh, man. That pink went deep red.

"Yeah." He lowered his voice, leaning forward over the table. "I liked you with that plug too. Would like to see you in clamps and a cock ring, too."

Those eyes went as wide as saucers, just looking at him, Shane's lips parted. Galen just smiled, leaning back and sipping his beer. This? Was going better than he could have hoped. Shane already looked almost well fucked, and Galen was so hard he hurt.

"That was cheating. I just know it was." Shane grinned, shook his head. "Damn."

"Oh, were we playing by rules?" Damn. For the first time in a long time Galen was disappointed when his steak showed up. Looked good, though. They'd have to stay for dessert though, play a little more.

Shane dug in, chuckling. "There aren't good old boy rules for this?"

"Are there?" That was one good steak. Looked like the country club had one thing going for them. The cook. "I like breaking the rules a little."

"No... Not you. Why you're arrow-straight..." Man, butter wouldn't melt in the little smart-ass' mouth.

"Oh, sure. I never even jaywalk. You little prick." He laughed, scooping up some fluffy baked potato. Nice.

"Little? Hey, now... You know what they say about us short guys having it where it counts..." Shane tore off a chunk of bread, buttered it.

If his mouth wasn't full he'd surely have a snappy comeback. Of course with food this tasty and company that fine, he didn't really need it, so he just chuckled. Shane winked and set to serious eating, munching down on the steak.

They were just about done and ready to order dessert when some fancy looking blonde in a gray suit came right on up to their table. Galen thought they were maybe getting a visit from the manager until the guy smiled at Shane and called him by name, clapping him on the back.

"Well, hey there, stranger. I haven't seen you in a month of Sundays." Shane stood, shook the guy's hand. "Man, you never come into the bar these days -- a guy might think you didn't adore him anymore..."

Galen sat, waiting for an introduction but not really wanting one. He wasn't proud of it, but even just that handshake... well, it was making him have some serious no touching what's mine thoughts.

"I've been up in Miami, working. I'm home on vacation. You're still tending bar, man?" The blond shook his head. "Damn, I tell you, come to Miami. I'm in sales, the way you look? You'd make a fortune."

Shane snorted. "Right. I'm okay where I am, thanks. Oh, let me introduce you. This is Galen. Galen, this is..."

Shane got a little wide eyed, but the blond stepped right in. "Jeff Green."

"Galen Frost." His momma's voice screamed in his head as he stayed seated, offered his hand for only the briefest handshake. Jeff's hand was smooth as a baby's butt.

Jeff didn't seem to worry about it, pulling out a business card and writing on it before slipping it in Shane's front pocket, just like that. "You working tomorrow?"

"No, sir. Come see us Tuesday, if you're around. I still make the best margaritas in the state."

Or not. Galen stopped himself from growling with an impressive show of will. That was the second time the man had touched Shane. One more time and Galen was gonna clean his plow.

The blond wandered off and Shane settled back down, shaking his head. "Shit. That was lucky. I couldn't remember that kid's name for the life of me."

That eased him a little, but he couldn't help grumbling. Just a little. "Seemed awfully familiar to me. What do you say we get dessert to go?"

"Sure." Shane tilted his head. "You okay?"

He blew out a short breath, summoning up a grin, wry as he suspected it was. "Jealous as Hell."

"Of what?" Shane looked honestly surprised, shocked. "Len, man, that kid's a fiver in the tip jar. You? Something completely different."

"Good." Sighing, Galen sat back, letting his feet nudge Shane's again. "Silly, I know. Just, when he touched you? Made me mad as anything."

"You'll just have to touch and make sure he didn't leave any cooties."

That he could do. "Now that I'll look forward to. Hell with this place. Let's stop at the Dairy Queen on the way home and get ice cream."

"Oh, Peanut Buster Parfaits? Fucking better than sex." Shane winked, eyes teasing again, daring him.

"Then I'm doing something wrong, darlin'." The tight feeling in his chest eased, and Galen was grateful. He wasn't used to being so damned possessive. Shane was really something else. "Let me just get the bill taken care of."

"Should I leave a tip?" Shane's cheeks were flushed again.

"Nah. We're pretty well covered." He got the snooty waiter over and got the bill settled before getting up and nodding for Shane to come on. "Man, just think what we could do with some chocolate sauce."

"Oooh... Len-cicle." Shane chuckled, swatting his ass without bothering to hide the action, before hightailing it out the door.

He made tracks after that fine, fine man, looking forward to ice cream and some hot sex.

Chapter Six

He'd started going straight from work on Saturday night to Galen's and staying until Monday night. Hell, sometimes until Tuesday morning, if they'd been busy. Shane liked it. He helped Len out with the bait shop, slept, fucked, fished.

He didn't think too long about the whys or anything -- Galen didn't seem to mind and he always brought food, beer. And it... Well, it was the best part of his week and if Galen didn't want him there, Galen could say.

He grabbed the tacos and the beer from the back of the Jeep, pulling the spare key from his pocket and opening Galen's door, just in case. Man, he hated closing on Saturdays.

"Hey." Galen was right there, sitting in the kitchen, wearing a pair of loose pajama bottoms and nothing else. "Was hoping you'd show up with a midnight snack." He got a warm smile, Galen getting up to come meet him halfway.

"Tacos." He took himself a good look. Fuck, Len was something else. "Looking good."

"And you're looking worn." Galen stroked his cheek, thumb tracing just under his eye. "'Course it's nothing a weekend won't fix, huh?" He got a kiss, deep and good.

He managed to get the bags put down before wrapping his arms around Galen's shoulders, hips snuggling up close.

"Mmm. Now that's nice." He got to hold on for all of a minute or two before Galen pushed his arms up, stripping off his shirt quick and easy. "That's even better."

He chuckled, but the sound went all moany and low when their bellies touched. "Yeah."

"Should let you eat." Looked like Galen was gonna eat him instead, nibbling his chin and throat.

"They'll keep." He let his head fall back, hands sliding into the back of those soft pants, squeezing that fine ass.

Galen groaned, rubbing against him, hands sliding along his back. "I can live with that."

"Fuck yeah." His hat went flying, one hand traveling up to cup the back of Galen's head, keep their lips together, need going zero to sixty, just like that.

The kiss went harsh, Galen's lips bruising his, and damned if that didn't trip his heart up a notch. That was a sure sign Galen was losing it, was gonna let him have it, and sure enough, Galen scrambled at his jeans, opening them and shoving them down before turning and laying him right out on the kitchen table.

He moaned, hips tilting, thighs parting, prick stiff as a frigging board. "Fuck. Len. Want it. Need you."

"Hell, yes. Been thinking about you all night." Galen's cock popped right up as those soft pants came off, looking so eager it made him laugh. He got a sharp pinch to one thigh for his trouble, then Galen was bending to spread and lift Shane's legs and lick between them.

"Oh. Oh, sweet fuck." His eyes rolled like dice on a craps table, body jerking, cock slapping his belly.

"Yeah. Good." Galen tasted him deep, tongue pushing right in, opening him up. Getting him ready for Galen's cock. The sounds that came out of his mouth were pure porn and obscene and a lesser man would be ashamed. A lesser man wouldn't be lucky enough to be in a position to need to make those sounds, though, so Shane figured it was all cool.

When he was wet and open and figured he was about to pop, Galen pulled up, taking one long swipe against his cock with that fantastic tongue before standing and settling between his legs. The tip of that thick prick pressed against him, Galen's eyes just burning him. "Gonna fuck you so good."

"Fuck yes." He nodded, banging his head on the table, hips begging for it. "Want to feel you, Len."

"Yes." Galen thrust right on in, hips rolling, thick and hard and deep in him, just like that.

He wrapped his legs around Len's waist, hands gripping the edge of the table. His shoulders lifted up, his body on fucking fire. "Don't stop."

"Not planning on it. Gonna make you feel it." God that voice. And that cock. Galen started up a hard rhythm, rocking in and out, hands hard on his hips. His whole fucking body was tight, breath caught in his chest and fuck, he could stay right fucking here forever, riding the edge so sharp it opened him right up.

Galen grabbed his cock and pulled, letting him know forever was gonna end a lot sooner than he wanted it to. That strong hand was good on him, hot, pulling strong as Galen fucked him like a crazy man. He arched, squeezing hard as he shot, muscles drawing up like a bow.

"Fuck! Shane. Yeah, just what I..." Galen slammed him, whole body tight, muscles bulging as he shot, filling Shane right up.

"Sweet Christ..." His head was rolling, chest heaving. "Needed that."

"You did? Jesus, Shane. I been waiting all night. Hell, been waiting three days."

He nodded. "Work sucks."

Galen looked at him real funny for a minute, but only nodded. They separated, Galen holding down a hand to help him up. "Well, that took the edge off."

He nodded, stepping in close for another kiss. "Fucking love Saturday nights, Len."

"God knows so do I." Galen took that kiss, and another, finally swatting him on the ass. "Get you some supper, okay? You want Coke or a beer?"

"Coke, I think. I'm about beer'd out for the day." He pulled the tacos out. "There's steak and chicken. They both sounded good."

"So have 'em both. I'll just sit with you. I ate a while back." He got an ice cold glass of Coke and a bunch of napkins. "You're midnight snack enough for me."

He blushed, grinned, and opened one of the foil packets. "Man, you're glad you didn't come in tonight. The band? Like a drunk Statler Brothers on helium. Was deeply fucked up. Played three sets, too."

"Now that sounds downright surreal, buddy." Galen had a beer while he ate, every so often picking out a piece of chicken or cheese for himself.

"It was terrifying. The lead singer? Wore vinyl pants and flip flops and sang Conway Twitty songs. Wanted whiskey in grapefruit juice." Their legs were leaning together and he was feeling so fine. "Your momma get to come see you like you thought?"

"Not as soon as I thought. She's coming in mid-October for four or five days and I was hoping you'd meet her." The leg against his started bouncing a little, and Galen's ears went red.

"Okay." He couldn't help pouting a little. "Means I shouldn't come that Saturday night, yeah?"

"Why? I told her I had someone, and that you'd be around after work. She said she'd bring earplugs." Oh, those ears were really red.

He blinked, watching Galen for a second, then he started laughing, tickled deep. His momma? Was not that cool. "Hell, I like her already."

"She'll like you, I bet. If nothing else because I want you to meet her. Never done that before." Galen stood abruptly, hitching up those thin pants. "I'm gonna go start the shower. You finish up and come on."

"'kay." Well, shit. Only God knew what he'd said wrong. He finished his dinner and put all the trash away, shrugging. Len would either tell him or not. Some guys were weird about their folks.

He grabbed Len's beer and headed back to where the steam was pouring from the shower. "Brought your beer."

The bed was turned down in the bedroom, low light beside the bed the only illumination, and a tray was set out beside the bed, impossible to miss as he wandered through shedding clothes. Curiosity got the best of him and he went to look at what was shining. The lube was pretty obvious. The sparkly came from a pair of alligator type clips with a chain between them and a contraption that could only have one purpose, from the looks of the rings and the leather.

His eyebrows went up and he picked up the clips, testing one on his finger. Damn, them things had a grip.

Then he heard Len moving in the tub and he put them down with a click and clatter, cheeks hot like he'd been snooping. "That you, Shane? You coming in or are you wearing your come all night?"

"I'm coming." He grinned at himself and pushed into the tub, rubbing against Galen's ass.

"Not yet, but gimme time to work on it." Whatever had gotten under Galen's skin looked to be gone, Galen pushing back against him and chuckling.

He pinched and laughed, hands wrapping around to find cock and belly and touch. "Smartass."

"Is it?" Galen looked back over his shoulder to where they were pressed together. "I guess it is good lookin'."

"Oh, ho!" He popped the ass in question good and hard, grinning to beat the band. "You're cruisin'."

"Promises promises." Turning, Galen grabbed him, soapy hands sliding on his skin. "Darlin', it is good to have you off work."

It gave him a thrill, the way Galen said 'darlin', like he was something special. "Hell, yes. Live for my time off these days."

"Mmmhmm." That mouth. Oh, man, it was on his throat, Galen biting and licking.

"Uhn..." He let his head fall back, breath just panting from him. His hands slid over Galen's shoulders, rubbing hard.

"You're... something else." Just as breathless, Galen rubbed against his belly, hands hard on him, pulling him up to his tiptoes for a kiss.

Oh, sweet fuck, yes. He met that kiss head-on, fucking addicted to the taste, the sounds Len pushed into his lips. They rocked, Galen planted solid, pushing against him, then back. That sweet mouth just opened his right up and Galen pressed inside, tongue fucking his mouth with hard deep strokes.

He moaned, the sound just torn from him, raw and needy. His fingers tangled in Len's hair, holding on, holding them together. Galen squeezed his ass, rolled his hips, and suddenly Shane was against the cold tile at the far end of the tub with Galen humping him like crazy. He pushed right back, up on his toes, scrabbling for purchase as they went right to town on a straightaway.

"God. Can't even wait to get you in bed." Slick, soapy, the slid together, Galen's cock sliding between his legs.

"We got all fucking night, Len." He got one leg curled around Galen, rocking harder, faster.

"All of three days." Galen bit him, just fucking bit right down on his shoulder, drawing blood.

"Yes!" His head fell back and he bit his tongue, hard, but he was so busy shooting his fucking soul out his cock he'd have to hurt later.

"Christ almighty." Galen's heat joined his a few heartbeats later, a low agonized groan coming from him.

He couldn't quite catch his breath, so he just held on, panting, shaking a little. They leaned there, the shower pattering away for the longest time before Galen could straighten away from him and haul them both out of the bath. "You're gonna kill me."

"It's a helluva way to go." His knees were Jell-O-wobbly, head just bobbing on his neck.

"Heck yeah. Now I know this water turns off somewhere."

"Yeah. One of them... uh... turning-deals..."

"Faucet." The water stopped abruptly, Galen holding Shane up with one hand and turning off the water with the other. "Bed. We can dry off in there."

"Bossy." He winked and nodded, a little giddy, a lot happy.

They managed the bed just fine, in fact, he did his share of drying Len off.

"Nope. Just about to fall down." Those dark eyes just sparkled at him, Galen laughing and scrubbing Shane's hair dry.

They got stretched out and settled, relaxed and laughing, Shane catching the last few drops of water off Galen's mustache with his tongue.

"Lord. I had a few plans for tonight, but I think they'll have to wait until tomorrow." Hauling him close, Galen wrapped a leg around his hip, nuzzling on him.

"We got time." He yawned, found his spot and stayed right there, sinking like a stone. "Night, love."

He was already asleep before he realized what he'd said.

* * * *

Galen coasted on Shane's goodnight for a good half a day. Well, all night and half the day. He knew Shane probably didn't mean anything by it, but he liked the sound of that "love" a Hell of a lot. He surely did.

He let Shane sleep in, let it go for as long as he could, but about noon it got the better of him and Galen dove back in bed, tickling Shane's bare ass where it met his thighs.

Shane squeaked and jumped and came up out of the sheets all blinky. "'m up! I'm up!"

"Are you?" He laughed, groping. "Not yet, eh. I can fix that."

Shane was still in the soft and dazed mode, pushing into his arms for a kiss. "Mornin'."

"Morning. Though it's just coming on afternoon." He kissed right back, hands taking in all of that smooth skin, touching the bruises he'd left the night before.

"Yeah? Sorry. Sleep good with you." Shane was cuddling in, rubbing, starting to wake up for him.

"Yeah. I sleep better with you around, too." Damn. Seemed like it was their day for getting all touchy feely. Still, it was only the truth. "So, are we fucking and then eating? Or eating and then fucking?"

"Hmm... Fucking, then eating. Then fucking to work off the calories." Those blue eyes winked up at him.

"Now that's a plan I can get behind. Or maybe I should just get behind you." Galen rolled Shane to his side and snuggled up behind. "We haven't done it this way."

"Mmm...no." Shane was still smiling, sliding against him.

"Now that's a goal. The Guinness book of sexual positions." He pressed against Shane, cock lengthening, firming.

Shane chuckled. "So long as we get to start over once we're done? I'm so there."

"Oh, I don't plan to be done with you any time soon." Reaching back, Galen grabbed the lube, figuring it was better to have it on hand. His prick slid along Shane's ass, touching Shane's balls before pulling back. Shane fucking purred, cheek rasping against his arm, free hand sliding down that tanned pretty belly.

"You'd make a dead man rise up, darlin'." Waiting was overrated. Galen popped the lube open, getting some on his hand and reaching down to slick the way, fingers pressing Shane's balls, then the skin behind.

A soft groan sounded and Shane's top leg fell forward, letting him in, hips tilting toward his touch. So pretty. So damned ready. Galen opened Shane up with his fingers, two of them pushing right in. "Been needing."

Shane nodded, the action baring the nape of Shane's neck for him. "Yeah. Like an ache you can't rub away."

"Sure is fun tryin'." That vulnerable nape was more than he could stand. Galen bit at it, licking to take the sting out, a third finger joining the first two in Shane's body.

That got him a groan, Shane riding his fingers, rocking for him, pushing them. "Yeah..."

That was just more invitation than one man ought to get, and all he needed. Galen pulled his fingers free, and slicked himself up. He pushed, easing past the initial resistance of Shane's body and ending that first thrust seated deep inside.

"Oh... That's fine..." The words were soft groans, Shane reaching back to stroke his hip, his leg.

So fine he could hardly stand it. Made him stop, breathe deep. "God, Shane." He moved then, lips and tongue working Shane's skin, hands moving Shane into a soft, easy motion.

Easy as breathing, but so much hotter, they rocked and shifted. Shane turned his head, mouth marking the inside of his arm. Yeah. Just like that. Galen groaned, loud and strong. His hips rocked, his breath started to come short. He reached around, fingers stroking Shane's nipples. Lips and tongue became teeth, scraping his skin, those nipples going hard and tight, body squeezing him good and tight.

"Shane!" Faster. He had to move faster. The pressure and heat were good, so damned good, and Galen went in search of more, licking along Shane's shoulder. "You're burning me right up."

One of Shane's hands dropped, starting pumping that heavy cock, pulling hard. Goddamn. They moved faster and faster, Galen pushing them now, the position allowing him to go so deep. He bit and growled, low, desperate words coming from him. Filthy words, love words. God.

And just like everything else, Shane took it, took him, nodded and cried out, holding him tight. His hand folded over Shane's, stroking and pulling, rubbing his flushed face against Shane's back. "Gonna."

"Uh-huh. Now, love. Len. Now."

"Yeah. Oh, God!" Galen lost it, his brain going all white static as he shot, filling Shane deep.

He was still buried deep when the world all came to rights, Shane relaxed and sated in his arms. His heart was still just pounding, sweat running down his back. Random tremors shook his muscles. "Jesus fuck, lover. That was..."

Hell. He didn't have words. Shane nodded, fingers twining with his, holding on, squeezing. Galen settled, stroking Shane's hand, content to just settle for awhile.

Sooner or later they'd get to his plan. He wasn't in any hurry. He'd make sure Shane didn't go anywhere anytime soon.

* * * *

They napped and bathed and made coffee and pancakes which led to Galen standing behind him, helping him flip them, which was sexy and fun and just cool as fuck all at once. Of course, pancakes led to syrup led to kneeling in front of Len at the breakfast table and sucking the sweet right off.

Which led to more nappage, this time out on the deck in the late afternoon sun.

He was on his belly, soaking up some rays, trying to figure how bad he wanted a drink -- if he stood up, he'd lose his perfect spot, his sunbeam, and what was comfy and right now would be gooey and sticky after digging in the fridge. Of course, eventually he'd dehydrate...

That took a while, though...

"You want anything?" Looked like Galen'd read his mind, rolling up to stand next to him, shading him for a minute.

He let his eyes drag up along that fine bod. Yeah. Always. "My kingdom for a glass of water."

"Sure thing." Galen just grinned and headed off, those long, long legs left bare by a little pair of cut-offs.

Oh, that was enough to make his position on the chair just a little less comfortable, his prick liking that look, yessir.

The front view was just as good if not better when Galen came back and handed him a fancy bottled water, icy cold and all. "You look fucking decadent, Shane. I like it."

He took the water and drank deep, the cold hitting his belly like a weight. "You bring it out in me."

"You think?" Galen sat next to him, pressing an even colder bottle of water against the small of Shane's back. "Good."

His thighs parted, back arched. "Cold."

"Lord, Shane. That's fucking sex on a stick." That cold bottle pressed against his thigh, condensation running down between his legs.

"You're one to talk. Damn." The cold felt fine, brought to mind the afternoon Len'd brought out a bowl of ice and... Damn. Yeah.

Galen's shadow got closer, and then Galen's mouth was on him, licking up the line of water, teeth just threatening.

He groaned, toes curling up, the deck chair creaking. "Damn..."

"Mmm. You taste like sunshine." Galen nuzzled in, mouth moving on his skin, hands sliding up his calves. He purred, just like that, melting, moving under Len's hands. Galen was just going to town, moving up and up, teeth nipping at him hard enough to sting. "Your ass just makes me insane."

He wriggled, the chair threatening to tip. "You want to take this in to a not fixing to fall surface so I can touch, too?"

"Hell, yes. Got the air on in there, too." Galen got up, held down a hand to help him up too. "Let's go."

He let Galen help him up, pushing close to rub against that heat before pouring the rest of his cold water down Len's spine and running like hell. He heard Galen yelp, and his chair crash to the deck as Galen maybe ran into it. Soon after the thunder of Galen coming after him sounded loud, and Galen caught up to him at the bedroom door, taking him down on the bed in a move that reminded him Galen had been semi-pro.

He oofed and the breath whooshed out of him in a rush, ass pushing right back into Len's belly.

"God, darlin'. You feel good. Feel even better when I... there." Those itty cutoffs dropped next to him on the bed, Galen lowering back down, skin on skin.

"Oh..." He nodded, pushed and rubbed, jonesing on the heat, the pleasure.

"Yeah." That hot prick was sliding against his ass, hard and wet-tipped, just pushing and pressing. Then suddenly, shockingly, Galen was gone, rolling off him.

"Len?" He turned, reaching for his... for the strong arm. "You okay?"

"Hell, yes. I've not been so all right in my whole life. But I'll be damned if I'm gonna let this weekend get away without having my way with you." Galen's eyes twinkled, and the man lifted his fingers to lick them. "Stretch out on your back."

Oh. Oh, fucking cool. He traced Len's lips, legs sliding around so he could lie back.

"Now that's worth looking at." That voice was as sure a caress as Galen's hands, sliding up his legs and hips, over his belly to his chest. His nipples got pinched and rolled, Galen watching him closely. His teeth sank into his bottom lip, his thighs going hard and tight, sensation shooting straight

through him. Bending, Galen licked each small bit of flesh in turn, biting gently, blowing on them. "Been wanting to do this a long while. Hold still."

Len reached over to the bedside table and picked up that little chain with the clips, holding it up for him to see. "This gets the least bit bad, you holler like crazy."

Oh. Oh, he'd... Yeah. Damn. And probably ow, but...

He nodded, groaning a little. "Hollering I can do."

"Good. Take a deep breath and let half of it out. Let the other half out when I put the clamp on, okay?" Waiting for his nod, and for his deep breath, Galen opened one of the little clips and closed it around the flesh of his left nipple, slow and easy.

"Oh..." His balls crawled right up, the pressure hot and bright. He'd never been so fucking aware of his nipple, of how each breath made it throb. "Damn..."

A harsh moan came from Galen, those eyes on his skin, just burning him. "Fucking beautiful. Breathe for a minute, lover."

He breathed that word in deep, sort of drew it in and fucking held it. Smiling, that look pure mischief, Galen bent and licked his unclamped nipple before sitting up and putting the little clip right down on it.

"Shit." He raised up a little, then blinked as the little chain tugged, sent sparks. "Fuck."

"Feel like nothing else, don't it?" He got a kiss, Galen's tongue pushing deep and Len pulled that tiny chain, making more than sparks go off. Fireworks. He reached up, half to hold on, half to ease that stretch before he fucking dissolved. "Not done yet, Shane. Got one more thing. Think you can hold on for me?"

"I. Yeah. Yeah, for you." His cheeks heated and he didn't know where to look, felt as awkward as a new calf.

One hand cradled his cheek, Galen turning him to look right into those dark eyes. "This is for you, too, lover. If it's not working we don't."

He nodded, heart pounding. "It's working, Len. So good I can't start to understand it."

"Good." Oh, God. He got another kiss, Galen pressing lightly against his nipple, licking along his jaw. "Fucking love seeing you hot for me, shaking for it. Makes me proud."

He moaned, legs sliding on the sheets, lips brushing against Galen's temple, his ear. "Len. Need you."

"Yeah. Fuck, Shane. The rest will have to wait." Reaching over, Galen grabbed the lube, and those slick fingers slid past his balls, pushing right into him.

"Can't wait. Want you now." He bore down, took those fingers deep and started rocking.

Nodding, cheeks flushed and cock bobbing, Galen opened him quickly. Didn't take much, the way they'd been at it all weekend. Galen pulled free right fast and got lined up, hands sliding up to this chest to pinch those little clamps as Galen slid in.

He arched, pushed himself up until he was riding Galen's cock, meeting each thrust, needing so fucking bad.

"Oh. Fuck, lover. I... oh." Galen was just as hot, voice rough and low. Those hands just moved on him, running down his belly, circling his cock. "Love."

"Yes. Yes, Len." He nodded, panting, trying to focus long enough so Galen knew he wasn't fucking around. "Yes. Love."

They moved together so hard their skin slapped, Galen's hips bruising his ass. Galen jerked, pulling at him, pushing into him, finally crying out and filling him, shooting hard. His head fell back and the chain went taut and his nipples burned and... Sweet fuck. Yes.

They kept this up his balls were going to never forgive him.

"Oh, Hell, Shane." Galen's hand was still moving on him, the other arm braced to hold Galen up. He nodded, fucking vibrating, world spinning.

"Fuck, you make me crazy." Those kisses he got? Made him spin even more, Galen's chest brushing the chain on the clamps.

"T...turn about's fair play." He gasped, pulling away, so sensitive.

"Yeah." Galen shifted off to one side, licking the sweat from his neck. "I'm... Hell, Shane. It would kill me to think it wasn't mutual."

He stopped, pulled back until he met Len's eyes. "You ain't in any danger of dying, Galen. Not from that."

There was relief in Galen's eyes, that and something white hot, something that made his stomach flip. "Good."

"Yeah." He leaned in, holding Len's eyes, sort of just breathing together.

Galen went to pull him close, the chain on those damned clamps jingling, and Galen laughed, kissing him hard. "We should get these off."

"Hell, yes. They may only be for decorative purposes, but I'd like to keep them both."

"I'm partial to them. Now would be the time to hold your breath." There was no more warning than that and the clamps came off.

"Fucking Christ!" He bowed, nipples on fucking fire, throbbing for a few heartbeats.

That's when Galen did manage to pull him in, holding him close, both soothing and aggravating the feeling. "It gets better."

He almost chuckled, his nipples like little rocks, fucking hard enough to roll as they rubbed together. The kisses he got almost made him forget them. Almost. Those kisses were like nothing else before, somehow slow and deep and lazy, but charged with whatever it was that had taken them over tonight.

His hands got tangled in Galen's hair and he held on, mouth fused to Galen's, heart zinging a little when it hit him the air he was breathing was Galen-flavored and shared. The kiss finally eased, Galen licking his lips and leaning on him forehead to forehead. "Lord, Shane."

He just nodded, fingers twining with Len's. "Yeah. Yeah."

Those black eyes just stared at him, Galen's big hands moving on him, soothing him until his heart slowed. "Gettin' used to you, lover. Better plan on hanging around."

"Until you tell me it's time to go, yeah?"

Galen kissed him, a light brush of lips. "Not gonna."

"Cool." He grinned, leaned his cheek on Len's shoulder. "Cool."

He might not believe it yet, but it sounded good and Galen felt good tangled around him and he would just let that be enough for now.

Chapter Seven

Galen looked around the hotel, grinning his damned fool head off. Shane had gotten those days off, all right, and Galen had gotten them a hotel right smack in the middle of the French Quarter in New Orleans for the Labor Day weekend. It was nice, too, with a big old bed and a balcony with that iron railing stuff and a hot tub. A private one.

He turned back into the main room and looked at Shane, who was still stowing his suitcase. "Fancy, huh?"

"It is. The tub is worth the price of admission, yeah?" Shane was still blinking a little, the early flight hiccupping his weird-ass sleep schedule.

"Yeah." He was just still tickled as all Hell that Shane was on this trip in the first place, because the kid was kinda a creature of habit, so to speak. Galen went over and grabbed him, rewarding Shane for about the fiftieth time with a kiss. The little girl who'd been their flight attendant had gotten all red faced on number twenty.

Shane pushed close, holding on tight, lips open and eager and bitter-sweet with coffee. God, it was good. And much as he was looking forward to seeing the city with Shane? He thought breaking in the bed and having a wee nap would be good first.

"Did you pack the lube in the front pocket of the suitcase?"

"Yup." Shane's hands started working his shirt out of his waistband.

"Oh, good. Because how're we supposed to know if we really want to stay here if we don't break it in?" He nibbled down Shane's neck, licking the salt away.

"Break it in...Oh... That's good..." Shane's head fell back, throat working.

"Mmmhmm." The way Shane reacted to him just made him crazed. Galen sucked right at the base of Shane's neck, right where it met his shoulder, pushing the shirt out of the way.

Shane's fingers were moving quick -- buttons, zippers, everything worked open so those hands could find skin. His own hands seemed to be made for gripping rather than anything else, because Galen had a double handful of Shane's ass and he wasn't letting go.

They stumbled back toward the bed, Shane's ass pushing hard against his hands as they went down, lips still locked. Oh, yeah. Horizontal was much easier. They rolled so they were on their sides, and Galen finally got his brain working enough to get at Shane's jeans, popping the button and opening the zipper. But only so he could grab that ass again, this time with nothing between Shane's skin and his hands.

Shane was leaving little bites, teeth scraping his jaw, his chin. All the while that ass moved, sort of rocking and sliding in his hands, and those fingers were pushing cloth away. God, it was just too damned good. Galen rolled again, pressing Shane flat on the bed and rearing up to strip them both. Then he spread Shane's legs with one of his and slid right between them, pushing down.

"Yeah..." Shane's hands found his ass, squeezing and tugging them close. Eager and hot, that long cock pressed and slid, making him hot as hell.

He was gonna pop right off. Jesus. Once upon a time, even with Shane, he'd been able to control himself, anticipate the pleasure. Or at least he thought he had. 'Course, with Shane there was no need to draw it out. There would be next time. And the time after that.

Galen figured he had infinite hard-ons where Shane was concerned.

He kissed Shane deep, searching out every bit of chicory and cream and the deep, hot flavor that was Shane, all day every day. Shane cried out, one leg draping over his thigh, the other bracing against the mattress. The rubbing became humping, Shane's eyes wide and hot.

All he could do was move to one side just enough to get their cocks really rubbing good and hard, getting the friction going. At this rate it wouldn't take them long. All Shane had to do was touch him right there...

"Fuck, yes." Shane jerked, back arching, belly slamming against him as heat sprayed, the fucking bed groaning.

Galen yelped, his orgasm screaming up his spine, surprising him. He shot hard, hips grinding down against Shane, testing the give of that big old mattress.

"Mmm... I vote we stay." Shane was grinning, nuzzling against his shoulder.

He laughed, gave Shane another kiss, this one sliding into lazy. "Yeah. At least until we try the hot tub."

"Hell, yes. Fucking in a hot tub's almost like getting high."

"Yeah?" Galen grinned, betting anything Shane would be happy to do something Galen hadn't done. "Never tried it."

"Makes you dizzy as fuck, all the bubbles. It's cool." Shane petted his shoulder, his spine, winding right down like a tired puppy.

Galen snuggled close for a minute, then had a thought and rolled away, ignoring Shane's protest. He got the lube and turned the air conditioner unit on, then got back in bed to get comfy.

Otherwise they'd wake up stuck together.

Again.

* * * *

They walked along the Quarter, watching this street performer and that, having a beer here, looking there. Being fucking tourists. Shane was having a ball. He wasn't sure he'd ever been a tourist before.

"Are you going to hire a voodoo priestess to bless the Bait House, Len?"

"Nah. I'll just get us a chicken foot to hang over the doorway like the last shop we were in." Galen looked just fine in jeans and a tight t-shirt, boots and gimme cap. And smiling. That smile was just full on happy.

"Love, you put that up, Cooter Davis will steal it to catch crappie." He winked over, grinning wide.

"You got a point there. Oh! C'mon." Grabbing his arm, Galen dragged him into the cool, dark interior of a shop and it wasn't until his eyes adjusted to the gloom that he realized it was an adult toy shop.

His eyes went all boing and he looked at Len, shaking his head, chuckling. "Perv."

Damn, but there was some... interesting shit in here.

"Well, I never claimed not to be." He got goosed, Galen wandering off toward the back of the store.

He followed close behind, figuring he was safer with the perv he knew than the 'what can I help you find' girl with the holes in her ears the size of quarters.

He found Galen looking at a rack of leather straps that looked like they could all hook together and hog tie a man in all sorts of ways. It was kinda scary. Galen hooted. "The look on your face."

"Well, shit, Len. Look at that. That's something out of a tack room, right enough." God, he knew his eyes were wide, cock filling in his jeans.

"It does, but it gives a lot more versatility than the cuffs we have." Galen winked. "We should get it."

Well... it was a lot less obvious than walking out with a giant purple dildo or a... "Galen? Is that a plastic hand?"

"Yeah. It is." Oh, now, Galen had to be fucking with him. That look was pure evil.

Okay, so he had two options -- looking like a dork and asking why or nodding and hoping to fuck Len didn't press. He looked again, tilting his head. He wasn't sure he wanted to know. "Well. It's not purple."

"No. But it looks like it might glow in the dark. I guess that would be an interesting effect." The strappy thing came off the rack and went right back up the aisle in Galen's hands to get put on the counter. "Okay, darlin'. I got mine, you pick yours."

He looked around and found a mitten with fur on one side, lambswool on the other. Oh, now that was cool and in his price range and would make Galen squirm. "I'll take this one."

"Oh, yeah." Yeah. It was already making Len squirm, if the look in those sloe eyes was anything to go by. "Hand it over and I'll pay. Then we'll go get some of that coffee and some beignets and I'll watch you bounce."

"Bounce? Me? Poo." He handed the mitt over, hand sliding over Len's ass and squeezing. Mmm... that was fine. Just fine.

A bit of a blush rose in Galen's cheeks, but the man was making all sorts of promises with his eyes, so Shane didn't think he minded. Damned if Len didn't by that strappy thing, and his glove too, without batting an eye, charming the girl behind the counter with a wink and a "thanks, honey".

The street seemed oddly bright and normal after that place. Galen led him through the streets, right to Jackson Square and the Cafe du Monde, coming through on the promise of the coffee and pastry, not just beignets but chocolate croissants, too.

"Oh, man. Pure fucking decadence." He was bouncing, a little. More out of sheer happiness than anything, really, because damn, this place was insane and bright and old and fucking cool. He snagged the end of a croissant, licked the chocolate from inside, just purring.

"Hell, yes." When he looked up, Galen was watching him. His tongue.

Oh. He licked again, scooping the chocolate out, enjoying it, enjoying the heat in those eyes.

"You're an evil fucking tease, Shane." That hot look never wavered, not even as Galen sipped his coffee and licked a little cream off his mustache.

"I'm just enjoying the sweet, Len." Fuck, his cock was aching, hard.

"Uh huh." He got his own show as Galen licked the powdered sugar off a beignet before biting into it gently, moaning at the taste.

Oh, now.... There was powdered sugar on that mustache and he wanted to just lean over, lick it off, lick those lips and... Damn.

"We're gonna have to sit here a while." Galen winked, foot rubbing his under the table.

"Yeah. Good thing we're not on a schedule, huh?" He grinned, the heat in his belly having nothing to do with coffee.

"Yep. Not for days." Oh, there was that smile again. It was devastating. Galen was just freaking amazing when he wasn't frowning.

"Man..." He grinned back, shook his head. "I'm never going to go soft you keep looking that way, Len."

"I could get us some ice water. Stuff some cubes down our jeans."

He laughed. "Nope. Wet spots. Tacky." Almost as tacky as a glow-in-the-dark plastic hand.

"Well, there's always a good thump." In the end they just waited and talked and had another coffee but no more pastry until finally they were able to get up and move on.

"So where to next, man?" The sun was coming down, warm and sweet, making everything lazy and just right.

"The old Jax brewery? The cathedral?" Galen's hand brushed against his, the one not holding the innocuous bag with the naughty toys. "Or we could go on up Bourbon and hit the streetcar and ride around for a bit."

"Oh, let's go for a ride, then I can lean over to look and no one will notice me copping a feel."

"Sounds good." They wandered, heading at a leisurely pace toward where the Quarter met the rest of the city, hopping on the streetcar and heading up St. Charles toward the Garden District. It was crowded enough that no one could see their hands, and Lord, Galen was all over him. He did his dead-level best to retaliate, but Galen had him twisting, gasping, sliding on the fucking seat.

Galen was just as hot, but he had that damned bag to hide under, leaving Shane feeling open, like he was putting on a show. The ride was pretty, when he noticed it, full of old buildings and iron railings and finally Galen pulled the little buzzer wire and they got off on a shady, tree-lined street with a bunch of big old houses. It was quiet and not too touristy, and Galen grinned at him.

"We oughta be able to find a nice doorway or something, lover. Come on."

"Galen..." Out in the middle of the fucking city? Shit. No way. Not a chance. He followed though, didn't he? Yes.

Yes, he did. And got a handful of butt, too, because he was being led into temptation.

Steps skittering, Galen laughed, reached back and grabbed his hand, pulling him faster. They went down a side street, finding this part of the city much quieter, the people a lot less interested. He could see Galen scanning doorways and alleys, looking for an out of the way place.

"You're something else..." He laughed, rubbed a little whenever they got close enough.

"What? I blame it on you, lover." Galen dragged him into a courtyard, pulling him behind a little fountain alcove and pushing him up against a wall to kiss him silly. He opened right up, hands sliding around Len's waist to tug him close, rub them together. The air smelled like water and mint and grass and Galen, and it made him ache.

Galen kissed him deep, tongue pushing in, hips pressing in, making his zipper rub his cock. It was like Galen just couldn't get enough of him, had to be touching him. He arched, sliding and shifting and too fucking eager for being in public, for his own good.

"Got to." Oh God. Oh fuck, Galen was sliding down, the big plastic bag hitting the ground and Galen's knees hitting it, and Galen was opening his jeans, nuzzling in to lick at his cock as it came free.

"Oh. Oh, shit. Len..." His hands pushed the cap off, tangled in the dark hair as his head fell back, hips humping forward. He'd never met anyone that loved to suck as much as Galen, or that had a mouth made for it like his. Galen's cheeks hollowed, pulling hard on him, and those hands slid around to grab his ass and pull him into a fast rhythm. So he was just fucking Galen's mouth.

He couldn't last, no way with that mouth on him like white on rice, sucking hard enough that his eyes rolled. Galen just took him right on in, eyes closed, little moans coming out around his cock. His ass rubbed against the tile, the denim catching where it was broken. His legs were shaking and shuddering, belly rock-hard. "Gonna..."

"Mmmfh." He was gonna take that as encouragement, because Galen's nose hit his pubes, hands pushing against his ass to take him deeper and deeper until Galen's throat closed around him in a

swallow. He bit his bottom lip hard, balls drawing up as hard as stones, entire body aching as he came.

Galen knelt at his feet, taking him down, hands petting, soothing. When he went down, Galen tucked him away, zipping him up, and stood, a tiny trickle of seed at the corner of his smiling mouth. "That? Was hot, darlin'. The things you do to me."

"I..." He leaned in, licked the come away, groaned.

"Yeah." Galen kissed him, brought his hand down to the front of those jeans. "Think we can get me off without staining anything?"

"I think." He unzipped Len, neat as anything, one hand wrapping around the hard shaft, the other pushing in to cup the soft balls.

"Fuck, Shane. Yeah." Oh, Galen was close, those heavy balls tight in his hand, Galen's thighs shaking. Wouldn't take much.

He leaned forward, blew into Galen's ear. "Fucking love this. Love how hot you are."

"Shane!" Galen bit off the cry by taking a kiss from him, lips fastening on his as Galen shot right into his hand, easy as anything.

Oh, yeah. Yeah, that was it. He dug the handkerchief out of his pocket, cleaning Galen off. "There. No stains."

Nodding, Galen kissed him lightly, then looked around, eyes going wide. "Holy fuck, Shane. We're in someone's yard."

"Yeah. We should, you know, before the cops come."

"Shit, yes." He got a wild grin, and another hard kiss before Galen tucked himself away. "I could have food."

"Cool. New Orleans has food, I hear." He grabbed the bag and they started walking down the street, both grinning like fools. "So, tell me, do people hit each other with the fake hands?"

* * * *

Galen fired the hot tub up, looking forward to sinking into it. They'd walked all over, eaten two huge meals, drunk Hurricanes and made out in a jazz club. It had been a damned good day, but he was tired and a little sore, and wanted to crack open the bottle of champagne he'd ordered up for them and get in the tub, despite the warnings not to drink and soak. He'd never had blood pressure problems, and he'd bet Shane never had either. They were both healthy enough for a long soak and a hard fuck.

He looked over to find Shane sort of staring at him, and Galen chuckled. "Still mulling over that fake hand explanation, darlin'?"

"Nah, just looking." Of course the blush said something completely different.

"Uh huh." He gave his ass a little wiggle when he bent over to adjust the jets, knowing that in just his jeans he'd be giving Shane a nice, teasing view.

"Mmm..." Shane wandered closer, hands sliding along the back of his thighs. "Pretty."

God. His cock jumped at the touch, and honest to goodness he thought Shane was gonna kill him young, or maybe his dick would just fall off someday as much as he was using it. What a way to go. He pushed back into the touch, just humming. Shane just rubbed and touched, the motion more sensual than arousing, slow and lazy and easy.

"Oh, that's good." It was, just relaxing all sorts of sore muscles.

"Mm-hmm." Shane leaned down, kissed the small of his back. "Real good."

He straightened up when Shane did, stretching tall before shucking off his jeans. He turned, sliding his arms down along Shane's shoulders, looping them loosely around Shane's neck. "Always good with you."

Shane nodded, fingers sliding around his waist, the touch warm and light. "This was a good idea. Coming out to play."

"Yeah." He kissed Shane's throat, lips sliding over the marks there, both fresh and fading. "Thanks for coming, lover."

Shane hummed, stepping close, naked except for the soft cotton briefs. "You're welcome."

They rubbed a little, swayed a little, just easy in their bones. He'd not enjoyed a vacation so much since... oh, maybe spring break in '89. Maybe not. Maybe he just never had. "Want some bubbles?"

"Oh, yeah. You know how I feel about bubbles." He got one of those shit-eating, happy-with-the-world grins, Shane shimmying out of the briefs.

He copped a feel, laughing out loud when Shane yelped. They got the champagne open, with minimum mess, and hit the tub. Galen groaned happily as he sank in, just loving it.

Shane slid in, eyes rolling. "Oh. Oh, fuck. This is nice. We need us one of these, Len."

"Yeah. We could put one out in back, extend the deck." We. Shit, he was thinking of his house as theirs.

"Ooh. Can you imagine how much fun that would be? Bubbling while a storm rolled in..."

"Mmm." Hell, yes, he could imagine it. He could imagine staking Shane out on the deck as a storm came up, too, all tied up and open for him and the elements.

Shane shifted closer, hand petting his belly, drawing circles. "That is a great sound."

"Just thinking of you all naked and hard with a tropical blowing up." The thought made him hard.

"Oh, yeah. Man, those storms? Do it for me. The wind and the water, the air all alive. Perfect jack-off weather."

"God, yeah." And could anyone else read his mind like that? Jesus. He floated over a little closer, nuzzling in.

They shared some bubbly, Shane's hands playing and stroking, petting and moving constantly. So tactile. So fascinated with his skin and hair and lips. Galen loved it. Loved the feel of Shane against him. Loved Shane. It was a hard thing to admit, but there it was.

Shane was chuckling, coaxing bubbles over his nipples and then popping them. Playing. Teasing. The lack of urgency was great, even his insistent hard-on just something that was hot, but not needing immediate attention. It was just good to have fun.

They floated, rubbed, talked about shit from being kids to baseball to fantasies. "Why'd you retire from football, Len? You just get bored?"

"Partly." He thought about it for a minute, trying honestly to figure out how to explain it. "I was good enough to play some, off the bench, you know? So I made some money, didn't just sit on the practice team all the time. But I was never good enough to play first string all the time. And I wasn't too damned happy with what I was turning into."

Galen laughed, shifting so Shane floated up half on his lap. "I went home to see my momma two years ago, showed up on her doorstep hung over and still a little high. And she kicked me out. Told me not to darken her door until I got my shit together. That did me."

"Yeah?" Shane smiled over. "I haven't talked to my folks since '95. You sound real close to yours."

"That long? Why? Because you moved down to Florida?" His momma he was close to, yeah. His dad? His dad didn't even know him.

Shane shrugged. "Because I stayed in the Keys. Because I'm a slacker. Because I won't ever be a doctor with a pretty wife and kids or nothing like my brother." He got a sad little half-smile. "Mostly? Because they have one good son and one good son's better than one good son and one bartending beach bum."

He kissed Shane's jaw, licked at Shane's lips. "Yeah. My dad's got three kids with his wife. He never did want to get to know me, 'cause I figure I was a mistake."

"That's a shame, Len. You're the farthest thing I ever met from mistake." Oh, fuck, those eyes were serious, sure.

That deserved a kiss. Galen gave him one, opening Shane's mouth with his, tasting with his tongue. Thanking him. Shane melted against him, wet hands in his beard, his hair, sweet little moans pushing into his mouth.

He loved those sounds. He grabbed Shane's ass, pulled him close, tried to crawl into his skin. Shane straddled him, settled so his cock was sliding along the crease of that fine ass.

"Mmm. Oh, damn." That ass. So tight and muscled and good against him. Galen licked Shane's chin, his neck, thinking how when the going got tough they just had sex. Of course, when shit was great, they had sex. Or when they were hot or bored or tired or jumpy or...

Shane's nails scraped his nipples, his ribs, just enough to tingle. Arching, moaning, he spread Shane with his hands, letting his cock rub and push.

"Oh. Want." Shane shifted, chest sliding against him. "Come on, Len."

"Yeah. Want you." He always wanted Shane, but the degree varied. Now it was building into something sharp. He spread Shane wider, thumbs opening him, knowing water wasn't the best lube, but Shane should still be fairly loose. Shane nodded, moving slow, hips rocking, taking his thumbs nice and easy.

Galen shifted, the head of his cock sliding between his thumbs, just pushing. "So hot, lover."

"Like a tin roof in August. Fuck, that feels good. Full."

"Love the way you feel inside." Galen sank in, inch by slow inch, grunting as he got seated good and deep and Shane leaned back, giving him the most amazing angle.

"Oh, sweet fuck." Shane's eyes were heavy, dazed, breath coming nice and slow, entire body rippling around his cock. Shane was right. Fucking in a hot tub was like floating. It was like a champagne bath. Bubbly and intoxicating. Galen nibbled, rocking with the water.

The water was hot, Shane hotter, moving on him, riding him nice and steady, the water lapping the edge of the tub. They rocked, his fingers on Shane's nipples, making them hard. Those little bits of flesh fascinated him. Drew him. He wanted to bend Shane back and bite them. So he did.

"Oh. Oh, fuck." Shane's ass went tight, rippled around him, so fine.

Made him gasp and jerk, made his eyes roll. Damn, he was getting lightheaded but that only added to the pleasure, made it slow and easy and a little surreal.

"Oh..." Shane was fucking glowing, sweat and water making the gold skin shine.

"Shane." It was all about Shane. He could remember a time not so long ago when it was all about him. This was so much better. Galen moved faster, his cock even harder, his tight balls telling him soon. Soon.

"Hell, yeah." Shane took a deep kiss, body jerking, one hand pumping that hard cock furiously. Galen lost it, just lost it, whole body heaving as he came. His cock jerked and throbbed, his balls emptying, and he couldn't even lift a hand to help Shane. He could only watch. Those blue eyes rolled, his name grunted out long and low, before Shane went red and shot, slumping down against him.

"Oh, damn. Damn, Shane." He couldn't think. Couldn't move.

"Uh-huh." Shane lifted his head, blinked. "Better get out. Too hot."

"Uh huh." He was willing. If he could just get his legs under him. Galen pulled Shane up, teetered, but managed to drag them both out and turn off the jets. All they had to do then stumble to the bed.

They landed in a tangle of arms and legs, breathing hard, both of their hearts just pounding.

He chuckled, kissing Shane's neck. That was fucking intense. "And to think. We didn't even need the fake hand."

Chapter Eight

Galen woke up warm and loose, a little sweaty. The a/c must have turned itself off. He rolled, reaching, and realized he was also alone.

He sat up, looking around for Shane and not finding him. Fuck. What the hell? He rolled out of bed and headed for the bathroom, and no Shane there either. Shane's suitcase was still there, though, so Galen sat down on the side of the bed and told himself to get a grip. They slept on different schedules. Shane was probably just out getting coffee.

Or something.

About the time he was fixing to slide from worried to pissed, the door opened, Shane backing in with a tray of coffee and pastries and shit. "Mornin', glory! I brought coffee. Man, this town is something else."

"Hey." His heart started to slow and Galen breathed deep, trying not to be pissy. "Missed you this morning."

He got a grin, slow and almost-wicked. "You were sleeping hard and I figured you'd hate listening to me pace, so I went wandering."

"Find anything good?" Hell, that smile went a long way toward easing his mood. Which wasn't to say he wasn't still thinking about getting that set of straps out and tying Shane down. He got up and wandered over to take a kiss.

"Mm-hmm." Shane's fingers twined with his and damn if that kiss wasn't hot as fuck, a hell of a lot more needy than slow and sweet. Shot electricity right down to his toes. Galen pressed Shane back against the wall, the contrast of his naked body against Shane's clothed one feeling naughty. Wicked.

"Mmm..." Shane's hips pushed, rocking hard, damn near humping his thigh.

Damn. Shane was hard against him, really damned hard and Galen chuckled. "What did you do? Go to an early morning peep show?"

"Nope. Though we got a couple more days for that..."

He wasn't going to complain, not unless Shane was doing something he wasn't supposed to and Galen didn't think so. He leaned down for another kiss, pulling his hands free to slide them over Shane's belly, his hips.

Shit, the man had to have three shirts on. Of course, that train of thought was derailed when Shane dove back into the kisses, hips just snapping. Galen moaned as soft denim rubbed his cock, pushing into Shane and struggling with Shane's zipper. His skin was just on fire.

"Fuck. Fuck, yes." Shane grabbed his hand as soon as the zipper came down, wrapping their fingers around their cocks and tugging hard.

"Christ, Shane." Galen humped, kissing Shane hard, those lips swelling and bruising under his. Shane jerked, cried out into his lips, hips bucking as heat just spread over their hands, his cock. Galen pushed harder against Shane, hips snapping, hand squeezing down, spreading Shane's come over them as he shot, too, panting. Made his ears ring.

"Oh. Oh, good morning. Damn." Shane licked his throat, breath slowing. "Shit, I needed that."

"No kidding." He wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth, but he had to ask. "What got into you, lover?"

Those blue eyes twinkled -- fucking twinkled, mischievous little shit -- up at him. "You'll find out. Hungry for breakfast?"

"Yeah. I could eat." He gave Shane a look. Galen wasn't much on surprises. But he could wait if it meant hot coffee.

"Cool." Shane grinned again, bouncing over to pour coffee, cheeks flushed as anything. Shane looked well fucked. And Galen meant fucked, like they'd been at it for hours and not just had a morning quickie. He followed more slowly, sprawling out on the bed and watching.

"Mmm... you look fine." He got a coffee and a beignet. Shane leaned down to lap up the sugar that floated down to dust his chest, that tongue just teasing the hairs, just moving them.

"Mmm." He took a bite, free hand petting Shane's hair. "You're in a fine mood."

"What would I have to be grumpy about?" Another grin and Shane was pouring himself a cup, drinking deep.

"Nothing. You're just. God, Shane, I can smell you." It was making him crazy.

Shane went all dark red and hot, shuddering hard enough he could see it through the clothes.

"So?" He'd been told more than once he was an impatient bastard. Might as well live up to it.

"Buttons." Shane winked, grabbed a croissant.

Galen rolled his eyes, relaxing back on the bed and sipping coffee, eating his pastry. He'd have his chance. "So what's the plan for today, darlin'?"

Shane's hand slid up along his leg, petting, stroking. "Figured we'd go wandering, take it easy. Maybe see if there's a place we could dance..."

Oh, that might kill him. But it would be good. "I'd like that a lot." He let Shane get close, closer, waited until they were both done with the coffee and bread before he pounced, rolling Shane under him on the bed.

Shane gasped, grinned. "Fuck, someone'd think you used to make a living doing that."

"You think?" He grinned too, bending to lick at Shane's smile before starting on all those damned shirts. Shane kept trying to distract him, kisses becoming nips, hands finding his hot spots. Boy,

somebody was protecting something. Finally Galen just pinned Shane's hands above them with one of his and straddled him, working buttons and pulling up cloth.

"Careful, love." He tilted his head, t-shirt tugged off, coming eye-to-eye with a shiny gold ring imbedded in one of those nipples, the flesh hard as fuck.

His cock jumped, and all he could do was stare. "Sweet Jesus, Shane."

Shane's belly rippled, the little ring pulsing with Shane's heartbeat, just barely. "Thought I'd surprise you."

"It's a fucking surprise all right." Damn. Damn, damn, damn, he wanted to suck it. Lick it. But he remembered enough from his wild days to know that spit and a fresh piercing? Bad. So he blew on it instead.

Shane groaned, that nipple going tighter, shifting on the metal. "Oh..."

"That's... Jesus." He was so hard he hurt, all of a sudden. Just like that. It was just the hottest thing. Galen reached for it with his free hand, fingers just skating around the tight flesh, touching everywhere but.

Shane was watching his finger, lips parted, just panting. He bent and bit at Shane's unadorned nipple, his fingers just flicking the ring in the other.

"Oh. Oh, shit. That's. Fuck." Shane grabbed his hand, eyes huge. "So fucking big. Didn't know it would be..."

He laughed, retaliating, rubbing over it so so lightly with his beard. "How could you not know, darlin'? You've got the most sensitive titties I've ever seen."

Oh, now. That got him a jerk of those hips, Shane's hands squeezing his own. "Seemed like a great idea at four."

Still seemed like a good idea to him. A damned good idea. The only thing better... "We should get your other one done. The things I could do with that."

Lips brushed along his jaw as Shane leaned up, whispered. "Thought maybe you'd want to watch the other one, Len."

His own hips jerked, pressing down, trying to ease the ache. "Yeah. Yeah, I would. God, I can just see you, lover. So good." He flicked that little ring again, already anticipating when it would heal up enough for a nice twist.

"Uh-huh. Fuck, love. I'm so fucking hot. That just... Fuck." Shane's hand was on his ass, thighs parting. Galen pressed between, blowing hot air again, moaning as he and Shane rolled together, their cocks sliding. Shane was fucking wild, bucking against him, cock leaving a wet trail against his belly.

He could sure get used to that. Galen grinned, teasing that poor hard little nipple with his chin, his fingers, his breath, all the while humping Shane right into the mattress.

"Shit. Shit, need to..." Shane's legs wrapped around his thighs, hands grabbing his shoulders.

"It's okay, lover. Come on. Come on." He figured there was plenty left in Shane after this and he could ride him good.

A soft sob sounded, Shane going stiff and still, spunk spraying over his belly. Hot, musky and rich. Fucking amazing. Galen twitched, hips rolling, but he held it back, wanting to be inside Shane. He knelt up, grabbed the lube and leaned back over to touch that tiny gold ring.

Oh, Hell yeah. That got him a moan, Shane's head rolling a little.

It had to be so sensitive now that it almost hurt, but Galen had always thought that kind of pain? Was a damned good thing. He popped the lube open, getting one finger good and wet, circling Shane's hole. He wasn't getting words, just the slow roll of those hips, one soft little sound after another. He pushed inside, murmuring love words, hot words, letting Shane have his voice as well as his touch. That little ring glinted in the morning light and he just couldn't look away. Shane was all about feeling, just moving on him, entire body moving and sliding and dancing on his cock.

"Oh. Shane." He turned at the last minute and took Shane's other nipple in his mouth, licking and sucking, reminding himself not to use his mouth on the ringed nipple. Not yet. Soon. He shoved into Shane again and again, cock aching.

"Oh. Oh, love." Shane's hands grabbed his head, hips moving faster, cries deeper now, harsh. Shane was just on fire and it made Galen cry out, made him thrust harder, deeper. So fast. They were going so fast. He covered Shane's nipple with his palm, pressing the little ring down.

"For you." The words were bit out, those blue eyes unfocused, the heady, musky scent of Shane sharp on the air, body tight.

"Fuck!" He came, staring right into Shane's eyes, body just tight enough to snap. His. Oh, God.

Shane slumped back into the pillows, gasping, panting hard.

"Darlin'." He fell down on Shane, his arms giving out. God, almighty. "That. You. Damn."

"Uh-huh." Shane kissed his temple, shivering.

They needed to rest a bit. Galen slid off to one side, hands sliding on Shane's skin, snuggling close. That had worn him clean out. But then? He was gonna get Shane back for that little surprise.

Oh, yeah. Shane was gonna be on fire all day. He'd see to that.

He couldn't wait.

* * * *

Man, they should have vacationed in Alaska. Antarctica. Detroit. Somewhere that required parkas and sweaters and layers and shit.

Shane still couldn't quite believe he'd done it -- just walked in, stripped off and alcohol, needle, ring, done. Boom. Instant hard on.

They'd gotten up, fucked, had lunch. Showered. Rubbed and soaped and touched and...

Man, he wondered if his balls would just fall off.

Now they were out and about and he was spending all his energy avoiding Len's hands, shifting to keep his hot, hard little nipple away from those fingers. And he was seriously considering getting the other one done.

Shit.

Galen was just grinning at him, too, those dark eyes sparkling wickedly. He knew and was just tormenting him. Deliberately. Pushy bastard.

They walked by the place he'd stopped last night, this morning, whatever. It was dark, closed, waiting for the night owls to spend their money. "That's where I got it done."

"Yeah?" Galen looked, cupping his hand over his eyes to peer in the window. "We gonna come back and get the other one done? Or do you think that might kill you?" That glinting grin slid his way, a look out of the corner of Galen's eye as Galen tugged the hem of his shirt so it just brushed.

"We can. That way they'd heal together." He groaned, shifting away. "Of course, I'm wearing Band-Aids over them for six months."

"Oh, I don't think so, darlin'. I want access." Galen brushed against him, chuckling as he jumped. "We'll come back."

"Evil bastard." He goosed Galen, scooting forward, hauling ass down the road. He heard Galen laughing behind him, heard the sound of those heavy boots as Galen chased him. This vacation thing? Was a hoot.

He slowed as they headed into a crowd of tourists, ducking around old lady one and Oriental dude two. The old lady peeped and he figured Galen must have moved her a little more forcibly out of the way than he had. Finally one big hand fell on his shoulder, stopping him in his tracks.

He looked up, grinning. "Hey."

"Hey. You are cruising for a bruising, lover." Galen was flushed, laughing, the other hand coming up to push at his chest.

"Wh...who? Me?" His eyes rolled a little, breath hitching.

"Yeah. You." He got a quick kiss, some asshole grumbling about it and getting a dark look from Galen and shutting right up. "We should find some supper. Eat a nice long meal and find a place to dance and then it will be time for me to watch."

"Oh, that sounds good." He nodded, the sun all bright and making his head swim. "What are you hungry for?"

"I was thinking Antoine's. Go for the real New Orleans Cajun and Creole experience. And it's early enough we shouldn't have to stand in line too long." Galen had told him Antoine's was one of the

most famous restaurants in the city, and they didn't take reservations. Galen took his hand, tugging him along, rubbing shoulders with him when he caught up.

"Cool." He grinned, fucking happy down to his toes. "You gonna be good in line, now?"

"Hell, no. I'm gonna make you squirm. It's only fair. I've been fighting my dick all day."

He reached down, squeezed the dick in question. "All day? I've taken care of it a time or two."

"Shane!" Galen's cheeks went pink above that clipped beard before Galen laughed, loud and happy. "A few, yeah."

Oh, man. This vacation thing? So fucking fun.

They stood in line and shocked a couple of the old ladies around them with their playing, and they had crawfish and shrimp and Galen insisted on oysters, saying they didn't need them but vacations were for living dangerously anyway.

Then they set out to find a place to dance.

They found a little dive listed in a gay-friendly paper, somewhere dark and smoky, live music pouring out the door. "Oh, here's the place."

"Yeah. Looks good." They slipped inside and bought the obligatory drink before hitting the floor. He'd never really seen Galen dance before, but it wasn't surprising he could, and pretty well at that. It felt fucking amazing, pushing into Galen's arms, moving away to tease. His heart was pounding, skin tingling.

Even in the gloom of the club he could tell Galen felt the same way. Galen's eyes were bright, his cheeks flushed, and that smile was becoming more and more familiar. Needed.

A slow song started and he pressed close, twining his fingers with Len's -- protecting his chest. Galen chuckled at him, bringing their joined hands to rest at their waists, swaying with the music.

"Oh." He leaned in, relaxing, letting their bodies slide together.

"Mmmhmmm." They rocked, letting the music take them, and Galen hummed along, mellow and happy, just above his ear. He closed his eyes, swaying, sliding. Fuck, they were good at this, good together. Galen just danced with him until the music changed again, then nodded toward the bar. "Let's get something to drink and find a dark corner, lover."

"Yeah. You want a whiskey or a beer or something else?"

"Whiskey."

"Cool." He wandered over, ordered two neat Jacks and carried them over to Len, easy as pie. "Busman's holiday."

Galen nodded, hooked a chair with his foot and pulled it right over so they'd be sitting practically in each other's laps. "Feel good to let someone else do the work?"

"Feels good to be able to sit with you. Drives me nuts, having you so close and not be able to touch."

"Yeah. Me too, darlin'. Want to steal you away." Galen waited until he sat, then slid an arm around him and pulled him close, nuzzling him. "Gonna be even harder now. Gonna be like that dirty old man who keeps pawing you."

"Nah. You I want touching me." He reached up, stroking Galen's cheek.

"Good. Seems to be my new favorite pastime" That sneaky hand slid up, tweaked his nipple. "I love doing it."

He pulled away, drinking his whiskey. "I'm telling you -- Band-Aids."

"Uh huh." Galen set his whiskey aside untouched, grinning and licking Shane's neck. "It's after eleven. You reckon the piercing place is open?"

"I... yeah. Yeah, I reckon." His belly got tight. "You wanting to see this time?"

"What do you think?" Like Galen knew, like he could feel it, that hand dropped to his belly, pushing up under his shirt. "Want to see."

The breath huffed out of him, that fucking intensity coming right back. "Yeah. Fuck."

"Let's go, lover. I've been looking forward to this all day."

"You going to finish your drink?" He stood, hand out for Galen, starting to buzz, to vibrate like a penny on an old washing machine.

"Not thirsty." The weirdest look passed over Galen's face for a minute, then Galen seemed to shake it off, grabbing his hand and standing to give him a light kiss. "Let's go."

"Right with you." The moon was bright as hell, the streets light as they headed out.

* * * *

The piercing place looked a heck of a lot different than it had that afternoon. It was bright and clean and full of pierced, tattooed freaks. Galen liked it. Hey, even a redneck could like that kind of place, he figured. He pushed Shane in front of him, waiting for him to set it up, because Lord knew, Galen didn't know anything about actually getting it done.

A little blond girl with braids and enough metal on her face to bring in a radio station from Atlanta walked up. "Hey! Cowboy! You're back! You having any problems?"

"Hey. No. No, I just. I think. I mean."

Her eyes twinkled. "Ah. Getting the other done?"

"Yeah."

"Cool." She handed over a clipboard. "You know the drill. Fill it out."

Galen kinda wandered, not wanting to get too close and jump Shane before anything got done. There was plenty to look at. It didn't take too long, Shane produced cash and driver's license, signed his name about thirty-five times and then came to look at butterflies and skulls and bug-eyed leprechauns drawn on the wall. "I'm next."

"Oh, cool." He grinned over. "Seriously afraid I might just come watching."

"I'm going to have a matched set." Shane was bouncing on the balls of his feet. "Man, I'm hyped. I should have taken your drink."

Galen shrugged. "Yeah. I wasn't gonna drink it."

It was weird. He hadn't seen it poured, so he didn't want it. The only time in the last four years he'd drunk something unseen was when Shane poured it. Even when he hadn't known Shane from Adam's housecat.

"I'd have got you something else, Len." Shane's fingers twined with his, then disappeared, then slid against his wrist.

"No, I was in the mood for whiskey." He couldn't really explain it to Shane here and now, because it would kill the mood. Definitely. He turned his hand to grasp Shane's, fingers sliding against Shane's palm. "It's a long story. I'll tell you later."

Hell, he'd never told anybody about Jack, and the drugs and the reason he just didn't party the way he had anymore.

Shane nodded, "That works. Long stories are best naked in bed and... Man, why would someone want a cockroach tattooed on them?"

He chuckled, bringing Shane's hand up to kiss. God, he loved that easygoing way Shane had. "I don't know. Takes a strong stomach."

Those blue eyes caught him. "I don't know, Len. I can't see making something ugly on purpose."

"All in the eye of the beholder, lover." Galen thought about some of the tats his old football buddies had gotten in the name of sheer damn manliness and shook his head. He was glad when they called Shane in.

The little blond was snapping on some gloves. "Off with the shirt, Cowboy. You want a matching ring, right?"

Shane nodded, unbuttoning his shirt, showing off that pretty chest, that one tight little pierced nipple. Galen all but sat on his hands. He wanted to touch. Bad.

"You two a thing?" She got Shane to sit back on a chair, pulling a tray over with a needle, ring, a spray bottle.

"Yeah." Shane grinned, nodded, shifted a little.

"Yeah." Galen made it definite, giving Shane a look. Really, really a thing.

"Okay. Just like earlier. Gonna get that little nipple hard, clamp, pierce, ring. Then you'll have a matched set." The girl sprayed Shane with the bottle, then picked up a ballpoint pen, marked a dot on either side of Shane's nipple. She looked about at him, winked. "How's that look, stud? They match?"

He looked, taking it damned seriously because the little chain he wanted to clip on them? Wouldn't hang straight if they were uneven. "Yeah, they look good."

"I tell you -- there's some great attachments for these." She clamped Shane's nipple, tugged a little. "Chains, rods, pretty dangly jewels."

Galen sat back, crossed his ankle up over his knee. Might as well tease Shane a bit. "I was thinking a chain. We've got some clamps, and that looks amazing. Attached? Be even better."

Shane's eyes went wide, staring at him.

"Oh, yeah. We got weights -- still and vibrating. There's this one chain attaches to a cock ring? Very hot." She unwrapped the needle.

Damn. Oh, damn. He might have to look at that. He looked right at Shane. "That sounds hot."

"Yeah?" Shane was breathing hard, teeth biting that bottom lip.

"Hell, yes. With that belly? Pure sex. Okay, breathe in, Cowboy, and hold it." Shane took a deep breath, closed his eyes. Galen shifted, cock twitching in his jeans. He watched Shane's face, not the needle, wanting to see what it felt like. "Okay, now, let it all out."

Shane exhaled, eyes flying open to meet his, shocked and hot and focused. Oh fuck. Shane was just... Galen swallowed hard, hands clenching.

"Good boy. One more breath and you're done."

Shane was watching him, took another deep breath, cheeks flushed and dark.

"All right. You're a natural."

He certainly was. And Galen could only hope he hadn't just said that out loud. A quick clean and a squirt and Shane stood to face him, little rings shining, nipples hard as little stones.

Galen put his hand up, touching Shane's breastbone, just in between. God, he could feel the heat in Shane's skin, just calling him. "You look amazing, darlin'."

Shane's heart was pounding, just thrumming beneath his hand. Those pretty eyes shone. "Take me to the hotel, Len."

The blond chuckled, cleaning up. "Man, the pheromones pouring off you two might get me laid tonight."

"Definitely gonna do it for me." He spared her a glance. "Thanks, hon. It looks great."

Then he got Shane's shirt and pressed it at him, ready to just throw the man over his shoulder and run, caveman style. Shane got it on and started fumbling with the buttons, fingers shaking hard. Slapping Shane's hands away, Galen managed to get the shirt done up, his cock pushing and pushing. Damn, he wanted to just put Shane up against the wall and fuck him senseless.

Shane's fingers twined with his and they started moving, damn near fucking running, heading for the hotel. They got there just in time. Galen was gonna bust if he couldn't touch. The minute the door closed behind them he had Shane up against it, ripping that damned shirt off so he could see. Feel.

Shane pushed into his hands, pulling him in for a hard, deep kiss that clicked teeth and bloodied lips. He was on fire. Shane's face when that needle had gone through? Oh, fuck. Galen rubbed, humping against Shane, one hand pressing lightly against each nipple in turn. So fucking hot, so hard against his palm that he figured they'd leave marks and Shane was groaning, pushing deep cries into his lips.

Yeah. God, that was wild. Galen fumbled with his other hand, trying to get their jeans open, laughing a little at how like that morning it was, humping against the door. Only this time he knew what was going on. And it was even better. Shane sucked in, then bucked as that puffed his chest up, rubbing them together.

"Fuck, Shane." Galen gave up on the standing and hauled them to the bed, flinging Shane down on it and struggling with the clothes. He got Shane naked and started on his own, wanting all that skin against him.

Shane started pumping that hard prick, legs spread wide, watching him, driving hard. "Hurry. Hurry, love."

"I am." He was. His jeans went easy, his boots less so and his shirt he just tore. Then he was on Shane, his own hand wrapping around Shane's and squeezing, the hair on his chest catching on those little rings.

"Shit." Shane leaned up, teeth bruising his shoulder, coming with hard, desperate jerks.

Galen grunted, surprised as anything, hips rocking down and down as he came seconds after Shane, feeling it all the way up his back. It just exploded in his brain.

"Sorry. Sorry, Love. Couldn't fucking wait."

He blinked. Tried to clear his head. "What in Hell are you apologizing for?"

"Uh... Not waiting. I think. Shit. I dunno." Shane laughed. "I think my brain's broke."

"Oh, good. It's mutual." They snuggled right up, sticky slick rubbing between their bellies. Galen pressed his lips to Shane's throat. "I like the feeling."

"Mm-hmm. Yeah." Shane's fingers tangled right up in his hair. "Fuck, yeah."

He settled in, feeling lazy, the fire banked. For now. Those little rings promised a heck of a lot of entertainment later, though. "Love."

"You know it, Len." Shane nodded, held him close. "Still getting band-aids, though."

Oh, Hell no. Not if he had anything to say about it. And he would be sure he did. He wasn't a stubborn, pushy bastard for nothing.

* * * *

Holy shit. His cock was fucking sore and his balls? So falling off from sheer overuse.

The whole room smelled like sex and wine and the array of fucked up fingerfood they'd ordered from room service. They were sitting, naked, lazy, half-tipsy and feeding each other like a couple of Roman... toga-wearing guys.

He licked something sweet and a little spicy off Galen's fingers. "Oh, man. That's good. Honey-covered stud."

"Cinnamon and clove Shane. I could market it." Galen kissed him hard, proving that one man would buy stock in it, anyway.

"Mmm... your own personal vintage." He had a sip of wine, offered his mouth to Len again.

"Mmmhmm." Galen took the offer, tongue sliding in to taste. "So good."

He nodded, fingers tracing little shapes on Len's belly, dipping down to tug gently at the hair above that pretty prick.

"I think it's dead, Shane." Galen was laughing, nipping at his neck.

"No, shit. I'll never get it up again." He chuckled, rolled carefully to grab some grapes. Mmm... grapes. "Funny, isn't it? How grapes taste so... grapey and wine doesn't?"

"Yeah. Just like whiskey? Doesn't taste a bit like rotten grain."

"Yeah, or vodka and potatoes, although if you get bad vodka? You can kinda smell it." He offered Len a grape, watched his lover chew. That was the finest mouth. "Oh. You were going to tell me about the whiskey. Remember? Naked. Bed. Long stories."

Galen's hand stilled on his back. "Yeah. Guess I was."

He looked, leaned to kiss the spot beside Galen's lip where the beard didn't grow. "You don't have to."

"I know." The skin under his mouth pulled tight as Galen gave him a lopsided smile. "I just don't drink anything I don't see poured, or that isn't opened at the table. Like the wine? I always ask for them to let me pull the cork."

He tilted his head. "Somebody slipped you a mickey."

It wasn't really a question. It happened, way more often than people admitted. Drove him fucking insane 'cause the cops were always asking questions, hoping somebody saw something. Shit, he might serve a hundred guys on a Friday night and they all fucking looked alike.

"Yeah. Someone... well, someone I knew. Weirdest night of my life, let me tell you." Galen's muscles were rock hard under him. Must have been bad.

"Someone you knew?" He shook his head. "That's deeply fucked up. So... he wanted and you didn't?"

That got him a laugh, the sound bitter and hard. "No. We were together. Or I thought we were. He did it so I'd be... nicer to his friends."

Shane frowned, eyes meeting Galen's, hands reaching out immediately, sliding up Galen's chest. "That's fucking sick. What a lousy motherfucker." He shook his head, almost growling for his Len. "What kind of a shithead wants to do that? People fucking suck."

Galen caught his hands, kissing his fingers, relaxing back on the bed. "Yeah. He was way more of a player than I thought I was, is all. I was out of my league. I'm just more careful now." Galen nipped his wrist. "I've never once worried about a drink you served me."

He grinned over, fingers stroking Galen's cheek, tickling. "Good. I don't want to be a player. I just want you and naps on the beach and periodic sex in a hot tub." He tilted his head. "Oh, and pancakes. There's something cool about you and syrup."

Shane winked, hoping to relax. Wasn't a damn thing to do about the past, except get over it and they had it good now.

Galen nodded, that short beard scraping his palm. "I've never been happier, lover. My momma had a point when she said that life wasn't for me." He got a sharp smack to his ass. "You are, though."

He snorted, wiggled and reached for a little stuffed mushroom. "She hasn't met me yet."

"She will. Only a couple of weeks now." The mushroom was stolen right out of his fingers, Galen munching happily.

"Yeah? Cool." He pinched one of Galen's nipples and went for another mushroom.

"Watch it. That might fall off, too." Oh, that was better. Galen was laughing again, grabbing one of those little puff pastries with the sausage in it. Finger foods in bed. Was there anything better?

"Nah, I'm putting up a supply of nipple bandages, so if it does, we'll paste it back on."

Oh, yeah. Laughing hard enough to bounce the finger foods on the bed? Way better.

* * * *

Damn. The flight home was late, and Galen should have been sleeping as hard as Shane was, but he couldn't. That was the best damned vacation ever. Not an exaggeration. Just the best. Shane was a fantastic person to see New Orleans with, bouncing from place to place, enjoying everything.

And the sex. Jesus God, the sex. Surprising him with a nipple piercing. Even now it made him hard just thinking about it.

Galen reached out and tweaked one of Shane's nipples lightly, feeling the ring under the cloth of his shirt.

Shane moaned, shifting, pushed towards his hand, just like that.

Damn. Killed him every time. He could have Shane right here in front of all these sleeping folks if he wanted. Too bad the flight was so fucking short.

He grinned, shifting in his seat, moving the arm up between them so he could lean and snuggle.

Shane's hand slid over his belly, "Mmm... you smell good."

"Smell like you and me." They still smelled like the quickie they'd had at the hotel right before they hopped in the cab to the airport. It was hot as Hell. "Glad we went?"

"Oh, yeah. That was too cool -- all of it." He got a grin, Shane's eyes still closed. "It's one of those things that one day we'll go 'you remember when?' on."

"Yeah." That sounded good, the 'remember when' with Shane. It was kinda scary. But good. "Yeah, and we'll have to figure out where to go next time."

"Somewhere cold." Shane chuckled, nose wrinkling. "With snow."

"Snow?" Man, that made him think of Minnesota in the winter, and he actually shivered. "No thanks."

"No? I've never seen it, not really. Just flurries."

"No way." He looked over, and damned if Shane wasn't serious. "Well, that's different. We'll go skiing."

"You know how?" Shane chuckled, grinned. "I can water-ski, that's gotta be close."

"I think snow skiing is easier. Colder. But easier." He could rethink snow for Shane.

"Yeah? I just think the in front of the fire, drinking Irish coffee and shit sounds decadent."

"I like Vermont. We'll go." God, that sounded better and better. He leaned, rubbing his cheek against Shane. "You make anything sound good."

Shane chuckled. "Chocolate covered grasshoppers."

"No way." That he could live without. The captain came on, announcing the descent into the airport, and the cabin lights came on. Galen sighed, sitting up as the flight attendant came by and asked them to put their seats up.

He could still hold hands with Shane though, and think about what he was going to do to that fine ass and those hard little nipples when they got back into his bed.

As much fun as it had been to go on vacation with Shane? Galen was looking forward to getting them back home where they belonged.

Chapter Nine

On Sundays, Galen let Shane sleep in. He could see a pattern there. Heck, he just didn't see the need for as much sleep as that boy got. But Shane looked good in his bed so he wasn't gonna bitch.

Nope, he wasn't going to complain at all about that. Now, scrubbing his kitchen floor so it would be clean when his momma came in two days? That he would bitch about. Especially as there was syrup and beer and all manner of other stuff stuck to it. If even a trace of that was left behind his momma would be horrified.

He tried being quiet for all of a half hour, but damn, he didn't work so good in the quiet. Finally Galen just cranked up the Eagles and set to work, singing along with the CD player and really getting it done.

It didn't take long before he heard water running in the bathroom, along with splashing and clinking and whistling. The sounds drew him, because heaven knew what he was doing wasn't what he wanted to be doing. Galen headed for the bathroom, hoping for a free show.

Shane was naked, alright, ass in the air, balls swinging, scrubbing the tub with an amazing enthusiasm, soapy water just flying. Torn between cracking up and getting real horny, Galen grabbed a towel off the rack by the door and popped Shane with it, right on that tight, round butt.

"Ow! Hey now, you break it, you buy it." Shane looked up, bubbles on the tanned nose, nipple rings sparkling in the sunlight.

The laughter won. Galen just started with a chuckle, but soon Shane turned around and Galen was just howling, holding his belly. There was a perfect little soap bubble balanced at the base of Shane's cock.

Shane watched him for a second, then the little shit moved and the water started flying, suds just filling the air.

"Jesus Christ, Shane." He was just gasping. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"Cleaning." Shane blinked innocently.

"Using yourself as a sponge?" The rate Shane was going the bathroom would be under water in no time.

"I'm not really spongy, man, and the place needed a hosing. We fucking came everywhere."

Kid had a point. "No kidding. You should see the kitchen."

"I did. Over the table. Over the cabinets. In the chairs."

"Hell, yes." He admired the view as Shane wiggled and jiggled.

"You'll need to wax that coffee table dealie, too. Butt marks." The bathroom was actually starting to look clean. Wet, but clean. It was an unorthodox way to clean, but Galen figured he could mop up the water after and then take a very clean Shane back to bed.

His momma wasn't gonna go in his bedroom.

Those blue-sky eyes fastened on him, sharp, laughing. "You get sidetracked?"

"Seems to be a habit around you." No way he could hide it, the way his sweats stretched around his lengthening cock. God, he loved to watch Shane, and that was a Hell of a suggestive pose.

Those eyes dragged over him, going hot, hard little belly flushing a deep rose.

Hottest thing ever, the way Shane's little six-pack went red when he was wanting. Galen grinned. Too bad he wanted a clean bathroom almost as much as he wanted Shane. "Let me help. We'll go fuck then."

"You do have the best plans, Len." Shane grinned, winked. "Tub's almost sparkly."

"Yep. So are you." Grabbing a handful of towels, Galen started mopping up water, humming along with the music in the other room and watching Shane go. Shane was plumb cheery, cleaning with the same circle and swipe that he used at the bar. And didn't that make things bob and dangle. Cleaning had never been so damned fun. Maybe he should have got Shane out of bed to do the kitchen. He managed to last until all of the suds were soaked up by the towels and the whole place sparkled.

Barely.

"Come on, darlin. Let's get out of the fumes."

Shane nodded, pushing right up against his back, arms sliding on his waist. "Right behind you."

"Fuck, you're not careful we'll mess up all that hard work." Thank God he still had his sweats on, or that sweet body pressed against him would make him crazy enough to do just that. As it was he managed to move.

They got into the bedroom before Shane's hands were in his sweats, wrapped around his cock. Galen moaned, arching back then pushing forward, letting Shane know how much he liked it. Shane's mouth was hot as fuck on his spine, teeth scraping, just a little. That hand kept working him, sure and steady.

"Damn. Shane." Galen was just right there, right in the moment that fast. His cock was so hard a cat couldn't scratch it, and his skin was overheated and damp.

"Want you." His sweats were pushed down, Shane kneeling behind him, mouth hot as fire.

"Got me." He couldn't think, was probably glad he couldn't. But oh, he wanted. Bad. Shane's hand eased him down, bent him so that tongue could touch him.

"Oh, God." He spread, braced himself. Let Shane do whatever he wanted. Shane moaned, tongue circling his hole, the sensation making his knees weak. It shot right up his spine, bursting right in his

brain and raising goosebumps. Made him pant. Shane's hands tugged his cock, his balls, all the while that tongue went to town.

"Shane. Damn. Please." Hell if he knew what he was begging for, because he wanted that touch to go on forever and yet he wanted more. Wasn't like him at all to just stand there and take it, but Shane was loving him so good.

Shane's mouth slid up his spine, cock leaving wet kisses up along his thigh. "Want you."

"Bed." The least they could do was give his shaking leg muscles a break. He snorted. And keep the come off the carpet. Shane nodded, pushing him onto the mattress, following him right along, prick rubbing, sliding.

"Who knew scrubbing the tub would turn you into a maniac?" Galen grinned up, teasing a little, pushing up against that hot body, hands sliding down Shane's back.

"Just call me Mr. Bubbles." They laughed together, Shane's hand spreading his legs.

"As long as it's not Mr. Clean. He's too fucking queer." The laughter caught in his chest as Shane touched him just there, just right.

"Oh, right there." Shane damn near growled, touching, pushing. "Fuck, you're fine."

It was a whole different side of Shane, and almost like looking in a mirror. It was damned hot. "What are you gonna do with me, lover?"

Those pretty blue eyes shone. "Gonna make you scream, Len."

Lord. Galen arched, stretched, rubbing up and pressing against Shane's fingers where they rested against his skin. "You can try, Shane. You surely can."

"Only my best." Shane slicked those fingers, two pressing deep inside him, curling and sending shocks through him.

Fuck. It had been so damned long. His body instinctively tightened down, and Galen took a deep breath, trying to relax. Shane leaned down, lips brushing his throat, gentle and careful, distracting. Galen breathed, nuzzling Shane's temple, loosening up. Opening for Shane.

"Just want to love you, Len." The whisper was low, husky, those fingers stroking deep.

"Want you, Shane. Just... been a long time." He breathed out again, feeling Shane touch him all the way in, inside him. God, yeah. "S'good."

"It is." Shane got more slick, sliding inside him again, cheek brushing one of his nipples. Made him gasp. His nipple tightened up as his body loosened, and Galen spread even more, making an invitation the best way he could.

Shane heard him, cock replacing fingers, nice and slow, spreading him, filling him up like sun in an eastern window.

"Oh. Oh, God, oh fuck. Shane. Love." He was babbling. He knew it. No way could he stop. Full. He was so damned full, and the burn was almost too much but it was Shane. Inside him. And that was the most amazing thing.

Shane looked dazed, eyes wide. "Fuck, Len. I... You feel so good."

"Mmmhnn." He reached up, pulled Shane down for a kiss that pressed them together. Shane moved in him and Galen moaned, his head just about to explode and his cock aching.

One hand found his cock as those hips started moving, taking him, tugging him. He moved right back, rising up and falling back, one hand on Shane's hip, the other sliding up that sweet belly and chest to tug the ring in one of those nipples. A soft moan pushed into his lips, Shane shifting, sliding deeper.

"More." He nipped Shane's lips, pinched that nipple a little, twisted the ring, daring Shane to go for that scream.

Those blue eyes rolled, Shane slamming into him, jostling him deep. "Love."

"Oh yeah. Shane." He was losing it, just bucking and rolling, losing the need to challenge in the need to just feel. "Damn. Love you."

"Uh-huh. Fucking beautiful. Mine." Shane groaned, hands grabbing the headboard, hips pistoning.

All it took was Shane finding just the right angle, pegging him just right and Galen went nuts, crying out loud, shooting so hard he thought his spine might just snap. Yeah, that was pretty much a scream. Shane pushed inside him, jerky and graceless, heat filling him right on up.

"Shane." He panted, sweat drying on his skin, hand moving on Shane's skin. Damn.

"Yeah." Shane kissed his shoulder, sliding out of his body with a sigh. "You good?"

"God, yes." He was better than good. He was melted. "I think you like to killed me, there."

"No. Gonna keep you about, love."

He laughed, nodding and yawning. "Think I'll keep you, too. You even do bathrooms."

"Yeah, now that I know there's that cabinet dealie under the sink? I'm gold."

Oh, that made him laugh even more. He'd laughed so much his belly hurt. Other things twinged, too, reminding him that Shane had gotten past defenses that were years old. Made him feel like he'd just stepped off a cliff. Of course, he was starting to get it through his thick skull that maybe he wasn't alone on the ride.

He wondered how Shane was at vacuuming.

* * * *

Shane made sure to get his three good shirts pressed. One for after work Saturday because he was working the day shift and he wasn't sure whether old ladies went to bed before nine or not. One for Sunday -- it was his best, white with little blue lines worked in... Although... White. Messy.

Hmm... He threw a couple of good dark t-shirts in. Then the dark blue one for Monday. Two pair of jeans and a pair of swim shorts, too, and... Oh. His good watch from Pappy.

He had tooth stuff and soap and such living over there already, right beside Len's.

He found undershorts and his good hat, but drew the line at boots. He wasn't wasting money on socks that just got lost anyway.

* * * *

The house was clean as a whistle. The toys were locked away in a trunk. The lube was tucked away in the nightstand, and he'd bought a box of condoms for the first time in weeks. His momma would snoop, and if she didn't find them she would fret.

The only thing left to do was go pick her up. He'd had her fly right into Key West on one of those little puddle jumpers, and he found a place to park with no trouble at all.

He waited just outside the security gate, and sure enough there she was five minutes later, smiling and waving at him and then coming right up to hug his neck when she got close enough.

"Oh, baby. It's good to see you."

"You too, momma. I missed you."

He looked at her face, the few lines there a little deeper, at her eyes, so dark like his, and smiled. For once he figured he had a home for her to come to that she'd be proud of.

All the way back she chattered at him, telling him all about the cousins and the aunts and uncles and about who was doing what to who, because that's what mommas did. And when they got to the house she looked around with eyes like a hawk's, all the while exclaiming to him how pretty it was. If there was one thing out of place, she'd know.

"So," she asked as soon as she was sitting in his most comfortable chair holding a glass of sweet tea. "When do I meet this young man of yours?"

His cheeks heated all the way back to his ears, and Galen chuckled. If she was already asking about Shane, she liked the house. "Saturday. He's working late shifts until then."

"He's a bartender, right?"

Galen nodded, and his momma snorted. "So why not take me to the bar to meet him?"

Lord. Galen almost choked on his tea, almost sent it right out his nose. Take his mamma to the club. God, no. "It's a meat market, mamma."

"You're just trying to keep me away from him until Sunday and I have to leave."

"No ma'am." Hell, he'd been disappointed as anything when Shane couldn't get more than the early shift on Saturday. "I figure we'll go to breakfast on Sunday. You don't leave out until three."

"Three, huh? That ought to give me time to see."

"Yeah." Time to change the subject. "Come on, mamma. Let me give you the tour."

She nodded, but her eyes twinkled, and he knew she'd keep at him. And people wondered where he got his stubborn streak.

* * * *

Shane smoothed his shirt down. Again. He had a chocolate thing and the beer Len'd asked him to bring over in one hand and his backpack in the other and he couldn't reach his key, so he needed to knock, but he didn't want to wake the old lady up, did he? No. No, he didn't, and it was nine because he'd smelled like smoke and beer and needed a shower and, well, a smoke and a beer because moms...

Eek.

He tapped the door with his knee, gentle as he could.

The lady that opened the door didn't look all that old. You could tell she wasn't a spring chicken, but her hair was still brown and her face only had a few lines around the eyes and mouth. From smiling from the looks of it. And oh, he could see where Galen got his eyes.

"Oh, hey there. You must be Shane. Come on in, honey. I thought you had a key?" She took the beer right out of his hands and headed back into the kitchen, hollering. "Baby, your young man is here."

"Evening, ma'am. I do, but my hands were full with dessert." He got the door shut and followed along, already feeling a little less like he was going to plucked bald by an angry mom.

"I took the wrong bag, did I? Though I could use a beer myself." She grinned over at him, stuffing the beer in the fridge. Then she tilted her head and frowned. "Galen! Get your ass out here."

Oh, shit. That? Too funny. He could see where Len got the bossy, too. "Help yourself, there's plenty. You want it in a glass?"

"That'd be nice. I'll get the plates for that dessert." She bustled, and Galen came in, grinning ear to ear and coming over to give him a kiss before turning on his mom. "I was in the john, for God's sake. Some things a man can't rush, mamma."

He chuckled, washing three glasses and digging for a lime, ducking Len's swat. "Are y'all having a good visit?"

"Oh sure." Galen aimed another swing at his butt, and connected. "She's running roughshod over me, and I'm yes ma'am."

Galen's momma snorted and waved the knife she held in their direction. "You watch that mouth. And I'm sorry, Shane honey. I didn't introduce myself. You can call me Carol Lynn."

"Yes, ma'am. Do you take lime in your beer?" He got Len's poured out, just a paper-thin slice of lime floating at the bottom.

"Yes, please."

Galen was just looking back and forth between them with that crooked grin, the one that made his mouth sexy as Hell. And damned if that wasn't Galen's hand on his ass as he passed by.

His cheeks heated right up, but it was a good feeling, warm and right. "The Outsiders were playing the club tonight, Len. Harry's sounding good. Rumor is they might get a record deal."

"Oh, that's cool. He's worked damned hard." They all sat down at the table together, and Galen's momma tucked right into the cake.

He nodded, knee resting against Galen's, body pointing out that it was Saturday. Saturday. And Monday'd been days ago.

"Do you know, Shane, I tried to get Galen to bring me to your bar and he wouldn't?" Damn. He could see where Galen got the devil in him, too. He wondered what there was of Galen's daddy in him.

He dared to tease, knowing he'd catch hell for it later. "Oh, now. Last night was the wet t-shirt contest. Rick McManus won, it was a sight to behold..."

Galen choked and Galen's momma laughed out loud and maybe this wasn't gonna be as bad as he thought. Maybe it would be even better, with Galen pinching his thigh under the table.

The dessert went down easy, so did the beer and he didn't even have to fake his laughter, his smile. They sat and chatted and he found out that Galen's momma had a wicked sense of humor, a no-nonsense attitude that showed that she wasn't afraid to whap her son upside the head. It was probably eleven when she stood and stretched, smiling at the both of them.

"All right boys. I'm going to leave you to each other and go to bed. Y'all don't make so much noise I can't sleep because I'm looking forward to you taking me out for breakfast tomorrow." She kissed Galen's cheek and patted Shane's shoulder and she was off, leaving them alone.

"She's something else." He met Len's eyes, noting the barest bit of chocolate on that mustache. He got it, then licked his finger clean.

"She is. And she didn't give you the grilling I thought she would." Galen grinned at him. "Enough talking, come here and kiss me."

He nodded, moving to straddle those warm thighs, spreading like butter. "I'm about three hours late for it, I reckon."

"Yeah. That's what I'm thinking." One of Galen's hands slid up to cup his head, the other going right to his ass. The kiss bruised, burned, went so deep.

Yeah. He groaned, hips tilting right into Galen's hand, his fucking body knowing just what he needed. Galen moaned, too, tongue pushing into his mouth, pulling him close. They were just plastered together, and he could feel Galen hard against him, just like that.

It was easy as pie to wrap his lips around Galen's tongue, sucking that hot tongue, fingers tangling up in Galen's hair. They finally had to break for air who knew how long later, and Galen held him tight, chuckling. "We mess up this kitchen before tomorrow it will be both our asses."

He nodded, lips tracing Len's eyebrows. "Bed? Been days since..."

"Hell, yes." Galen stood, grunting under his weight and letting him slide to the floor. "Come on."

"Let me get my bag." He grabbed it, then grinned. "I left my shirts in the Jeep."

"You ought to just leave some stuff here. I mean, more stuff." Galen wasn't looking at him, but he could hear the roughness in Galen's voice, the need.

"Yeah?" Oh, that started a dull heat in the pit of his belly. "Would make it easier for our weekends, yeah? Could just come straight over."

"You could." They got to the bedroom, closed the door. "Don't want to push. But it'd be good. Real good."

He dropped his bag, nodded as he pushed into Galen's arms. "Yeah. Real good. Want you, man."

"Want you too, darlin'. Been sleeping like shit." Galen started in on his clothes, fingers gentle on his nice clean shirt, rough on his jeans. God, there was something about the way Len said darlin' that made his cock jump, and he started pulling off that soft t-shirt, hunting skin.

"Yeah. Yeah, that's it." Finally they got naked, skin on skin, Galen pushing him right down on the bed and crawling on top of him. "Can't wait."

He wrapped his legs around Galen's waist, bucking up and rubbing hard. "No waiting. Now."

Pressing down, Galen lined their cocks right up, rubbing them together. He got more kisses, too, opening his mouth, sealing them together. His hand slid down Galen's back and curled around the finest ass in the south, the muscles jumping and pushing under his touch. Faster and faster Galen moved against him, hips pumping, lips sliding to his throat to leave a big old hickey.

"You... it'll show..." He bucked up, the thought unnerving and fucking hot as Hell.

"Mine. Don't care who knows it." Galen was panting, humping, licking where he'd sucked.

"Oh. Fuck, yes." He arched, offering Galen more skin, hands squeezing that ass, leaving bruises of his own.

"Oh, God." One or two more thrusts was all it took, Galen biting down hard on his shoulder, wet heat spreading on his belly and thighs. It was the bite that sent him over, tumbling hard.

"Love." Slumping on him, Galen nuzzled noses with him, beard rough against his cheek.

"Mmm... yeah. Happy Saturday." He grinned, fingers sliding through Galen's hair.

"'Bout damned time. It's been a fucking great week, but I missed you." The words were followed by Galen looking up at him, half-sheepish.

He nodded. "Just living for the weekend when I can come home to you, Len."

"Glad you did. Gimme a minute to get my breath back, and you'll really have to work not to make noise."

He chuckled, rolled his eyes. "Hey now, you screamed last."

"Yeah. But as much as you liked my momma? I bet you would be red in the face tomorrow if you were the one to do it tonight." Galen grinned, eyes just shining.

"Shit. That happens, you'd be red in the butt for making me."

"You think?" Oh, there was that challenge, that look he was getting to know well. Galen kissed him, licking at his mouth. "You really want to take me on this way, lover?"

"There's nothing you got I don't want, won't take on, Len." Like he could back away from that.

"Oh, your ass is mine." Looked like Galen had his breath back, because he got a hard kiss before Galen was sliding down to bite and lick at his nipples, playing those rings like a fucking master, hands rubbing the come into his skin. He bucked up, cock coming right back to life like his nipples were directly attached to his crotch. Damn.

"God, I love that. Love how sensitive you are. Love it when I can touch you here and feel it here." Now that was no fair. Using that voice, then rubbing his chest with that clipped little beard and cupping his cock with one hand.

"That's cheating, love. No talking. Makes me all... Mmm..." His toes curled, heels digging into the mattress.

"All's fair, darlin'." Galen played him, lips and tongue on his piercings until they were so sensitive he thought he might holler, fingers exploring his cock, his balls. His legs parted, then closed, fingers on those broad shoulders. Damn. Damn, he was buzzing. Galen moved down again, licking at his belly, getting him nice and clean. Each little ridge of muscle got nuzzled and kissed and nibbled.

That eased him some, made him more purr and rock then gasp and beg. The break was soon over, though, because Galen skipped right over the middle and moved low, teeth sinking into his thigh. His eyes went wide, shoulders fucking popping off the mattress as he hissed, heat flooding him.

"Yeah, lover. Yeah." He got a glinting grin up the length of his body before Galen zeroed in on his cock, swallowing him deep, hand pressing against his brand new bruise. He bucked, hips pushing

furiously, leg burning like a sweet fucking fire against that hand. Shane grabbed a pillow, groaned into it, fucking flying.

Galen kept working him, mouth moving up and down, tongue pushing into his slit. That hand slid up, fingers searching behind his balls, one pressing against his hole.

Oh. Oh, yeah. Len. Love. Please. Fuck. The words were groaned into the pillow, shudders rocking him.

"Mmmm." That rich moan vibrated around him, that finger pushing deep.

His shoulders rolled, hips hiccupping between mouth and hand. "Shit. Len. I... Oh, it's fucking good."

He was whispering, but it was a close thing. He thought maybe Len had forgotten their little bet, though, because he just kept going, that mouth like nothing else on earth, another finger sliding inside him, stretching him. Filling him. Like it wasn't about the game but about him and how he tasted and felt.

"Gonna make me come..." He spread wide, humping up, panting.

Galen pulled back just long enough to nod, then took him down, all the way down, swallowing around him. Fucking lights sparked behind his eyes and he shot, ass squeezing, cock jerking, room fucking spinning around him.

He was licked clean before Galen slid up beside him, nuzzling his neck. "You're the hottest thing I've ever seen, Shane. Fucking addictive."

He curled close, hand sliding along Len's back, cupping that fine ass. "You... Damn, Len. You're like nothing else ever."

"Good." There was a wealth of satisfaction there, just as warm and happy as Galen's smile. "Glad I don't have to clean up in here tomorrow. If we'd stayed in the kitchen? I woulda just come all over the floor."

He grinned, pleased as fuck that he made Galen need. "I'm not sure your momma's up to my brand of cleaning, love."

"Oh, I don't know. She might like to see you naked."

"Galen!" He swatted that butt, hard. "That's just wrong."

Galen just laughed, the sound loud as Hell after they'd been so quiet, and the both jumped violently as a loud pounding started up on the wall.

"All right, now," Galen's momma shouted. "You boys go to bed. I want my pancakes!"

His eyes went wide, cheeks burning. Oh, he was never leaving this bed again.

"Night, momma," Galen hollered right back. Then he grinned down at Shane. "Should have asked you to bring your pool, too."

"Shit, no. Can you imagine the wet spot?"

"Oh, Lord. We'd never live that down." Galen tangled right up with him, hands and mouth just moving lazily on him. "Mmm. I'll sleep good tonight, lover."

He nodded, held on, happy enough to stay awake awhile, listen to the sounds of Galen sleeping.

* * * *

Breakfast went well.

Momma and Shane got on well enough to scare him, and they ordered the most expensive big old breakfasts on the menu and made Galen pay for them. Like a couple of kids.

It was the funniest damned thing he ever did see, and Galen figured he must be getting soft. Well, not that way. Watching Shane lick syrup off a fork? Made him hard.

He was genuinely sad to see his momma go. Shane offered to go on back to his apartment, or to the house so they could say their goodbyes alone, but momma wasn't having any of it. She just linked arms with Shane and said, "You come on and see me off, honey. Galen will be lonely when I leave if you don't."

He hugged her tight when it was time for her to go catch her flight, holding on until she laughed and whapped him. He promised to come for Thanksgiving, and kissed her cheek, and she whispered, "I like him, baby," before she kissed him back and told him she loved him and hugged Shane, too.

And then she was gone.

Galen stared after her for a minute before turning and trying to summon up a smile for Shane. "You ready to go? She never wants me to stay and watch her plane leave. Says it's bad luck."

"Yeah, let's hustle." Shane nodded, gave him a grin. "She's a good lady, Len. Very cool."

"Yeah." She was. His momma was something else. And he was glad Shane was there. She was right, he was already lonely for her.

"You wanna go do something? Get a drink or something?" Shane's shoulder bumped his. "I'll let you beat my ass at pool."

"Sure. I don't know as I'm up to pool, but we could go get food or something." Breakfast had been a good five hours ago. And watching Shane eat again might just cheer him right up.

"Tickers has a happy hour deal. Munchies on the patio and we can watch the tourists avoid the porn shops and buy Halloween costumes."

Oh. That sounded good. But first Galen had to get Shane out to the truck so he could kiss him. "I like it. Let's go."

Shane nodded, bebopping along with the canned music, looking good in white, looking tan and sexy, hickey dark as sin on his throat.

His breath caught. Damn. He'd put that there, left his mark right on Shane's skin, and he started wondering if he could make it to the truck. Maybe they should find a bathroom. Or a quiet corner. Or a piece of floor. He wanted.

Shane looked over, blue eyes giving him a long, hot look, just dragging over him. "You good?"

He figured if Shane could misread the look he was giving? There was no way he could miss the bulge in his jeans. "Depends. I really want to just throw you down on one of those couches and fuck you 'til you can't walk."

"Somehow I think those little airline girls would disapprove. Come-stains, you know?" Shane's eyes lit up, that little ass moving faster.

"I do know. But you could always clean for them. Guaranteed mood improvement." He followed that ass like a hound after a raccoon, adjusting himself as surreptitiously as he could.

That got him a laugh, deep and husky, all about want and sex and pleasure. "Maybe I'll have to start hiring myself out. The Naked Maid."

"Oh, I don't think so, darlin'. Only one paying you to clean their house is gonna be me. And since I'm hoping you'll be living there you can do it for free." Lord. His mouth was on autopilot. That and he was thinking with his dick.

Shane turned, stared at him. "Really?"

He stopped on a dime to keep from running right into Shane. "Yeah. Didn't I ask you last night?"

"Well, no. You said I could leave shirts there for the weekends, which is different than full-time." Shane grinned, started walking again. "Could I bring my flamingo?"

"Sure. But no odd smells." He laughed, following Shane right out into the parking lot and to the truck, opening the passenger side for Shane and pushing right up against him, hidden from sight by the open door. "Want you around all the time, Shane."

"Oh." Shane pushed right back, meeting him halfway. "Promise I won't charge for cleaning, love."

"You'll work for beer and blow jobs?" He laughed, licking at Shane's neck, thinking very seriously of leaving a matching mark on the other side.

"And pancakes. I need periodic pancakes..." Shane rubbed against him, cock hard in those tight jeans.

"Pancakes I can do." He reached down, squeezed Shane's prick through those jeans and gave up the fight against the urge to bite.

"Shit. Len..." Shane arched up, throat working.

"Yeah. God, you taste good." Galen rubbed, his own hips working, lips and tongue moving on Shane's skin.

"You make me come and we can't... oh... can't go to Tickers..."

"Sure we can." Galen moved back, turned Shane and shoved him right into the truck on his back, opening those too, too tight jeans and pulling out Shane's cock to lick it. Jesus, if they got arrested his momma would never forgive him. Good thing he'd had to park a ways out.

"You... Sweet fuck!" Shane bucked up, hands scrabbling on the upholstery.

Hot. Saltsweatmusk. Galen moaned, pulling up to tongue Shane's slit before pushing back down, lips sealing tight.

He could feel Shane's cock throb, taste the need that slipped from the tip. "Gonna. Fuck. Love. Gonna..."

He wanted. Wanted it so bad. Galen urged Shane on, the seat hot under his hand as he braced so he could pinch Shane's nipples through that fancy shirt as he sucked.

"Shit!" Shane sat up, just like that, cock pulsing, seed filling his mouth.

Oh, God. Galen swallowed it all, digging deep in for his old legendary self control to keep from coming himself. He didn't need wet jeans either. Shane was flushed, panted, looked utterly fucking debauched.

Galen kissed him, keeping it short because he had to... needed to. Shit. He reached for the glove compartment, pulling out some napkins he'd stuffed in there, struggling to get his jeans open.

Shane reached for him, fingers pushing into his jeans. "Mine."

"Uhn." Man, he couldn't even talk. Galen humped Shane's fist, fumbling with the napkins, breath coming fast and hard. His cock was so damned hard that his belly ached, deep down, and his balls felt like rocks. "Shane. Lover."

"Yeah. Yeah, love. So fucking fine."

He couldn't hold it anymore, and Galen bit his lip on a cry, hips rolling as he shot right into Shane's hand, right out in front of God and everyone. Shane rubbed until it was too sharp, too much to bear, then pulled that hand up to lick it clean.

"Lord above, Shane. I thought I'd done just about everything." He grinned, taking a kiss before straightening up to get his clothes back together. Just in case someone came along.

Shane chuckled, shook his head. "You make me hotter than hell. Fucking in an airport..." Those blue eyes went wide, a grin pulling at the corners of that mouth. "Your momma didn't have a window seat, did she?"

"Lord, I hope not, or she surely saw my ass hanging out." Wouldn't that be a hoot and a half?

Shane lost it, cackling loud. "Get your fine hanging out ass in the truck and let's go to Tickers. I'll bitch that Rickie puts too much head on the beer and we can decide what you're going to be for Halloween."

"That sounds like a plan."

They would party tonight and go get Shane's stuff to move him in later. Because he wasn't going to forget about that. His momma was right. He'd be lonely all alone.

Chapter Ten

Shane parked in one of the big hotels, grinning over at Len, the sun pouring into the Jeep. The strip wasn't busy yet, tourists season well over, but the locals were gearing up for Halloween, the different shop windows filled with Spiderman and glittery boas and Scream masks. Too fucking fun.

"Come on, man. We need costumes. Cool costumes. Big tips on a bad working night costumes for me and something hot for you." He hopped out of the Jeep, grabbed his gimme cap.

"Is it a bad working night? I woulda thought it was fun." Galen followed, that big black hat sliding on to hide Galen's eyes.

"Oh, fun, but busy, shit." He shook his head. "We'll have every guy hunting meat showing up in Zorro costumes and swinging fake swords."

"The gay blade, huh?" Galen snorted. "What did you do last year? I reckon you have to be pretty well covered for health code reasons."

He turned red, looked into a store window away from Galen, muttering. "Imight'vebeenanangel."

Might have. Shit. Liquid latex. Vinyl pants. Halo. Wings. He'd made \$400 in tips.

"What was that?" He could hear Galen laughing at him, but it came with Galen's hand on his ass, goosing, so he guessed he could take it.

"An angel. White vinyl pants, liquid latex, wings. Angel." He shook his head. "It was something else."

"Oh, God." When he looked back over at Galen, the man was staring at him. Like that.

His cock bounced right to attention and he gave it a thump. Down boy. It's early. "You like wings or white?"

"I like vinyl pants and this." There was that hand on his ass again, this time cupping one cheek.

"Oh." He wiggled, just a little, heart beating. For that response, he'd wear vinyl. "Those things? Cling like you wouldn't believe."

"Oh, I believe it. You wear those and someday I'll break out my leather jeans." He could just barely see the flush on Galen's cheek under the hat as Galen pulled it down.

"Leather?" Oh, man. He let himself visualize, mouth fucking watering. "Oh, I'd pay to see that."

"And pay and pay, darlin'. With your ass. Are we shopping or going home to fuck?"

"Shopping. Then home to fuck." He grinned down at his prick, full and wanting to wave hi, shook his head. "You're gonna make me need to untuck my shirt."

"I could always thump it." Now Galen was just grinning, pushing the hat back up. Man, it was like some kind of barometer of mood or something. "Let's go get you something hot."

"Us. I reserved you a seat near the bar so you could see the stage." He grinned, winked. He'd never taken his free seat and damn if the guys weren't pissed he'd taken the best one for Len.

"Oh, Lord. Then I'd better go for a grim reaper robe or something." They headed into the first gaudy costume shop, Galen guiding him on in first.

"Oh, now... I was thinking elf or maybe fairy for you..." He made sure to stay well out of the way of Len's hands. Good thing, too, because he could hear Galen's growl, deep and rumbling. Sent a shiver up his spine.

He zipped around a rack, found a pair of cat ears. "Here, kitty kitty?"

"You? Are cruising for a bruising." Galen picked through the racks, looking at the stuff on them with a perplexed expression. It was funny as Hell. He had to wonder how long it had been since Len did Halloween.

He winked and held up a boa, looking at it. "Nah. Too fuzzy. You could be a trapeze artist..."

Galen picked up a cheap braided leather whip and looked at it consideringly. "You get the kitty ears and I'll be the lion tamer."

He tilted his head, tried to visualize a costume. "Maybe... If I can find non-fuzzy ears..."

"You're gonna let me beat you?" He got a laugh as Galen tossed the whip down. "Don't think you'd like it, darlin'."

"Huh?" He blinked over, tilted his head. "You lost me, there. Lion tamers just crack the whips."

"Yeah, well the only reason I even looked at it was your smart mouth." Oh, there was that look again. That gonna eat you up look. Damn.

He kept the racks between them, adjusted his cock. "Focus, Len. Costume. Something so I can admire your butt while I'm working."

"How can you admire my ass if I'm sitting up front? And if you really want that I have a pair of Levi's and an old pair of working chaps. I can play cowboy."

"Oh." He stopped, looked, thought about that, wiped the drool off the side of his mouth.

"Then all we need to do is find you something. How about a loin cloth?" Those dark eyes just twinkled at him, Galen's smile drawing up on one side.

"Not enough coverage. How about a scuba suit?" He was still pretty trapped in the whole chaps visual, thanks.

"No. We'll find you something, yeah?" Galen came around the rack and looked around carefully before rubbing on him a bit.

"Yeah." He was hard as a rock, couldn't help it, not with Galen right there, tempting him.

"That little girl behind the counter is giggling at us. Maybe we should ask her."

"Bitch." He bumped their hips together, blushing dark, eyes meeting the cashier's for half a second. "How about something scary?"

"Like what?" Galen brushed by him and he could feel Galen's hardness against him. "This would be scary."

It was a pink princess outfit.

"That? Would not get me tips, Len." He shook his head, grinned. "And pink's not my color."

"Well you wanted fear." It was fun, flirting with Len in plain sight of other people, just teasing back and forth. He didn't think he'd seen Galen in such a good mood. Of course that could have been the sex they'd had last night, too.

They wandered out of one store, into another -- monsters, glitter, animals, sparkles -- man, there was so much to choose from. "You could be a French maid and I could wear the chaps..."

"I look like crap in fishnet tights, Shane."

"Well, I'd suggest you shave your legs, but the stubble phase would seriously chafe."

Something made Galen stop and twirl around to look at him, eyes hot. "Now, there's something."

"What? Where?" Fuck that look was just... Yeah.

Galen lowered his voice, hand coming up to rest just above the button of his jeans. "Shaving you. I haven't done that."

Oh.

Fuck.

"Galen." He could hear the sudden rasp of his own voice.

"Yeah. Oh, damn. That would be hot." Galen was just staring, that hand on his belly hot, fingers petting.

His breath was coming quick, teeth sunk into his bottom lip. "I'll get some horns and be a demon. Then we can go home."

"Do I get to paint you black and red?" God, it was getting harder and harder just to stand there. A glance down told him Galen was about to push right out of his jeans. Shit.

"Yep. I have black vinyl pants. I'll find a tail." Someone was gonna have to hose them down, they didn't be careful.

"Oh, God, darlin' I think I need to go to the bathroom."

He nodded and groaned, biting on his bottom lip hard enough to draw blood. If shopping with Galen for costumes did this? He was never surviving Christmas.

Galen was looking around frantically, but there was nowhere to go. The shop was too damned small. "Okay, lover. I'm gonna go get the Jeep. You get the horns. We're going home."

He handed over his keys and nodded. "Horns, tail. I'll get the latex shit later."

"I'll meet you outside." He got all sorts of promises with that last look and then Galen was hobbling out of the store, hat coming off to be held low in front of his jeans.

He grabbed the little horns and spirit gum and leather tail, along with a black bow tie and black satiny cuffs for his wrists. Perfect. Just perfect

Galen was waiting for him in the Jeep as promised, legs spread wide and shifting every few seconds in his seat. He hopped up, breathing hard, hand sliding once along Galen's rock-hard thigh. "Home. Home, Len. We got... We got shit to do."

"Yeah. Gonna do you, Shane. So good." Galen arched against his touch before throwing the Jeep in gear and heading out, just fast enough to get them there without a ticket, but get them there quick. He nodded, watching the trees fly by, hand sliding on Len's thigh, damn near purring with wanting.

"Don't you dare make me wreck." Galen grinned over at him, the look feral. "I have plans for you."

"Focus on the road, then." He rubbed his cock through his jeans, fucking aching for it.

"You touching you ain't any better, darlin'. Just makes me want to watch." They were well out of town now, and Galen floored it, hitting the road that led out to the little house on the edge of the swamp and taking the curves on two wheels.

He hooted, grabbed onto the rollbar and held on for dear life. Fuck, his man could drive. They pulled up to the house in a spray of gravel and Galen was on him as soon as the Jeep was in park, pulling him at an awkward angle over the gear shift for a kiss. A hard kiss. One that made his toes curl.

He pushed right into it, hand wrapping around Galen's nape and pulling hard. Galen rubbed against him, hands moving, trying to find purchase. His mouth was opened wide, Galen's tongue pushing in to taste. There was no teasing. Just blind need.

He grabbed Len's hand, pushed down so he could hump against it, his own palm pushing hard against that sweet fucking prick.

"Fuck." Galen pulled back to breathe, to look at him like he was a feast for a starving man, then dove right back in, humping hard along with him. Driving them. He nipped at Galen's lip, growling, groaning, so fucking close it hurt.

Galen moaned, bucked, whole body shaking against him as Galen shot. He could smell it. It sent him right over the fucking moon, cock jerking and filling his jeans and fuck if it didn't happen often enough that he couldn't pretend to be shocked anymore.

They sat there, panting, Galen's hands moving on his back for a good while. Finally, Galen shifted, unwrapping them from the console. "That? Was not in the plan. But damn."

He chuckled. "Good thing we're flexible and can add to the plan."

"Yeah. Good thing." One big hand settled on his ass, then popped him lightly, the big ring Galen wore sometimes digging in. "Now, let's talk about that plan. Come on."

He let himself lean into Galen's side, the smell of sex turning him on all over again. "I'm right behind you, stud. You were going to let me shave you."

"Was I?" That got a laugh out of Galen. "I've done that. But if it floats your boat, darlin' I'll get all nice and bare for you."

He thought a second, then felt himself blushing dark. He liked the hair, liked the way it looked, how it felt on his ass, his hands. "I'm thinking you're damned fine as is, Len."

"Well, there you go. You are, too." Galen let them in the kitchen door, not bothering with a light. "But for me it's about the way you're gonna look while I'm doing it."

He shook his head, cheeks just burning. "Naked?"

"Naked and spread and wanting and so sensitive that my slightest touch will make you hard for at least two days. Kinda like when you got these." Galen tweaked his nipple. "Or if that was a naked now question? Hell, yes."

He groaned, toes curling as sensation shot through him, but he managed to laugh. "I can do naked."

"Good. Let's do that little thing, get cleaned up a little. Then I'm gonna shave you."

Heat and want made him nod, hands on Galen's ass, pinching and squeezing all the way to the bathroom. It was good to laugh with Galen, good to see that sparkle when Galen turned on him and started stripping him down. "You wanting something, lover?"

"Shit, Len. I'm still caught up in the idea of your fine ass in chaps."

"I'm assuming they'll still fit. Haven't worn them in years." Galen winked, got his shirt and his jeans off.

He managed to unfasten Galen's belt, tug the tight t-shirt up and off.

"Maybe I'll give you a preview after, yeah?" He got a grin, Galen stripping off the rest and turning on the water in the shower so they could rinse off.

"Ooo... yeah. Your sweet little ass framed in leather..." He stepped up, rubbing that ass in question.

"Mmm." Galen pushed back at him, easy as you please, and he had to grin as Galen turned around, pinning him up against the wall at the back of the tub. Pushy bastard.

Shane tweaked Galen's nipple, using the motion of his arm to protect his own.

"Oh, now that's not fair." Galen slid against him, wet and slick, hands running up his chest and under his arm to flick at his nipple ring, making him twitch.

He peeped a little, goosed Len nice and hard. "All's fair in love and war."

"True." He got a hard kiss before Galen held him there and scrubbed him until he was pink, looking him over and nodding. "Okay lover, where are you going to be comfy with this? You want to do it here in the tub?"

"What's easiest?" His cock was just bobbing. "Where are you least likely to turn me from a rooster to a hen?"

"Anywhere. I like this too much." Patting his cock, Galen nodded toward the little bench at the end of the tub. "Here will do just fine."

"Kay." He settled, leaning back into the tile, admiring his lover, that look that lit Len right up.

Galen bustled around getting trimmers and a razor and some cream and some lotion stuff; he assumed that was for after. The little cabinet under the sink yielded an enameled basin, and Galen grabbed some towels.

"Man, you keep all sorts of things under there." He chuckled, hand slowly stroking his prick as he watched Len move.

"Amazing, huh?" Galen looked at him, looked down at his hand and cock. "Goddamn, you're hot. You ready?"

"I was born ready." The words made him chuckle, and he wiggled his ass, keeping Galen's attention. Not like he'd had any trouble doing that. Galen knelt in front of him, that look wicked as Galen bent and licked at his fingers and the head of his cock.

"Mmm..." He moaned, spread a little. "Wicked tongue."

"I do try, darlin'." His hand was batted away, Galen lifting his cock, stroking a couple of times. "You're gonna have to hold still."

"I can do still."

In theory.

Sometimes.

"Oh good." Yeah, and Len knew, too, gave him an evil look, that mouth curling up on one side. The vibrations of the trimmer damn near killed him, buzzing and tugging and making him pant. Then he got all lathered, and did that feel weird? Cold. But not enough to wilt him.

He looked down, belly going tight, feet shifting. "I can't believe we're doing this. The costume pants are going to be impossible to hide a hard-on in..."

"Oh, yeah. And I can look at you all night and know it's for me and no one else. Now, don't move." Oh, fuck. The razor scraped up under his balls, oh so gently, sending chills right up and down his spine.

"Oh." The sound he made was low and a little raw, his balls wrinkling right up.

"Yeah. Feels crazy, doesn't it." God, even Galen's breath as he spoke was making him twitch.

"Uh-huh. Fuck." He bit his bottom lip, hands gripping the edge of the bench.

Galen backed off. "Breathe, lover."

He chuckled, pinked a little. "It's just intense, yeah?"

"Hell, yes. You look... God, you're killing me, babe." Galen leaned up and kissed him and when he sat back he had shave cream on his belly. Those hands took to him again, the razor sliding over his flesh again and again.

God, it looked weird, the sudden sight of skin, all pale and... bare.

Galen finally rinsed him off, hands sliding over him as if to test the smoothness. "Oh. Shane. If you could see your face. And this." Galen touched his belly, muscles tight, skin flushed. "Makes me insane."

His thighs went tight, ass sliding a little. "Oh, sweet fuck. I can fucking feel the air."

"Yeah." Bending, Galen blew across his bare skin, the hot air flowing over him, drying the last of the water.

"Len!" Goosebumps drew up all over, his cock slapping his belly with a smack.

"Mmmhmm. Now just wait until you feel this." The short, clipped beard scraped against the base of his cock, his balls, as Galen bent and rubbed against him like a cat who wanted petting.

"Oh." His legs spread, knees drawing up, his fucking breath pouring out of him like he'd been sucker punched.

Galen just grinned, eyes on his face as Galen's lips closed over his cock and slid right down. The noises that poured out of him were unreal, inhuman, but he didn't have any words left, just want and need. And Len gave him just what he needed, hands and mouth working him. The skin behind his balls got stroked, his sacs rolled, his cock swallowed down to the root. And all the while Galen watched.

He watched those dark eyes, breath hitching, hips moving in little jerks as his balls went tight. When his orgasm hit, it was the scrape of that mustache against his skin that sent him over.

Galen surged up and took a kiss, hard and deep and tasting like him. Galen's cock pressed against his leg, insistent, hot as a brand.

"Fuck me." He tugged Galen closer, hoping to shit he made sense cause his brain was just swirling.

"Yeah." Oh, smart, smart man, his Galen. He'd brought the lube when he brought everything else. Oh, damn. There was no sweet and easy preparation, just three fingers sliding right into him, spreading him wide.

Fuck, he loved the burn, ass shifting, sharp sounds pushed right out of him. The sharp feeling took his breath. Galen gave him only a few seconds to get used to it, then those fingers were gone and he was slipping right off the bench and onto Galen's cock.

"Yeah." His head fell back and his hands found Galen's shoulders. "Yeah, love."

"God, Shane. You make me... love." Galen started moving, short, sharp punches of his hips. And those hands. From his nipples to his cock, they teased him as much as Galen's mouth on his throat. He just fucking lost it. His skin sparked, ass full, cock throbbing again already. He just shorted out, not thinking, not doing anything but feeling and riding that cock.

They slapped together, gravity pulling him down, Galen pushing him back up. Galen bit down on his collarbone, stroking his cock and rolling his balls. He screamed, the pressure overwhelming, head snapping back, body squeezing Len's cock. Galen moaned, the sound deep, guttural, that thick cock jerking inside him, filling him.

Whimpering, melted, Shane just settled against Galen, trying to catch his breath.

They sort of slid down into the tub, tangled together, the basin of water tipping and spilling. Galen held him, panting, forehead resting on his shoulder. He reached up, stroked Galen's hair, words just not working.

Even Galen's usual smart mouth seemed out of order. They just sat there for the longest time, until finally Galen heaved them up and rinsed them off under the shower again. They stumbled out of the bathroom together, a couple of big towels in their hands, and by the time they got to the bed he could see every muscle in Galen's body shaking with the effort.

He pulled Galen down into the covers and snuggled in, lips sliding against Len's, keeping them close. Galen's leg slid over his thigh, one hand sliding between them to cup his crotch possessively. Just holding him.

The purr that left him was sleepy, peaceful, and Galen smiled against his lips, both of them relaxing. Resting.

He grinned, blinking against the sleepy weight of his eyes. He'd better get some rest. Between the promise of Galen in chaps and the way those vinyl pants were going to feel with him shaved like he was? Halloween was gonna take all of his energy and then some.

* * * *

He wiggled and shifted and stretched and pushed himself into the black vinyl pants. They laced at the crotch and all the way up the back. He turned and twisted. They looked... Tight. Really tight.

Still, that meant tips and hopefully a guarantee of Len's attention all night.

He attached the tiny rubber horns with the spirit gum, shook his head to assure they were stuck on and then went to find his cowboy. "I need you to paint my shirt on, Galen."

"Oh, damn. Shane. Those...." Galen was looking at him, standing there wearing just a pair of tight, tight jeans and his boots. "Holy fuck."

He stopped still, eyes dragging over Len's body, those tight-tight jeans. "Yeah..."

Clearing his throat, Galen nodded toward his pants. "Wow. Uh. Where's the paint stuff?"

"Out on the deck." He bent, grabbed a towel. "You ready?"

"Yeah. I can put the rest of mine on after. Be easier to move around this way."

"You look fine." He led the way out to the deck, working out the most comfortable way to walk in the tight pants.

"And you look indecent." He could hear the laughter in Galen's voice, and soon enough felt Galen's hand on his ass.

"I'm all covered. Legal. Or will be." He wiggled back into the touch and then hurried forward.

"Yeah. Seems a shame." They got out on the deck, Galen taking up the latex and looking at the package.

"You think I should cover the rings?"

Galen frowned, and Shane could tell the desired answer was no, but Galen shook his head. "I don't know. What is the health code like? If it you're supposed to wear a shirt we need to cover them up.

"The latex should be enough..." He stopped. "Oh! The collar and cuffs! You should see them before we start!"

He ran in, found the little bag with the bow tie and cuffs.

He came back out with them, holding them up, but Galen took the bow tie and shook his head. "This would work for a Chippendale dancer, but not for a demon, darlin'."

Shane chuckled, winked. "Well, it's what I have, Len. I was sorta... busy when I picked them out."

"I know." Oh, that grin was just evil. It was Galen's turn to head inside, telling him, "I have something better."

He shook his head, reading the latex can, opening it to smell. Wicked.

Galen came back out, something dark in his hand, shining with silver d rings. "We'll try this."

He arched his eyebrow, going over to look. "Oh, that's... like a real collar."

Holding it up for him to look, Galen nodded. "I got it a while back. When I went to Miami that time."

Shane blinked, head tilting. "It looks... Sexy."

"It certainly is to me. If you don't like it, after it's on, you can use the bow tie." Galen wouldn't quite look at it, just took the latex from him, setting the collar aside. "You ready?"

"Yep. You think I should hold my arms out?" He spread his arms, wiggling, bouncing a little. "Man, you need to remind me to grab the camera so I can shoot the people's neat costumes."

"That works." He wasn't sure if Galen meant the arms or the camera, but the Galen started painting him and it didn't matter. The brush dragged on his skin, the latex heavy and clinging and... Oh. Damn. Weird and hot.

"Shane. The things you do to me." He got a light kiss on his shoulder before it was covered with the latex, then his neck.

"Man. Man, that's..." He wiggled, nipples hard, cock harder. "Fucking odd, but sexy." He winked at Len. "Good tips, huh?"

"Yeah. Damn." He got a lopsided grin as Galen moved around in front, painting away.

His belly jerked, soft chuckles coming right out of him. "Tickles. Oh, fuck. Tickles."

"Stop wiggling, you nut." Galen grabbed his ass, held him in place. Man, with those pants it was almost like Len was touching his skin.

"Fuck, this is damn near like being naked."

"Yeah. You look..." He could see how he looked, reflected by the heat in Galen's eyes, in the way Galen's hands were less purposeful and more wandery.

"It's gonna be Hell, working tonight, knowing you're right there."

Galen pinched his ass. "Yeah. If you see me disappear out to my truck for a bit you'll know what I'm doing."

"Oh. Now. That's just mean..." He could see it, though, Galen spread, cock pressing out of the tight jeans.

"Well. I could let you blow me on your break." Galen worked in silence for a bit, then stepped back to look at him. "Sex on two legs."

He looked down, shimmied a little, watching as the latex moved with him. "Wow. Neat."

A groan sounded, Galen looking at him, rubbing the front of his jeans. "Wanna try the collar?"

"Yeah. Okay." He turned and grabbed it. "You want to put it on for me?"

"Hell, yes." The collar jingled a little as Galen picked it up, and the heavy, cool weight of it settled around his throat, Galen buckling it in the back.

He swallowed, the pressure of the leather different, distracting. "Oh. Wow. It's like... I won't be able to forget I have it on."

Pressing against it with his fingers, Galen nodded. "Is that bad?"

He lifted his chin, thighs parting a little, hips shifting. "No."

"Good." Man, Galen's voice was low, throaty. Growling. And those hands were all over him, touching, petting.

He moaned, shifting, so fucking hard. "Oh, fuck. Len. Going to make me need."

"I already need, lover. But I'm afraid to mess you up."

"The pants unlace in the back..."

"Oh, god." Galen reached for him, then pulled back. "Wait, darlin'. I think there's something missing."

"Missing?"

"Yeah. Part of my costume that I think we need." Galen grinned wildly and dragged him back into the house. His latex was mostly dry so it was okay.

"Your..." He followed, laughing, hot and horny and happy as fuck.

"Yeah. Mine." Leaving him standing in the living room, Galen disappeared and came back out a few minutes later buckling the last of the buckles on an old, worn pair of leather chaps.

"Oh." He bit his bottom lip, throat working, moving the collar. "Oh."

Shirt and hat hitting the couch where he tossed them, Galen grinned and struck a cowboy pose from Hell, hips thrust out, legs spread wide, those chaps just framing... everything. "What do you think?"

"Oh." Fuck him raw, that was the finest thing he'd ever seen.

"Now, where were we?" That bulge in Galen's jeans just... it stood right out. All for him. Galen moved close, leaning down for a kiss, hands settling on his ass, playing with the laces on his pants.

"You were making me harder than stone." He met Len's eyes, pushed up for kiss, fingers stroking that hot package.

"Am I?" Galen reached for him, fingers brushing against the laces of his pants, in the front this time.

"Yeah. Fucking hot, Len." His hips bucked, pushing into the touch, cock just throbbing.

"You are. That's for sure. Too damned bad you have to work." Galen grinned, no heat behind the words. Well not the annoyed kind. There was plenty of the other kind.

"Tell me about it. Good money night, though, and if we were out playing we'd have to be sort of good." He licked Len's lips, damn near purring.

"I know." His lower lip got nipped before Galen pulled him close by his laces and kissed him hard enough to make his head spin. He groaned, opening wide, the collar heavy, stiff on the back of his neck.

Galen's free hand came up, grabbed a loop on the collar and pulled. "This is blowing me away, lover."

He arched, throat working. "It's something else. So... I don't know. Kiss me."

That was one thing Galen seemed willing to do for a good long while, bending him back with it, tongue pushing into his mouth. Whiskey and heat, that was Galen, and he smelled like sweat and leather. By the time their lips parted, his head was swimming, heart just pounding furiously, cock harder than Chinese algebra.

"God, Shane. This is weird as Hell." Galen stroked his shoulder, grinning. "But damned hot."

"It's Halloween and I've got devil horns, Len. Weird as Hell is all part and parcel of the whole gig." He shivered, winked.

"Yeah. Is it weird that I want to fuck you in front of a mirror, Shane?" They'd done that before, once, but then it had been so he could see the marks Galen had left on him. This time? He wasn't sure what that would be like.

"I guess, but sort of hot. You know?"

"Yeah." He got a warm chuckle, right against his ear. "It would keep me from messing you all up. But then you couldn't see me, could you?" Galen frowned. "We're getting too fucking technical. C'mere."

Oh. That kiss? Not technical at all. Just hot, all the way to his toes. He slid his hands all the way up Len's body, holding on tight, vinyl rasping against denim. Sweet fuck, yes. So fine. Galen's hands worked around to his ass, unlacing the tight vinyl pants. The kiss went on until little black spots danced in front of his eyes. Air. Damn.

The kiss broke with a pop and he swayed, gasping. "Oh. Oh, shit. Gonna cream my pants, Len, we're not careful."

"Mmm. Fuck, I'd love that, you smelling like come all night. But it would probably be not so comfy." Galen was laughing, panting, rubbing against him like a cat. "Let's get them open from this side, too, yeah?"

"Yeah." He reached down, worked the laces open enough for his cock to push through.

"So pretty." Galen slid right down, mouth sliding over Shane's cock, hands sliding into his pants to find his ass and pinch and squeeze.

"Oh. Oh, your..." His head fell back. That mouth. That amazing fucking mouth.

"Mmhmm." Man, he loved it when Galen hummed for him like that. It vibrated around him. Sent chills up his spine. Galen tongued his slit, fingers spreading his ass, sliding along his crease.

He rocked, fucked Galen's lips, fingers stuttering up along his belly toward his nipples, the latex odd and slick. Galen went all the way down, lips working him, tongue pushing against the veins on the underside of his prick. One finger circled his hole, pressing gently, and Galen leaned back to lick at his fingers before sliding back into place and shoving that wet finger right in.

"Fuck!" His knees bent and he rode that finger, cry just torn from him.

The one became two, Galen opening him, pushing right in deep until he found the spot inside that made Shane feel like he was gonna pass out. He could feel Galen's beard against him, those lips pushing all the way down to the base of his cock.

He went up on tiptoe, coming so hard he felt it in the base of his skull, room just spinning.

Galen hummed again, licking him, sucking lightly until he stopped shaking and his cock actually started to hurt. The Galen pulled off, hands still holding him up. "Gotta let go, darlin'. Need to come."

"Oh. Oh, fuck. Yeah." He nodded, hands reaching for Galen. Galen let him help, opening those jeans, that thick cock jutting out of denim and leather, looking fucking amazing. Obscene, only in the good way. His fingers traced over the shaft, petting, looking at the sight of the leather framing that heavy cock.

"Uhn. Yeah. Shane. Please." Galen thrust up, trying to get more of his touch, thighs like stone. Galen's chest and belly were flushed, his face red and set. Those eyes just burned him.

Oh. Oh, sweet fuck. He started pumping, hard and fast, just like Len needed it, eyes fastening onto that fine body.

Galen's whole frame bucked, those big muscles shivering. Thrusting hard, Galen talked to him, telling him how hot he looked, how those vinyl pants should be illegal, how much Galen loved looking at him. That voice was like velvet over steel wool, scraping along his nerves, stroking him.

Shane groaned, dropping to his knees, mouth dropping over that prick like a ton of bricks, sucking like a starving man.

"Oh. Sweet Christ!" Took all of five seconds for Galen to come, shooting hard down his throat, moaning and petting and cursing. He cleaned Len's prick, licked until the sharp male salt was gone. Then he leaned back, licking his lips.

"Are you sure you can't call in sick?" He could see the regret in Galen's eyes, knew he already knew the answer. But it warmed him anyway.

"Yep. But I arranged to work through my supper break and get off at midnight." He grinned, winked. "That said, I ought to get cleaned up and head out."

Galen nodded, hands closing and opening like they did when Galen wanted to reach for him. "I'll be right behind you, darlin'. Just got to put my shirt on and shit. But if we go in the same vehicle? We'll never get there."

He grinned, nodded. "You're gonna let me ride you... ride home with you, right?"

"You know it, lover. On both counts." Galen heaved up off the floor, closing up those jeans and straightening his buckles. "You're not going home with anyone but me."

Right, like that would ever occur. "You know it."

"Good." Galen helped lace him back up, checked him over for bare spots. "Okay. Go. Before I jump you again."

"Okay. I have your stool saved." He took a quick kiss. "Wish me enough tips to start a skiing trip fund."

"I'll wish you that and more. I'll be there."

"Cool." He grinned and grabbed the extra latex, in case of rips. That old man wanted a tug at his nipples.

* * * *

The place was hopping, even as early as Galen got there. Damn. Of course, Miss Lynn told him that Halloween was sort of the last big rip snorter before the holidays when things slowed down, so Galen figured that made sense.

There were ghosts and ghouls and vampires mixed among a dizzying array of fairies and angel wings and pretty boys in hot pants. It reminded him of Mardi Gras, just on a smaller scale. The band was good, the whiskey a nice burn in his belly, and all in all it was good.

The best part though? Was Shane. Shane looked like an otherworldly sex slave, with his painted on shirt and pants two fucking sizes too small and those little horns. Made Galen hard. Made him pant. And he sat there on his stool right up front and felt like he was so damned obvious. But damn.

He went up for another drink, watching until Shane caught a breather to wander over and grin over the bar at him.

"Hey, love. You dry?" Shane was glowing under the light, the D-rings on the collar sparkling. A bottle of JD was grabbed, poured over two ice cubes.

He nodded, grinned, tipping his hat. "That and I wanted a closer look."

Shane's eyes dragged over him, almost a touch. "Have I mentioned you're fine, Mr. Frost?"

"You might have a time or two." He liked hearing it though. Liked even more the way people looked at him and Shane standing there. They made a striking contrast. "It's getting on to midnight. You sure you can get away?"

"I worked my time, Len. I have plans with a certain cowboy."

"Yeah." That look made him hotter than a two dollar pistol. "Watching you all night has been an exercise in will, lover."

Shane pinked, stepped back from the bar and grinned. "That sounds almost fun... exercising your will."

"Oh, you think so?" There was a certain set of straps they hadn't used yet from their vacation. Maybe he ought to break them out when they got home. They went with the collar.

"I do." Those eyes just twinkled, challenging, playing, hot as Hell.

He wanted to just drape Shane over the bar and fuck him. Damn. He couldn't ever remember having urges that caveman in his life before Shane came along. "Well, if that's the treat you want, darlin', we can do it."

"Five minutes. Ten at the top." Shane reached out, stroked the top of his head and bebopped off, pouring another few beers and taking his share of tips.

He hoped Shane found the hundred he'd slipped into those pants.

It was forever and no time at all before Shane came across the bar, eyes shining. "Hey, you! Our vacation fund? Rocking!"

"Yeah?" He grinned, sliding his hand over Shane's ass. "Why's that?"

Shane pressed close, laughing as he avoided a nearly naked guy in bat wings. "Because I'm fucking lucky, Mr. Frost."

"Well, now, that I can agree with. You have me." He put an arm around Shane's waist, pressing along one side of that fine body, fingers sliding over the latex.

"I do." Shane was laughing, pressing right into him. "We staying or going to play?"

"If you want to stay awhile we can." He wanted to go, was in fact steering Shane toward the door, but he would stay if Shane really craved a party.

"I work here." Shane moved easy, greeting and nodding and heading right for the door with him. Oh, he did love that man. Galen hauled Shane out of the crowd, right out into the dark, pushing him up against the wall and kissing him hard.

Shane got himself a double handful of ass, opening right up for him, the hint of tequila on his breath. They kissed until Galen had worked out a little of his pent up lust. Just a little. He might make it to the truck.

They panted together, then Shane threw back his head, laughed. "Come on. Let's exercise your will."

Then the little shit took off like a shot, still laughing. Oh, he was gonna own that ass. Galen took off after, herding Shane toward his truck. They could come back for the Jeep. Shane looked fucking amazing, latex and vinyl moving and shifting and shining.

He could hear the collar jingling, and that made it damned hard to run. Shit, so much for his much vaunted control. He got to the truck just in time to press Shane against it, rubbing against that tight laced ass.

Shane rubbed back, breathing hard, body fucking begging for it. "Oh. Oh, is this exercising, Len?"

"Yeah. It is." He tugged the collar rings, then the nipple rings, hidden under the latex. "It is."

Shane groaned, rocking back, ass just rubbing away. "Good."

He nipped a spot just under Shane's ear. "Nope. Come on, in the truck." He wanted home. Now.

"Tease." The word didn't hold any heat, all want and laughter and mischief.

"Nope. Just your average horny devil." He couldn't help it. He had to. They piled into the truck and he took another kiss, unable to keep his hands to himself.

Shane's hand dropped to his cock, pushing, stroking through the denim. "Home. Home, Len, so we can play."

"God, yes." He took Shane's hand and put it back on Shane's side of the cab. Because otherwise? Shit. He got the truck started up and headed for home. And this time he didn't give a shit about going the speed limit.

"Did you see the guy in the pink bunny costume? He must have been melting in there." The chatter went on, Shane bouncing a little, hands reaching for him, then backing away. He was glad Shane talked. Gave him something to concentrate on besides his dick. And the road. That he always concentrated on. No way was he gonna bust Shane up in a wreck. He nodded and uh-huhed, squealing to a stop outside the back door of the house.

Shane slid out of the truck before he could catch him, heading for the house, just fucking vibrating. Galen went right after him, catching him just inside the kitchen door. "Gonna make it so good, lover."

Shane groaned, pushing into him and nodding, the little horns bobbing. Galen took his hat off, tossed it aside and pushed Shane up against the wall, just feeling like he needed to have that full body rub, feeling like it gave him control. Shane was hotter than the hinges of Hell, pushing into him, the latex stretching, wrinkling.

"God, Shane. Make me crazy." He herded them toward the bedroom, knowing if he was gonna rise to Shane's challenge? He was gonna have to tie him up.

Shane wasn't helping, grabbing and kissing, playing hard, all laughing temptation. He loved that, loved how hot Shane was for him, how hot Shane made him. But he wasn't a stubborn man for nothing, and he was determined to play the hard ass. He finally got Shane into the bedroom and sorta flung him at the bed, just to buy a few moments without those searching hands.

Shane bounced on the mattress, toeing off shoes and pulling the devil horns off. "How does this latex shit come off, Len?"

"I get to peel you like a grape, darlin'." He took off his own boots and shirt, leaving the chaps on over his jeans. Then he went searching for the toys.

Shane chuckled, the sound fading to a low moan as he bent in the closet. "I think you should put the chaps into your regular rotation, Len."

"You think?" He turned, and the look on Shane's face told him he really ought to consider it for sure. Damn. Galen wandered over to the bed, hips rolling, putting on a show. "Gimme your hands."

Shane reached out for him, just like that, leaning so those lips could slide over his belly, soft and hot as Hell.

He got Shane's wrists cuffed, debating on tying them together. The possibilities with this set of cuffs and tethers were endless. He let Shane's mouth work on him, moaning, petting Shane's hair. Shane groaned, whispering little praises on his skin, tongue slipping out to lick the salt from his skin.

He let it go as long as he could, watching Shane who was oddly not Shane work him before pulling him up by the collar. "No more of that. At least not yet."

"Pushy old man." Those eyes were all Shane, blue and bright and pure wicked mischief.

"Old? You watch it, young'un." Lord, he loved Shane's eyes. He? Was turning into a sap. Just for that he took one of the tethers and brought Shane's hands down behind Shane's back, tying them together.

"I can't touch if you do that." True, but having those hands back there pushed that chest out, nipples protected by a thin coat of latex.

"I know." He winked, and reached for the covered nipples, testing Shane's sensitivity through the latex covering.

Shane moaned, shoulders shifting, legs sliding a bit. "Damn."

"Oh, now, that's pretty." Galen studied the straps, deciding on Shane's ankles next. He pulled Shane all the way up to kneel, attaching cuffs to Shane's legs and then tying the wrists down to that, leaving enough slack so as not to strain. That pushed Shane's belly and chest out, made his hips arch. Fuck yes.

Flushed and breathing hard, Shane watched him close, licking those open lips, looking sexy as fuck all in black -- collar to ankles.

He leaned down to lick at Shane's lips too, going back for another pass at Shane's nipples. Like he could resist those. He could feel the rings under the latex. Then he worked down to undo the laces on those tight vinyl pants.

That pretty, heavy cock just pushed right out, spreading the laces, reaching for his hands. Holy fuck that was gorgeous. Galen took it in his hand, feeling the heat of it, the weight. The angle of Shane's arms and legs made it jut out, made Shane look otherworldly.

"Oh. Len..." The position kept Shane off-balance, kept the jerks toward his hand short, sharp.

"Yeah, lover. Yeah." Fucking amazing. He grinned. Too bad it was a wee bit late for the cock ring. That was supposed to go on before Shane was fully hard. Definitely too late for that.

"That smile is the sexiest thing I've ever seen. Look like you could just eat me alive."

"I could." He stroked Shane's cock, bent to kiss that mouth again. His thumb rubbed over the slit, gathering up moisture to bring up and rub against Shane's lips.

Shane groaned, low and raspy, lips wrapping around his thumb and sucking it right on in.

The next taste he took for himself, fingers dipping back down then sliding into his mouth. Galen sucked Shane off his own fingers, eyes holding Shane's, making all sorts of promises. Swallowing hard, Shane whimpered, body rippling, just offering it all up.

"Yeah. Just like that." Those vinyl pants were a bit of a challenge, but Galen finally got them unlaced, got them pulled down around Shane's thighs. Yeah. He could get to both that sweet cock and that tight ass, now. Perfect. The latex left a rough, ragged line along Shane's waist, the gold skin pale against the black.

It was fucking hot for some reason. The whole thing was. Shane in the collar. The latex. The way Shane was tied. All of it. Galen moved back and opened his own jeans, suddenly needing the space.

"Uhn..." Shane's hands twisted, thighs parting. "Want."

"Soon, lover. Soon." Galen moved up, rubbed his cock against Shane's, the heat making him gasp and growl. Teeth scraped on his shoulder, Shane leaning into him, stretching.

God, that was good. Galen didn't want to hurt Shane, but he wanted more skin, wanted those hot little nipples, so he started in on the latex, just right around those pretty pierced bits. The plastic stretched and then tore, leaving sweet little bare patches of skin. He could smell Shane, smell that sharp need.

That was what he wanted. Galen reached right for that skin, petting, pinching, humping hard against Shane's prick. He wanted everything, and he was like a starving man at a feast, not knowing where to start.

"Need your mouth, love. Please. Kiss me."

He watched Shane struggle for another half a minute, watched those muscles pull and stretch, trying to get to him. Then Galen leaned down and kissed Shane hard, tongue pushing in, teeth pressing against Shane's lips. Shane cried out, tilting and off balance, lips opening right up.

Galen slipped one arm between Shane's back and tied arms, holding him upright as he took Shane's mouth fiercely. God, he was addicted to that taste, to those little cries. They humped together, Shane begging for him, arched and moaning, cock leaking pure heat. Galen reached down, took Shane's cock in his hand and pumped, fingers working the shaft, sliding down to tease Shane's balls. All the while they kissed, moved, nibbled.

"Close." Shane shifted, body trying to find a rhythm.

"Yeah, lover. Come on." Galen wanted to see that. Wanted to feel it. Shane groaned, the moan low and sweet, almost a sigh, heat pulsing out over his hand. He watched until Shane stopped shaking, listened to every noise before bringing his hand to his mouth and licking it clean. The taste was sharp, bitter. Shane.

"Oh." Shane leaned against him, blinking slow, breath slowing. "Fucking fine, Len."

His own breathing was going double time, his heart pounding, the need driving him. "Yeah, darlin'. That was so, so fine." He shifted, moved around to untie Shane's hands and feet. He wanted those fancy vinyl pants off, wanted that fine ass right now.

Shane's hands reached right for him, working buckles and zippers. He figured he'd imposed his will enough for one night, and he let Shane help him. He even sprawled back when Shane shoved him, landing on his back, newly freed cock jutting up. "Gonna ride me, Shane?"

Shane wriggled completely out of the pants, leaning to lick his shaft, getting it good and wet. "You know it."

"Good." That would be fucking amazing. He reached out for Shane's skin, feeling the edge of it just under the latex, sliding up over the odd covering to pull at a little gold ring that was starting to shine for him again.

"Uh-huh." Shane nodded, crawled up his thighs, and straddled his cock.

Oh, Hell, yes. Galen grabbed those lean hips, fingers digging in, and pulling Shane down to position him, reaching behind to spread Shane wide.

"Yeah." That tight little hole rubbed across the tip of his cock, hot, teasing, tempting.

"Fuck, love. No teasing." He pulled, the head of his cock pushing in. So tight. So damned ready for him.

Shane's hands landed on his chest, bearing down. "No more teasing. Fuck me."

Galen moaned, the sound torn out of him, and pulled Shane all the way down, hips pushing right up. His cock slid all the way in, the muscles in his belly and chest straining as he arched up and pulled back, fucking Shane as strong and hard as he could.

His lover didn't hold back, bucking and riding, head thrown back, collar dark on the taut throat. It was surreal, that chest and belly he loved so much painted dark, the collar he'd bought just for Shane just screaming 'mine', and Shane giving it up to him like there was no tomorrow. Galen strained to hold it, to keep it going. To prolong it as much as he could.

"Fuck." Shane leaned forward, eyes meeting his, so fucking blue. "Love this. Love you."

Galen bucked, hands coming right up without any thought to pull Shane down for a kiss as he shot, his cock jerking inside Shane's body. Damn. Just damn.

Shane settled, tongue sliding and kissing, slow, easy.

He petted Shane's hair, murmuring low. "Mmm. Love you, Shane."

"Yeah. Been the best fucking year, Len. You just make it for me."

"God, yeah. Happy Halloween lover." He couldn't ask for more than that ringing endorsement, could he? He kissed Shane hard, hand sliding down Shane's back. Oh, Hell. They couldn't go to sleep with the latex on. "Time to strip you like a willow branch, darlin'."

"That sounds perverse as fuck." Shane giggled.

"Like the rest hasn't been?" He laughed, too, smacking Shane's ass. They'd get Shane stripped off, cleaned up, and maybe have another go. Then they'd go to bed. Who said he didn't know how to do tricks and treats up right?

Chapter Eleven

The doorbell woke him up sometime about nine-thirty. Galen grunted, blinking at the clock, and at Shane, who was blissfully unaware. Thank goodness he'd hired Danny Able to open the bait shop for him these days, because when Shane was off work? Galen'd started sleeping on his schedule.

He rolled out of bed and padded to the front door, wondering who in Hell was ringing, because anyone who knew him knew to just pound on the kitchen door, or had a key to let themselves in, so it had to be a stranger. He was right.

When he opened the door it was three strangers standing there, all of them familiar faces, but all of them well forgotten until just now. They were old football buddies, well, at least Robbie and Sam were. The other smiling face hit him like a blow to the gut, leaving him gasping.

"Hey there, Lenny," Robbie said. "Gonna let us in? We brought doughnuts."

Robbie was grinning, holding up a box of glazed and jelly doughnuts like it was the most natural thing for three ex-pro ball players to be in the Keys in November showing up at the house of a man who hadn't talked to them in two years.

Shane pushed a pair of cutoffs in his hand, peering through the window a little. "Lenny?"

Oh, fuck. He was standing there naked. Galen turned his back and put on the shorts. He wanted to tell them no, no way was he letting Jack Lehman in his house, not ever. But Robbie and Sam didn't know, and God willing they never would.

"Yeah, come on in." He looked at Shane. "Some old football guys."

"Oh." Shane tilted his head, gave him a look. "I could make myself scarce, if you want."

"No!" It came out a little too forceful, but he couldn't help it. "Could you make coffee? We'll be there in a minute and I'll introduce you and all."

"Sure. Pot of Joe coming up." Shane grinned, tugged on a t-shirt and headed for the kitchen.

Galen turned back to the guys as they filed in, trying hard not to glare. They all just grinned at him like the idiots they were.

"Got yourself a new thing, huh, Lenny?" Sam was a big, beefy blond who was going to seed if the beer gut was any indication. Still, Galen had always liked him best out of the three for his sunny disposition, and he summoned a smile.

"Yeah. Y'all behave, okay? He's a good one."

"Oh sure. Sure." That was Robbie, looking about as innocent as a fox in the henhouse.

Jack just looked at him, finally nodded. "Hey, Galen."

Galen just grabbed the doughnuts, heading for the kitchen and Shane, knowing that would make it easier for him to deal. God, it was fucking weird to see them, to see Jack and not try to fucking kill him.

The coffee was perking, five cups out on the table, along with the sugar and milk and some spoons. Shane gave them all a smile, a nod. "Morning, y'all. Coffee'll be up in two shakes."

Sam chuckled. "Cute and efficient."

"Yeah, and taken." Galen growled it, giving Sam a dire look before moving to get a plate for the doughnuts. "Come on and sit down. I won't bite. What the Hell are y'all doing here?"

They all pulled out chairs and plopped down, Robbie giving him another of those annoying grins. "We were in Miami visiting Chuck and Sam said, 'we should go see Lenny'."

Shane brought the coffee pot over, poured, the act practiced and still vaguely asleep. Galen stroked Shane's thigh as he passed, taking comfort in the normalcy of it. He was glad as anything they hadn't brought Chuck with them, or he would have sent them packing and pride be damned. He waited until Shane sat to make the introductions.

"Shane, this is Sam, Robbie and Jack. Fellas this is Shane."

"Hey, y'all." Shane gave everyone a grin, a nod. "Nice to meet you."

The three of them nodded, shook all around, even Jack.

God, he wanted to snarl. Galen took a deep breath, grabbing Shane's hand lightly as he reached for a doughnut, running his fingers over Shane's palm. "So, y'all heading back up to Miami tonight?"

"Nope." Sam munched a jelly, crumbs flying. "Got us a hotel room in Key West."

"Well, if you stop by The Connection, I'll give y'all a round on the house." Shane's leg leaned against his, warm and familiar. "There's got to be a benefit to tending bar."

"Sounds good." Jack smiled, very deliberately picking up a filled doughnut and biting into it.

Only then did Galen grab one. Great. Just great. Now he'd have to spend all day with them.

"Yeah. Sounds fine." Galen smiled at Shane, rubbed his knee against Shane's leg.

"So you're a bartender? You find this hooligan over a whiskey, Shane?" Robbie winked, grinned.

"He found me." Shane slid right into bartender-mode, joking easily, relaxed.

"And I know a good thing when I see it." That, at least he could say with perfect sincerity.

Shane's hand wrapped around his knee, petting. "Where are y'all heading next? Working around the country?"

"Yeah." Sam nodded, grabbed another doughnut. "We're just bummin' around. Jack retired this year. Did you know that, Lenny?"

"Nope. Jack and I haven't spoken much."

Jack snorted into his coffee but didn't say anything, and Galen was grateful, because he didn't want to cause a fight.

"Wow. Hell of a vacation fund. I think I'd get to missing my own bed."

"Well, you have Galen to come home to, don't you?" Jack grinned over at Shane, making Galen stiffen. "That would make any man happy to find his own bed."

"You got that right." Shane nodded, oblivious, smiling back.

"We were hoping you'd play a round of touch football with us, Galen. For old time's sake."

Fuck. Well, at least that would keep them busy. "Sure. Why not? Shane's got to go to work this afternoon, but I'm willing to play a game before lunch."

Shane chuckled, "Should I get the camera and take pictures for posterity?"

"Nope. Lenny's been out of the league so long, we'll give you to him for his team. That way we'll be even. Me and Jack against you and Sam and Lenny."

Galen sighed, but nodded at Robbie. "Sounds good. You gotta let us put some real clothes on, though."

Shane stood, poured another round of coffee, reached to take a cake donut. "So long as y'all don't mind me sucking. Baseball's my game."

"We wouldn't mind you sucking at all."

Galen stood at that, staring at Jack. "Can I talk to you a minute?"

Jack stood too, nodding. "Sure thing, buddy."

They went out to the living room, ignoring Shane's questioning look and Robbie's curious stare. As they left, Galen could hear Sam take up the conversation, asking where Shane was from. Bless Sam, he had a good heart.

Galen turned on Jack as soon as they were out of earshot. "I haven't said anything, because I don't want to upset Sam, mainly, but you so much as lay a finger on Shane and I'll have your balls. You got that?"

Jack just held up his hands, an ingratiating smile on his face. "I wouldn't dream of it, Galen."

"Good. You keep it that way." He looked at Jack, wondered how he'd every really found the man that fascinating, that attractive. Why hadn't he been able to see what an asshole he was? "You'll leave tonight and not come back."

He got a short nod. "We will."

Galen nodded back, just as sharply, heading back for the kitchen. He could stand one day, even if he did have to watch every move Jack made. He could. And then he'd never have to see the man again.

Period.

* * * *

Man, the place was rocking for the off-season -- the waiters were running their asses off, the Blenders playing on stage, people fucking everywhere. He was flipping bottles and joking and working good and steady.

Especially given he was fucking sore. Touch football his left nut.

Damn.

Those boys played rough and Galen? Sore as a wet hen over God knew what.

Not that he had time to worry on it right now, God knew, but tonight? After a long, long bath? Then he'd worry.

"Shane! Round of flaming Dr. Peppers! Seven!"

"Shit. I got you, Mark."

"Hey, when you get a minute, Shane, can I get a whiskey for Galen and a beer for me?" Jake. John. Jack! That was it. Jack was smiling at him, half a wink coming his way.

"Yeah. Sure, no sweat. You're drinking Coors?"

"Yep. That would be great."

He poured the shots, then two beers and a margarita, before he poured Len's whiskey and J... the J-dude's Coors. "Here you go."

"Thanks. You're as good at that as you are at coffee." J-dude gave him a wink and sashayed off, which was a pretty neat feat for a guy that size.

"Apple-tinis and three greyhounds, Shane-baby!"

He nodded, laughed hard. "Got it. Where are these folks coming from?"

"Probably some special Hell reserved for men who want to go home and have at their lovers, darlin'." Oh, Len was there, holding a full whiskey. "Can I trade this in on one you pour special for me?"

"Hmm?" He chuckled, reached for the glass. "I poured that one, but I could use a shot, so I'll trade."

Galen leaned over and dumped it in the runoff well, looking uncomfortable as anything. "I didn't think you were supposed to drink on the job."

"Shane? You paying for that?" Damn that broad and her eagle eyes.

"You know it, Boss." He rolled his eyes, winking over. "Jack, Len?"

"Please. And that one was already paid for. I just didn't want it." Galen smiled at him, but it was tight around the eyes.

"Su..." He trailed off as another order was yelled. Strawberry top shelves. Right. He grabbed the booze and poured Len's, handing it over and grabbing the margarita glasses. Galen left him to his work, heading back toward the back where his buddies were sitting.

He managed to get a break while the band was between sets, wandering over to see Galen and the guys. "Hey, y'all. Everybody happy?"

"Yeah. We're having a good old time." J-guy patted the chair next to him. "Galen had to take a leak. Sit with us."

"Yeah, okay. For a second. I'm just on break. I can't believe how full we are."

"It's really rockin'. I can see why you'd like it." Sam, that was that one's name. He seemed like a real decent guy. "Oh, hey, Robbie. The dart board's open. Let's go."

Robbie and Sam made tracks, leaving him sitting there with J... guy.

He smiled over, sort of hollering over the noise. "Where y'all staying tonight?"

"Somewhere? I don't know. Robbie made the arrangements." Jack's hand brushed his. "So are you and Galen a solid thing? Or do you play?"

"Huh? Play?" He tilted his head. Like he'd have that kind of stamina. Shit.

"Yeah. Galen used to be a regular open door."

"Galen?" His Galen? He laughed, shook his head. Right. There were lots of things you could call Len, but slutty? No.

"Heck yes. Of course, you had to loosen him up a bit first." That hand worked its way over to rub his arm. "I bet you'd be good that way, too."

Before he could even blink that hand was gone, and Jack, his name was Jack, was sitting on the floor, blinking up at Galen. Who was sort of looming, face set in hard lines.

"You don't touch him." Galen he could hear over the noise, just fine.

"Hey. Hey, Len. I'm good. Honest." He stood, hand reaching for Galen, hoping to stay between Len and Miss Lynn.

Galen shook him off, not looking at him. Which was probably smart because Jack was on his feet and swinging.

"Shit! Y'all! Come on." He shook his head. Last thing he fucking needed was for Galen to get banned for fighting. "Don't."

Crap. Galen looked at him for a split second and that was just enough time for Jack's fist to hit sharply, right smack on Galen's right eye. Galen growled, going in low and hard, taking Jack down in a tackle and sitting on him, punching away.

"Jesus Christ!" He grabbed Galen's arm. "Galen. Fuck. Stop it. You're going to get your ass arrested!"

Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. He so fucking didn't need this.

Robbie and Sam arrived just about then, Sam looking as worried as he felt, pulling the two fighting men apart. Galen poked a finger in Jack's direction. "Get him the fuck out of my sight."

"Shit. Come on, Galen." He pulled harder, trying to get them away from the chaos. "God damnit, get it together."

Galen turned on him, eyes just wild. "If you hadn't been fucking flirting with him like you do with everything on three legs I wouldn't have a problem."

"What? I wasn't flirting with him. I was waiting on you."

"He was touching you." There was a noise behind them, a wet gurgle, and he could see Jack getting up, supported on either side by Sam and Robbie. He thought for a minute Galen was gonna go after the guy again.

"So? What does that have to do with anything? He's just a guy, for fuck's sake. Let it go." He could hear the rumbling, the way people were starting to talk. Shit.

"No, he's not just a guy. Goddamn it, Shane, why do you think I wouldn't drink the whiskey he brought me?"

"Because I..." He stopped, looked over. "You mean, him? But... Why? Why the fuck did you let him in? Why didn't you..."

They'd taken a fucking shower together after football, Galen could have told him.

"I was gonna tell you. After they left. I didn't..." Galen threw up his hands. "I thought you could stay away long enough for them to be gone before I said."

"Stay away? Fuck you, man." He stepped forward. "What the fuck's wrong with you? You don't fucking trust me now?"

His heart was pounding, cheeks hot as hell. Like he'd done anything to get called a slut.

"No! It's not you... I. Damn it, Shane. It's him. I just didn't want them to... and maybe I shouldn't. You looked pretty fucking cozy." Galen was just as red, yelling at him, fucking looming over him.

"Get the fuck out of my face." He pushed Galen back away, just shaking. "God knows, you caught me fucking sucking him off, right? Or jacking him? Oh. Oh, wait. I was sitting? In a chair? Call the goddamned papers."

Galen stumbled back, hand coming up to rub his chest. Galen's mouth opened, but before he could say anything, Miss Lynn was there, poking Galen on the arm. "You get out, before I call the cops."

Galen ignored her, looking at him. "Shane..."

He looked over at Miss Lynn, shaking his head. "He'll go, okay? No cops."

"Get him out of here. Then you and me are having a talk, buster."

"Okay. Okay." Fuck. Shit. "You gotta go, Galen. I have to get back to work."

Looking at him long and hard, Galen nodded once, sharp. "Fine. Work is so all fired important you just stay here. And stay the fuck away from me." And Galen was gone, turning on his bootheel and walking right out the door, shoulders and back stiff.

Oh.

The bar was sure quiet, damned quiet, just the jukebox playing and... "Sorry, Boss. I'll get..."

"Get your shit and go, Shane."

He closed his eyes for a second, swaying. "What?"

"You're fired. You know I don't allow you kids to pull that crap. You can't keep your lovers from seeing each other? Not my problem. Get your shit, your tips and go. You can pick up your last check Monday."

Shane shook his head. "Come on, Lynn. Don't do this. It won't happen again."

"You're right. Matt, give him his tips so he can go."

That stiffened his spine, got him moving. Everybody was watching him, watching this. God. "I can do it. I got stuff in my locker. I need it."

"Fine. Get it and go."

Yeah. Yeah. Go. That... that sort of seemed to be the theme of the evening. Going.

Chapter Twelve

He slammed into the house, leaving the truck rocking on its springs, pacing like a caged animal. Goddamn that fucking Jack, anyway. He was always fucking up Galen's life, even four years after...

Four years. Two years of living up to what Jack thought of him, two of getting his shit together after his momma had kicked him out, told him not to come back if he couldn't be sober around her. After she told him any man who respected himself, and her, wouldn't be the way he was.

And now the man had fucked things up with Shane.

Oh, now, he was nothing if not honest, at least with himself. He'd let Jack fuck things up with Shane. Galen almost got his baseball bat and got back in his truck and went to search all of the hotels the guys might be staying at, but he stopped himself, knowing that now that Sam and Robbie knew he'd never have to worry about seeing them again.

Besides, he wanted to wait for Shane. He'd be off work soon, and home. Galen could apologize to him then. Explain what he couldn't when Miss Lynn was poking him and people were staring at them and he was getting Shane in trouble.

Yeah. He'd wait. Shane was bound to be home soon.

* * * *

It was funny.

Well, not really funny, but that's what people said, isn't it? It was funny how in five minutes a guy could go from happy to lost. Just like that. Just a couple words and his heart, his home, job, everything. Boom. Just like that.

Sort of like when he'd called home to Tennessee to tell them he was staying in the Keys and Momma had just hung up the phone and cut him out.

It was funny, because just last night, just this morning, he was right on track, loving and living and now he was in his Jeep wondering if he had a friend he could crash with and having the sinking feeling that he didn't.

It made him wonder, a little, what was wrong with him that it was easy to just get rid of him, just say go away and shut the door. He thought he was an okay guy, thought he was cool, easy to talk to, easy to love, but when he started adding the numbers and suddenly after twenty-eight years of just living life he was down to the tips in his pocket, two shirts and a 1982 Jeep CJ7?

Maybe easy to love meant easy to stop loving, too.

* * * *

Galen woke up in the middle of the night, reaching. Like he always seemed to.

He sighed, rubbing his hand over his eyes and debating the merits of late night television.

Shane hadn't come home. Not the night of the fight, and not since. Galen had almost gone looking for him a hundred times. Lord knew, he should be easy enough to find at the bar. But damn it, it came down to the same thing it had the night Galen had walked out of that place.

If that piddly assed job was more important than he was, then Shane could kiss his ass. A man had his pride.

Didn't keep him from wanting, did it? Or waking up in the middle of the night and reaching.

Galen sighed, rolling out of bed and getting his suitcase out. He was going up to momma's next week for Thanksgiving.

He might as well pack.

He sure as hell wasn't sleeping any more tonight.

* * * *

Shane pulled over, the sunshine and the tears making the road too swimmy to drive on.

He'd not really believed Lynn wouldn't let him come back. He'd thought she'd think on it and change her mind, but she hadn't. Just handed him a check with thirty-four dollars and eighteen cents taken out for Galen's outstanding tab and told him to go.

That led to every bar he could think of -- even the scary ones -- then the convenience stores, the gas stations, the grocery store.

He sold his phone after Galen didn't call and it was clear no phone call was coming. He sold his little gold chain and all the CDs in the Jeep and cashed his check and, well, he was as close to the bottom of the barrel as he'd ever been...

He wanted to go home, so bad it hurt like the dull ache after a hard punch. 'Course that ache wasn't nothing like the hurt left behind when he realized that where wasn't one to go to.

He let himself be stupid and cry and puke and rage there in the late November sun and then he went to find a quiet place to park the Jeep for the night, save his pennies.

The manager at the Waffle House said he could maybe wash dishes a few days next week, for a discount and a little under the counter money.

* * * *

He parked at the far end of the drive and killed the lights. He wasn't stalking or anything. Shane just... He was kind of lonely, more than anything. Maybe a little scared on account of everybody heard he got into a fight at the bar and nobody wanted trouble and the tourists were all going somewhere more Christmassy so there wasn't work anyway and he had to spend all his whole last check on some t-shirts and a razor and soap and gas for the Jeep and...

Well, he'd never really lived in a car before. There was stuff about it you didn't think about when you didn't have to think about it.

Galen was walking around the front room, pacing, moving, sort of wandering like he did when there wasn't anything good on the TV and he was waiting for... 'Cept Galen wasn't waiting. So the game must be sucking rocks.

He'd thought the house would look different - dingy or something, maybe, but it didn't. It just looked like home.

Shane watched until Galen finally turned everything off and went to bed, opening the bedroom window to let the air in.

It made him smile, thinking of Galen all stretched out, long and dark and fine on the sheets. He was a night owl - he'd watched Len sleep a lot, knew just how it looked, knew the sounds of it. Knew the way Galen woke a little sometimes and reached to make sure he was still in the bed. Maybe there was a pillow there, now. Or maybe Galen slept deeper alone and didn't reach.

He watched until the sky started lightening on up, then he rubbed his eyes and started the engine, heading out. He wasn't stalking, he just...

He just wanted to see.

* * * *

He packed up his shit the day before Thanksgiving and headed up to Shreveport, planning on spending the day with his momma. She was expecting him and Shane, and when he showed up by himself she gave him a look, but she didn't say anything, just hugged his neck. When he unpacked his suitcase that night he found somehow one of Shane's good shirts was in there.

Damn his stubborn pride anyway.

Dinner was good the next day, even if there was enough food for a hundred people and not just the two of them.

"If I'd have known, honey, we would have just gone to Aunt Ida's."

Galen knew he should feel guilty for making her cook up a mess of food just for him, should have called her, told her. But he couldn't face Aunt Ida and the kids and the hoards of curious relatives who had heard they weren't seeing Galen because he'd got himself a man.

"Sorry, momma." What else could he say?

"Is this a fight you can make up?"

Her dark eyes were serious as a heart attack, and Galen shrugged. "I don't know, momma. I said some hateful things."

"Then you go and apologize, Galen Frost. Any fool can see that boy loves you."

He winced, shoulders hunching up. She sighed, patting his shoulder as she got up to get the pie. "You want pecan or pumpkin?"

"Pecan, please ma'am."

She left him alone in the dining room, and Galen rubbed the back of his neck with one hand. If any fool could tell, why couldn't he? Because he sure fit that description.

A piece of pecan pie on a pretty plate thumped down in front of him, making him jump. "So are you gonna find him when you go home and ask him back?"

Nodding slowly, Galen met her eyes, letting her see his resolve. "Yes, momma. I think I am."

"Good. Now eat your pie."

Galen ate, humming at the taste. Maybe he'd have momma make him another pie to take home with him for when he looked Shane up. Just in case his apology wasn't sweet enough.

* * * *

Shane drove out to the shore and parked. There was a big storm brewing over the ocean, winds and lights in the sky, the clouds swirling and black as midnight under a skillet. There wasn't anybody out tonight - not with the storm and the holiday and shit. It was just him and the storm and the water.

The hood of the Jeep was warm under his butt, the six-pack of beer still pretty cold, even though the ice in the cooler had melted. He took off his shoes, his shirt, threw them inside so they'd stay dry. He popped the first beer and started trying to catch a buzz.

It was funny - he didn't miss Galen every single second, didn't just sit and cry or nothing. He'd caught the odd party here and there, a couple bucks every so often. Enough to keep him in gas and beer and the periodic peanut butter sandwich. He figured if he could hold out 'til March, somebody'd hire him to tend bar, even if it was just part-time. If that didn't work...

Well, he guessed there was always Tennessee.

A clap of thunder shook the Jeep, drew goosebumps up all over him. Wow.

He was missing his little apartment, his job. It wasn't the most terrible thing ever - it wasn't cold and the cops knew he was having a tough go of it and let him sleep out of the way and stuff, but he got tired of cold showers and shaving in the bathroom of McDonalds and not having coffee and...

Well, the touching had been good, hadn't it? The lazing around and the laughing. Fishing and running around and...

Shane guessed he could go to the house and knock and just ask Galen for his clothes and his Granddaddy's watch and the little tin can of tips. He knew Galen didn't need them. Just... well, he'd sort of gotten used to the thought of being something he wasn't, of being the middle of something. Being an us, he guessed. Part of a thing. And going to Galen's house and knocking like a stranger?

Having Galen look at him like he was... well, sort of like the loser he was, he guessed. Galen could just keep the shirts. Hell, he probably owed Galen way more than the \$300 in the tin anyway and he didn't need the watch.

The songs on the radio made it sound like breaking up changed you forever, sort of, and he wasn't.

He was still a slacker, still footloose and fancy free. Still riding the edge of going under with a twenty in his pocket. Still sitting and watching the storm roll in, waiting for the rain to hit.

Still a fool.

Shane popped another beer and another as the downpour came, drinking until it didn't matter that it wasn't breaking up that had changed him, it had been the falling in love part.

Chapter Thirteen

"Heard he got fired. He's sleeping in his Jeep."

Galen was lost in his whiskey, the shocking strength of the taste drowning out the tacky techno music on the sound system, but that little snippet of conversation caught him. He looked up and saw three college age kids in baseball caps and t-shirts, sharing a pitcher and talking.

"Yeah. Lost his apartment and everything."

"That was some fight."

"Were you there that night?"

"Yeah."

God. Galen almost got up and left, especially when he realized they were talking about him and Shane, especially when they all started staring at him out of the corners of their eyes and he knew why they were talking about him and Shane.

He'd been back to the club, soon as he'd gotten home from momma's, only to have Miss Lynn tear into him, let him know she's lost her best bartender 'cause of him, but she couldn't let a man stay on if his thing of the week was going to tear up the bar every Saturday night, could she?

Getting Shane fired? Made him feel more like a heel than anything else had. Sure, he'd said some nasty things, but Shane hadn't exactly been calm and collected either, had he? This though, this let him know while he'd thought Shane would be just fine without him, he was wrong.

He'd gone to all of the clubs around, looking to see if maybe Shane had found work somewhere else, and found the same thing at each one of them. Things were slow, always were come the late fall and winter, nobody needed a new bartender.

Jesus. So he'd ended up in the last place Shane would probably work, or even party, and there were these boys who knew.

Shane was just fucking haunting him.

Galen tossed back the whiskey and stood, towering over the boys' table, hands planted right next to their pitcher.

"Where?"

"What? Dude, what are you doing?"

"Where is he parking his Jeep?"

"Uh." One by one they looked at each other, and he reached for the biggest one's shirt. The guy held up his hands. "No! Man, I've seen you lay the smackdown, okay? That little strip of beach out off the Harrison's swamp."

That little strip of beach where he and Shane had gone parking. Yeah. Damn, Galen didn't know whether to howl or hoot. His face must've been a study, because the kid in front of him cringed.

"That's all I know, dude."

Galen backed off. "Thanks."

He turned right on his heel and left. He knew now. And damned if it wasn't time to go get Shane and bring him home.

* * * *

It was probably two in the morning before Galen managed to find that stupid strip of beach again. Just went to show how much attention he'd paid to the drive the last time he was out there. That drive had passed in a hurry.

This one? Seemed endless.

But it was infinitely worth it when Galen saw Shane's Jeep parked out on the sand. Thank God. His stomach was in fucking knots, but it was so, so much better than the sinking in his gut would have been if the Jeep hadn't been there. Determined, Galen parked the truck a ways away and headed over, not wanting to give Shane a heads up in case he decided to make a run for it. Because Galen certainly wouldn't blame him if he did.

He walked up to the passenger side door, peering inside gingerly.

The Jeep was a wreck, clothes and shit in plastic bags, aluminum beer cans bagged up in the seat. Shane was sleeping curled up tight in the back, wearing the jeans he'd been wearing that night, a towel under his cheek.

Oh fuck. Man, he was already feeling guilty enough, having gotten Shane fired, being too fucking stubborn to look for him before now. But... damn.

Galen sighed. No dwelling. He'd just get defensive and stupid if he did. He took a deep breath and knocked on the window.

"I got permission to park here." Shane jerked upright, eyes wide and searching, going still when they saw him. "Len?"

"Yeah." Okay, now he was there and Shane was looking at him? He was at a loss for words. Galen cleared his throat. "Uh. Hey. I..."

"Hey." Shane fumbled around, tugging on a t-shirt and slipping out the driver's side. "You okay?"

He almost said yes, wanting to reassure. But he wasn't. Not really. He wanted to touch, so bad. "No? I. Jesus, Shane. I'm sorry."

"You... you want a beer? I got two left." Shane rubbed the back of his neck.

"Yeah. Yeah, that'd be good." That was a start anyway. God, Shane looked tired.

Shane nodded, pulled two cans out of the old Styrofoam cooler and handed one over. "I'd invite you in but there's this weird smell."

He got a half-grin that disappeared behind the can, Shane drinking deep.

"Yeah? Did you look in the glove compartment?" He tried for a grin of his own, feeling lighter in his belly. Better. He popped the beer and took a drink.

Shane chuckled. "Yeah. Popped the hood too. No lizards. None at all."

Galen nodded. "Yeah, but did you look for fish?" He took another pull off the beer, lining up his next words, fucking up the whole careful plan when he blurted, "I want you to come home, Shane."

"Why?" There was a load of shit in that one word, pride and fear and hurt and love and exhaustion and need.

"Because I fucked up and I miss you." This was one thing he could throw his pride to the winds for. One thing that was worth it. "Because loving you matters more than my stupid stubborn pride."

"I didn't fuck around on you. I didn't ever even think about it. I just wanted you." Shane sighed, leaned against the Jeep, eyes closing.

"I know that, darlin'. I was just so wound up I was saying shit I didn't even hear until later. I know better." He did. Hell, he never thought Shane cheated on him. He trusted Shane. If anything it was himself he didn't trust, his own fucking reputation he wondered if he'd ever live down. What did they call that? Projection?

Shane made a soft sound. "I been missing that."

"What?" He wasn't sure what Shane meant, but it had to be a good sign. Galen touched Shane's cheek, feeling rough stubble. "I've missed you."

"Hearing you call me darlin'." Shane leaned toward him. "Oh. Len. I."

That was all the offer he needed, and more than he could take. Galen slid an arm around Shane's waist, pulling him close, reveling in the weight of Shane's body against him. "I'm gonna kiss you now."

"Promise?" Shane opened those eyes, blood-shot and tired, but so fucking blue. "You do and you'll have to take me home."

"Oh, I'm counting on it." He so was. Galen bent, lips sliding over Shane's, and it was just what he needed, just what he'd been missing. Shane's hand slid up, curling around his nape, cuddling right into him as the kiss went deep. Oh, fuck yes. Beer and sea salt and Shane. Galen pressed Shane back against the jeep, wanting more of that touch, of that sweet as fuck body. Even if it was skinnier than it had been. Shane moaned for him, the sound like a fucking balm, starting to heal shit that he was afraid wouldn't ease.

Galen leaned, hands sliding up and down Shane's sides, counting ribs. Counting breaths. "Come home."

Shane nodded, cheek rough against his. "I'm tired, Len. Been wanting things right again."

"Me, too." He knew they had some talking to do, but it wasn't his strong suit, and they did that better late at night, wrapped together in bed. If they could get that far, the rest would work out. "You want to follow me, or you want to come back for the Jeep tomorrow?"

"I'll follow you. Once I lay my burden down, I'm gonna rest awhile."

"Okay." He didn't want to let Shane go, but he had to trust. Had to believe Shane would follow him. He pressed a kiss to Shane's mouth, tongue pushing in. "See you there, then. In a few."

"I'm right behind you." Shane squeezed his fingers, then stepped back and hopped in the Jeep. "Love you, Galen Frost."

God, yeah. "Love you, darlin'. I'll see you at home."

He headed back for the truck, legs just eating up the distance. He wanted. Bad. And thank the good Lord, he was gonna have. As soon as they got Shane back where he belonged.

* * * *

It was way too much like a dream. The fog was rolling in, the air cool and heavy, the buzz he'd worked up at nine damn near gone. Shane was driving and blinking and following Galen home.

Shit.

By the time they pulled into the drive he'd convinced himself he was passed out, fucked up, dead. He parked and sat, sort of looking at his hands on the steering wheel, looking at the little cut on his knuckle, the scar on one wrist from catching it on barbed wire when he was twelve.

He heard Galen's truck door open and shut, took a deep breath, told himself to move, to stand up, something.

This? Was a shit time to wig the fuck out.

It was a few minutes maybe before Galen was standing next to his door, opening it, hand warm on his arm. "You coming, darlin'?"

Shane looked over and up, taking a deep breath. Okay. Okay, not a dream. Real. He could do real. "Yeah. I... I'm a little cattywhompus."

"Yeah?" Galen petted his arm, fingers moving slow and easy. "I don't blame you, lover. Come on in and have a beer or some sweet tea or something?"

"Yeah." He slipped out of the Jeep and right against Galen's heat. Oh. Oh, sweet fuck.

"God. You feel good." Galen kissed him, lips warm and dry and soft against him, beard scratching his chin. Then Galen took his hand and tugged, pulling him right up the back steps and into the kitchen. It felt good, the red and chrome familiar and home, damn it. He reached out, couldn't stop touching, stop sliding his hands on Len.

"Mmmm." Oh. Oh, that purrgrowlhum. He'd dreamed that but had never gotten it quite right. Definitely real. Galen turned, sat in one of the kitchen chairs and pulled him close, arms around his waist, head on his chest.

"Oh." He took Galen's cap off and started petting, humming, fingers relearning the curve of Len's ear, the softness of the dark hair. Galen was touching him the same way, hands sliding up and down his back, feeling along his spine. That mouth traveled along his belly, up his chest, warm and damp even through his shirt.

"Love." God, he'd missed this, needed it so bad.

"Yeah. Right here. Oh, damn, Shane. I missed you." Galen said it right out loud, that voice just raw.

"Yeah." He leaned, curling over Len, holding on. "It's good to be home."

Galen nodded, cheek rubbing his chest, and sat there for a bit, just clutching him tight. Then Galen shifted, moved, looked up at him. "You hungry? Or you want to just take a shower and go to bed?"

Oh, God. A hot shower. "I want to get clean and wet and naked. With you."

"Oh, good." That smile? Was blinding. Just fucking amazing. Galen stood, kissing his mouth before tugging him just like he had outside, pulling him to that big bathroom.

He started laughing, couldn't help it, relief and happiness just filling him.

"Yeah." Galen laughed with him, fingers working his buttons and zipper and t-shirt, just getting his clothes right off. And bending to bite his neck, right at the base of his throat.

"Oh." He arched, going up on his toes, aching. "More."

"Mmhmmm." Galen pressed hard, biting, licking, and Shane could feel the bruises rising. Marking him.

"Oh. Oh, sweet fuck. Love. Please." He jerked, pushed hard, just rubbing into Galen.

The rough denim of Galen's jeans scraped at him, and Galen's hand circled his cock, pulling and pressing, those lips moving on his collarbone.

"Oh..." He reached down, grabbed Len's hand. "I want to get clean. I need to touch you."

"Okay, darlin'. Love you." Galen brought his hand up, kissed it. Then Galen started stripping, clothes joining his on the floor.

He started the water, letting himself watch that fine-as-fuck body appear. He groaned, aching, hand tugging his balls.

"Oh, shit, lover. In." Galen pushed him into the shower, stepping in behind him and rubbing. Pushy bastard. Fuck. He turned, head falling forward, water pouring over him, ass snuggling back into Len. Yeah. In. He got a groan, deep and heavy, and Galen's cock slid against his crease. Hot. So hot. Galen's arms slid around him, hands coming up to rub his chest, fingers pulling at his nipples.

Heat moved through him, the rings tugging. "Couldn't get rid of them. Meant. Meant stuff to me."

He felt Galen's rough beard against his cheek, Galen's skin all along his back. "Good. I was afraid... You're here, though." Those fingers just tugged and rolled and pulled, making him arch, making his whole body sing.

"Yes. Home." He nodded, thighs parting, balls aching. He leaned forward, braced himself on the tile, hips canting. "Len."

"Home," Galen agreed, and two wet fingers were pushing against his hole, testing his tightness, his heat. "So tight. Missed everything."

"Uh-huh. Wanted you." Pushing back, he groaned, body clenching. "Touch me."

"Yeah, darlin'. Yeah." One finger slid right inside him, pushing, opening. Galen's other hand was on his chest, his belly, petting and stroking. Eyes closed, he rocked, sliding between Galen's hands, needing.

One finger slid out and two slid in. "Not gonna be able to wait, darlin'. Need you so bad. Don't want to hurt you. Just... tell me if I go too fast."

"Need to feel you. Fuck, so empty." He wasn't begging, he wasn't.

Galen nodded against him, opening him wide, cock nudging his hole. "Now, Shane. Now."

There weren't any words left in him. He bore down, breath pushing out at the burn, the stretch.

"God." Galen's hand slid down his arm, fingers twining with his. The other hand went to his opposite hip to pull him back, Galen thrusting into him, kissing his neck, his shoulders. He held on, moving, rocking, entire fucking body as lit up as the Fourth of July. Moving with him, Galen pushed and pulled, hips rolling, cock pushing deep, angling up. "Fuck. Love."

Lightning shot along his spine, hot and bright, making him jerk. "Please!"

"Yeah. Soon." Galen reached for his cock, shoving into him harder and harder, tugging at him. Galen was panting in his ear, hot words just pouring out, telling him how good it was, just babbling love words. He nodded, sobbed, heat pouring out of him, every fucking muscle going tight as a strung wire. He got a few more short, hard thrusts, Galen grunting and pushing, biting down hard on his shoulder as he was filled, Galen jerking and spraying inside him.

He kept his head down, panting, eyes full, heart pounding.

Galen just nuzzled his neck, hands moving on him, rinsing him off, getting him good and clean from ankles to nose. Fuck. Heaven. He was in Heaven. The water eventually got turned off, and he let Galen move him, sorta in a fog. There was hot, slick skin, and a warm towel and they were moving, Galen taking him right to bed, as promised.

It damn near broke him, seeing his pillow on the bed, waiting on him. Damn near, but not quite.

Galen pulled him right down on the bed, taking the right side, just like he always did, reaching for him. "God. You're here."

"Uh-huh. Home." He found his spot, settled right in.

"Glad I found you." He wasn't sure if Galen was talking about this time, or the first time, but either way it worked for him. Especially when Galen murmured, "I love you," against his skin.

"Yeah. Love." He nodded or rubbed or something, something good, something that let him sleep.

Something that brought him home.

* * * *

It was bright daylight outside when Galen woke up, gasping, reaching. Oh. Oh, fuck yes. Instead of tangled sheets and crumpled pillows his hands slid over smooth, warm skin. Shane. Shane was there.

Galen settled back, pulling the covers back to look. Just to look. And maybe touch a little. That sweet ass was up in the air, Shane's head buried in the pillow, and Galen stroked and petted, soothing himself with the touches. Damn, that was fine.

Shane moaned, wiggling a little, stretching out under his hand so pretty for about fifteen seconds before Shane's head shot up, eyes wide, looking around wildly. Then they fastened on him and he got a smile.

"Hey, darlin'." Galen smiled back, knowing exactly how that felt. "You sure were sleeping hard."

"Hey." Shane nodded, leaning down for a kiss, hand sliding down his belly.

"Mmm." Oh, Lord, that felt good. He'd missed those long, slow kisses in the morning. He wrapped his hand around the back of Shane's neck and held him there, tasting. Shane settled, cuddling right in, bodies rubbing together. Those hands mapped him, smoothed over his skin, petting.

He rolled even closer, hand resting on Shane's hip. They kissed long and deep, almost lazy, but Galen knew better. He could feel the tension in both of them.

Vibrating, Shane started shifting, sliding against him, those blue eyes bright as midday. "Want you."

"All yours." He stroked Shane's ribs, his spine. "How do you want me?"

Shane grinned, rolling on top of him. "I guess yes isn't a good answer."

"Well, it's one I can agree with." He laid back, spread his arms. "Because at this point whatever you want to do sounds good."

Shane leaned in, mouth slowly sliding against his upper arm, breathing in deep, fingers petting his belly, sliding down to stroke his prick.

"Oh, fuck." Yeah. That was, oh. Yeah. Galen pushed right up into Shane's hand. Shane moved slowly, lips and hands exploring him, so close that every blink brushed those gold eyelashes against him. He could only stay still so long, but he wanted Shane to have the run of him, so Galen satisfied

himself with smoothing Shane's hair, massaging his neck. Shane smiled up, teeth scraping along his ribs. Then Shane spread his legs, scooting down, tongue sliding, slipping over his prick.

"God, darlin'. You feel. Damn." His cock jerked, his hips rose. The muscles in his thighs and in his belly tensed up, making his breath catch. Lord.

"So fucking fine, Len." One of his balls was taken into warm lips, sucked so gently.

Pleasure shot right up his spine and exploded in his brain, and he moaned, the sound low and torn. He stroked Shane's shoulders, letting Shane learn him again only through force of will. Shane's thumbs stroked his hole, spread him, so gentle, the slow increase of pressure in lips and fingers making his head spin.

Galen just opened right up, like he never really had, and let Shane have him. His legs fell wide and he panted, watching Shane taste him. It was the hottest fucking thing he'd ever seen. Shane purred, sliding down, tongue slipping over his hole, so fucking hot.

He felt that sound against his skin, felt the roughness of Shane's tongue contrast with the softness of his lips, with his scratchy whiskers. His body was on fire. Soft sounds filled the air, licks becoming pressure becoming pure heat.

"Shane. Lover. I need you. In me." He finally gave up not pressuring, tugged on Shane's shoulders instead, trying to get him to come up. Shane crawled up, nodding, panting. Those lips were swollen, eyes just lit right up. That wide cock head nudged his hole, Shane needing too bad to tease, just pushed and stretched and spread.

"Yeah. Yeah, now." Galen arched, moved down and opened up for Shane. So good.

"Now..." Shane's eyes closed, head falling back as those hips pressed forward, cock filling him.

Oh, holy Christ. Galen pulled Shane down for a kiss, just shattering inside with the feel of Shane, the width and heat and need of him. It was more than he could stand and everything he wanted.

"Love." The word was whispered, Shane on him, in him, fucking everywhere.

"Love you." Now that he started saying it? He couldn't seem to stop, but it was the truth, wasn't it? He was a goner. Galen slid his hands down Shane's body, grabbing that tight ass and pulling, humping up for all he was worth.

Shane grabbed onto the headboard, hips pistoning, driving into him. His cock was aching, just burning. Galen grunted, fingers digging into Shane's skin, teeth sinking in, too, right at the neck.

"Shit!" Shane shifted his weight, fingers wrapping tight around his cock. "Soon."

"Shane. I can't..." Galen thrashed, breath coming so short he saw spots in front of his eyes. He was begging, he could hear it, just vaguely. And when Shane looked at him, blue eyes wide and hot, and pushed in just right, just at the spot that made him cry out, Galen shot hard enough to make his ears ring.

Shane watched, thrusting through his orgasm, panting and looking at him. "So fucking fine."

He tried to pet, clumsy and uncoordinated. "Shane..."

"Yeah. Yeah, Len." The thrusts got harder, deeper, Shane shaking. "For you. Fuck."

"Yeah. Come on, lover. Come on." He wanted to see it. Wanted to watch Shane's face.

Those eyes went wide, almost shocked, pleasure written all over as heat filled him, that heavy cock jerking inside him. He just held on, cradled Shane as he came down, kissed Shane's temple as they slumped together. Jesus. That was... yeah. Like nothing else.

Shane relaxed, breath going slow and steady, snuggling down against him.

Lord. Shane was asleep in no time, just like a tired kid, and didn't that make him feel like crap? But only for a minute, because Shane was home and Galen had him and there was no sense dwelling. None at all.

He'd much rather stay right where he was and watch Shane sleep.

Chapter Fourteen

When Shane woke up, the sun was fading and his head was fuzzy and hurting and weird. Still, he was home and cuddled in Len's bed and yeah. He stretched and rolled up, bladder screaming. He could hear Len, moving around the house, humming low. It was...

Cool. Weird. Good. Right. Scary.

He pissed and washed his face, then stopped. Wondered for a second about whether his clothes were still where he'd left them, then decided he'd just believe they were and went to grab a soft, comfortable pair of Galen's shorts.

The humming got louder, and Galen appeared in the doorway, looking him over. "Hey. You hungry?"

"Yeah." He nodded, grinned, eyes dragging over that fine fucking body. "I am. Sorry about crashing."

"Yeah, well, I crashed pretty hard, too." Galen just smiled back at him, a little of that cocky, crooked grin showing. Those dark eyes, though, were serious as a heart attack. "Was thinking of pancakes and eggs. Even if it is supper time."

"Yeah?" His belly damn near gnawed its way out of him. Probably would have even if he hadn't been living close to the bone. "You want some help? I can set the table."

"Come on." He got a heartbreaking view of Galen's ass in the oldest pair of jeans imaginable as Galen turned and headed back for the kitchen, just singing with the radio.

He followed along, feeling weird and not all at once. Part of him wanted to rush up, squeeze that fine ass. Part of him wanted to just not fuck up.

"You want bacon?" Galen got out all the fixings to make the pancakes and eggs and sort of wandered, getting pans and mixing bowls and finally Galen just walked right over and grabbed him and kissed him.

Oh. He reached out, took the handful of ass he'd wanted, the twisted wire feeling in his belly easing right on up. "Hey."

"Hey. Much better." Galen patted his ass and wiggled into his hands at the same time, smiling big and easy. A nip to his neck was all he got before his belly growled and Galen laughed, turning him back to the cabinet with the plates and heading for the stove. "Food first, lover."

"Yeah." He got the butter and the syrup, catching sight of the coffee maker. Oh. Coffee. "You want some Joe, Len? I'll make some."

"Oh, hey, that'd be good. I can't make it for shit." And that? Was no lie.

He chuckled, grabbed the coffee and started making, relaxing as they moved together, worked together. The smells of frying bacon and cooking eggs and pancakes started filling the room, fighting

with the scent of brewing coffee. Galen bumped hips with him when he got close, rubbed a hand over his ass here and there. He grabbed two cups, fixing Len's with two sugars and his with a splash of milk. He handed Len his coffee and stole a bite of bacon.

When Len didn't whap him, he stole another bite.

It was good. Weird, still, yeah. But good, especially when Len took the eggs up and let the bacon rest and kissed him some more while the pancakes finished on the second side.

He leaned in, fingers petting Len's belly. He didn't know what to say -- he figured they had a shitload to talk on, but...

They did talking best in the dark, in the bed.

They sorta swayed to the music, almost like dancing, until the pancakes started smoking a little and Galen went to get them all plated. "Come on, darlin'. We'll eat. Go from there."

Oh, yeah. This time that crooked smile lit up Galen's eyes, too. He nodded, his own smile pulled right out of him, wide and real.

"I'm mighty fond of your pancakes, Mr. Frost."

"Good. I figure I'll fatten you up on 'em." They sat at the table, Galen dumping hot sauce on his eggs.

"Yeah? I..." He pinked a little and grabbed the syrup. "It's been a shitty few weeks."

"Tell me about it." Galen's hand covered his, squeezing gently. "We... I figure we oughta. Hell." Galen snorted. "Can we talk on it later?"

He dug in, nodded. "Yeah. I got time, Len. We got time."

"Hell, yes. I'm keeping you."

"Promise?" The word sort of slipped out and he buried his face in his plate.

"Yes." The word was definite, the hand on his chin raising his face unavoidable. Pushy bastard. Galen looked him right in the eye. "I'll not ask you to leave again."

He nodded. "You... You're my home and shit, Len. I don't want to lose that."

Thumb stroking his chin, Galen leaned in and gave him a kiss, sweet and spicy. "Not gonna, darlin'. Couldn't sleep without you."

"Can't have that." He took another kiss of his own, then they settled back, digging in, knee to knee.

"Nope. Can't have you sleeping in a Jeep with a funny smell either." Galen's ankle bumped his under the table, such a normal Galen gesture.

"Yeah. I think I could go a few days without sitting in that Jeep. I need to clean it out, but that'll wait 'til tomorrow." God, that Jeep was fucking scary.

"No kidding." Chuckling, Galen sopped up syrup with his last bite and sat back, pushing the plate of bacon at him. "Damn, I'm full as a tick."

He took one more piece and then grinned over, poking Galen's belly. "Maybe. I've seen fuller."

"You watch it or I'll pop." It was good, laughing like that.

"Shit, that would make a mess and we got better shit to do than that much cleaning."

Oh, now. That was a hot look, one he hadn't been sure he'd see again. "You got that right. In fact, I'm inclined to let the dishes sit and go back to bed for a bit."

"Yeah? 'Cause I'm thinking there's a mattress calling our name." Shane stood up, grabbed the plates and put them in the sink.

Galen followed, grabbing him and pressing him up against the counter, rubbing. "Last one there does the dishes in the morning."

He crowed, sliding around Galen and hauling ass down the hall. Damned if that big bastard didn't catch him right in the doorway and send them both tumbling to the bed at the same time. They bounced, laughing hard, arms and legs tangling right up.

"Looks like it's a tie. I'll wash, you dry." Galen was just grinning ear to ear, looking pleased as punch.

"Works for me." He leaned in, tasting the syrup on Len's mouth, hands sliding around Len's waist.

Galen kissed him, tongue pushing into his mouth, the laughter gone suddenly. They rolled, Galen pressing down on top of him, hard and sure, hands sliding up his arms to catch his and hold them above his head.

Oh. Oh, sweet fuck. Yeah. He arched, pushing back, meeting Len's heat halfway.

It escalated so fast, Galen spreading his legs and humping against him and even through his shorts and Len's jeans he could feel how hard Len was. That mouth. Oh, fuck that mouth just took his, opened him right up, Galen's touch possessive, needy.

His heels dug into the mattress, body buzzing and burning, just begging for more. Galen gave it to him, nibbling down his chin and neck, sucking up a mark at the base. Leaving his hands above his head, Galen slid one hand down his arms to his chest, pulling at the rings in his nipples, giving them each a little twist.

"Oh." Fuck. The little zing, the pressure? Maddening. Hotter than fuck.

"These just kill me, Shane. Make me want." Galen bent to take one in his teeth, pulling hard.

"Fuck, yes. That's... Damn." Christ, that was the hottest fucking thing.

"You don't know how glad I was..." Galen trailed off in favor of pulling the other up with his tongue, but Shane could fill in the blanks. His shorts gave way under Galen's fingers, the soft material dragging down over his cock.

"Yeah." He grabbed hold of the headboard, wriggling and shifting to help the shorts scoot down.

"Oh fuck, Shane. So fucking pretty." Galen's voice was its own kind of caress, dark and thick like molasses. Even better was the hand that found his balls just about the time Galen's mouth closed over the head of his cock.

"Galen!" He heard the seam on the short's pop as his thighs spread, hips popping right up. Religions could be started in the name of that amazing mouth.

"Mmm." There it was, that hum that vibrated right around him, that told him Galen was just enjoying the heck out of himself. Galen went all the way down and swallowed, pressing hard against the skin behind his balls.

"Oh, sweet Jesus." He started shifting, rocking in short, jerky motions, just damned near there, just like that.

The shorts gave up the fight as Galen spread him wider, hands on his thighs, pushing. The muscles there protested, but Galen made it up to him by bending to press that hot tongue against his hole. He started making those noises that only Galen could find in him -- low and hungry and rough as sandpaper.

Hands pushing him wide open, Galen moved on him, fucking him with that rough tongue, rubbing that short beard against his cock and balls. Galen was just eating him right up. Just all over him. He was fixing to lose it, hips jerking, hands white-knuckled on the headboard. He got no mercy from Galen. That mouth tormented him, drove him, tongue pushing in over and over, one of Galen's fingers sliding in beside it.

"Shit!" He arched, teeth clicking together as he shot, entire body stiff as a board.

Oh. Galen nuzzled him, licked him clean. "God, I love how you taste."

If Galen expected more than a whimper, a low groan, the man seriously underestimated his own tongue.

He got a chuckle, warm and wet against the muscles of his belly, before Galen's weight was gone, Galen shucking off the jeans and coming back. "Gonna fuck you into the mattress, lover."

"G...good plan." He looked up at his hands, letting loose of the headboard. "Fucking great plan."

His reward for that? A kiss that shook him to his curled up toes. Didn't take long for Galen to grab the lube and settle between his legs, opening him wide. He was eager for it, empty with a dull ache in the center of his belly that was the beginnings of wanting again.

It took no time at all before Galen was pushing into him, that thick cock just what he needed. Galen moaned, and sweat dripped on Shane's chest, Galen's face and chest flushed deep. He met each thrust, fingers sliding and scraping over nipples and ribs, needing.

"Yeah." Shuddering, Galen started giving it to him, hips pounding against him. Every move of Shane's hands gained him a moan or a shiver, made Galen gasp for him. Made Galen shake over him. They just pushed harder, that old bed just creaking and groaning.

"Gonna soon, lover. Got to." Shit, Galen's voice was just raw with it.

He nodded, groaning low. "Come on. In me. Fuck, love."

"Oh, God!" Galen gave it up to him, shooting hard, hot and wet inside him. The look on Galen's face? Pure need.

He watched the whole time, panting. Fuck, he'd damn near give up coming himself to see that look. Almost.

Galen slumped on him, sweaty and panting and licking his shoulder. He wrapped his arms around Galen, sort of half-heartedly petting. They tangled up again, arms and legs and bodies just settling. Galen kissed him lightly, eyes drooping. His heart slowed, things quiet and easier between them.

They'd have to talk. He'd have to find his shirts. But the window showed it was dark outside, and their bed was warm, and he could think about everything else tomorrow. Because Lord knew, Galen wasn't thinking.

Not with him snoring like that.

* * * *

Galen sang along with the radio as he folded laundry. Yeah, okay, laundry wasn't usually a reason for song, but damn. He was in a fine mood. Just a good one.

He shook out another pair of Shane's jeans. They'd cleaned out the Jeep a few days before, and some of Shane's clothes? Whew, The weird smell, they'd found, came from the remains of a patty melt that Shane had put away for the next day and had slipped down behind the seat.

That was nasty.

So the laundry was kind of penance, as his momma would call it. For making Shane sleep in his Jeep anyway. There was a reward waiting for him, though. As soon as he was done folding he got to go back to bed. With those muffins old lady Herron had brought to the bait shop yesterday afternoon. Orange something. With little seeds.

He finished the last pair of shorts, brand new to replace the ones he and Shane had ripped to pieces the other day, and headed off to the kitchen to get the muffins and some coffee.

Then to bed. Damn it was good to not have to avoid the bed anymore.

He wandered in with the tray, setting it on the bedside table, reaching out to pop Shane on the ass.

"Huh?" Shane's head popped up, eyes drowsy and blinking.

"Hey you. I have food. And coffee." Before Shane could tease him about the coffee, he hurried on. "The coffee you set up last night. All I did was turn it on."

"Cool." Shane grinned, sat up and stretched, belly tight. Galen reached out and stroked that sweet belly. He loved the way it rippled. Shane hummed, leaned toward his hand. "Feels good. What time is it?"

"About eleven maybe? I did laundry." Man, he was getting used to lazing around.

"Oh, cool. Love jeans that are all hot from the dryer." Shane snuggled in, reaching over to snag a cup of coffee. "Course naked's even better."

Yeah. Galen sipped his own coffee, still petting absently. His cock was gonna fall off if he tried anything right then. They needed a little break. Maybe an hour.

"Did you go see your momma at Thanksgiving?"

"I did." Lord. She hadn't yelled. She'd just... made him see the light. "She wants us to come up for Mardi Gras."

"Us?"

"Us. She told me when I got you and brought you home I could come back to see her and not before." He sipped his coffee. Such a reasonable lady his momma.

"Oh." Shane got quiet for a minute, then grinned. "I like her."

"Yeah." He grinned back, tickling Shane ribs before grabbing a muffin and splitting it in half.

Shane took the half he offered, nibbling. "I need to get back to job hunting. Otherwise I won't be able to take any time off in February. I'm thinking I could get a job on one of the fishing boats, maybe one of the cruise boats."

He tried not to get his back up. It was silly to think Shane wouldn't want to work, wouldn't have to. Hell, he was just thinking they needed to get back into a routine. But maybe...

"Maybe you could just get on someplace part time or something until spring? I was thinking... I was hoping we'd go out of town for Christmas and New Years."

"Yeah? I'd like that..." Shane started to nod, then stopped. "I only have \$300, Len. That's not enough to go anywhere, not really."

Crap. He was gonna have to do some talking, and he hated that. But they might as well get it done. "I'm not asking you to take charity or anything, Shane, but I was planning on covering."

"That don't seem fair to you." Shane met his eyes, cheeks hot. "I didn't come back because I was staying in the Jeep."

Wiping crumbs off Shane's mouth, he nodded. "And I didn't go find you because I felt guilty. But I did get you fired, and I'm asking you to hold off getting a job so I can haul your ass to Vermont. Least I can do is pay for it."

"Vermont? What's in Vermont?" The nice thing with Shane was, even if they were having to do serious talking, they got to press up close. Touch. Rub a little.

Galen grinned. "Snow, darlin'. There's snow in Vermont."

"Oh!" Man, it was worth the price of admission, the excitement, the pleasure in those blue eyes.

"I promised you snow, yeah?" He popped another bite in his mouth, savoring the bright citrus flavor. "So, whattaya say?"

"I... Yeah. Yeah. I want to." Shane stroked his belly, thinking, frowning. "Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure." He leaned against Shane, drawing patterns on that smooth skin.

"You gonna be pissed at me if that guy comes back and I turn him away? Because if... well, if I'm here-here and not just staying-here, he's not welcome."

"No. I'm not. He comes back I'll kill him." Galen sighed, pressing his face to Shane's shoulder. "I should have told you, Shane. I just didn't want Robbie and Sam to know, and I knew if I told you, you'd be different. I should have told you." He should have. He'd just been so... Hell. He'd let his pride get in the way. And fuck if he wasn't still ashamed of it.

"Why would I be different? I wish you had said, though. I'd have made Miss Lynn ban them. I wouldn't have served them. I..." Shane's voice trailed off, hand stroking his hair. "I didn't know people thought I was slutty, you know. I was just being friendly, making money. I didn't think I was coming off as cheap."

"You weren't!" God, he'd made a mess. "I meant I thought you'd be different with them, and they would've known something was wrong and I didn't... I didn't want Jack to have the satisfaction of rattling me either I guess."

Shane was never cheap. Galen loved the way he flirted and played. "I just took it out on you. I didn't mean it, darlin'."

"I can see where I wouldn't want that piece of shit knowing he could make me growl." Shane held him, petted him. "Why'd he want to see you anyway, Galen?"

"I don't know. To Lord it over me? He knew I wouldn't rat him out to Sam." God, that man still amazed him, still made him feel sick in the pit of his belly. Thank God he'd gotten out of that life.

"I hope he rots in Hell." Shane rumbled softly, hands tightening. "He needs to fucking understand that he's not welcome, that you're mine and I won't let him fuck with you."

Oh, God. Galen kissed Shane's neck, his cheek. This man never ceased to amaze him. "You got that right. And you're mine, lover. And I'll kick his ass he ever comes near us again."

Shane nodded. "And I'll hold your hat and keys while you do. Pisses me right off, thinking that somebody'd do you wrong, Galen."

"Pisses me off he made me do you that way. After all this time? I shoulda gotten over what he did to me and got on with it. But I'll be happy to never see him or Andy or Chuck again as long as I live." That was the solid, God's honest truth.

Another growling sound filled the air, Shane's hands holding him close. "No. You don't have to see any of them. Bastards."

"You're something else, darlin'." He took a kiss, deep and slow, more a thank you than hunger.

Shane relaxed against him, touching him. "Just love you, yeah? I... Man, I had a lot of time to think about you not wanting me here, about not being us and I'm a loser, but I'm not stupid. I'll fight to keep what's mine and good."

"And I'll kick your ass if you call yourself a loser again." Galen kissed some more, sliding a leg over Shane's. "So does this mean we're going to Vermont?"

"Yeah. Yeah." He got one of those grin. "After all, I got years and years to pay your ass back."

"Yeah. Fuck yeah."

Now that he had Shane? He wasn't fucking letting go.

"Want another muffin?"

* * * *

He woke up with a cry, off-balance and unsure for a second where he was, heart just triphammering in his chest because he'd been dreaming again about brown eyes and strong, sure hands and a certain smile and...

Oh.

Wait.

Wait.

Fuck.

His hands slid over the sheets, shaking hard. Galen's pillow was still squashed a little, the bed still warm.

Oh.

Not a dream.

Not a dream.

He slumped back, closed his eyes. Home. Thank God.

* * * *

Galen woke up in the middle of the night, reaching. And Shane was there, warm and firm and boneless with sleep.

Oh, God, yeah. He'd missed that so bad. Needed it. He curled around Shane, breathing in the beach and beer scent, nuzzling that smooth, hot skin and holding on tight.

This time he figured he had the right idea. Hold on to Shane, no matter what. That worked really well for him, especially when he couldn't sleep for wondering if he even deserved it.

Galen snuggled close, his hips snug to Shane's ass. Deserved or not, he had Shane. And this time? He was keeping him.

Chapter Fifteen

Shane slept for the entire plane ride and most of the drive up to the cabin. Shit. When he'd signed on to work for a bunch of caterers? He'd seriously underestimated how many fucking office parties and ritzy parties and shit he'd be working -- bartend the night ones, serve coffee in the morning and shit, he was a busy, tired boy. Still, they were on vacation for three weeks and he had a little spending money and him and Galen had time and it was all good.

Cold as a witch's tit in a brass brassiere, but good.

The cabin was like it was right off the front of a postcard. Very Vermonty, all white snow and green pines and log walls. And there was a fireplace, where even now Galen was building a fire.

Thank God.

"You're looking a little blue around the lips, darlin'. Come on over and get warm."

He nodded and scooted over, pushing right into Galen's arms and cuddling in. "Man, this place is something else."

"Yeah. Pretty out there, huh?" Galen grinned, holding him close as the kindling caught and flared and the big log started showing flames up the sides.

"Very white and sparkly and Christmassy." He leaned in, watching the fire, fingers sliding on Galen's arms.

"Mmmhmm. We'll have to cut us a tree. The rental guy says it's part of the package." Galen nuzzled his ear, licked his neck. Damn, that man was warm.

"Yeah? There decorations and shit?" He tilted his head, damn near purring.

"Yeah. We got a few, and I figure we can make popcorn and stuff." Those big hands slid up and down his back, Galen's mouth moving on his skin. "You taste good."

"Mmm... you sure get my motor running." His fingers slipped under Galen's sweater, sliding over that fine belly.

"Cold! Shit, Shane. We need to get you gloves." Galen jumped and twisted under his touch. "Gimme that other hand to warm up before you go for anything lower, will you?"

He laughed, pushing his other hand right up into the heat of Galen's underarm.

"Jesus fuck." Wiggling, cussing up a storm, Galen got him pulled right on Galen's lap, completely surrounded by that fine, hot body. "There. I can see you're gonna have to stay close while we're up here."

"I'm thinking that's a plan." He settled in, rubbing and wiggling until he was perfectly comfortable. Then he grinned up, winked. "Hey."

"Hey. You better watch that. Gettin' me all worked up." And damned if he couldn't feel how worked up Galen was under his ass. Galen nibbled him, teeth nipping sharply for a moment.

"Darn. You know... I been taking lessons in how not to work up my lover. I'd best study harder."

"Oh, now. I'd hate for you to lose your touch." Laughter warmed his cheek, Galen finally tilting his head up and kissing him nice and hard.

Oh, that was the ticket. He pressed closer, just rubbing right up, tongue sliding against Galen's. The heat in the pit of his belly was familiar and welcome as spring rain. Galen just pulled him so close they could share skin and kissed him silly, some of that aggressiveness that had been scarce since their fight coming out. Those hands were hard on his ass, digging in, and Galen's tongue just took his mouth, deep and needy.

Sweet fuck, yes. He pushed into those hands, rubbing good and hard.

The fire crackled and spat as the log started to burn good, make them break apart to breathe. Galen set him back on the floor to get up and put the fire screen on, then held a hand down to him. "Let's go check out the bed, darlin'. I'm wanting."

He slipped his hand into Len's, fitting just fine, heat spreading all through him. "Hell, yeah."

Galen hauled him to his feet, pulling him right up against that long body and half hauled him, half carried him to the bed, caveman style. Shane laughed, at least until he managed to nip Galen's shoulder, making those hands tug him close. Galen growled, the sound hot and welcome. He hit the bed so hard he bounced, Galen coming down on top of him, pressing him down into the quilt. And the down mattress.

Oh, cozy. He pushed up, grinning as his heels just sank deeper into the softness. "Damn, it's working for you."

"Yeah. I like it." He got a happy grin, Galen's mouth kicking up on one side. The he got bit, right at the collar of his sweater, Galen's teeth practically breaking the skin, making him throb. The sharp cry that sort of tore out of him? Pure need and heat and his hands scrabbled at Len's sweater, searching for skin.

Galen helped, probably because his plan matched Shane's, and he knelt up to take that sweater off, giving Shane that wide chest and flat belly to touch, nipples hard with the cold. Galen unbuckled and unzipped his jeans while he was up there before attacking Shane's own clothes.

"Oh, no. Get those jeans off. I want the whole package." He wriggled, laughing and moaning as they rubbed together.

"You just want my ass to freeze." But Galen was leaning up again, shucking the jeans, getting them both naked before wrapping them in the quilt. "There. Now where was I? Oh, yeah."

Galen came back down between his legs, cock rubbing alongside his.

"I'll keep your ass warm." He wrapped one leg around Galen's thighs. "Fuck, you're like a furnace. So good."

"Who knew you were such a lizard-baby?" They laughed, then groaned as Galen rubbed just right, fingers finding the little gold rings in his nipples.

"Oh, don't stop." He pushed into their kiss, hand on Len's hips, working them together.

"God, you're a hot one, Shane. Something else. Like nobody else, ever." Galen didn't seem to have plans to stop, not the way he was biting and licking and touching, twisting against Shane.

"Just need this, yeah?" Like breathing or good whiskey.

"Hell, yes. Need you." Galen worked down his body, mouth hot on his neck and chest, down over his belly.

He reached down, tugged Len's shoulder. "Spin around and we can share."

Grunting his approval, Galen swung around, bringing his hips up level with Shane's mouth, Galen's mouth sliding over Shane's prick. He moaned, lips wrapping right around Galen's cock, tongue slipping against the slit.

Galen bucked, hips rolling, and went down on him, all the way. Those hands spread him, opened him, one finger working into him as Galen licked and sucked. He whimpered, sucking harder, head just bobbing. Galen's balls were soft and heavy, rolling in his fingers. Humming around him, Galen pressed deeper, opening him right up. Galen was leaking hard, the taste salty and bitter, hot as Hell.

Fuck, he needed. He pushed down farther, finding a rhythm, both of them shifting and rocking. He could feel Galen's balls drawing up, could hear the rumbling growl in Galen's chest. Galen was sucking strongly, no teasing, no playing. Just killing him with pleasure. Galen's hips got pulled in deep, Shane swallowing hard, needing. That was all it took. Galen cried out around him and shot, pumping into him in short, sharp bursts.

He followed right along, moaning and shifting, still sucking through Galen's aftershocks as he came. Galen kept licking and touching, nuzzling his balls, until they both relaxed, their breath settling. Then Galen hauled up on the bed, rubbing against him all the way up, bending for a kiss. "I like the bed. I think I like it better than the one in New Orleans."

He chuckled, pulled Galen in for a snuggle. "It's cozy."

"It is. Of course, there's no hot tub. And we need to run down to the store and get food." Galen wrapped around him all octopus like, so it didn't look like they were going anywhere for a bit.

"Oh, that sounds fun. Ho-hos and hot chocolate all around."

"Oh, yeah. That sounds good." Galen's hands were smoothing all over him, just riding up and down his back, nice and easy. "And eggs and biscuits."

"And Christmas cookies and good whiskey and pancake stuff, too." God, this felt good, lazy.

"Oh, and maple syrup! We should be able to get the really real thing up here." Felt good to feel Galen laugh under his ear, too.

"Is it much different?" He leaned in, cuddled. "We should buy fudge and a ham."

"Oh, it's so much better fresh, and a lot different than cane. And potatoes and rolls and maybe see if there's a bakery that would make us a pie."

"Mmm. Pie is good." He chuckled. "And whipped cream in a can. We'll make frosted Galen."

Galen bit him. "I'd rather have Shane with cherries on top."

"I haven't had a cherry in a while, Mr. Frost."

"No. And I may be on top but I'm hardly one either." Galen just chuckled, the sound relaxed and happy.

He started laughing, tickled deep down, new chuckles starting whenever the old round died off. Yeah. That laughter warmed him through and through, almost as good as Galen heated him up on the outside. And Hell, he thought Galen was gonna bust something. When they finally wound down his belly hurt, and Galen was just wheezing.

He leaned and took a kiss. "Gonna be a fucking great Christmas, Len."

"Hell, yes. Gonna be great." They just stayed there together, keeping warm and resting up for the next round. Or for getting groceries. Whichever came first.

* * * *

It had snowed overnight, and the world outside was pristine, even their tracks from the shopping trip the day before filled in with fluffy white stuff. And even though he swore he'd never want to see snow again after Minnesota? Galen thought it was damned pretty. Pretty enough to bundle Shane into his first new winter coat in about six or seven years and haul him out to make a snowman.

They could even have hot chocolate after.

He wandered over to loom over Shane where he sat by the fire. "Hey you, come on and get your gear on. We're going out."

Shane looked up at him, grinning wide. "We are? Where?"

"Just outside." He grabbed another log to go on the fire. That would keep it burning nice and hot for when they came back. "Get your boots and gloves and shit. We're gonna play."

"Yeah? Cool." Shane stood up, bustling and bouncing and eager as any kid, except kids? Didn't have asses like that. Not by a long shot. Galen grinned and pinched that ass, because he just couldn't resist. Then he went and got his own boots and snow gear, suiting up because heck if he was used to it anymore either. He checked Shane out carefully, too, before letting him outside. No way was frostbite ruining their vacation.

Shane walked down into the snow, slipping a little, chuckling. "Wow. There's a ton of it."

"Yeah. Near on to an elephant's ass." Galen waded over to the side of the cabin and started tromping around in a circle, packing the snow down a bit.

Shane watched him for a minute, then started humming, looking, wandering. Slamming him right in the ass with a huge fucking snowball. Oh, the evil little shit. Galen stopped making a place for their snowman and started gathering up ammunition of his own, firing off snowball after snowball.

Shane had a fucking good arm, pegging him over and over, one line-drive after another. He was gonna have bruises. He laughed, taking a snootfull of snow as he did. Might as well make them even, because Shane was wearing enough of his bruises, wasn't he?

Finally, Galen had enough, and he charged, taking some damned good hits for his trouble, but managing to tackle Shane and roll him over and over in the snow.

Shane was gasping and laughing, snow all over, even on those heavy eyelashes. "There is no tackling in baseball, you know?"

"This? Is war." He licked the tip of Shane's red nose. "Now are you gonna be civilized and help me make a snowman?"

"Oh, yeah! We have to make two. Otherwise there will be a snowman jacking off and that's just sad."

Snorting, Galen stood and grabbed Shane under the arms, hauling him up and brushing him off. "That mean we need to make them anatomically correct?"

Shane cackled, eyes just dancing. "Snow balls?"

Oh, that was too much. He got a handful of snow and shoved it right at Shane's face, just hooting. Of course that led to snow in the collar, in the waistband, both of them panting and covered before the first snowman even got started.

Fuck, that was cold. Galen grinned, shaking like a wet dog. Then he popped that fine ass again and found an undisturbed place to start rolling. Shane played alongside him, poking and teasing, making him laugh. They managed two snowmen with huge dicks, pointing at each other, and a snow alligator before he looked over at Shane and saw that smiling face looking more pale than red, and the shivers that rocked Shane's body. Crap.

"Come on, darlin'. Let's let them have some privacy and go in a bit."

"I could u...use some cocoa." Shane nodded, grinned at their sculptures. "Those? Are too cool for words."

"They are." He took Shane's gloved hand in his and started for the cabin. They'd have to get that broom right inside the door and brush off before they went in and that took long enough that Galen was a little growly when they got in and got Shane in front of the fire, boots off and blanket on. "You want marshmallows?"

"Whipped cream. You w...want help?" Shane was shivering, nose bright red, but that grin didn't fade at all.

All he could do was grin back, worry fading. "Not until your hands stop shaking, lizard boy." He puttered around, making cocoa with milk, thank you, not water, putting cinnamon on his and whipped cream from the can on Shane's. He put a lot on, as they had four cans.

Shane wasn't in front of the fire when he got back, but bending over the suitcase, a heavy sweater on, bare ass peeking.

Oh, Holy shit. He almost dropped the cocoa. "Jesus, give me a fucking heart attack when my hands are full, you tease."

"Huh?" Shane stood, turned, that sweater just showing a hint of those pink balls. "I wanted my sweats. Ooooh... yummy."

"Yeah, that's what I was going to say, too. Would you put some pants on before I come in mine?"

Shane stuck his tongue out, bending to get a pair of sweatpants again. Galen actually heard himself whimper. But he didn't dare set the cocoa down or he'd start something and it would get cold and he was still wearing wet pants...

"Jesus."

"Nope. Just me." Shane looked over at him, upside down, eyes twinkling. "You want a pair, too?"

"Yeah. Please." He'd make Shane hold the cups while he changed. Yeah.

"Kay." Shane tugged on his sweats, wiggling and bouncing and flopping around, then handed a pair over to him.

"Here." He thrust both cups at Shane, hissing as a little hot liquid slopped on his hand. Then he attacked his pants, struggling out of them. Yeah, some show he was giving. He'd never make tips at a strip bar.

Shane licked at the whipped cream, tongue sliding, eyes watching him move. His cock jerked, and he pulled his sweats up, pushing his prick down so he could get the waistband up and take his cocoa. "Thanks, lover."

Shane stepped closer, one warm hand cupping his cock. "No problem."

"You're still trying to kill me." He grinned, sipping his drink, tasting chocolate and cinnamon.

"Nope. Just warming." Butter wouldn't melt in that mouth. "I wouldn't want it to freeze off..."

"I was more worried about you, not me." He nodded over toward the fire, going to sit. That was something he could get used to, sitting with Shane and watching the flames.

Shane settled in close, sipping the cocoa, warm and relaxed against him. That was much better. Shane's teeth weren't chattering anymore and Galen figured if he could flaunt and tease nothing was going to fall off. He waited until they'd both taken their last sip of the cocoa and set the cups aside before he pounced, bearing Shane down to the floor.

"Oof." Shane blinked, eyes wide. "Hi, Len."

"Hi." He wiggled, getting comfy, getting his hand down Shane's sweats to cop a feel. "You are a horrible flirt, darlin'."

"Oh, no. I?" Shane grinned, pushed towards his hand. "Am a damn fine flirt."

He laughed out loud, cupping Shane in his hand, squeezing a little. "Yeah. Well, I have to give you that." Galen took a kiss, licking whipped cream off Shane's lower lip.

Shane opened right on up, all heat and chocolate and cream, cool hands sliding up under his sweater. He pressed in, tasting and kissing. And feeling. Oh, those hands might still be cold, but under the sweats? Shane was just on fire, cock pressing into his hand, and that was just damned fine.

Little words pressed against his lips, all about loving and wanting and needing. All for him. So damned hot. He moved back, got Shane's pants off, got his own pulled down. Fuck, the floor was cold. Galen grinned, yanked Shane up so Shane was straddling his lap. "Want you to ride me, lover."

"Oh, I can handle that, Mr. Frost." Shane leaned down, nipped his lips, their cocks sliding together.

He moaned, arching up, rubbing good and hard as he licked the bruise at Shane's throat. "Good. Want."

Shane shifted down, mouth just dropping over his prick like a ton of bricks, suction hot and wet and nowhere near enough as the fucking little tease just got him revved and pulled back. "Had to get you slick."

"You horny little bastard. Get yourself ready, too, yeah?" Oh, he wanted to see that. Had to. Shane sat up, the sweater caught on that bobbing prick. Then two fingers were sucked in that mouth, his lover not hesitating at all.

Yeah. Oh, Hell, yeah. He reached out and pushed that sweater up, going for that tight belly, that hot chest with its hard little nipples. God, Shane's nipples just made him crazed. He grinned. He sure hoped Shane would like the Christmas present he'd bought. He was looking forward to seeing it on.

Shane twisted, those wet fingers pushing right in, the sight of that pretty mouth open and moaning hotter than fuck.

"Oh, God, Shane." He stroked Shane's chest with one hand, his own cock with the other, getting his fingers good and wet before he did, just to keep ready for Shane. "Hurry."

"Oh. Yeah. Yeah, Len." Shane shifted, slid, pushed himself right on down, taking it all.

"Oh, Christ." Yeah, that was it. Hot and tight, and so good his eyes rolled. Shane fit him so damned perfectly. Like the proverbial hand in glove. He bucked, muscles rippling as he pushed up and in.

Shane gave it right up, moaning and bucking, riding him like he was a prize bull. They moved together, sweat starting to bead up as they warmed even more. Galen traced Shane's muscles, his ribs, his face. God, he'd never loved anymore more except maybe his momma, and that? Was so very different.

Shane took his hand, held it to that damp cheek, then kissed his palm, the soft, sweet touch such a contrast to the motions of their bodies. Oh, fuck. Fuck, yeah. He was a goner. Galen arched and shook and called Shane's name, hips rolling up as he came so hard he saw stars.

He floated down, Shane hot and heavy on top of him, wet heat on his belly proving he wasn't the only one sent to the moon. The floor under his ass was much warmer, the two of them generating enough heat to steam up the whole building. "Now that's the way to warm up, darlin'."

"You got that shit straight, Len." His prick was squeezed, Shane wiggling a touch. "Well, maybe not straight..."

"Never that, lover." He laughed, kissed Shane hard. "Nice and bent, and just for you."

"Thank God for favors large and small. Amen." The words were light, but the tone? Serious as a heart attack.

"Amen, darlin'," he said in return, just as serious. "Amen."

* * * *

Shane crawled out of bed early -- amazingly fucking early for him -- so he could make coffee and look at the tree and the lights and the dying fire and the snow falling outside.

Wow. It was... wow.

It was real funny, sometimes this whole thing -- Galen and being a thing and making up and being happy -- sometimes it was so big, it felt tiny, just a little word. And sometimes the littlest thing was huge.

It was fucking weird.

Cool, though, and he reckoned he'd keep it. The snow, though? That he'd keep for special occasions.

"Hey." Galen sounded sleep rough and morning blinky, but oh he was warm as he slid over next to him and gave him a kiss. "You're up early."

"Yeah. Christmas morning, you know? It's snowing." He leaned close, fingers sliding.

"It is." He got a wide, happy grin, and in a less manly man he'd call that a bounce. "Merry Christmas, darlin'."

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Frost." He slid and shifted until he settled in Len's lap, cuddling close. "Santa came, looks like."

There were presents. Lots of them, big and small. Galen held him close, nuzzling and chuckling. "Yeah. You could say that."

Fuck, it was sweet, Galen warm and close and wanting him. He just touched -- face and hair and shoulders and chest.

"Mmmm. Oh, lover. That's nice." Looked like Galen was thinking on the same lines. Slow, and easy and just feeling.

"Yeah." He nuzzled into Len's neck, breathing in deep, a soft moan escaping him. Galen smelled like pine and wool and sleep. And felt so good under him. Galen was rubbing gently, just rocking, practically purring.

He kissed the stubbled skin of Galen's throat, tongue dragging over the little hairs that led to the softer beard. There was a little mole he found -- he'd never seen, but he felt it now, kissed it. That made Galen chuckle and nip at him, not sharp, just in fun. Those big hands moved on him, up and down his back, squeezing his ass. "Man, this was what I asked Santa for."

"Warm happy redneck?"

"My warm happy redneck." Galen kissed him, tongue pressing into his mouth, tasting him deep and lazy. He cuddled in, hands cupping Len's cheeks, the kiss going deeper and deeper. Galen moved them, pressing him back and down, big body covering his. "Want you."

"All yours." He brought Galen's hand to his heart, his nipple.

"Oh!" Galen just grinned, kissing him and rolling off him, reaching for something under the tree. Not exactly what he was looking for, but okay.

He rolled onto his elbow, arching an eyebrow. "Len?"

"Here, you have to open this one." Shoving a finely wrapped package at him, a definite contrast to the lumpy ones still under the tree, Galen bounced again. Definitely a bounce.

"Must be something good, to get you out of the bed." He chuckled and winked, opening the pretty paper.

There was a jeweler's box underneath, and inside it was a pretty gold chain, delicate looking but deceptively strong, with clasps on both ends instead of a clasp and a ring.

"Oh! Look at that!" He lifted it, the fire making it sparkle.

Galen was just looking at him, smiling but with a lurking seriousness in those eyes. "You like it?"

"It's as precious as my granddaddy's watch." He let it slide through his fingers.

"Oh." He got another kiss, this one a little harder and a lot hotter. "Good."

"Uh-huh. Put it on me?" He held it out, blinking a little.

"Sure." The chain was taken, Galen holding it in his hands as if to warm it. Then each one of his nipples got a sharp tug to the ring, making them hard as anything before Galen clipped one end of the chain to the ring in the right one.

Oh. Oh, wow. He took a sharp breath, the chain tugging a little. "Oh."

"Yeah." That voice. Oh, fuck that voice was like gravel. The other end of the chain clipped right on to his other ring, Galen sitting back to look.

He shivered, the weight negligible, but there.

"Oh, fuck, Shane. So pretty." Galen tugged it. Gently. Arching, he let his head roll back, electricity rolling through him. Galen growled, the sound rumbling right up under his balls, and tugged again. A little harder. "So damned fine."

His balls were tight as rocks, hips shifting, nipples tingling. That little chain just pulled and tugged and shifted under Galen's fingers, and Galen bent to blow warm air across his nipples, a sharp contrast to the cold room.

Shane's eyes fell closed, hips rocking in time with the tugs, the pulls. "Len. Sweet fuck."

"You're so hot, lover. Can't believe how you look." That hot mouth moved on him, lips and tongue sliding over the rings and clasps before moving down over his belly to slip down on his cock. All he could do was whimper, entire body just drowning in heat.

Galen sucked him strong and deep, fingers just moving on his chest, back and forth and in between. That soft beard brushed his balls, Galen's lips meeting his curls. Soft cries left him and he couldn't catch his breath, couldn't stop begging, stop moving.

Relentless, Galen kept at him, sucking, licking, nipping at his belly before pushing down again, and all the while his nipples were pinched and pulled and that chain was twisted so, so gently. Galen just growled around him, the sound working up his spine, mouth pulling, demanding. His entire body went taut and he groaned, orgasm pushing through him, huge, too big to hold back. Galen took it all, sucking and licking until he stopped shaking, then surging up to cover him, hot prick rubbing his belly.

He reached up, holding on, blinking. "So fucking sweet. Len."

"Good. Darlin'." Galen was so damned hot against him, so hard, and it took all of maybe five seconds for Galen to grunt and growl, wet heat splashing on his belly and chest as Galen came.

He took a kiss, tongue pressing deep, tasting all through Len's aftershocks. Tasting himself.

Galen rested on him, breathing hard, kissing his mouth with short little nips. "God, Shane."

"Len. Love. I." He grinned, squeezed, out of words.

"Mmmhmm. Did I say Merry Christmas?"

"Once. You can say it again."

"Well, then Merry Christmas, darlin'. I love you." Galen grinned, kissing him gently, tongue touching his swollen lower lip.

"Mmm... Love you, Len. So glad we're a... we, yeah?"

"Yeah. Oh, yeah." Galen curled around him, pulling the blanket around them. "I haven't been so happy to wake up on Christmas morning since I was five."

"Did you get a football or a bike?"

He got a snort that tickled his neck. "A football. But that was the year I learned there wasn't really a Santa Claus."

"Oh, man! That bites. I was... lots older." Like eleven, and he was still sort of pissed about finding out.

"It was an accident." Galen grinned. "I couldn't sleep and caught momma putting the presents out. So it was my own fault."

"Oh, you were curious. I bet you shake your packages."

"Yes." Damn, he would swear Galen was blushing. "And I always want people to open the ones from me first."

"Well, you got it this Christmas." He stroked the chain, shivered. "Next Christmas you'll have to go first."

"I'll make a note of it, darlin'. Count on it."

"I will." He grinned, rubbed his cheek on Galen's shoulder. Now he just had to remember whether the fake fist was wrapped in green or red. He really wanted to save it for last.

* * * *

The fire was just blazing, and supper was in the oven, heating up from being in the fridge. They'd gone down the snowy road into town to the grocery that morning and picked up a roast and vegetables and some bread and a bottle of wine. Galen and Shane had both agreed they didn't want to try to get back to the cabin after midnight anyway, and the only party in the tiny town in Vermont was at the Elks lodge.

So they'd come back and played in the snow and napped and now they were well on their way to midnight on New Year's Eve. Galen had made it hot enough in the cabin that they could both wear just their shorts, and he'd convinced Shane to wear the God-awful red and purple Hawaiian shirt Galen had given him for Christmas. And underneath it the chain Galen had gotten him.

"'Bout time to pop the pie in, Shane. So it'll be ready after we eat."

"I can do that." Shane bebopped around, humming with the little radio, looking happy as anything. Galen was all about a happy Shane. Made his belly warm and put a smile on his face. Made him kinda forget where he was, in fact, and what he was doing. In favor of staring.

The pie was slid into the little oven, giving him a look at that pretty ass, then Shane stretched up, getting the champagne glasses. He made sure the glasses were on the counter before he goosed.

Oh, now, that? Was a great noise.

"You break it, you buy it, Mr. Frost."

"Hey, I've already bought it, taken it home and worn it so it's just right." He grinned, spinning Shane around for a kiss. He hadn't smiled so much in possibly ever. Shit, his family saw him like this? They'd accuse him of mellowing.

"Mmm... you saying I'm nice and well-broken in now?" God, those eyes were shining, teasing, laughing as Shane snuggled right in, body pushing into his.

"I'm saying you're a perfect fit, darlin'." Galen nuzzled Shane's neck, lips finding his spot and pressing against the lurid bruise there.

"Oh." Shane shivered, fingers sliding into his hair, chin lifting. "Fuck, that tingles."

"Yeah? How about this?" He reached between the buttons of Shane's shirt and tugged that tiny gold chain firmly.

"Len!" Fuck, he could feel it, feel Shane's cock go from interested to hard as Chinese algebra.

He bent Shane back against the little kitchenette counter, rubbing hard. "Got any idea how hot that is?"

"Hmmm?" Shane gasped, one leg lifting up, curling around his thigh. He just laughed, sliding his hand down to curl under the waistband of Shane's shorts. Yeah. Hot, smooth, already getting damp. That was just what he needed. Fuck or suck? That was the question.

"Want you." Shane hopped up onto the counter, legs spreading and wrapping around his waist.

Well, there was his answer. "Yeah. Want you, lover. A little appetizer." He stepped back, got Shane to lift up so he could take those shorts off. And that shrieking shirt. Fuck, that was the hottest thing going. "Now that's better."

"Mmm... the chain tugs, just a little, you know? But all the time..."

"Uh huh. Keeps 'em warmed up for me." Galen bent, took the chain between his lips and tugged.

"Uh... Oh..." Shane's hips rocked, slid on the counter, the scent of need sharp and salty.

"Mmmm." He could suck and fuck. Pushing Shane's legs even wider, he bent to lick at the tip of Shane's cock, tasting that need. God, that was the best. He'd known right off Shane would taste that way. Amazing.

"Len. Sweet fuck." Shane's thighs shuddered, shaking hard.

"Soon, darlin'. Soon." He let his breath wash over Shane's balls, nuzzled deep to get all of that scent. He wet his fingers good, slid two right into Shane's open body, mouth sliding right down on Shane's prick. Shane went tight, ass gripping his fingers, milking them, the low cry sweet and needy.

"Yeah. Oh, damn." He spread Shane, opened him, got him good and ready for him. Shane rode him, never holding a bit back, just sliding and shifting.

That was all he could take. Galen stood up straight, wetting his palm and getting his own cock good and wet, too, before pulling Shane to the edge of the counter. "Need you, Shane."

Shane's hands were hard on his shoulders, holding on tight. "Yours. Need it, Len."

He moved, pushing against Shane's ass, the head of his cock sliding in as he watched. God. That was... Fuck. Galen started moving, hips rolling, shoving right in.

"Oh. Oh, sweet Christ. Yes, love. Yes." Shane nodded, legs tugging him closer.

He gave more, working harder, sweat beginning to pop up on his skin, legs straining. That little gold chain swung, Shane's nipples so hard for him, and Galen bent to catch one ring with his mouth. The reaction was unreal, those muscles tightening around him, working his cock, Shane's cry echoing through the cabin.

"Oh, fuck, Shane!" Galen popped up, muscles acting like he'd been hit by lightning, and he was off and running, can't slow down, gotta come now, just like that. His hips smacked Shane's ass, hands pushing Shane so wide, reaching for Shane's cock to get him as close as Galen was. Shane was hotter than a two-dollar pistol, cock jerking in his fingers, spunk spraying hot and wet.

He lost it. Just lost it, cock pushing wildly into Shane's body as he came, those muscles pulling it right out of him. He took a kiss, breathless, needy and clumsy.

"H...happy fucking New Year, Len." Shane's head lolled, eyes dazed.

"Yeah, lover." He was a little damned fuzzy himself, just drained. "We still have to ring it in."

"Uh-huh. Haven't... haven't not worked on New Years Eve since I was twenty."

"Damn. And I haven't stayed up to watch the ball drop in four years." He patted, not even sure where his hands were, until the buzzer sounded on the roast. "Shit."

"No. Food." Those blue eyes shone. "No more champagne for you."

"Funny man." Galen slipped free reluctantly and hitched his shorts up to go and wash his hands before getting the roast out. "Oh. Damn, we did good. It just needs to rest. Or so momma said."

"Rest?" Shane cleaned himself up and found his shorts, chain swinging. "Cooking tired it right on out, huh?"

"Yeah." He shook his head, laughing. "Something about the juice distribution. I just listen to momma and say uh huh and do what she tells me."

"Sounds pretty damned wise to me." Shane got the salad from the fridge. "She's a smart lady, your momma."

"She is. She liked you right off. Never did like any of the other guys she met. When she came to visit me I mean. Taking you home to see her will be a first." There. Platter, vegetables. Plates. Rolls. "Wine?"

Shane was looking at him, looking a little stunned. "Really? Wow." Then a smile sort of spread across Shane's face. "That's cool."

That look? Deserved a kiss. Galen gave Shane one on the way by to get the wine. "At her request, no less."

"Well, every family needs a bartender-type."

"Someone to make vodkatinis at weddings and listen to Uncle Orren bitch about how no one makes decent Creole food no more."

"Hey, you need a suds-slinger? I'm your man."

Galen turned, looked Shane right in the eye. "You're mine anyway, darlin'. Count on it."

Shane went a sweet rosy pink, then nodded. "I do."

"Good. That's everything but the pie. And I set the dinger for that. Come on and let's see if momma taught me well enough over the phone to feed us." He took the last of it to the table, rubbing hips with Shane, feeling damned fucking good in his bones.

They sat close, Shane's leg slid behind his own, warm and close. Dinner was good, made even better because they did the whole sappy, sweet feeding each other thing, like a couple of lovesick kids. Galen loved it. Fuck, maybe he was a closet romantic or something. The roast? Was perfect. Thank you, momma.

Shane told story after story of New Year's Eves at the club, of the celebrities and fights, the bands. "You know what's funny, though? I never did the kiss at midnight thing."

"Yeah?" Galen glanced at the clock. The pie dinged. They still had an hour and a half. "I never have either, darlin'."

"No?" Shane smiled over. "Tonight you will."

"Yeah."

They had pie and whipped cream and did dishes and laughed and damned if they almost didn't miss it because they were laughing about Galen's momma and the one New Year's she'd had a date when Galen was little and how the babysitter had almost burned the house down smoking weed. Good thing Shane had set the dinger again. Handy thing, kitchen timers. They had just enough time for Shane to pop the champagne.

Shane poured two glasses while he turned the radio up, listening to the chaos in Times Square as the time was counted down. "Almost time."

"It is." He held up his glass. "Love you, darlin'. I really do."

Shane nodded. "You're my one big thing, Len, my home." He got a grin. "Kiss me so the new year starts right."

The count got to five, four, three, two, one, and Galen slipped an arm around Shane's waist, pulling him close for a kiss. He put everything in it, every bit of what Shane meant to him, his surprise in finding him. His love.

Shane's glass got set aside, his lover answering him with an equal need, a sweet, rich passion. God, he just loved that. Craved it. Galen kissed deep, tongue pushing in, moans coming out of him. Shane's hands were in his hair, tugging him close, holding them together.

He started rubbing, hips moving in a slow circle, up and back. He ran his hands down Shane's back to cup that sweet ass, just loving on Shane with all he had. Sweet little cries filled his lips, Shane's body following his, just like they were dancing, just like Shane could read him.

So damned responsive to his every move. Galen pushed, pulled, hands moving restlessly. He wanted to ring the New Year in right all the way around. One of Shane's hands slid down, petted his nipple and belly, then worked around to cup his ass, pull him closer.

"Oh, damn. Shane. I... bed." Fuck, he couldn't even talk.

"Uh-huh. Bed. Need." Shane nodded, biting at his lips.

He waltzed Shane right over to the bed, not even wondering where his champagne glass went. He must have set it down. They toppled right on that soft as clouds mattress, Galen rolling right over on Shane and kissing him wildly. Shane's fingers scrabbled at his shorts, nails scratching, scraping.

Oh yeah. He lifted up, got rid of his shorts, Shane's shorts and shirt. He growled. Skin. Yeah. Shane pushed back into him, their skin slapping together with a bright sound. Shane was hot and moving, teeth and hands and legs keeping them close, sending sparks through him.

He touched Shane everywhere he could reach, just feverish, hands moving, mouth searching. He went for all of the places that got neglected; the back of Shane's neck, his armpits, the little dents above his hipbones.

Shane moaned and purred for him, lips dragging on his skin, wrapping around his fingers and sucking.

"Fuck! Darlin' you're something... killing me." Shit, every movement of those lips made his cock ache, made his hips roll.

"No. Lovin' you." Shane grinned, flushed and sweating, sliding against him.

"Mmm." He rolled, putting Shane on top, and moved his wet fingers down Shane's back, teasing his hole. "You can love me all you want, lover. And this way I can see you."

Shane stretched up, shifting against his fingers, that pretty chain tugging those rings. He couldn't resist that chain, like a magpie with something shiny. He pulled at it so gently with his free hand, one finger of his other sliding easily into Shane's body. Shane rippled, whole body moving, a low cry sounding and fuck wasn't that pretty?

So damned hot. He pressed another finger in, spreading Shane, getting him ready, tugging and pulling and just working on driving Shane crazy. Leaning forward, Shane's hands found the headboard of the bed, arching that tight little body over him, giving him some traction.

"Christ." He worked Shane wide open, then pulled away and grabbed those narrow hips, pulling Shane right back and down to sit on his cock. Fucking hot.

"Oh. Fuck, yes." Shane's head rolled, that marked throat just working.

Oh holy fuck. He wanted... well. Every damn thing. Galen pulled Shane down harder, cock sliding right in like butter, his belly rippling, balls pulling up. "Shane. Love."

"Yes. So fucking deep, Len." Shane groaned, ass milking him, squeezing.

"Tight." He returned the compliment with one and started moving, hips rising hard. Those little rings with their attached chain glinted, sweat stood out on Shane's six-pack, and Galen figured he was just in heaven. Every time their bodies met that chain bobbed, making Shane groan and gasp.

Music. Just music to his ears. He reached for Shane's cock, pulling at it, rubbing. He was getting close, so close so fast.

"Gonna." Shane starting bucking, eyes hot, fastened onto him.

He nodded, groaned, just begging for it. "Yeah, darlin'. Yeah. Need it." He was panting, his muscles straining. Reaching for it.

Shane bucked, a low, desperate sound filling the air as heat sprayed on his belly. He watched, took in the color of Shane's flushed skin, the chain, the jerking of Shane's cock. Then he let go, groaning harshly as he filled Shane's ass, whole body shaking.

"Oh. Oh, fuck that's hot." Shane was watching him, panting.

Galen wheezed, nodding, pulling Shane down to kiss him hard.

Shane moaned, tongue sliding and hot against his. "Love."

"Did we start the year out right, Shane?" He nipped Shane's lip. He sure as Hell thought they had.

"You know it. Started it like I intend to end it."

Hell, yes. Galen laughed. "Well, maybe it's like black eyed peas, lover. The more we have, the better the year will be."

"Now that? Is a fucking fabulous idea."

"Good. We'll make it our New Year's Resolution." It would be his only one this year. Love Shane. For as long as the ride lasted. Galen chuckled at himself as he tacked an addendum on to his resolve.

Make that ride last forever.

Epilogue

Man, the joint was rocking -- Adam and the Cherrystones rocking hard, playing the stuff off the new CD, the entire place feeling celebratory. Jake and Mike were working the bar and he was roaming, checking on the new bouncer, smiling at his regulars, still avoiding old man Roberts' hands.

The tourists were thick, the summer sun just fading into the horizon. Everybody who was anybody stopped to chat with him -- hell, even Miss Lynn's nephew popped by, smiling and laughing about the profits they were sharing, about how Lynn would be rolling in her grave at the new mirrors.

He nodded, clapped Ben on the arm and moved on, laughing and flirting and hugging and avoiding the ones that were trying to cop a feel. "Taken, sorry."

"Hey. Can I get a whiskey?" That honey dipped rough voice with a drawl that wouldn't quit came from right behind him, and talk about copping a feel. Hello.

He turned to grin into those fine dark eyes, almost hidden by the shadow of that hat. So fucking fine. "Sure enough. One Jack coming up?"

"You'll pour? I'll be over there." That hat dipped toward the big old chair in the dark corner. That was still the same. "Come on over."

"Be right there." As if he'd let anyone -- fucking anyone -- pour his lover a drink. The shot was poured, along with a round of sex on the beaches to catch the boys up, then he headed over, singing with the band.

His own personal Mr. Brown Eyes was waiting for him, legs planted and spread, jeans worn and clinging, hat pulled low. When Galen reached out to take the drink from him, that thumb circled on his skin, pressing gently.

He hummed, biting his lip as his cock jerked, filled, the want always right at the surface. "Hey."

"Hey. Thought I'd come see what time you got off." Galen grinned at him. "And how soon you could come get off with me."

He chuckled, settled beside Len, letting their legs slide together. "I have to be here at close to do the deposit, but I have an office, Mr. Frost, with a locking door and a sofa."

"Well, now. That's a heck of a lot better than the side of my truck." Galen's hand slid along his leg, squeezing his thigh.

He spread a little, offering it up, just like that. Still. "I'm damned fond of the side of your truck, Len."

"So am I. But I'm getting old to be doing it standing up, darlin'. Couches and offices and us not getting kicked out 'cause you're the boss? Much better." Those fingers walked right up and smoothed over his fly.

"Oh." He scooted forward, hips pushing into the touch, moth to the flame.

The touch deepened, Galen petting, stroking. "Yeah. Whenever you're ready, lover. We can hit that couch." The whiskey went down in one smooth swallow, Galen's tanned throat working.

"Now is good, Len." He reached out, fingers sliding. "I'm wanting."

"Good. Come on." Galen stood, grabbing his hand and pulling. "Now."

"Pushy." He laughed, standing and heading for the stairs, for the little office.

"Where you're concerned? Hell, yes." Galen followed close, worse than old man Roberts. Or maybe an octopus.

They stumbled up the stairs, Galen closer than an Arkansas cousin, pushing him right into his office. And then he was face down over the desk and Galen was right up behind him, rubbing hard. He pushed back, thighs spreading, parting like butter for a hot knife. "Len. Yours. Fuck."

"Mine. Damn, Shane. Always mine." He could feel Galen against him, hard through their clothes. Sharp teeth closed on the nape of his neck, bringing the hot blood right to the surface.

No use arguing what they both knew to be the God's honest truth. He rubbed, hips begging, a low cry leaving him. Galen backed off for maybe a half a second, opening their jeans with quick motions, getting them skin on skin. That deep fucking growl against his ear? Hot.

He could smell the hint of whiskey, the cologne and spray starch and musk that was undeniably Len around him. That and the thick cock against his ass. Unmistakably his Galen. "Want you, darlin'. Want you so bad."

"Take me, I'm yours." He pressed back, bearing down, taking Len in.

"Fuck, Shane! You're... God. Still ready." Galen moaned, harsh and low in his chest, pushing right on up. "Love you."

"Always." He fucking flew, living for the burn, the stretch. Needing it.

He got it, Galen riding right into him, hard and deep. Hips just rolling against his ass. Those hands were all over him, one settling on his chest, the other on his cock. His nipples stretched, ached, made his cock leap and throb, made him clench around that heavy prick.

"Shane." Galen pinched at his nipples, pulled at his cock, filling him so good. Over and over.

"Yeah. Len. Want it." He lifted up a little, eyes going wide as Len's cock slid over his gland. "There!"

"Yeah. Oh, yeah." Galen pegged him again, holding him there, pushing mercilessly into him. Groaning, their skin slapping. Oh, fuck. He arched, muscles tight as fiddle strings, pouring his fucking soul from his prick. Galen was right behind him, no pun intended, grunting, filling him deep and hot and wet, biting down on his skin.

Yeah. Yeah. He fucking lived for it -- the burn, the ache, the fucking buzz riding his nerves.

"God. You're something else, darlin'. Everything I want."

"Good, 'cause you're stuck with me." He knew well enough to hold onto his good thing.

"Right now I'm stuck to you, darlin'. But I think I'll take you home with me." Galen laughed, and that had to be the best sound in the world, something Galen did more and more the longer they were together.

"Oh, good." He grinned, wiggled to make Len moan. "Our bed only sits right with both of us in it."

"You got that right." Galen kissed his throat. "Now you'd better get out there and close so we can get to it. And get me another whiskey. It's coming up a storm out. We can go home and sit in the hot tub and watch the rain."

He nodded, stretching as he stood. "Rain and whiskey and you. Sounds like a plan, Mr. Frost."

Sounded like one Hell of a plan.

END